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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

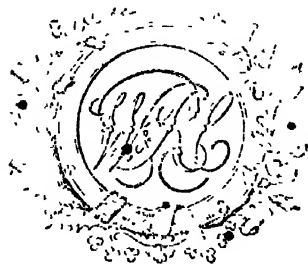
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INDEX.

CANILLAR SKETCHES AND MORAL ESSAYS.

	Page
Antiquities, Natural,	253
Author, the, in his Study,	321
Bomb Pile,	97
Cloop Jack,	236
Conversation,	11
Commercial Estimate of Human Nature,	1
Commonplace, a Few Words in Defence of,	403
Dignity of Non-Complainer,	290
Expediency, Justice and,	335
Giving, the Martyrdom of,	137
History of a National Mistake,	115
Home and the Hospital, the,	241
Human Nature, Commercial Es- timate of,	1
In-Timer, the Poem,	119
Irish Sketch,	177
Justice and Expediency,	335
Justice of the Cause,	1
Martyrdom of Giving, the,	137
Modern Influences, Youth of,	209
Money, Unearned,	125
Mosaics, the,	273
My Friend, the Polytechnist,	155
National Mistake, History of a,	115
Natural Antiquities,	253
Non-Complainer, the Dignity of,	290
Novel Writing Made Easy,	129
Past, Presence of the,	330
People who 'Make' Presents,	218
Philosophy of the Whip,	305
Philosophy of the Rail,	193
Poetic Instinct, the,	119
Polytechnist, My Friend, the,	155
['Poor, Hear the Voice of the'] The Author in his Study,	321
Presence of the Past,	330
Probably, the,	69
Rail, Philosophy of the,	193
Self-Culture,	110
Sense of Wrong,	31
Slips of the Tongue,	26
Smithers' Testimonial, the,	163
Solitary City, the,	391
Subjective, the,	263
Unearned Money,	125
Unlike, Likings of the,	17
Whip, Philosophy of the,	305
Wrongs, Sense of,	31
Youth of Modern Influence,	209

POETRY.

Animals, Cruelty to—Sonnet,	22
Bees, Song of the,	224

Chooch, Last Foot of,	301
Colonel,	210
Chrysanthemum, the,	116
Consider the Lilies of the Field,	98
Cruelty to Animals—Sonnet,	22
Day-Dawn,	236
Flowers and Life,	234
Geologist's Wife, the,	256
Grave, the Poor Mouse,	30
Last Toast at Calcutta,	309
Lilies of the Field, Consider the,	98
Mother's Resignation, a,	61
Not to Myself Alone,	123
Poets,	79
Poor Man's Grave, the,	10
Polwys, Poetry of,	112
Food and Food, the,	5
Re-sunrise Prospect,	160
Resignation, a Mother's,	61
Scorn not the Vilest,	16
Song of the Bees,	274
Sonnet from the Italian,	26
Three Sonnets, by Edmund Spenser,	176
Vilest, Scorn not the,	16
W. the Lady, the,	1
Widow's Lullaby, the,	93
Woodland Walk, the,	109

TALES.

Andersen's, Hans, Danish Stories,	259
[Anger]—Tales of the Passions,	373
Apprentice Girl, the, from the French,	159
Beldiviere, Countess of, Story of the,	321
Cary Wharton, a Blackwood Sketch—by Percy B. St. John,	349
[Florida, Story of]—Stories and Transitions from Tasso,	187
Conscript, the, a Sketch from Pa- sian Life,	191
[Daisy, Story of the]—A Danish Story-Book,	239
Duty, the Path of, by Anna Maria Sargeant,	21
Edinburgh Sedan-Carrier, Story of an,	373
Garment, Story of a, by Leitch Ritchie,	211
Germany, Modern Tale of, by Mrs Crowe,	297
Gossip and Mischief, by Canilla Toulmin,	337
Greek Monk's Tale,	191
Griselda,	152

	Page
Independence, True and False, by Anna Maria Sargeant,	290
Kriettel, a German Story,	391
Louis Maudlin, by Mrs Crowe,	57
Minor Trials, a Story of Every- day Life,	207
Passions, Tales of the,	373
Patersee and Co.,	336
Path of Duty, the, by Anna Maria Sargeant,	21
Rayway Romance,	510
Raven of the Reynards, the, a Tale of Prairie du Chien, by Percy B. St. John,	213
Sark, Tradition of,	67
Squid Crackles, a Narrative of American Negro Life,	116
[Story of Clorinda]—Stories and Transitions from Tasso,	187
Story of the Countess of Belvi- diere,	321
Story of an Edinburgh Sedan- Carrier,	373
Story of a Garment, by Leitch Ritchie,	211
[Story of the Wind]—Collection for Little Boys,	122
Strawberry Girl, the,	19
Tale of Modern Germany, by Mrs Crowe,	297
Tales of the Passions,	373
Tradition of Sark, a,	67
Trials, Minor, a Story of Every- day Life,	207
Trigand; a Souvenir of the Res- toration from Moscow,	173
True and False Independence, by Anna Maria Sargeant,	290
Voyage of the Two Knights— Stories and Transitions from Tasso,	207
Whip and the Wish, the, or the Two Estates, by Percy B. St. John,	97
[Wind, Story of the]—Collection for Little Boys,	122
Yarn over the Capstan, in the Second Dog-Watch,	257, 275

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF IN- STRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Acts, the Old Scots,	391
Adelsberg, Visit to the Grotto of,	329
Adventures in the Argentine,	347

	Page		Page		Page
[Agriculture, Daubeny on Certain Practices in]—The Parliament of Science,	265	Day in Chester,	73	Her Majesty's Tobacco Depot,	397
America, Attention to Ladies in,	219	De La Rue's, a Day at,	33, 57	Liverpool,	397
America's Visit to England, an,	315, 376	Dickens's 'Dombey and Son,'	269	Herring-Fishing Station, a Scotch,	143
Ancient and Modern Times, Population of,	326	Diffusion of Books,	198	Highlands, Wild Sports of the,	220
Ancients, the Wisdom of the,	270	Disease Occasioned by Lacifers,	61	Home, the, and the Hospital,	21
Archæological Institute at York, a Lady's Account of the Meeting of the,	201	Dixon's, Mr., Collection of Old English Poems and Songs,	135	Horticulture,	63
Argentina, Adventures in the,	317	[Doctors Differing on the Potato Disease]—The Parliament of Science,	266	Idiocy,	60
Australia, Discovery of Copper Mines in,	60	'Dombey and Son,'	269	Importation, an,	341
Australian Voyages, Stokes's,	109	Drowning, Bathing and,	108	Importations, Novel,	60
Authors and Books,	531	Drunken Villages, a Specimen of,	329	Improved Hatching Apparatus,	267
[Authors, Proposed New Mode of Remunerating]—Diffusion of Books,	193	Dunipier, the Mounts at,	213	Improvement, Beginnings of,	94
Authors, the Victuals and Drink of,	302	'Dwarf-Nation' Idea, the,	390	Inns, Continental,	189
Backwoods, Life in the,	322	Easter Rumble in the Netherlands,	131	Instinct, Vegetable, Indications of,	85
Bakers, Condition of,	65	Educated Labourers, Chadwick's,	309	Intemperance in India, Progress of,	69
Bathing and Drowning,	108	Electric Telegraph, Whimsicalities of the,	272	Intemperance, Intemperate Abuse of,	390
Beginnings of Improvement,	91	Electric Telegraphs,	108	Ireland, Female Industry in,	293
[Bell and the Nervous System]—Resistance to Great Truths,	206	Elmhurst, the Learned Blacksmith,	79	Ireland, what Nature has done for,	291
[Bishop, the, and the Birds]—Column for Young People,	398	'Emigrant,' the,	109	Isabella de Lorna,	396
Black-lead Mines of Cumberland,	225	England, an American's Visit to,	345, 376	Jottings on Tea,	31
[Blood, Harvey and the Circulation of the]—Resistance to Great Truths,	39	England, Letter-Writing in, During the Middle Ages,	163	Juan Van Halen, Narrative of,	101
Boarding Schools, Parisian,	75	English and French Commercial Terms,	350	Knox, John, proposed Destruction of the House of,	290
Books, Diffusion of,	198	Europe, the Climate of,	343	Labourers, Educated, Chadwick on the Economy of,	269
Bread, Unfermented,	23	Exploits of One of the Stuarts,	312	Labourers and Small Farmer,	37
Bread, White and Brown,	23	Explorations in the Rocky Mountains,	295, 365	Five Minutes' Advice to,	273
British Association,	263	[Explosive Cotton, Schonbein's]—The Parliament of Science,	266	Labour, Restriction of,	273
Buchanites, the,	362	Exposure of Butcher Meat in Shops,	230	Ladies in America, Attention to,	219
Building Societies, Working Men's, Doubts as to,	185	Extraordinary Case of 'Strike,'	333	Lady's Account of the Meeting of the Archæological Institute at York,	201
Burritt, Elmhurst, the Learned Blacksmith,	79	Faciosos, the, in Zaragoza,	133	Lecturing, Popular,	159
Butcher Meat in Shops, Exposure of,	250	Facetie, &c.	175	Letter-Writing in England During the Middle Ages,	163
Cape of Good Hope, Travelling at the,	230	A Dead Man Dining,	175	Leverrier's New Planet,	335
Cape, a Visit to the,	246	A Mystery Solved,	15	Life at the Water Cure,	179
Cattle, Transit of,	362	A Poetical Despatch,	15	Life in the Backwoods,	322
Chadwick on the Economy of Educated Labourers,	209	A Sharp Dog,	175	Literary Relics,	52
Chester, a Day in,	73	French Knowledge of English Men and Places,	271	Little Boys, Columns for,	222, 239, 396, 411
Chimneys, the Pathology of,	318	Lord Stowell's Taste for Sight-Seeing,	271	Liverpool, Saturday Evening in,	161
Climate of Europe,	313	Old English Delicacies,	15	Lodgiges's, Messrs., Conservatories, a Visit to,	21
Coal, Theories of the Formation of,	45	Scottish Gallies,	15	London, Further Gossip from,	11
Column for the Curious,	126	'The Campbells are Coming,'	15	Long Voyages, Mental Effects of,	375
Columns for Young People—The Bishop and the Birds,	398	The Vanity of French Authors,	175	Lord Rosse's Telescope, Travels in Search of,	399, 401
The Boys' Summer Book,	414	The Way to get on in the World,	15	Love-Letter Extraordinary,	41
Story of the Daisy,	239	Facts for the Curious, 95, 255, 303, 367	367	Lacifers, Disease Occasioned by,	61
Story of the Wind,	222	Failures in the Vegetable World,	280	Laig, Visit to the Castle of,	411
Commercial Terms, English and French,	350	Feet, a Shoemaker's Notion of the,	217	Lumberer, the, and the Settler in the Bush—Late in the Backwoods,	322
Conservatories, a Visit to Messrs. Lodgiges's,	281	Female Industry in Ireland,	296	[Lyell, Mr., on the Delta of the Mississippi]—The Parliament of Science,	266
Continental Inns,	189	Foreign Quarterly Review [Stokes's Australian Voyages],	109	Machinery, what is it Doing to,	231
Copper Mines in Australia, Discovery of,	60	Formation of Coal, Theories of the,	45	Magazines, the, for September,	253
Corinna, Pope's,	8	France Robbed of her Planet,	361	[Magpie, the]—Sketches in Natural History,	57
Corset, the Use of the,	102	Gallery of Nature, Milner's,	3	Manchester, Two Days in,	397
[Cotton, Explosive, Schonbein's]—The Parliament of Science,	266	'Gastronomic Regenerator, the,'	166	Medical Practice, Different States of, in the Three Kingdoms,	399
Cumberland, Pencil Country of,	225	Glory, Military,	158	Mental Effects of Long Voyages,	375
Curious, Column for the,	126	Gossamer Mitts,	413	Middle Ages, Letter-Writing in England during the,	163
Curious, Facts for the—95, 255, 303, 367	367	Gossip about the Rosicrucians, 293, 316	316	Military Glory,	158
Dame's School,	171	Gossip from London,	11	Milner's 'Gallery of Nature,'	3
Danish Story-Book,	239	[Government Class] at Sydney]—The Foreign Quarterly Review,	110	Mimicry, Vegetable,	141
[Daubeny on Certain Practices in Agriculture]—The Parliament of Science,	265	Great Truths, Resistance to,	39, 206	Mines, Copper, Discovery of, in Australia,	60
		Grotto of Adelsberg, Visit to the,	389	[Minute, the]—Column for the Curious,	126
		[Grove on the Decomposition of Water by Heat]—The Parliament of Science,	265	[Mississippi, Delta of the, Mr Lyell on the] The Parliament of Science,	266
		Guano Locality,	333	Mitts, Gossamer,	113
		Gun Sawdust,	362	Motion, Spontaneous,	54
		[Harvey and the Circulation of the Blood]—Resistance to Great Truths,	39	Mounts at Dunipier, the,	213
		Hatching Apparatus, Improved,	207	[Muckle Hart of Bennore]—Wild Sports of the Highlands,	220
		Health and Plenty,	134	Napoleon, the Parentage and Childhood of,	265

	Page		Page		Page
Narrative of Juan Van Halen, 82,	101	River Perils—[Tidal Bore],	354	West India Voyage, Reminiscences of a,	143
Natural History, Notes in, . . .	77	Rocky Mountains, Explorations in the,	295, 365	What Nature has done for Ireland,	261
Natural History, Sketches in, . . .	371	Rosencrans, a Gossip about the,	298, 316	Whimsicalities of the Electric Telegraph, . . .	272
Natural History, Stray Notes in, . . .	1, 3	Rosse's, Lord, Telescope,	369, 401,	Wild Spots of the Highlands,	220
Nature, Milner's Gallery of, . . .	3	Sark, a Tradition of,	37	Wilders, in, Samuel, Tribute to,	304
[Nervous System, Bell and the], . . .	206	Saturday Evening in Liverpool,	161	Wisdom of the Ancients,	270
—Resistance to Great Truths,	206	[Schonbein's Explosive Cotton]		Witnesses, Spectre,	29
Netherlands, an Easter Ramble in the, . . .	6, 25, 13, 61, 131	—The Parliament of Science,	266	Working-Classes, a Suggestion for the Improvement of the,	381
New Planet— Beautiful Discovery,	335	Science, the Parliament of,	264	Working-Men's Building Societies, Doubts as to,	165
Newcastle Mines, the,	200	Scotch Herring-Fishing Station,	413	World, Nichol's Thoughts on the System of the,	190
Nichol's Thoughts on the System of the World,	130	Scots Acts, Old,	391	York, Archaeological Institute at, a Lady's account of the Meeting of the,	201
North Pole, the,	124	Selborne, a Pilgrimage to,	113	Young People, Columns for,	221, 239, 398, 411
Notes in Natural History,	77	Settler in the Bush, the, a Liberator and the—Life in the Buck-woods,	322, 327	Zamozn, the Facciosos in,	123
Nothing is Useless, . . .	19	Shoemaker's Notions of the Poet,	257		
Novel Importations,	60	Sketches in Natural History,	571		
Occasional Notes—		Slave, Little Abyssinian,	252		
Bathing and Drowning,	108	Slips of the Tongue,	36		
Burnings of Water,	109	Speaking Automaton, the,	169		
Discovery of Copper Mines in Australia,	60	Specimen of Drunken Villages,	329		
Disease Occasioned by Lucifer,	61	Spectre Witnesses,	29		
Electric Telegraphs,	108	[Specula, Mode of Making]—Lord Rosse's Telescope,	101		
Exposure of Butcher Meat in Shops,	230	Spontaneous Motion,	54		
Failures in the Vegetable World,	230	Stars, Lost and Variable—Milner's Gallery of Nature,	3		
France Robbed of her Planet,	351	Stories and Translations from Tasso,	137, 267		
Gun Sawdust,	362	Story-Book, a Danish,	239		
Idiocy,	60	[Straitsmen, the]—Foreign Quarterly Review,	109		
Novel Importations,	60	Stray Notes in Natural History,	190		
Proposed Destruction of the House of John Knox,	230	'Strike,' Extraordinary Case of,	334		
Transit of Cattle,	362	Stuarts, Exploits of One of the,	312		
White and Brown Bread—Unfermented Bread,	23	Suggestion for the Improvement of the Working-Classes, [Sydney, 'Government Class,' at]—Foreign Quarterly Review,	110		
Obilys of Norton, Recovery of the Estates of the,	71	System of the World, Nichol's Thoughts on the,	150		
Old English Poems and Songs, Mr Dixon's Collection of,	135	Tasso, Stories and Translations from,	137, 267		
Old Scots Acts,	391	Tchinkel Glacier, the,	91		
Paragraphs for the People, by Eliza Barrett—		Ten, Jottings on,	33		
A Freehold Estate for the People,	163	Telegraph, Electric, Whimsicalities of the,	272		
Exchangeable Pearls,	163	Telegraphs, Electric,	108		
Picking up Thoughts,	163	Telescope, Lord Rosse's, Travels in Search of,	369, 401		
'The Long Range' of the Gospel. Value of Changes,	163	Thrush, Thomas,	215		
Parentage and Childhood of Napoleon,	265	Tobacco Depot, her Majesty's, Liverpool,	297		
Pause in Boarding-Schools,	75	Tradition of Sark,	369		
Parliament of Science, the,	261	Transit of Cattle,	362		
Pathology of Chumneys,	318	Travelling at the Cape of Good Hope,	238		
Pencil Country of Cumberland, Visit to the,	225	Travels in Search of Lord Rosse's Telescope,	369, 401		
People, the, Are they to be Educated for not?	233	Two Days in Manchester,	237		
People, Paragraphs for the,	163	Two Sides of a Question—Restriction of Labour,	273		
Peul's, River— [Tidal Bore],	354	Unfermented Bread,	23		
Pilgrimage to Selborne,	113	Vegetable Instinct, Indications of,	8, 9		
Plenty, Health and,	134	Vegetable Mimicry,	141		
Plumbago Mines of Cumberland,	225	Vegetable World, Failures in the,	230		
Poems and Songs, Old English, Mr Dixon's Collection of,	135	Viets and Drink of Authors,	362		
Poetry, Proper Names in,	89	Villages, Drunken, a Specimen of,	329		
Pope's Corinna,	8	Visit to the Cape,	246		
Popular Lecturing,	150	Visit to the Castle of Luig,	411		
Population of Ancient and Modern Times,	323	Visit to the Grotto of Adelsberg,	389		
[Potato Disease, Doctors differing on the]—The Parliament of Science,	266	Visit to Messrs Loddiges's Conservatories,	231		
Progress of Intemperance in India,	69	Visit to the Pencil Country of Cumberland,	225		
Rail, Phraseology of the,	193	Voyages, Long, Mental Effects of,	375		
Railway Romance,	314	War Scenes,	351		
Ransoms,	249	Water, Burning of,	109		
Relics, Literary,	382	Water-Cure, Life at the,	122		
Reminiscences of a West India Voyage,	148	[Water, on the Decomposition of, by Heat]—The Parliament of Science,	265		
Resistance to Great Truths—					
Bell and the Nervous System,	206				
Harvey and the Circulation of the Blood,	39				

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Abd-el Kader,	320
Advice,	240
Age of Plants,	416
Air and Ocean, Currents of the,	30
Algiers, Arab School in,	123
Antarctic Seas, Icebergs of the,	192
Antiquities, Manufacture of,	160
Approbateness,	26
Arab School in Algiers,	123
Armenacha Plant, the,	30
Baptism among the Greeks,	320
Beauty,	320
Biography,	368
British, the, in Presence of the Enemy,	720
Brother and Sister, the,	208
Campbells are Coming, the,	15
Candour,	160
Carpet-Bag, the Philosophy of a Little,	45
Changes, Value of,	163
Chatham Library and its Show of Curiosities,	237
Children, Giving Wine to,	416
Children, how to Speak to,	400
Civilisation in India, Progress of,	320
Civilisation, Test of,	176
Clemency,	272
Climate in England and America,	192
'Consistency,' D'Sraeli on the,	415
Cost of Slave-Trade Suppression,	381
Criticism in Germany,	16
Currents of the Air and Ocean,	30
Dead Man Dining,	175
Defence of the Goose,	351
Delicacies, Old English,	15
Diet, Vegetable,	32
D'Sraeli on the Constitution,	415
Distortion—a Word to Mothers,	333
Duty of the Historian,	333
Education, Routine,	123
Effect of Pavements upon Health,	192
England and America, Climate in,	192
English Men and Places, French Knowledge of,	271
Exchangeable Pearls,	163
Exercise in the Open Air,	160
Fear,	176
Fifth and Fever,	64
Flowers, Novel Method of Preserving,	208
Footmen's Calves,	304
France, Price of Land in,	176
Freehold Estate for the People,	168
French Authors, Vanity of,	175
French and English Ladies,	336
French Knowledge of English Men and Places,	271

	Page		Page		Page
Gallicisms, Scottish,	15	Mothers, a Word to -- Distortion,	333	Sahara, the, and its Tribes,	128
Germany, Criticism in,	16	Mystery Solved, a,	15	Savage and Civilised,	61
Germany, Mice in,	112	Mysticism,	272	Schooling, Hint as to,	415
Germany, Price of Land in,	96	Nature, System in,	224	Science, Popular,	363
Gospel, Defence of the,	252	New South Wales, the Toad-Fish		Scottish Gallicisms,	158
Gospel, the 'Long Range' of the,	163	of,	333	Self-Education,	192
Greeks, Baptism among the,	320	Newfoundland, Gradual Rise of,		Sharp Dog,	175
Health, Effect of Pavements upon,	192	above the Sea,	48	Sight-Seeing, Lord Stowell's Taste	
Hint as to Schooling,	415	Norman Conquest, the,	48	for,	271
Historian, the Duty of the,	333	Old English Delicacies,	15	Slender,	176
Honey, Polish,	112	Open Air, Exercise in the,	160	Slave-Trade Suppression, Cost of,	584
How the Polynesians become		Opinions,	128	Slight Circumstances,	112
Swimmers,	256	Pavements, Effect of, upon Health,	192	Snow Moulds,	79
How to Speak to Children,	400	Pearls, Exchanging,	163	Station,	144
Icebergs of the Antarctic Seas,	192	Peeler, the Dog of the Police,	233	Stomach, the, an ill-used Mem-	
Importance of Resolution,	32	People, a Freehold Estate for		ber,	500
Indecision,	32	the,	163	Swimmers, how the Polynesians	
India, Civilisation in, Progress of,	320	Philosophy of a Little Carpet-Bag,	43	become,	256
Inquiry, Doubt, Conviction,	16	Physical Facts,	32	System in Nature,	221
Italian Women <i>et cetera</i> Tight-Lacing,	144	Picking up Thoughts,	168	Telescope and Microscope,	221
Keep Bees,	256	Picture of a Marquis, &c.,	96	Test of Civilisation,	176
Ladies, French and English,	336	Plants, Age of,	116	Texas, the Wild Horse of,	43
Land, Price of, in France,	176	Poetical Despatch, a,	15	Thoughts, Picking up,	166
Long Hair, Puritan Dislike of,	416	Polish Honey,	112	Tight-Lacing, Italian Women <i>et cetera</i> ,	144
'Long Range' of the Gospel,	163	Popular Science,	368	Toad-Fish of New South Wales,	503
Lord Stowell's Taste for Sight-		Portrait, a,	368	Tombstones,	203
Seeing,	271	Price of Land in France,	176	Truth, Progress of,	233
Love-Letter, Copy of a Genuine,	80	Price of Land in Germany,	96	Value of Changes,	468
Manufacture of Antiquities,	160	Pride and Vanity,	208	Vanity of French Authors,	175
Maritime Enterprise,	96	Prior the Engraver,	334	Vegetable Diet,	32
Marquess, Picture of,	96	Progress of Truth,	238	Vulgarity,	272
Maternal Affection,	175	Public Dinner, Miseries of a,	61	Wild Horse of Texas,	43
Mice in Germany,	112	Puritan Dislike of Long Hair,	416	Wine, Giving of, to Children,	116
Miseries of a Public Dinner,	61	Resolution, the Importance of,	32	World, the Way to get on in the	17
Momentous Question, the,	283	Routine Education,	123	Wrong Path, the,	176

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COMMERCIAL ESTIMATES OF HUMAN NATURE.

I was induced, after some persuasion, to accompany a fair friend the other day on what is called a 'shopping excursion'—a catastrophe which must happen to every married man once or twice in his life at least, if not oftener. We set out with the intention of purchasing a pair of gloves, some ribbon, and a yard or two of lace, and I believe this intention to have been, on both sides, perfectly sincere: positively, we were to get nothing more. Nevertheless, before our return, we had become the fortunate possessors of a shawl, a parasol, two ribbons, a half-dozen pairs of gloves, two pieces of lace, a summer dress, and a straw-bonnet. What more we might not have been cajoled into purchasing, had not the evening been closing in, 'tis utterly impossible to say. It was sometimes very amusing, at others as much exasperating, to witness the efforts made to induce us to purchase. Now the enemy would address himself to the lady's vanity, now to her curiosity, now to her economy, or then, as a *décalir resort*, to the gentleman's liberality. Thus, to select a short specimen of his tactics:—'Just suit a lady of your complexion, ma'am; quite the lady's dress, I assure you: perfectly new; completely uncommon: only observe the colours, ma'am!' as my wife sat, with semi-reluctant gaze, looking at a satin dress which she could not afford to purchase, thrown into folds with such art, as to reflect its brilliant colouring and silken sheen to the best advantage. Then, observing the pecuniary difficulty of the case—'Yes, ma'am, a handsome dress; perhaps a *little* more suited for the carriage than the promenade; but here, ma'am, something else; a decided bargain this is'—and the satin was carefully covered over to avoid the injury of a contrast with the homelier material—'pattern quite French, ma'am; part of a bankrupt's stock' (*sotto voce*) 'sold off at an awful sacrifice; not to be bought wholesale for twice the money, ma'am.' Or again, as we were about to leave—'Just received some curious parasols, ma'am: original one exhibited to her Majesty and Prince Albert; half-a-dozen ordered same pattern; your lady will like, perhaps, to see them, sir? New and remarkably ingenious mechanical contrivance for opening and shutting, sir. Her majesty couldn't make it out at all, ma'am.' Unhappy victims! we were both in the net; and while the cash-boy lagged behind with the change, one of the curious parasols and a shawl were transferred to our keeping.

The money was, after all, well-spent, for it set me a-thinking. So, then, there is a new way of viewing human nature. We may look at it through the medium of the commercial estimate. Poor human nature! It has become a perfect matter of business to calculate upon its frailties, to flatter its passions—even its evil

passions—to excite its curiosity, to practise upon its credulity, to impose upon its good-nature, and sometimes even to call forth its better qualities—to such an extent has competition and the general struggle for subsistence sharpened the faculties of the present age. In many cases the commercial estimate formed of us is productive of nothing more than a few innocent schemes for our decoy, which our discernment penetrates, while our good-nature forgives; but, on the whole, it is scarcely too much to aver that this estimate is a derogatory one. It looks at man in an unfavourable and unpleasing light, giving him, except in rare instances, credit for a preponderance of evil over good, and regarding him rather as an enemy, to be assailed or circumvented, than as a relation and friend. Take us for all in all, I believe we are both better and wiser than our commercial estimates set us down as being.

Beginning with small things. We may exemplarise the effects of this estimate of one of human nature's infirmities—that of indolence. We were once parties to a grave discussion concerning shop-door steps, in which a young beginner was solemnly recommended not to adopt more than one step into his shop. People, it was said (that is, human nature), wouldn't take the trouble to mount up two or three steps, when, by going a little further on, a more easily-accessible establishment might invite them in. There can be no doubt that upon a hinge as slight as even this, many a man's fortune or ill-fortune has swung. We may likewise observe how carefully this infirmity is studied in the widely-opened, easily-revolving doors of our modern shops. Be the winter's frost ever so sharp, or the cold wind ever so keen, it is a standing rule that the public entrance be never hindered by a closed door, or only upon the condition that some genteel porter, in white cravat and black livery, stands in continual readiness to bow in or bow out the purchasers. Thus, in the former event, some dozen shivering assistants are kept blowing their fingers' ends; because poor human nature is believed to be too lazy to lift a latch, to turn a handle, or to open a door. Again, surely human natures who possess carriages must be believed to be unfortunately incapable of all other locomotion whatsoever, or we should never behold such spectacles as that of a bonnet-and-capless waiting-woman serving, on a chill winter's day, some of these unfortunates closely shut up in the afore-said vehicles in the open street.

But to proceed to graver matters.

Oh, human nature is a dreadful hard-bargaining, screw-driving, profit-clipping thing at its commercial estimate! Nothing can be too cheap for it. One's blood boils as one after another of these kind estimators steps forward, and, as it were, clutching one by the hand, cries out, 'I'm the man for your money; I'm your only true friend: rest of the trade vagabonds and extor-

tioners! Here's my shop; everything at half-price! Nothing but this estimate of man's moral status can account for the eye-teasing, heart-fretting announcements which glare from huge placards covering our metropolitan walls and boardings, like disease blotches, as they are, posted with such art, as to catch the unwary pedestrian at every turn, and fill his mind with the very natural imagination, that half the world must be in a state of utter ruin and insolvency, and that it was about to be sold off and done up for the exclusive benefit and satisfaction of the other half. 'Frightful sacrifices!' 'alarming bankruptcies!' 'awful conflagrations!' 'sudden deaths of proprietors!' (safely grinning behind counters), 'dissolutions of partnerships!' and such-like catastrophes of every-day occurrence, present one with a truly awful picture of the havoc which must constantly be going on in the world. Here, some Israelitish gentleman, with an excessive and completely unaccountable liberality, offers to clothe us from head to heel pretty nearly for next to nothing; so that actually one is led to parody the Irishman's sentiment, that railway travelling was so rapid, that one could get a hundred miles off faster than staying at home; and to conceive that it is cheaper to apply to this gentleman than to do without the clothes one really does not want. There, some linen-draper, whose house rejoices in the *soubriquet* of Colurg-House, Gotha-Mart, or some similar classic cognomen, tells his fair customers, 'No reasonable offer refused!' and sends out, each morning of his life, a score of pallid, shabby copies of the human genus, bound up in faded coloured boards, to move in melancholy procession down and along our unhappy streets, announcing behind and before to all the world that no time is to be lost, seeing that things are being completely given away—information of the utmost value and consequence, if the same were worth accepting. Here the ticket-writer's art is exhausted in the embellishment of vast extents of Bristol-board, intended to inform human nature, of every rank, that the open-hearted owner of some fast-going-to-the-dogs establishment is, on his retirement from business—what a complete cart-before-the-horse tale, seeing that business is rapidly retiring from him!—steadfastly purposed to distribute his valuable stock at less than the original cost. There, again, two opposition shops cut down one another's profits, reduce themselves to ruin, and do a lasting injury to all neighbouring trade, not to speak of the poisonous influence their example has excited upon the morality of the community, and all—looking to second causes—to gratify the propensities, and rejoice the heart, of human nature. No; human nature never thinks (this is the language of these degraders of our kind), as it looks upon a cheap shirt, or coat, or other article of wearing apparel, of the weary hand, the heavy eye, and the aching heart which wrought, and fagged, and starved thereon. No; for, in a too common commercial light, human nature is conceived to be a thing captivated at being profited by the ruin, the misery, the destitution, the calamities, and the sin of its fellow-creatures.

A moiety of the human family must, without a doubt, have been born possessed of only half the wits and acuteness to which man is entitled, leaving it to shocking prey to the superior attainments of the other half. What are the commercial records upon the subject? They are to be found in the thousand-and-ono devices used to entrap and deceive. I am in the habit of passing a shop, situated in one of our greatest thoroughfares, where, to my certain knowledge, for upwards of a year and a half, bills have been placarded in every conceivable direction over its windows, glaring with continual falsehoods. At first it was, 'Selling off—removal of the business—immense discount off previous prices!' This answered very well for a month or two. Next, in vermillion type—cast, one would imagine, in the type-foundry of Broxburn—long papers appeared with the welcome intelligence, 'Must be cleared in fourteen days!' Months have passed away since then, and the

same succession of untruths appears in the windows; and the very house seems to hang its head in shame, and to feel that it is no longer fit company for respectable houses.

If we take up a newspaper, and direct our attention to its advertisements, we peruse a remarkable and instructive record of what is commercially thought of our astuteness and credulity. To glance at the quack medicine advertisements. We read of the most astonishing cures, and the most miraculous restorations, performed by the sole means and instrumentality of the puffed-off panacea. Here is one amazing remedy of Protean adaptation—capable of doing anything, or everything, or nothing, just as the case requires, so that, armed with a bottle of this corked-up longevity, or guarded by a box of solid immortality done up into pills, one might defy death for ever. There is the prolific bear's grease, which in less than a week covered a bald gentleman's shining head with a regular shock of hair, the old gentleman being obliged to procure a new hat in consequence. There is the mirific North Pole Balsam for baldness, or the South American Whisker Curler, or the Parisian Mustache Cultivator, each possessed of the same qualities, and in the same tremendous measure. Or maternal human nature is brought to take care of its hopeful progeny, particularly during the teeth-cutting stage of the progeny's existence; and, to secure lovely children in glorious health, is instructed to procure a five-shilling bottle of the real and only true Infant's Blessing. To incite maternal nature thereto, an attempt is made to awaken maternal solicitude by recounting the thrilling case of one unhappy baby which was dying—if, indeed, it had not died out of hand—surrounded by the faculty, and was restored to consciousness in five minutes by a tablespoonful of the Blessing: after six of the same, it began to cry; and after three bottles, was, to the endless glory and fame of the elixir, set on its legs again. Or, in another direction, we read of the disposal, by auction, under the hammer of a London auctioneer, of some dark, dismal, grim, tumble-down old mansion, agued by a slimy duck-pond in front, and by marshy meadows behind, and surrounded by soil scarcely worth turning over. But the eyes of an auctioneer are filled with phantasmagoric delusions; and after taking a survey of the enchanting spot, he returns to town, and, with an enthusiasm which can scarcely be regarded as otherwise than maniacal, attempts to cram human nature's throat with the most vivid and refreshing descriptions of scenery. Such luxuriant turns of speech about the '*lie artificial*' down to which the lawn leads; the excessively rural walks, the rich meadows, the rusty—I beg pardon—the rustic gates, and the Arcadian groves. Bright visions! realisable only in the conceptions of his deluded imagination, or in the effusions of his very poetic pen. Or from his metropolitan rostrum he may be heard pouring forth untruths by the round dozen; ready to protest, nay, busily protesting, now to be old, false to be true, copies to be originals, and using a quantity of the most outrageous hyperbole before a crowd of human natures, who neither believe what he says, nor give him the credit of believing it himself.

When we approach the moral estimate of human nature, as displayed in too many of the publications of this era, we enter upon a subject which demands a condemnation yet more severe, in the proportion in which it stands as a crime, affecting the best interests of our race.

The occurrence of an atrocious murder, or of some terrible crime, whose fearful enormity is the measure of the depths of iniquity to which man, when he separates from God, can fall, is the signal for the outpouring of nothing less than a torrent of printed sin. The most incredible pains are taken to collect every particular of the wretched being's life; no expense is spared to obtain the most minute details of the crime. With a frightful curiosity, the blood-bespattered wall, the dangling rope, the empty phial, are searched out and described; por-

traits of the murderer, of his weapon, and of the place where the act was committed, are faithfully executed; and a species of emulation is kindled as to which shall be the first public organ to bowl into the ears of mankind that another of their number has exceeded all the common bounds of error. How shocking and revolting an estimate of the taste of our fellow-men, even to conceive that any other sentiments than those of grief and shuddering abhorrence could occupy the mind on such a subject! Can language be found strong enough to condemn that sinful and sin-spreading estimate of our nature which would gift it with tastes better befitting the inhabitants of the pit of Acheron, than the human creatures of the world in which we live?

Enough upon a very painful subject. It may be said these estimates are taken from life; but this does not invalidate our position. Must man, if commercially estimated at all, be taken in his very worst light? What if there be thousands of whom these estimates may be, in a measure, correct? Are there not hundreds of thousands more to whom they are an insult, an injury, and a disgrace? And indeed it is worth the inquiry, whether, out of the many evil, there are not a few to be found whose natural bias, had it not received the injurious impulse of an evil estimate, would have been to the better side. It is to be feared it is true; and, if true, it is a very serious truth, that there are others than poets who create the taste of the age in which they live.

It is pleasant to be able to turn to certain Commercial Estimates of Human Nature of a sounder kind. There is an allowable zeal in business, which leads men to study human nature in anything but a censurable manner. It is delightful to see a well-set-out shop-window, in which the goods and chattels are, with a pardonable view to captivate our taste, arranged in a completely *argumentum ad hominem* manner, if the phrase is tolerable. The only mischief which can accrue from such an estimate, may be the hungry water it is apt to create, where the looker-on possesses pockets and digestive organs in anything but a condition of repletion. At those periods of the year more particularly sacred to eating and drinking, it is a very impressive amusement to perambulate the streets of our great cities, and behold what a goodly estimate of human nature's capabilities in this line every shop-window affords us. Neither are we suffered to forget the poor; for coarse sheetings and blankets are to be found in many a window, modestly half-concealed in a corner, with a little written bill affixed to them, commencing with, 'To the charitable,' and ending with 'this inclement but festive season.' These, and many others, are kindly estimates of our common nature, which no one would dream of quarrelling with; and they are, indeed, not bad indications of a thriving and prosperous trade.

To take leave of a digressive subject. I should be sorry that any one who reads these pages should still think it a trifling matter either to form, or to be the subject of, an unworthy commercial estimate. A low estimate of human nature is a sentiment which will not, which indeed cannot, fail to produce distrust between the members of what should be a happy and confiding family; and nothing is to be regarded either in a trifling or pardonable light which has the remotest tendency to produce such an effect. It may be assumed that, while our social economy remains the same, and so long as man has commercial dealings with his fellow, human nature must necessarily be commercially estimated. Granting an assumption to be true which we might find it difficult to deny, let our end be to elevate the standard whereby we measure reciprocally ourselves and our fellow-creatures; be it an honest, worthy, and hearted one, not the sordid and debasing measure of this day. What can be conceived of as more likely to keep human nature bad and bare, nay, indeed, what more prone to make it so, than to believe it, or to act as if it was believed to be so? And what—putting for the moment out of the question other

agencies—more probable than that love should engender love, and good faith inspire a corresponding good faith, not alone in our commercial, but in every other portion of our intercourse with mankind. If there were any doubt upon the subject, it is susceptible and suggestive of, in our age and country at least, a thousand practical answers in the affirmative, which will occur to the minds of our readers.

The subject of this paper is a peculiar feature in the every-day commercial transactions of the present age; it is one over which a too-jealous watch can scarcely be kept, for its manifest tendency is to loosen the bonds of mutual regard, and to humble man to a position inferior to his right one in the intellectual, and, above all, in the moral scale.

MILNER'S GALLERY OF NATURE.*—THE LOST AND VARIABLE STARS.

THE Gallery of Nature is a large and elegantly-presented combination of modern knowledge on the subjects of astronomy, physical geography, and geology, illustrated by numerous wood-engravings, and a few beautiful plates; the whole forming an extremely suitable manual for the young and self-educating. The utmost that a reviewer can do with such a massive work, is to test it in several places. This we have done, and the result is satisfactory. We everywhere find Mr Milner ample in his information, correct in his manner of stating it, and familiar with the most recent discoveries. He writes easily and agreeably, and occasionally relieves the matter in hand by playful anecdotes connected with the history of science. On the whole, it is a book highly creditable to all parties concerned.

After some chapters on the solar system, and a general one on the stars, our author comes to detail what is known regarding the 'New, Variable, and Compound Stars.' To this section of his book we shall confine ourselves. 'When we compare,' he says, 'the present appearance of the sidereal heavens with the records of former catalogues, some stars are not to be found now whose places have been registered. There are four in Hercules, four in Cancer, one in Persens, one in Pisces, one in Hydra, one in Orion, and two in Berenice's Hair, which have apparently disappeared from the sky. It is no doubt probable that apparent losses have often arisen from mistaken entries; yet, in many instances, it is certain that there is no mistake in the observation or entry, and that stars have really been observed, and as really have disappeared. A star of the fifth magnitude, 55 Hercules, in the catalogue of Flamsteed, was particularly observed by Herschel in 1781 and 1782; but nine years afterwards it was gone, nor has it since been seen. Sir John Herschel, in May 1828, missed a star in Virgo, inserted in Baron Zach's catalogue, and has never been able to perceive it. "There are now wanting in the heavens," Montanari observed in 1670, "two stars of the second magnitude, in the stern and yard of the ship Argo. I and others observed them in the year 1664, upon occasion of the comet that appeared that year. When they first disappeared, I know not; only I am sure that, on the 10th of April 1668, there was not the least glimpse of them to be seen."

On the other hand, there are some stars now in the heavens which are supposed to have only recently become visible. No entry of them occurs in the catalogues of former observers, who have registered objects of inferior magnitude in their neighbourhood, and would not therefore have omitted these had they been present. Thus, a star in the head of Cepheus, one in Geminus, another in Equuleus, a fourth in Sextans, a remarkable one between β and δ Hydra, a sixth in Hercules, and several others, are not given in Flamsteed's cata-

* The Gallery of Nature; a Pictorial and Descriptive Tour through Creation. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A. London: W. S. Orr and Co. 1846. [Pp. 804, royal 8vo.]

logue. These are probably new, as that most accurate observer of the heavens could scarcely have omitted them.

In addition to these changes, the occurrence of stars starting into temporary visibility, shining with great lustre, and then entirely vanishing, however unaccountable, is so well authenticated as to obtain a place in the class of unquestionable phenomena. An instance of this kind occurred in the year 389 of our era. In the neighbourhood of Altair, in the constellation Aquila, a star suddenly appeared, continuing as brilliant as Venus for three weeks. Other stellar apparitions are recorded in the years 945 and 1264; but the most memorable case occurred in 1572. [In this last instance] the new star, which glowed with great splendour, and continued visible for eighteen months, appeared in Cassiopeia, immediately under the scabbellum, or chair of the Lady. It was first caught sight of at Wittenburg on August 6th, seen at Augsburg on the 7th, observed by Cornelius Gemma on November 9th, and by Tycho on the 11th. It formed an irregular square with three of the principal stars of the constellation, maintained the same position invariably with respect to them during the whole time of its apparition, exhibited no sensible parallax, which plainly declared its place to be in the region of the fixed stars. Kepler also observed, in 1604, a remarkably brilliant new star, which appeared in the right foot of Serpentarius, and kept its place for a twelvemonth. *

There are now seven or eight well-attested cases of fixed stars suddenly glowing from out the sombre bosom of infinity, shining with great vivacity for an interval, so as to be visible even in the day-time through the intensity of their light, then gradually fading away, and becoming entirely extinct. We are completely foiled by these apparent temporary stellar creations! Are they worlds which, having accomplished one cycle of their existence, have had their physical structure dissolved by fire, to be remodelled? Are they thus bodies which have lain hid from terrestrial gaze by their remoteness, until some vast combustion has given them a transient visibility? * * We have choice of another theory, on many accounts preferable, though not free from great difficulties. It has been conjectured that the temporary appearance of stars may be resolvable into a periodical translation from the depths of infinite space, to a station which brings them within the bounds of our vision. Their sudden and brilliant burst from the dark and distant void, upon this supposition, arises from a tremendous velocity; and their evanescent stay within our view, may be caused by one of the narrow extremities of an orbit immensely elliptical lying in the direction of our system. It is further conceived, that the temporary stars of 945, 1264, and 1572 were not different individuals, but in reality the same star. This is grounded upon the close accordance of the intervals separating the periods.

From 945 to 1264, 319 years. From 1264 to 1572, 308 years.

It has been supposed, therefore, that the star has an orbit which it accomplishes in about three hundred years. With reference to this hypothesis, it will be for the present century to utter a verdict. If it be true, those who live thirty or forty years longer will see the star upon which Tycho gazed in his manhood, and Kepler when a boy, return to its station in Cassiopeia, again to glitter, to wane, and vanish! In corroboration of this theory, it should be mentioned that the stars of 945, 1264, and 1572 appeared in the same part of the heavens. The chief difficulty which lies in the way of the supposition, that the temporary stars are objects moving in orbits which display them periodically to us, is, that no change of place has been observed during the whole time of apparition.

We now come to the class of stars called *variable*, some of which periodically wax and wane in their amount of light, while others not only do so, but for a brief time become absolutely invisible. According to

Mr Milner, 'The earliest observed example of this class is α Ceti, called also *Stella Mira*, or the Wonderful Star, situated in the neck of the Whale. It was first particularly remarked by Fabricius, August 13, 1596, when it appeared as a star of the third magnitude, but before the end of the year it had retreated entirely from observation. Holward remarked it again in 1637, after which it disappeared for nine months, when he again saw it. The following are now its general phases, which are gone through in 331 days 10 hours and 19 minutes. When at the greatest brightness, it is equal to a star of the second magnitude, and remains so for about a fortnight. If then decreases during three months, passes entirely out of sight, continues invisible about five months, again comes into view, increases during three months, when it attains once more its maximum lustre. It does not always, however, return to the same degree of brightness, or increase and diminish by the same gradations, or invariably remain invisible the same length of time. For the four years between 1672 and 1676, it was never seen at all, though Hevelius searched that part of the heavens diligently for it.

'Algol, the name of the star β in Perseus, in the head of Medusa, is another remarkable instance of stellar mutation. It varies from the second to the fourth degree of magnitude. This was determined by Maraldi in 1694; but Mr Goodricke of York, in 1782, and about the same time Paltich, the Saxon farmer, first accurately fixed the period of its changes. The star goes through its variations in a remarkably short space of time: it continues at its brightest two days and fourteen hours. Then its splendour suddenly begins to diminish, and in three hours and a half it is reduced to its minimum. Its feeblest lustre lasts but little more than fifteen minutes. It then begins to increase, and in three hours and a half more it is restored to its usual brightness. Its full period is therefore 2 days 20 hours and 48 minutes. The remarkable law of variation to which this star is subject, suggested to Goodricke the idea of some opaque body revolving around it, which, interposing between the earth and the star, cuts off a portion of its light.

'Cygni was ascertained to be variable, and its period determined by Kirch in 1686. It changes from the sixth to the eleventh degree of magnitude, and consequently at its brightest is only visible to the naked eye under favourable circumstances. There are altogether about twenty stars ascertained to be variable, and upwards of fifty suspected to belong to the class.

'Various conjectures have been hazarded to account for these cases of periodic stellar change. If we suppose the varying brightness of the bodies in question to be caused by varying distance—the same hypothesis as that which has been mentioned in connexion with the temporary stars—it is singular that their position should be wholly unaltered during their respective changes. This appears fatal to the idea of orbital motion being the cause of their versatile appearance. Another surmise is, that dark bodies revolve around these stars, which, periodically intervening between them and us, temporarily cut off their light. Mr Goodricke proposed this theory respecting the star Algol; but it is open to the objection that it requires us to assign a magnitude to the revolving body in relation to that which must be deemed its primary, which is out of all proportion to that which we are led to believe belongs to dependent orbs. The subservient bodies in our system are immensely inferior to their primary—the sun—and owing to this, to a distant observer of our part of the universe, the transit of the mighty globe of Jupiter across the sun's disk would produce no perceptible effect. Our knowledge of planetary motion is also adverse to that rigorous uniformity which is so marked a feature of the stellar changes.

'It may appear a gratuitous assumption to take the solar system as a miniature picture of others; but we can only reason concerning what is unknown from what we know. Minute white specks appear in the

neighbourhood of the stars γ Hydra, α Geminorum, and ϵ Ursæ, which in all likelihood are their encircling planets—tributary companions—plainly and vastly inferior, according to the analogy of subœrvient bodies in our system. Their intervention would have no perceptible effect upon the appearance of their primaries to our vision. The most probable hypothesis that has yet been proposed to account for the examples before us of stellar changeableness, is that of axial rotation. The variable stars are supposed to have parts of their surface less luminous than the rest, which, when presented to us in the course of rotation, produce the periodical decay of light and absolute invisibility observable. A variety of circumstances occur to favour this idea. Rotation upon an axis is a law to which every orb is subject with which we are sufficiently acquainted—as the sun, the planets, and their satellites. The greatest uniformity marks the execution of the law, and in this it differs from translation in space. The planets travel in irregular paths, and with varying velocities in their orbits; but their axial motion is uniform. If, therefore, one of the hemispheres of a rotating body within the sphere of vision should be less luminous than the other, periods of decay, obscurity, revival, and vivacity would be exhibited of uniform occurrence and duration. Now, those who have paid most attention to solar phenomena, are of opinion that, besides the sun having variable spots upon his disk—which at times have been so numerous and extensive as to impair his orb—there is reason to believe the illuminating power of his two hemispheres to be unequal, one being much fainter than the other. We may not be sensible of this, because comparatively situated in immediate vicinity to his effulgence; but, removed to a vast remoteness, his rotatory motion might constitute him sensibly a variable star to us. Herschel remarks, “All the rotary motion of stars upon their axes is a capital feature in their resemblance to the sun. It appears to me now, that we cannot refuse to admit such a motion, and that, indeed, it may be as evidently proved as the diurnal motion of the earth. Dark spots, or large portions of the surface less luminous than the rest, turned alternately in certain directions, either towards or from us, will account for all the phenomena of periodical changes in the lustre of the stars so satisfactorily, that we certainly need not look out for any other cause.”

Another cause, nevertheless, has been suggested, and may be adverted to. It is thought that the stars may not be the central bodies liable to a partial obscuration by those circling round them, but themselves the circling bodies, and that it is round still larger central bodies *giving no light* that they revolve, in which case of course they would be eclipsed on passing behind their primary. The idea of such vast dark masses in the heavens is calculated powerfully to affect the imagination.

Mr Milner then comes to *multiple stars*—‘a class unknown till a very recent date. Soon after the application of the telescope to the heavens, it was perceived that some of those brilliant points, which appear single stars to the naked eye, are in reality stellar combinations, comprising two or more individuals. Little attention, however, was paid to them, and no suspicion entertained of their numerical amount. It was reserved for the elder Herschel to detect the richness of the mine, and to take precedence in bringing some of its treasures to light. A catalogue of five hundred stars, apparently single, but in fact binary, was produced by this distinguished observer, and presented to the Royal Society; and when he ceased from his labours, his mantle fell upon successors worthy to receive it. The list of conjoined bodies, whose positions and relative distances have been accurately determined, now includes a number which is five or six times greater than that which appears in the general stellar catalogue of the ancient observers. Sir James South and Sir John Herschel produced a catalogue of 380 multiple stars in the year 1824, as the result of their joint labours.

This was followed by one of 480 from South, and another of 3300 from Herschel—the fruits of solitary observation. M. Struve of Dorpat, also has registered the data of 3000. These are all included in the northern hemisphere, and within 15 degrees south of the equator. From the southern heavens an equally plenteous harvest may be gathered, of which Mr Dunlop's catalogue of 250, observed at Parramatta, may be regarded as the first fruits. Upon the whole, the number of stars whose multiple character and respective positions have been determined, cannot be rated at less than 6000. Of these the most numerous are twin-stars, or binary systems.

Of all the binary stars in the heavens, Castor is the largest and the finest, the one also which has been the longest observed. Its structure and position were recorded by Ptolemy in 1718, by Bradley and Maskelyne in 1759, and by Herschel in 1799; and in the present day it has been closely and perscrutively examined by Sir John Herschel, Struve, and Sir James South. Castor is a Geminorum, one of the bright stars in the head of the Twin, the most northerly of the two, and is easily separated by a moderately good telescope. Its constituents are of the third and fourth magnitude, at present about 3 seconds apart. The pair now make an angle with Pollux, the other principal star in Gemini. But in Bradley's time the position was different, as appears from a memorandum of one of his observations:—“Double star Castor. No change of position of the two stars: the line joining them at all times of the year parallel to the line joining Castor and Pollux in the heavens seen by the naked eye.” Sir John Herschel speaks of this object as that whose unequivocal angular motion first impressed on his father's mind a full conviction of the reality of his long-cherished views on the subject of the binary stars. α Coronæ, half-way between the Northern Crown and the club of Bootes, is a delicate double star, not to be seen but under favourable circumstances, requiring the most powerful and perfect instruments. Its compound character was discovered by Herschel in 1781, since which time its constituents have gone through more than a complete revolution, which renders it the most remarkable binary star known. Rigel, the well-known star in the foot of Orion, consists of one large and brilliant with a minute companion. The attendant point was seen by Herschel with a power of 227, but has been reached by one of Dollond's two-foot telescopes with a power of 70. Polaris, the pole star, is resolved into two of very unequal size, the smaller appearing a mere point in comparison with its companion. Miræ, or ϵ Bootis, about 10 degrees north-east of Arcturus, is one of the loveliest objects in the heavens, on account of the contrasted colours of the two stars composing it. It requires a power of 200 distinctly to define the pair. γ Leonis, about $7\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north-east of Regulus, is another striking example of a double star.

Besides stellar pairs, there are many instances of triple combination, of points apparently individual resolving into three distinct bodies when examined by an instrument of high power. An object of this kind is in the constellation Monoceros, or the Unicorn—a star in the left fore-foot, which is resolved at first into two; but one of these, on minute inspection, is found to be double. Herschel, who discovered this triplicate in 1781, pronounced it one of the most beautiful sights in the heavens. Eleven sets of bright triple stars, conjunctions of three bodies, are specified by Struve in a very small space of the heavens.

Combinations of four stars, constituting a quadruple scheme, composed of two double, have also been detected. β Lyre, π^2 Canis Majoris, δ Lacerte, and γ Lyre are examples. The latter object the naked eye discerns as a star of the fourth magnitude, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from Vega, upon the frame of the Lyre. With slight instrumental aid, it separates readily into two well-defined stars, distinctly apart, and each of these two becomes binary under a higher power. There are still

more extraordinary combinations than the preceding, or quintuple and sextuple stars. Thus θ Orionis, the trapezium, in the nebula, the first object upon which Herschel turned his mighty telescope, appears as a star of the third magnitude to the naked eye. It was so classed by Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe, but has long been known to be quadruple. Struve has, however, announced it to be quintuple; that is, when thoroughly examined, it consists of five constituent bodies so closely wedged as to appear an individual object.

The phenomena of the multiple stars have already led to some interesting results. The Newtonian law of gravitation has, by their means, been opened to our view, operating in the far distant realms of the universe. When these proximate bodies were first discovered, it was not suspected that any physical connexion subsisted between them—any real contiguity. The proximity was supposed to be simply optical. It was imagined that one star lying at a remote distance behind another, and seen in nearly the same visual line, produced the appearance of a double star. In some instances this is undoubtedly the case; and, while the prevalence of the binary arrangement was limited to a few specimens, the solution was satisfactory. But the heavens are so thickly sprinkled with double stars, as to render it in the highest degree improbable that their occurrence is merely the accidental effect of two stars separated by a wide interval, lying out in space in the same direction. The argument adopted has been illustrated in the following manner. If we suppose a number of peas to be thrown at random on a chess-board, we should certainly expect to find them occupying irregular or random positions. If, contrary to this, they were, in far more than average numbers, found to be arranged in pairs on each square, the rational inference would be, that here there was no random scattering. The excessive prevalence of the binary arrangement would indicate forethought, design, and system.

This is the reasoning of Dr Nichol, the force of which is obvious. Hence, when we find between the pole and 15 degrees south of the equator, 653 cases of conjunction, in which the bodies are not separated by the finest telescope from each other by more than the apparent diameter of Jupiter, and 612 cases of a lesser star associated with a greater, we are led to infer the real and designed proximity of these bodies. The principle now adverted to led Herschel to the conclusion that casual situations will not account for these multiplied phenomena; that, consequently, their existence must be owing to some general law of nature; and as the mutual gravitation of bodies toward each other is quite sufficient to account for the union of two stars, he felt authorised to ascribe such combinations to that principle. This reasoning has been emphatically confirmed by physical facts. The conclusion has been established beyond all doubt, that the multiple stars are made up of bodies in real association—physically connected. The constituents of a double star, closely watched through a series of years, are found to change their relative position, and to repeat the same cycle of change, indicating their systematic union under control of the law of gravitation. Here we have unquestionable signs of orbital motion, real binary systems of suns revolving around suns, the smaller around the greater, or both about a common centre of gravity. One has accomplished a complete revolution—a Coroneæ—since observation was first directed to it; and, from the progress already made by others, their times of revolution have been estimated [in periods varying between 35 and 3077 years]. In consequence of revolution, the apparent distance between the constituents of a double star varies remarkably. Thus the two stars of γ Virginis have apparently approached each other, and have become so close as to present the appearance of a single star to the telescope, their respective motions again opening, as it were, a breach between them. The constituents of Castor now appear to be

closing. "This star," says Sir John Herschel, "seems on the point of undergoing, within the ensuing twenty-four years, a remarkable change, similar to that of which γ Virginis has already furnished a striking instance during the last century, and passing from a distinct double star of the second class to a close one of the first, and ultimately to one of extreme closeness and difficulty, such as only the very finest telescopes, with all the improvements we may expect in them, will be capable of showing otherwise than single." We have thus seen suns in motion around each other—or around some intervening point, in the case of quadruple and quintuple stars—as decisively evidenced by observed phenomena, as the translation of the distant planets of our system around the central luminary. It required the most acute geometricians to resolve the well-known problem of three bodies, and it may be quite beyond our mathematics to determine the curves described by connected suns with attendant planets acting and reacting upon each other; but the fact of the stellar universe being the scene of activities—incessant, complex, yet nicely balanced and harmonised—is clearly before us.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

DEPARTURE—OSTEND—RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN BELGIUM—ARRIVAL AT ANTWERP.

"Where! shall we pass our Easter holidays?" said a newly-married lady to her indulgent husband.

"Where," exclaimed he, affecting an air of dissatisfied astonishment—"where can we be so happy as at home?"

"True," replied the lady somewhat despondingly; "but Easter, you know, is so universal a holiday, that everybody who can get away leaves town. Families of rank entertain "select parties" at their country seats; other people, who do not enjoy such good fortune, seek recreation in some favourite watering-place or suburban village; even the poorer artisans, who are too truly called "the working-classes," rejoicing in the consciousness of their liberty during the intermission of their labours, may be seen, in their best Sunday apparel, strolling into the parks and neighbouring fields, contented and happy. Indeed the knowledge and sense of there being a holiday among the people, excites in everybody's bosom a feeling of restlessness—a desire to go *somewhere*; just as birds on a fine sunny day appear to fly about merely for the pleasure of disporting their wings in the translucent atmosphere."

"Quite true," interposed another of the company; "and it has always appeared to me that Easter ought to be held as a peculiar festival, not only upon religious principles, but because it happens at the most cheerful and most exhilarating season of the year, when every tree, and herb, and flower is budding into new life. It is true that we speak proverbially of "a merry Christmas" and a "happy New-Year;" but it is then wintry cold, out of doors, and the gatherings of relatives and friends round the social fireside are too often saddened by some irreparable domestic bereavement. Nor are the incidents of the bygone year always, even in a worldly sense, matters for congratulation; but Easter arrives at no such critical epoch—makes no such sensible "pause upon the bridge of Time"—forces upon us no such painful retrospection. No; Easter brings with it only heart-stirring holiday associations: it steps forth always as the herald—but this year [1846], from the mildness of the past winter, more like the handmaiden—of Spring; and they who refuse to go out and welcome her approach, may well be accused of what Milton calls a "sullenness against nature."

"Not unpoetically argued," answered the husband; "and if you like to make up a party for a short excursion, we will willingly join you; and supposing, instead of going to Brighton, or Worthing, or Ramsgate, we run down by the railway to Dover, cross over to Ostend, and pass our Easter holidays visiting leisurely some of the fine old towns in the Netherlands?"

'That would be delightful,' rejoined the young wife in an animated tone; 'more especially if you, who have so often explored their beauties and curiosities,' added she, addressing herself to me, 'would accompany us.'

'Be it so,' I replied. 'I will cheerfully act as your *claque*, or commissionaire, as this unlearned functionary is called in France and Belgium; and I would suggest that we at once determine upon witnessing the celebration of high mass at the cathedral of Antwerp on Easter Sunday.'

'Agreed—agreed!' was the consentaneous exclamation; and forthwith the preliminary arrangements were settled, and the following evening, with these three cheerful companions, I found myself in the railway train, once more hurrying along *en route* for the continent.

We steamed away with the usual railway speed; and upon reaching Dover, found, to our satisfaction, that a new government steamboat, named the *Violet*, was about to make the following morning her first—her maiden trip to Ostend. Our little party was therefore early on the alert, and at nine o'clock we were on board, steering steadily out of the harbour. The improvement in steam navigation is indeed wonderful. Only three years ago, we congratulated ourselves on making this very passage in eight hours; but we now found that the *Violet* cut—literally cut—through the water at the rate of fifteen miles an hour; and although we had a strong head-wind against us all the way, she reached her destination at a quarter past one o'clock—thus accomplishing the distance, which is sixty-five miles, in four hours and a quarter. The quay at Ostend was crowded, as usual, with a motley collection of people, among whom might be observed custom-house officers, porters, fishwomen, idle soldiers, and a host of hotel agents, who watch, like wreckers upon the coast of Cornwall, for the arrival of every steamer, for the purpose of pouncing upon the luckless passengers as they land. The predatory habits of this idle class of men may be easily accounted for by the simple fact, that the hotel-keepers for whom they cater pay them nothing—not even a commission on the custom they may apparently bring to the house. They are permitted to hang about the doors, and act ostensibly as the commissioners of the hotels, upon the understanding that this privilege will afford them sufficient opportunity for remunerating themselves, by obtaining whatever they can get from the visitors for looking after their passports, their luggage, and the next conveyance by which they may wish to proceed. They pursue no other occupation; they trust entirely to chance; and do not even live in the hotels for which they are apparently employed. And when the season, as it is technically called, is succeeded by winter, during which few passengers arrive, they have no other resource to fall back upon excepting what they may have laid aside during the harvest of their mendacity.

It appears curious that the hotel-keepers themselves do not employ trustworthy people of their own establishment to meet their customers upon landing, and perform whatever services might be required of them, for which they might make a fair and reasonable charge. This would put the matter upon a better principle; for commissioners in these foreign towns are to strangers a useful, and ought to be a more respectable, order of men. Immediately on our landing, they surrounded us, chattering like so many baboons in a most unearthly language—half Dutch, half French, half English—shouting out the names of the different hotels; and while the custom-house officers were quietly trundling off our baggage upon their trucks in one direction, these noisy myrmidons threatened to hurry us away bodily in another. The only way to get rid of their importunities is to name the hotel to which you go, upon which the commissioner who acts for it changes his tone, and steps civilly forward to your assistance, while his extortionate brethren withdraw. Upon reaching the portals of the custom-house, we were informed that everything must

be deposited there, and remain in limbo until two o'clock. In small towns on the continent, between the hours of twelve and two, public business is suspended; and the few portmanteaus we had brought with us were therefore doomed to repose upon one of the custom-house benches—sympathising, we presume, with the siesta or noonday snooze of the authorities. It was some relief, however, to find that we were not troubled about, nor even asked to produce, our passports; for, in accordance with the spirit of the age—which seems to demand a free intercourse, personal and commercial, between all nations of the world—we found ourselves at liberty to land in Belgium without being subjected to the annoying delays and frivolous expenses which were entailed upon all passengers under the old passport system. Herein the Belgian government has set an example which, we may reasonably hope, will be followed by the king of Prussia as well as by the government of France; for in proportion as nations associate together, and amalgamate their interests, restrictive laws, tending to keep them asunder, must give way.

We soon ascertained that the next train from the Ostend station would not start in the direction of Brussels until half-past three o'clock, so that we had ample time to join the table d'hôte at the Hotel de la Cour Impériale, and afterwards look into the town. In all the principal hotels in Belgium there is a table d'hôte at two o'clock, and, during the season, another for the accommodation of visitors at four. But we have observed that, somehow or other, by a wonderful provision of nature, the appetite of English travellers can accommodate itself to all hours: so that these who cannot dine until the fashionable hour of six in London, contrive to make a hearty dinner about noonday when abroad. So fared it with us; and we would fain commendate, although not professed epicures, one dish, which was to us a culinary novelty; namely, a boiled fowl, dished *à la simple*, with shrimp sauce. Shade of Dr Kitchener, forgive us! And yet if salt calves' tongue or ham be a legitimate adjunct to boiled turkey or boiled fowl, why not the more delicate saline flavour of shrimp sauce? Try it, gentle reader, before you hazard an opinion.

After this early, albeit, as we have premised, satisfactory dinner, we strolled into the town, which has been sorely abused for its stupidity by all English authors. The theory by which the condemnation of these sea-coast towns—including Boulogne, Calais, and Dieppe—may be explained, we presume to be this: that those travelling malcontents arrive in them suffering generally under gastronomic irritation and depression from sea-sickness; their vision, as is well known to physiologists, is thus nervously affected, so that they see everything through a gloomy medium; and being anxious to pursue their journey—for English people, even those who have nothing to do, always travel in a hurry—they do not stay long enough to correct their prejudices, or form a just estimate of the place. The gay season of Ostend is during the summer and autumn months, when it is crowded principally by German visitors, who, from the facilities of the railway communication, find it a convenient, indeed the only sea-bathing place to which they can resort. It is then the long promenade, the Digue, which extends for a considerable distance along the sea-shore, and is curiously paved with little, narrow, Dutch tiles, and presents a scene of extreme gaiety, which is frequently enlivened by the presence of the king and queen of the Belgians, and their interesting family. The king, who is very popular, invariably resides for six or eight weeks at Ostend during the summer months. Here, as in other towns of Belgium, the Dutch fashion is adopted of placing two small looking-glasses outside the windows of the house, so adjusted as to reflect the passengers even at the distant end of the street; thus the mistress of the house sees, while she is at her embroidery, who is coming, and has plenty of time to give orders to her servants to admit or deny her to her dear

friends long before they have approached the threshold of her door. Others, over shops, are so adjusted as to reflect what is passing in them, so that the master, without troubling his clerks, may observe the customers at his counter. To the young traveller visiting the continent for the first time, the triangular apparatus in which these little mirrors are placed, projecting from the houses, has a curious effect; just as the forest of black boards which project from the second and third floor into the middle of the streets at Frankfort, from almost every house, bearing the name and trade of the occupant, struck us as very remarkable when we visited for the first time this 'imperial free town.'

We soon found the interval between our arrival and intended departure in continuation of our journey lessening; and having recovered our portmanteaus from the inquisitorial ordeal of the custom-house—which, we presume, will eventually share the fate of all other inquisitions, the laws of which are only preserved now as a matter of history—we took our seats as the signal-bell was ringing in one of the carriages of the *chemin de fer* or railway train, having provided ourselves with tickets for Antwerp. The management of the passengers' luggage is much better conducted here than it is in England. Upon arriving at the station, every person sees his baggage weighed, and pays by its weight according to the tariff; he is then given a *billet de réclamation*. The baggage is taken from him, and no matter how often he may be desired to change his place out of the carriage he first entered, he need not look after it, or give himself the slightest trouble, until he arrives at his destination, and then, upon presenting his ticket, it is restored to him, and the railway porters dispose of it as he may direct. How much better is this than the English system of allowing passengers to scramble after their own portmanteaus and carpet-bags, which it is often difficult to identify, for the simple reason that the trade is supplied with these articles by the same wholesale houses; and no wonder, therefore, that there should be so strong a family likeness between them as to lead to confusion. The Belgian railway, from Ostend to the Prussian frontier runs along a highly-cultivated country, and the picturesque scenery on either side is not walled out of view by high embankments and deep cuttings. We might have fancied ourselves driving, as we passed rapidly onwards, through some English gentleman's estate; for the scenery was continually park-like, interspersed frequently with young plantations of fir, beech, and other trees; and in many places we observed orchards, with their apple-trees in full blossom, and neatly-trimmed gardens extending down to the very edge of the railway road. In some parts of the line, particularly near the Prussian frontier, the railway road is ornamentally enclosed with trees for many miles, just as an English carriage road between its hawthorn hedges.

We halted at a station about every twenty minutes, and were surprised at the number of people who, without bag or baggage, availed themselves of the conveyance. However, from the priest in his black cassock and square-cornered hat, down to the field-labourer in his blue smock-frock, or *houise*, as it is called, nobody seems to think in Belgium of any other mode of travelling. We also remarked the quiet and methodical manner in which the railway business, in every department, appeared to be conducted. We were not ever and anon startled by unaccountable shrill-piercing whistles from the engine-pipes, which thrill through our very bones, followed by shrieking agonies of escaping steam. The officers, too, at the different stations at which we stopped were observed walking about, and performing their duty in an orderly manner; whereas at the English stations they are seen running to and fro in every direction, and there is a shouting, and hallooing, and a slamming of doors, as if everything connected with a railway must be done with the greatest possible noise, hurry, and confusion. After passing Bloemendael—the Valley of Flowers—and Aeltre, we found, as we ap-

proached Ghent, the fields in every direction inundated by the late heavy rains. The overflowing of the Meuse had also, we were informed, done serious mischief. Upon leaving Ghent, the train turned round, as if into a back road, reversing the direction of our former course, so that the passengers who were before seated with their backs to the engine, found themselves facing it, and *vice versa*, much to the annoyance of those who had been particular in the selection of their seats.

We now passed a number of towns and hamlets, the names of which it is not necessary to give, the scenery continuing all the way very picturesque until we reached Malines, the central station of all the railways in Belgium. Every railway throughout the kingdom meets at this point, so that the convergences of so many lines to this, which is the heart of the whole system, has a remarkable effect. The scene is curiously busy. A simultaneous arrival of trains is constantly taking place, and the number of people who alight from one convey, and as rapidly disappear in another, is bewildering. The open arena before the station-house and the adjoining refreshment-rooms is one moment crowded with well-dressed people, of both sexes and all ages, who intermingle with each other in detached groups for a few seconds, and then stepping into their respective carriages, are the next moment hurried out of sight, leaving the place in comparative solitude. Yet in the midst of all this changing of carriages and course of people proceeding to different destinations, we did not observe any appearance of irregularity or confusion. We were detained at Malines half an hour, waiting for the train by which we were to proceed; and as the evening had already closed in upon us, we were glad when it arrived. Upon our arrival at Antwerp, a *vigilante* or hackney-carriage was immediately at our command, which landed us while the church bells were chiming eight o'clock at the Hotel du Parc in the Place Verte—an open space adorned with trees, through the shadows of which we discerned the statue of Rubens; and although a fine moonlight night might have tempted even more fatigued travellers to stroll out, we contented ourselves with the recollection that we had accomplished, in about eight hours, deducting the two principal stoppages, a journey of nearly a hundred and fifty-five miles; and anticipating that we should receive much pleasure from our visit to this charming town, we retired at an early hour to rest.

POPE'S CORINNA.

Among the many persons of greater or less obscurity satirised in Pope's *Dunciad*, is a female author bearing the name of Corinna. She is introduced in a manner peculiarly opprobrious in connexion with the famous bookseller, Edmund Curll. The cause of her suffering in this manner was the concern she was believed to have had in surreptitiously giving to the world, in 1727, a small volume of juvenile letters by Pope. The letters were in her possession through circumstances in no respect dishonourable to her, though the contrary has been alleged. Pressed by poverty and the wheedling arts of Curll, she is said to have been induced to accept a small sum in order to allow of their being published—a transaction which, in the then doubtful state of all

* Distance from Dover to Ostend, 65 miles, performed in four hours and a quarter; distance from Ostend to Antwerp, 89½ miles, performed in four hours and a half. Total, eight hours and three-quarters; from which deduct stoppages, a quarter of an hour at Ghent, half an hour at Malines; and, without reckoning detention at other stations, the whole distance from Dover to Antwerp is thus accomplished in less than eight hours. If to it we add from London to Dover, 79 miles, which is always by railway, done in four hours, the whole distance from London to Antwerp may be accomplished in one day, always providing care be taken to reach Ostend in time for the half-past three o'clock train. The same convey would conduct the traveller to Brussels by eight or half-past eight o'clock.

literary rights, implied much less culpability than a similar act would now do. Such was, at the worst, the real extent of the guilt of Corinna. If a true charge against her, it is not to be wholly excused, even under the plea of poverty. But when we learn that this was a woman who had passed honourably through many worse trials, and made many sad sacrifices, the charge becomes more than doubtful; and, whatever may be thought of it, we can little sympathise in the coarse and unmanly attack made upon her in that dreary record of literary irritability and malice—the *Dunciad*. We propose to give, from authentic sources within our reach, an account of the extraordinary history of this lady; partly because it is in itself a curious tale, and partly because it serves to show what a difference there may be between the reputation of a person in literary history, and the actual life and character of that person.

Corinna was but the assumed or title-page name of a lady who was by birth Elizabeth Thomas. She was a poetess, and, as such, is alluded to in commendatory terms by Dryden. In latter life she wrote many books, but never rose above the second class of authors, though she had all the generosity, tenderness, and delicacy, without which poetry is nothing. Her mother, when a beautiful girl of eighteen, had been given in marriage to a Mr Thomas, a man old enough to be her grandfather. His supposed wealth had been weighed against the sacrifice, and for a few years after their union he lived in great splendour, and then died, when Mrs Thomas was undeceived as to the state of his finances. She found herself in very straitened circumstances, which was the more keenly felt, as her darling child, who was just two years old, was of a delicate constitution, which made indulgence absolutely necessary. Immediately after her husband's death, Mrs Thomas parted with his town and his country house, and retired to the county of Surrey, where she took up her residence, as boarder, in the house of a cloth manufacturer. Though the lodgings were respectable, the society was ill suited to her; her host was illiterate, and his wife and family ignorant and vulgar. Her elegant appearance, however, attracted the notice of an intelligent physician, Dr Glysson, who saw her in church. He solicited her acquaintance, and she found his society a valuable acquisition. Though in his hundredth year, his memory was so tenacious and clear, his judgment so sound, and his spirits so cheerful, that he was a very delightful companion. In his person he was tall, his hair was white as snow, and his complexion was clear and blooming as that of early youth. He often visited her, and his pleasant conversation beguiled many a moment. On one visit which he made to her, she observed him drawing on a pair of 'rich Spanish leather gloves, embossed on the tops and backs with gold embroidery, and fringed round with gold.' Her curiosity was excited, and she asked the history of those gloves, which he seemed to touch with profound respect. 'I do respect them,' he answered; 'for the last time I had the honour of approaching my mistress, Queen Elizabeth, she pulled them from her own royal hands, saying, "Here, Glysson, wear them for my sake." I have done so with veneration, and I never drew them on but when I had a mind to honour those whom I visit, as I now do you: and since you love the memory of my royal mistress, take them and preserve them when I am gone.' He took his leave, never to see her more: he died in a few days. Mrs Thomas could not but regard this parting legacy with a feeling of deep melancholy, and she grieved much for one who

had been to her so kind and courteous, and whose conversation had been at once so instructive and cheering.

There was not one in the domestic circle with whom she associated, with whom she could hold companionship. All that makes intercourse engaging—feelings, tastes, sympathies, and manners—were completely at variance. The family, however, were not slow in perceiving how solitary she appeared; and, being good-natured, and pitying her, they were anxious to see her in better spirits. They recommended another physician to her acquaintance; they described him as a wonderful being, endowed with powers quite supernatural—as 'a conjuror, and one able to raise the devil.' Mrs Thomas's curiosity was excited, as she concluded the doctor must possess talents and acquirements beyond their conception. He was accordingly invited to visit her, and his first appearance was sufficiently imposing. He was dressed in 'a greasy black garment,' which he called the scholar's coat; he wore a long beard, and in every mark of a happy negligence was every inch a philosopher. He brought with him various philosophical instruments, and exhibited several experiments, intending to impress his new acquaintance with all due respect; but fearing she might impute his skill to dealings in the black art, he explained them in a confidential whisper. Mrs Thomas, seeing that he had a scientific turn, advised him to make his talents known, and to push himself forward in the world. He confided in her that he had a great work in hand, but that it was of such a nature as would involve him in considerable danger were it known. Flattered by seeing the confidence which he placed in her honour, the lady ventured to hint her wish to hear the important secret. Gratified by perceiving that he had awakened her curiosity, he described to her the pains which he had taken, and the means which he had used, for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and with what exultation he succeeded in obtaining the grand secret of projection. In proof of his success, he produced a bit of gold, into which he avowed he had transmuted a piece of lead, which he had picked from the casement of his window. Mrs Thomas, who had always felt intense interest in the subject of alchemy, listened eagerly, but asked why he had not made more gold. He told her that he had no more lead. She instantly sent up to a closet for some which she had, and gave it to him, requesting that he would bring it the next day transmuted into gold. The next morning, accordingly, he appeared with an ingot of gold, weighing two ounces, which he assured her was the very lead which she had given to him, transmuted into the precious metal. She found, on conversing with him, that he was not able to turn his valuable discovery to advantage, as the powder which was necessary was out, and he was without the means of purchasing more. She inquired how much would make a stock that would maintain itself. On hearing that fifty pounds would, in nine months, produce a million, she requested he would let her have the ingot, with which she hurried into town for the purpose of having it tested: it proved fine beyond the standard.

Convinced of the truth of all which the alchemist had asserted, she returned, and drew £50 from her bank, which she placed in his hands. The great difficulty was now to carry on, without exciting suspicion, a work which was prohibited, and which might probably lead to dangerous consequences. The difficulty was, however, soon surmounted, and arrangements were made without delay. A house within a few miles of London was taken; here the philosopher was to have a public laboratory as a professed chemist, and to dispose of medicines to the apothecaries, by which the expense of the establishment was to be defrayed. While the grand undertaking was going on, Mrs Thomas acted as housekeeper, and the doctor and his man boarded with her; their sleeping apartment being in a different wing of the house from that which she and her daughter

occupied. As she knew that it would require time to complete the work in hand, she managed the household affairs with the strictest economy. In the meantime the doctor instructed the little Corinna in arithmetic, mathematics, and Latin. At length the wished-for time arrived—riches seemed already within grasp—everything was prepared—the vitriol furnace was set to work—it required the most intense heat for several days; but unfortunately, when everything appeared in such forwardness, the house caught fire, the stairs were consumed, and the family, who were in bed at the time, narrowly escaped with their lives. By this untoward accident Mrs Thomas lost £300; yet still she was as sanguine as ever in her expectations. The indefatigable philosopher applied himself to carrying on the process in the other wing of the house with undiminished energy, and success and unbounded wealth were fondly anticipated. On the Sunday evening after the fire Mrs Thomas had collected her little family, and was engaged in reading to them, when a violent report, as of cannon, was heard; the building shook to its very foundation, and the lady and her audience were forcibly dashed from their chairs. They looked on each other with terror and dismay, unable to divine the cause of the violent commotion. The philosopher, pretending to revive, ran about the room in a paroxysm of frenzy, stamping, wringing his hands, and tearing his hair; and crying ‘Undone! undone!’ he rushed out, like a maniac, to examine his workshop. With affected agitation, he unlocked the room door. His crucibles were found split from top to bottom, all his instruments lay scattered about, and his precious amalgam crumbled to dust on the ground. Mrs Thomas became suddenly enlightened, convinced that she had been cheated. The philosopher waited in silence, expecting a proffer of a further supply; but found himself disappointed. Mrs Thomas dismissed him; but fearing that he might be driven to some act of desperation, she kindly gave him five guineas at parting. She suffered for her credulity and imprudence. She was overwhelmed with regret and confusion for having thrown herself into the hands of a madman or an impostor, by which her means were much reduced; her health became affected; but time and patience at length restored her.

In the meantime Corinna had become attached to a Mr Gwynnet, of the Middle Temple, whose fond sympathy and unshaken constancy must have supported her under many trials—the greatest of which, perhaps, were her delicate state of health, and the despotic rule which, there is reason to think, her mother exercised over her. Mrs Thomas removed to Bloomsbury, and renewed her acquaintance with several of her husband’s influential friends, who promised to serve her. By strict economy, she contrived to make an elegant appearance, so that her circumstances were supposed to be much better than they really were. The Duke of Montague appeared deeply interested for the widow and her daughter, and in touching on the state of their affairs, he advised Mrs Thomas to let part of her house. She replied that, though she was ill suited to dealing with strangers, she would gladly receive a family who wanted the accommodation, which she could afford, if any such should present itself. ‘I myself will be your tenant,’ said the duke. ‘You do not, I see, believe me; but I do assure you that I am serious. I wish to enjoy freedom from ceremony, which I cannot at home, and to have the company of a few friends without parade or show.’ The bargain was made, and his Grace was to pass for Mr Gwynnet of Herefordshire. In a few days after, he ordered dinner for some country friends; but great was the surprise of Mrs Thomas when she saw the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Buckingham and Dorset, Sir William Dutton Calt, introduced under feigned names. She concluded the whole matter to be a mere frolic; but after the lapse of several days, these noblemen, who were constantly together, confiding in her honour, intrusted her with the secret of their meetings, which were held for the purpose of consulting on the

revolutionary movement. Though every precaution was taken to elude suspicion, it was at length awakened, and Mrs Thomas’s house was closely watched; but those appointed, to act as spies soon betrayed their trust, and allowed the meetings to go on without interference or notice. Time passed. Secret consultations were no longer held, for the Revolution was effected. The Duke of Montague and his friends took leave of Mrs Thomas, with grateful acknowledgments for the zeal and fidelity which she had shown in the cause, which was now crowned with success, and with earnest assurance of their determination to have her rewarded, by being appointed to some situation in the royal household, or receiving the grant of a pension. But benefits are soon forgotten, and Mrs Thomas and her good service were not thought of.

At length, knowing the interest which the Duke of Montague possessed, she determined to apply to him in favour of Mr Gwynnet; for, though asking nothing for herself, she was most anxious to promote the happiness of her child. The duke was gracious, and said that he would comply on condition that the request was made by Corinna in person. It was with no slight degree of surprise that Mrs Thomas heard her daughter positively refuse to avail herself of this promise. She had conceived that she would have hailed the prospect of good-fortune with joy, and have hastened to solicit his Grace for her betrothed lover. Her mother’s wishes had been ever a law to her, and it was strange that she should oppose them now, when they were solely for her welfare. How strange that she should peremptorily decline what would realise hopes long and fondly cherished! It was in vain, by arguments or intreaties, to try to overcome her determination. The resolution of a creature so gentle could not be ascribed to obstinacy or caprice, and at length, yielding to her mother’s intreaties for an explanation, she acquainted her that the duke had dared to make dishonourable proposals to her. Her mother then of course acknowledged the propriety of her daughter’s resolve.

A hard task remained for Corinna, but as it was one which her deep sense of honour dictated, it was accomplished. As every prospect of bettering her fortune seemed closed, and as she thought her lover’s friends would disapprove of a match so unequal, she told him that all between them was at an end; and they parted. She must have suffered deeply in making this voluntary sacrifice of her happiness; but doubtless she was supported by the consciousness of the rectitude by which she had been actuated.

She now endeavoured to direct the energies of her mind, with redoubled assiduity, to literary pursuits, and thus time sped on. Her mother fell into a severe illness, in which Corinna tenderly watched over her. It was at this time that Mr Gwynnet’s father, touched by his son’s ardent attachment, determined to remove every obstacle to his union with Corinna, by settling a handsome independence on him. The happy lover hastened to claim his bride, but was again disappointed: she was tending her mother, and declared she would never leave her unless she recovered. She could never, she said, leave her mother to die among strangers. Still urged by her lover, she replied, that as she had not thought sixteen years long in waiting for him, he could not think six months long in expectation of her. He answered, with a deep sigh, ‘Six months, my Corinna, at this time, is more than sixteen years have been. You put it off now, and God will put it off for ever.’ His prediction was fulfilled. He went to the country next morning—he made his will—he sickened and died. The sad event occurred on the 16th of April 1711. Mr Gwynnet had left a bequest of £600 to Corinna. But from this she never derived any personal benefit. Only a moiety of her lover’s legacy reached her hands, which she immediately appropriated to the payment of her mother’s debts. For the remainder, she was involved in the harassing turmoils of law, and never got possession of it. It was amidst these troubles, and with

an infirm mother depending upon her, that this poor lady struggled to realise a little money by her writings, and became one of the slaves of the infamous Curll, who seems to have been a man destitute of both feeling and honourable principle. In time, her mother died. She says, speaking of this bereavement, 'Sorrow has been my food ever since.' Her own death took place in 1730.

We now come to consider Corinna's quarrel with Pope. Much credence has been given to the statement that, when reduced to the most extreme distress, Curll took advantage of her necessities, and wheedled from her some letters from Pope to Mr Cromwell, which she happened to have in her possession, and for which he gave her a sum of money. That Curll was capable of doing so, cannot be doubted; but surely it seems most unlikely that a lady who had withstood the offers of fortune, and the promptings of an early and fond attachment, when opposed to high principle, could have degraded herself by a mean and sordid action, however sorely pressed. That the whole affair was a contrivance of Pope himself, appears by no means unlikely, when the circumstances are considered. A preface, signed by Pope and Swift, had appeared a short time before, prefixed to a volume of miscellanies, which was evidently written by the former. In this preface he complains of the robberies committed on authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. It was shortly after this note of preparation that the volume of Pope's letters, published by Curll, appeared. Corinna was accused as the accomplice in the transaction on which Pope grounded the quarrel, which gave an ostensible colour to the charge. The unfortunate and indigent have but little power of repelling attacks. There was an attempt, too, to sully her fair fame with the breath of slander; and this great wrong was inflicted by him who disputed her right to his brother's legacy, and who crushed her so completely by the expenses in which she was involved in the endeavour to make good her claim, that she languished for a while in confinement, and for the rest of her days in obscurity.

All the subsequent circumstances connected with the publication of Pope's correspondence come to the same purport. Curll, pleased with the success of the volume of letters, preserved the originals carefully in his shop; and the collection is now deposited among Rawlinson's manuscripts at the Bodleian. A new edition, with additions, was announced; and an advertisement was put forward that Curll was ready to treat for any of Pope's letters which might be offered. Soon after, according to Curll's account, he one evening received a visit from a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's head, who negotiated with him for the sale of a number of printed volumes containing letters by Pope. The bookseller paid for them, without asking whence they came; but he did not publish them till he had appraised Pope of the circumstance. The poet only replied by a contemptuous advertisement in the newspapers, professing to think it dangerous to have any correspondence with Curll. The bookseller then brought out the letters, which were of a kind to impress the world with the most favourable opinion of the writer's candour, tenderness, and benevolence, although Pope professed to be greatly ashamed of them, as trivial things, full of levities and wrong judgments on men and books, and only excusable on account of the youth and inexperience of the writer. When the public expressed some surprise that, nevertheless, they were not forgeries, but real letters, the poet explained that, since the appearance of his correspondence with Mr Cromwell, he had been advised to collect his letters; he had consequently copied them into two books, which he deposited in Lord Oxford's library: from thence it was that they had been abstracted. His only remedy, he said, was to publish an authentic edition of the whole of his correspondence; and this he did in 1737.

The sagacity of Dr Johnson, and the ingenious inquiries of Mr D'Israeli, have now satisfied the world

that the whole of this latter transaction was a subtle contrivance of Pope to furnish himself with a pretext for the extraordinary step of publishing his letters to his friends in his own lifetime. But are we to believe that he commenced his plans only when he sent the mock clergyman to Curll's shop? Are we not justified rather in believing that to himself primarily was the publication of the first volume also owing? If so, how utterly detestable must have been the spirit of this spiteful little man, who could not only lead another into a crime, but, with a solemn face, pretend to treat it with due severity, and, in doing so, use such language as it is foulness inexpressible for any man to use regarding any woman!

FURTHER GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

June 1846.

THE turmoil which occurs in and about London during the week of Epsom races, affords a curious insight into the tastes of a large portion of the inhabitants. Epsom is about fifteen miles from town, and, in consequence of the distance, there are few or no pedestrians: all find their way to the great centre of attraction on horseback, or by some kind of vehicle. Early on each day of the races the streets exhibit a more than usual bustle; thousands of horses and carriages are seen pouring onward; and the weather being fine, everything is gay and lively. Wednesday is the great day, popularly called 'the Derby'; from the late Earl of Derby having given a prize to be run for on that day. The Derby, or rather the *Darby*, as the people pronounce it, is the holiday of holidays—the event looked forward to for months, if not for the whole year. In every company the Derby is the subject of conversation. Not to go to the Derby is being next thing to nobody. During the day of the Derby, after the bustle of getting away is over, London seems empty. The streets have a quietness which is strikingly in contrast with the at other times incessant turmoil. The Derby this year was more than usually brilliant; the concourse tremendous. A gentleman, who seems to know all about these things, tells me that, independently of what is lost and won by betting, the money turned over that day, on account of the race, could not be less than a million. About two hundred thousand people were present, the very poorest of whom would spend a sovereign. In general, however, the expenditure would be nearer five pounds a-head. The hire of a very large number of the carriages for the day was twenty guineas each. The money paid for toll-bars may be estimated at £10,000. Being at dinner in a gentleman's house on the line of road to and from Epsom, I had an opportunity of seeing the rush homeward in the evening. It was a continuous flow of horses and carriages for several hours, and it was not all exhausted at midnight. The shouting and singing, the flourishing of sticks and empty bottles, and the frantic pell-mell galloping of overdriven horses, not to speak of the dust-covered clothes of the riders, made up a curious but dismal spectacle. What, however, appeared to me as most remarkable, was the great proportion of people belonging to the middle and humbler classes. Perhaps three-fourths of all the vehicles were of the species of gigs called Whitechapel carts—used by bakers, grocers, and other tradesmen. The greater number of these apparently contained whole families—father, mother, and children—all dressed in their best, and with faces stewing with heat and excitement. There were likewise many tilted vans or wagons, containing workmen

who had clubbed to pay the expenses of the excursion. I was surprised to see so few persons of fashion, and, in particular, so few ladies: these, however, I am told, keep up for 'the Oaks' on Friday. The bulk of those who patronise the Derby are, in short, shopkeepers, shopkeepers' assistants, and tradesmen. The zeal with which these classes take up the affair is amazing. All, individually, but less or more on the horses; and at the public-houses, guinea stakes clubbed together are drawn for by workmen. The whole thing is a kind of Juggernaut of morals—an immolation of every virtue. So eager are some persons to go to the Derby that they would make almost any sacrifice to be present. I have heard of a chief functionary in a haberdashery shop giving up a situation of £500 a-year, in consequence of his request to attend the Derby being refused.

Seeing that, notwithstanding all sorts of improvements, the love of horse-racing continues pretty strong in England, some may be inclined to take rather desponding views of social advancement. But as one swallow does not make a summer, so the prevalence of one foolish practice does not render things utterly hopeless. Attendance at horse-races, like a love for dram-drinking, is going off at the skirts of society. It is not so fashionable as it was, and is in many respects less odious. Besides, how many harmless and rational kinds of recreation are now observable! Forty years ago, duck-pelting was a common Sunday and Monday amusement among the working-classes of the metropolis. All this is gone. On Mondays and holidays, great numbers of well-dressed working people, men and women, go out, in neatly-decorated vans, to enjoy a day's sunshine and fresh air in Epping Forest. In entering the city by Shore Ditch, I often meet these vans on their way to the glades and fields, where, as I have at times observed, the parties enjoy themselves in picnics on the grass with as much propriety as if they belonged to classes of a higher rank. And why not? Van excursions to Hampton Court, Epping Forest, Dulwich, Hampstead, and other quarters, are among the signs of the times. The working-classes have only to think and act with prudence, in order to secure many benefits and pleasures hitherto assumed to be incompatible with their means and position.

I do not know that anything shows so effectually how much reading is going on now-a-days, as the universal establishment of book and newspaper stalls at railway stations. Some of the keepers of these stalls sell more books than many a large shop. The works disposed of being only for perusal in the railway carriages, are of course generally of a light and cheap class; but it is interesting to notice that they are also of an improving, or, at all events, not of an objectionable nature. The sales effected at the terminus of the London and Birmingham line are so considerable, that the bookseller, I am told, pays £40 per annum as rent for his stall.

I observe that all the lines of railway going out of London are now provided with electric telegraphs. Each line has four, or five, or more wires, communicating respectively with different chief stations, by which means intelligence can be conveyed either along the whole, or a part of the way. Government has a special wire, or wires, on the South-Western line, by which there is communication to and from the dockyard at Gosport. The order to get a ship ready for sea could thus be given in an instant of time. Science never achieved a more wonderful feat than this: it is a marvel above all the marvels of the age.

Desirous of seeing the atmospheric railway principle

in action, I lately visited the line which proceeds from London to Croydon, a distance of ten miles. The terminus is at the station of the Dover railway, London Bridge; and along that line, for two or three miles, the train to Croydon is in the first place, drawn by a locomotive. Having gone so far, the train is run upon the atmospheric line, and is conducted on it to Croydon, stopping at Norwood station by the way. The apparatus consists, as is well known, of an iron tube about a foot in diameter, fixed on the ground, between the rails; on the upper side is a seam, affording a connexion between the piston within and the first carriage in the train. There are three stationary engines, erected in handsome edifices, for producing the necessary suction. I confess to being somewhat disappointed both as to the rate of speed and the equability of the motion. We went more slowly than we had previously done with the locomotive, and the movement was not smoother than that on ordinary lines. There were likewise occasional unpleasant puffs of smoke from the friction on the greasy seam of the tube—a thing which I had not by any means calculated on. It would be presumption for me to speak of this species of traction as a failure. I have no doubt it may be adopted in certain situations with advantage; but experience, so far as it has gone, does not warrant its general application. Before dismissing railways, I may allude to a fact which excites no little interest at present in London: the traffic is increasing so fast on the principal lines, that the respective companies cannot find carriages or locomotives to meet the demand. Double the number of trains would in some cases be put on, if locomotives could be procured. With such facts as this, I should hold it to be impossible to restrain railway enterprise within sober bounds; that is to say, without a general and soundly-considered law on the subject.

At the spot where I reside, which is pretty nearly the centre of the metropolis, the general post is not delivered till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; on Mondays, it makes its appearance at twelve, or sometimes later. I hear everybody complain of the inconvenience of these late deliveries; yet as London is ill to move, nothing seems to be done towards remedying the evil. To myself, it forms a serious drawback on the pleasures of a short residence in town. Finding it necessary to remain at home till the delivery takes place, my time is a good deal cut up: it is noon before I can go out. A number of merchants, who are particularly anxious for a delivery of their letters as early as nine o'clock, pay a pound per annum to the postman of the district for the accommodation. These payments enable the postmen to hire supernumeraries; in fact, to employ servants to do a part of their work. What a revelation is this of post-office management! So few men employed to carry out the letters, that they cannot get through their duties in proper time, or without hiring assistants out of their own perquisites! But this is not all. The poor men are not sufficiently remunerated for their incessant labour. Left to eke out their salaries by presents, they further increase their means by the sale of an annual London directory. This work, got up by their united efforts, is a closely-printed octavo of 1900 pages, and forms a valuable body of knowledge. I am told that, unless for the profits of this undertaking, the situation of postman would not be worth having—in other words, government would seem to pay this useful body of men such small wages, that they could not live unless they at the same time depended on a private trading speculation. I have heard of one postman clearing upwards of £150 annually by this perfectly

legitimate means. I very much admire some of the arrangements of our stupendous post-office system; but there are features in its character which one cannot contemplate with pleasure, and none with less than the generally shabby way in which the services above alluded to are required.*

When I was last in town, a conspicuous object was continually moving about the streets, in the form of a huge hat, on wheels, drawn by a horse, and bearing placards referring to the shop of a particular dealer in that necessary article. The thoroughfares are, in fact, seriously incommoded by great perambulating machines, stuck over with placards recommending all sorts of wares. The latest novelty I have seen is a large pavilion-shaped box, moving along without any visible means. On looking narrowly, however, we perceive that it is urged by wheels within; but whether the power is a man or a donkey, no one can divine. A man walks along to keep it company, as a guard of honour. Sir Peter Laurie has attempted to grapple with this nuisance of advertising vans. The *Times* has also lifted up its voice, denouncing the inconvenience in eloquent terms:—"If our memory does not deceive us, it originated in a moderate-sized exhortation to the public "to reform their tailors' bills," or to emulate the conduct of a gentleman in a field-marshal's uniform, giving a dinner to five or six other military men—all field-marshal-like himself—who are in raptures over a few blue and white plates, which the host was emphatically declaring he had purchased recently, in "cash down," for a mere trifle. He was also adding, for the further information of his distinguished guests, that the service included "four vegetables, two sauces, a soup-tureen, and a salad-bowl." For some time after the disappearance of this great military *tableau*, the advertising vans seemed to have disappeared, with the exception of an occasional visit from a perambulating hat, or a party of way gentlemen, jolting about in the most uncomfortable manner, by way of illustrating the newest spring fashions. These, however, being few and far between, might have been suffered to pass, particularly as, by their voluntary disappearance one after the other, it would seem that, owing to the good sense of the public, the objectionable style of puffing got cured in the most effectual manner possible; namely, by its never answering. Latterly, the evil has broken out in so many quarters at once, that there seems no chance of stopping it without the intervention of authority. Quackery of every kind is rearing its paper placards on the moving mountains, which, under the name of advertising vans, form obstructions, as if so many fragments of Alp or Apennine were thrown into the streets of the metropolis. Every puffing establishment sends out its miniature Mont Blanc of white paper placards; and the wonder is, that an occasional upset does not bury some unfortunate equipage of smaller dimensions under an avalanche. Unless some steps are taken, we are quite sure that the evil will become greater and greater, for every quack seeks to go beyond the others in the magnitude of his puffing apparatus.*

A stranger looks with fear and wonder on these desperate efforts to which the human being is reduced in London in order to obtain a livelihood, and longs to get back into the peace and quiet of the provinces, where, happily, it is yet possible to be a tradesman, and to live as such, without the necessity of ceasing nearly altogether to be a man.

For the last four years there has been a surprising and unaccountable mania for erecting statues of the Duke of Wellington. The favourite form is equestrian, which sculptors have not been always able to manage very happily. The best yet got up is that in front of the Exchange, Glasgow—rather trifling in details, yet good. They have made a very poor thing of his Grace

in front of the Exchange in London. He is sitting on horseback, half-dressed, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, and nothing but stockings on his feet and legs. There is at present a great pother in town about hoisting a monstrous equestrian statue of the duke to the top of the arch which stands at the north-west corner of the Green Park. This arch itself is a clumsy enough work of art. The sandstone of which it is built is already mouldering away, and some of the finer parts of the cornice are gone. On the summit of this modern, but decaying edifice, a heavy square base of stone has been erected; but it is feared that, when to this is added the monster statue, the whole affair will come down! There is, to all appearance, not only a great want of taste, but a want of prudential consideration in the manner in which public monuments are got up in the metropolis. What a contrast to the address with which the French embellish their capital!

Some time ago young ladies were great cultivators of albums, for which they were continually begging poems from their friends, and bothering every one for miscellaneous contributions. The epidemic, I find, has taken a new turn in London. Poems and sketches are no longer in vogue: the rage is all for letters and autographs. To such a height has this been carried, that the collecting of private letters, notes, and autographs has attained the importance of a profession. There are head and sub-collectors. The subs are young ladies and others, who go about worrying acquaintances for anything in the form of writing they can pick up. 'Could you favour me with a letter of Sir Robert Peel?' 'Perhaps you could let me have an autograph of the Rev. Sidney Smith?' 'I should like so much to have a note written by Wordsworth!'—are the sort of questions one often hears put. Letters and autographs collected in this way are sometimes handed at so much to the keeper of a depot of the article, by whom albums can be furnished at a minute's notice. In going down Maddox Street the other day, I stumbled on one of these depositories. My eye caught an announcement of *twenty thousand letters and autographs being for sale within*. Surely this is an undignified and illegal species of traffic. Letters are written in confidence, without the slightest idea that they will become objects of interest to third parties, or that they will be catalogued at so much a-piece. Their disposal, either by gift or sale, is a breach of trust. It has been determined in the courts that a letter remains the property of the writer—it is his copyright. Taking, however, a less grave view of the subject, it must strike every one that the disposal and exhibition of private letters and notes is a serious indecorum, which must end in breaking up the mutual confidence of friends, and causing an unpleasant reserve where there ought to be a genuine pouring out of the feelings. Ladies who pridefully, and amidst the gaieties of a drawing-room, show off their stock of letters and autographs, are seemingly unconscious that they are committing a decidedly immoral and illegal act—that they are parading what are, to all intents and purposes, stolen goods. Let all this kind of thing be put down: let ladies cease to gather and parade epistolary property; and let people refrain from appearing amused with such exhibitions. The reading of a private note by a third party is an act of no higher moral standing than the listening to a conversation through a key-hole!

Another queer practice prevails to a certain extent among young ladies here. On calling in the forenoon, you will very likely see them busy with a needle at a tapestry frame. The industry exhibited in this way is remarkable; but, unfortunately, it is not in all cases genuine. Some of the fair needlewomen are *bona fide*, but many of them are only *sham* workers. Hundreds are mere pretenders, and cannot do a stitch properly, unless by chance: yet they have a very beautiful half-finished piece before them. How is this? A young lady explained to me the mystery as follows:—There are establishments in London for the preparation and

* Since putting the above in type, we observe by a London newspaper that the post-office authorities have in contemplation the abolition of the 'early delivery,' the purchasing of the copyright of the directory, and some other changes. It remains to be seen how soon the letters will be generally delivered in the morning.—Ed.

sale of half-executed pieces of needlework. - In one place fifty girls are so employed; their good taste and nimble fingers preparing groups of flowers or other figures for fine-lady customers. From such establishments the pieces are sent home incomplete, and with the needle stuck in the very rosebud which the lady is to be seen prettily working! Oh that everlasting rosebud! She is always at it when the triple rap is sounded by the knocker. *This, too, is immoral.*

CONVERSATION.

THE art of conversation is generally considered to be something so easy of attainment - so natural a consequence of that gift of rational speech which distinguishes man from the rest of creation - that few persons take any trouble to prepare themselves for its practice. Perhaps this is the reason why, when we recall conversations in which we have taken a part, we generally find that but a small amount either of pleasure or improvement had been obtained from them. Among the educated classes, where we should naturally expect to find conversation pure, animated, and intellectual, there are many persons so much the slaves of conventional forms of speech and action, that the light of reason, or the warmth of feeling, never breaks through. Lord Bacon, long ago, described such people 'as having certain commonplaces wherein they are good, but want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious and ridiculous. It is good,' he continues in his quaint and solid style, 'in speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jests with earnestness; all which presupposes extensive and varied information, and that union of quick perceptions with good-sense and good-humour which we now call *wit*. This power was considered by Hazlitt to consist in the being completely aware of the feeling belonging to certain situations, passions, &c. and the being consequently sensible to their slightest indications & movements in others; and Rousseau must have had a similar idea of it, when he laments that he had not himself 'the calmness to think, and the quickness to speak, what was most appropriate in society, where one should know everybody's character and history, so as to say nothing that can give offence to any one.' Indeed many men, who have been conspicuous in the eye of the world for their fine mental qualifications, have failed in the same way: profound philosophers and scholars, like Sir Isaac Newton, having been proverbial for absence of mind, taciturnity, and awkward bashfulness. They had the 'reading which makes a full man,' but not 'the speaking which makes the ready man.'

Cowper, whose sensibility unfitted him for the rough realities of life, but who estimated, as they deserved, the consolations of genuine friendship, describes conversation - such, probably, as he enjoyed in his own select circle - as

'A gift, and not an art.'

Yet the kind and confidential intercourse which is the charm of the inner domestic life, will not bear to be confounded with the conversation suited to that wider circle of society where the gay and the gifted meet, as on an arena, some to observe, and others to display talent and acquirements; for there must be good listeners as well as good talkers. 'One reason,' says the witty Rochefoucault in his *Maxims*, 'why we meet with so few persons who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarce any one who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness, think they do enough if they only seem attentive; at the same time, their eyes and their minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying; not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves, is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others; and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation.' Rochefoucault was a man of the world, one of the proudest and most polished of that ancient nobility which gave the law of manners to Europe. More than two hundred years have elapsed since he wrote his *Maxims*, yet Emerson, a living American writer, in the second series of his *Essays*, curiously corroborates this opinion in what he writes of his own republican countrymen. 'That happens,'

he observes, 'in the world which we often witness in a public debate. Each of the speakers expresses himself imperfectly; no one of them hears much that another says, such is the preoccupation of the mind of each; and the audience, who have only to hear, and not to speak, judge very wisely how wrong-headed and unskilful is each of the debaters of his own affairs.' The cynical spirit of both these writers discerned the selfishness which pervades the human bosom, though the observed and the observers were placed in circumstances of the most opposite nature.

The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. 'Authors ought to be read, and not heard;' and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at second-hand. The biography of men of letters in a great measure confirms this opinion: some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere nutes before their fellow-men. They had golden lugs which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables, and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel the novelist was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview, 'I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him.' As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was so completely lost in society, so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, implying that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II, the wildest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humour of 'Hudibras,' that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion; and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written such a clever book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the last model for young writers, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, a stiff and dignified silence. He was accustomed to say that there could be no real conversation but between two persons - friends - and that it was then thinking aloud. Steele, Swift, Pope, and Congreve, men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order, allow him to have been a delightful companion amongst intimates; and Young writes of him, that 'he was rather mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company, he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him.' Goldsmith, on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, 'appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpurified: he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself.' Dr Johnson spoke of him as an inspired idiot; yet the great essayist, though delivering oracles to those around him in pompous phrases, which have been happily described as spoken in the Johnstone tongue, was not entitled to be called a good converser.

Nearer to our own time we have had many authors whose faculty told twice. Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jest: they could 'set the table in a roar,' and fill pages with pathos and wit of such a quality, that it makes their survivors think 'we could have better spared better men.' Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is reported to have been as skilful as the story-tellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot 'all place - all seasons and their change;' but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that 'old man eloquent' with hopes of

equal success. Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, 'that his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.'

This is a charming testimony given by one man of genius to the character of another; and if the author of the life of Columbus had been required to point out an example combining conversational qualifications of the best kind, he could not have written more to the purpose. A mind informed by reading—reading confirmed or corrected by daily observation of life—the powers of observation all made subservient to the active spirit of kindness, and the patient abnegation of self, which are the only true and un-failing sources of politeness—these are the requisites to a real success in society, so far, at least, as relates to the every-day intercourse of this every-day-working world; and all of them were evinced in the highest degree by Sir Walter Scott.

FACETIÆ, &c.

A Mystery Solved.—Some years ago attention was particularly called to a tombstone in Worcester cathedral, inscribed with the one word, 'Miserrimus' (a most wretched man). So brief, yet so painfully expressive a record, naturally awakened a good deal of conjecture, and we believe that a whole book was written upon the supposed career of the nameless tenant of a mysterious grave. In Wilcombe churchyard, Bath, lately, a like inscription—the word 'Annette,' upon a broken column—attracted the notice of a poet of no mean pretensions, who wrote some very affecting lines, full of touching conjecture, as to the mortal pilgrimage and affecting death of the fair deceased, which verses were inserted in one of the most popular of our monthly periodicals. The denouement of the subject is rather curious. A surgeon, who dates his success in his profession from the time of the occurrence, states that 'Annette' was almost his first patient, and that he was called in by an old duchess dowager, the foster-parent, who resided on the North Parade, Bath, and who, with tears in her eyes, intreated the doctor's best offices for the poor invalid. The physician was enabled to effect a temporary recovery, the *malade*, however, eventually had a relapse, and died. But who was the fair deceased? None other than a favourite *Wesleyan spaniel*! The dowager was at first inconsolable for the loss, but so sensible of the kind attention of the medical attendant, that she not only appointed him her own professional adviser, but recommended him to others, thus establishing his fame, and making his fortune. The defunct spaniel was, by means of a *docteur* to the sexton, interred in a Christian burial-ground, and hence the touching elegy of the *mus*!—*Newspaper paragraph.* [If our memory serves us rightly, a recent Guide to Worcester states that Miserrimus was a crazy old gentleman of the time of Charles I., who had had a great number of quarrels with his relations about money matters, and, from mere whim, caused this inscription to be put upon his grave.]

A Poetical Despatch.—M. Falk, the Dutch minister, having made a one-sided proposition for the admission of English ships, by which a considerable advantage would have accrued to Holland, a long and tedious negotiation ensued. It was dragged on, month after month, without arriving one step nearer to a consummation, the Dutch still holding out for their own interests. At last Mr Canning's patience was exhausted. Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, was one day attending at court, when a despatch, in cipher, was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent; but unfortunately Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of

intense anxiety followed until he obtained the key, when, to his infinite astonishment, he deciphered the following despatch from the secretary of state for foreign affairs:—

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little, and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll shut on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.,
Non frapperons Falk with twenty per cent.

GEORGE CANNING.

The minister kept his word. While this singular despatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued to put into effect the intention it announced. — *Gill's Life of Canning.*

Scottish Gallinisms.—It is curious to hear French words Scottishised, as so often occurs. For instance, *assault*, a plate, forms a word of the same meaning, and is contained in Meg Dods's celebrated book of cookery, in the receipt for a certain dish entitled 'Pettrigot tails.' This is nothing less or more than the *petits gâteaux* (for *gâteaux*, the more usual word) of the French cook and confectioner. Another word of French origin is that of 'a havenel,' which signifies a fool or a simpleton. This is derived from the word *April* (French for April), an 'April fool.' — *Scotland, its Faith and its Features.*

The Way to get on in the World.—To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly; the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling before the wind, and you see no more of them. If you haven't the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of bird lime upon your office stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or, what will do best of all, marry an honest, poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them to the loam of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side of the street again, skive me, and welcome! But to do any good, I tell you over and over again you must be a stickler. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Old English Delicacies. 'Good old English fare' is a phrase very much in people's mouths; much oftener than the thing they praise. Let us see what a dinner consisted of in the reign of Charles I. In primis—A soup of snails, a powdered goose (not a footman), a joll of salmon, a dish of green fish buttered with eggs. This was a first course. Then came 'a Lombard pie,' a cow's udder roasted, 'a grand boiled mutton,' a hedgehog pudding, 'a rabbit stuffed with oysters,' 'Polonian sausages,' 'a mallard with cabbage,' and 'a pair of boiled cocks.' To these succeeded, as *hors d'œuvre* and *entrées*, 'a spinage tart,' 'a carabande hen,' 'a pie of sloes,' 'eggs in moonshine,' 'christial jelly,' 'jumballs,' 'qu'boys,' 'beagget,' and 'walnut suckets.' Cock-ale, sweet water, canary, sack, and Gascony wines, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast. After this specimen of 'old English fare,' go to the Reform Club and throw yourself on the mercy of Soyer; or, in want of an appetite, read the *Manual of Udo*; for French science can well furnish a remedy for razing out the memory of those British enormities. — *Unworthy Magazine.*

The Campbells are Coming.—It happened, about the beginning of the last century, when 'rugging and riving' prevailed in the Highlands, that Duncan McGregor left his sheep-farm on Lochowside, held farther south, and emigrated with his family and flocks to somewhere about the brags of Doune. Duncan was a man of peace and decorum, punctual in his attendance at kirk and market, and had just returned home from Doune fair when he found his eldest son reading a chapter to his mother. There were no pronouncing dictionaries in those days, at least none of them had as yet reached the way-side school of Drumvaich; so Jock blundered on, opened wide his mouth, giving each vowel its broadest sound. It happened that the

book of Job was the subject-matter of the reading; but before the son had proceeded far, the father had begun to nod, and the frequent *lassies* of the fair, and the fatigues of his journey, had somewhat comoderated his ideas. At last the *surge* of the following words struck his ear.—“And Job had seven thousand sheep, and there were three thousand *camels*.” “Stop, Jock,” said the father; “come owre that again; how many Camphells said ye?” “Three thousand, father.” “And how many sheep?” “Seven thousand, father.” “Awel, my man, I can tell ye, gin Job’s shoulders had been as near the hills as ours were on Lochowside, he wad needed a’ his patience; for the first rick o’ three thousand Camphells wad hae made a sad hole in the hirsel.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

CRITICISM IN GERMANY.

• The following remarks on this subject are from the *Manchester Examiner’s* report of lectures on German literature, delivered at that town by Mr George Dawson of Birmingham:—“One of the most striking things in German literature was its criticism. England was inundated with reviews; but, until lately, English criticism was an absurdity. At one time the system was to look at the man, and judge of the book accordingly; another system was to look, not at the work, but at the political, religious, or scholastic opinions of the writer; a third system, the followers of which much-betwined themselves, was that of equilibrium, or impartiality, by which faults and merits were so nicely balanced, that no one could say which preponderated. English criticism had now gotten the dandy spirit of the last age, which wondered and admired at nothing—a coldness of air, a starched-eccentricism, which could look on the Coliseum, or walk through the Louvre, without betraying an emotion. These men sat on their icy thrones, dealing out praise and blame; but they would not acknowledge that anything was new or wonderful to them. After having dwelt at some length on the character of criticism in England, and shown how frivolous and petty were the objections frequently urged against the highest productions of the intellect, the lecturer proceeded to say that criticism in Germany was another thing. There the critics sought not to find out the mechanism of a simile; they did not weigh and balance a man’s character and book; but they strove to render even plainer than the author had done that which the author had written. A good German critic, of the true order, looked upon a work as the symbolic character in which a great man had expressed his thoughts. He was the interpreter between the author and the public. He explained his symbol, and showed the indwelling spirit and the substance that was there. Even upon Shakspeare there had been no very sound criticism until we imported it from Germany, and since then we had begun to understand the poet better than we did before. If any of the audience doubted this, let them read some of the orthodox notes in the editions of fifty or sixty years since. There they would find elaborate disquisitions on the meaning of a word, as to whether a comma should not be a colon, and so on; but if this was criticism on Shakspeare, he would rather have him uncolon’d and uncolon’d, so that he might have more time to make out the spirit, and understand the soul of the author. The criticism on “Hamlet” in the “Wilhelm Meister” had never been excelled, and was a sample of what criticism should be. An Englishman would have shown where Shakspeare got this idea, and where he got that idea; how he pieced them together, and so on; but the German went up to him as he would to nature. He did not go up to him in the style of a man who, when looking at an oak tree, began to ask why it was not higher or broader, why this branch was permitted to remain, and why the trunk was not French polished, but to expound why it was there—to understand its meaning, to find out the divine idea of which it was the symbol, and so to make it plain.”

INQUIRY, DOUBT, CONVICTION.

If it is said inquiry means doubt; and, in the creed of some, doubt is the name of all possible evil. Nevertheless, all deep conviction must be reached through doubt. “He who begins in doubt, ends in certainty,” says Bacon; “but he who begins in certainty, ends in doubt.” One may be sunk below, as well as raised above, doubt’s stormy atmosphere; and the certainty which cannot stand the blast, is but a transplanted tree not firmly rooted in the soil. We

should hear less of doleful warning and deploring on this subject, if men’s opinions were generally attained by the process of acquisition rather than of inheritance or conversion. Men do not usually acquire ideas from a state of ignorance and neutrality, as men from a state of poverty acquire wealth; the process is one rather of exchange than of acquisition; for every new truth gained, some old error has been parted with. The mind has been early committed to some dogma without examination—without doubt; experience proves its falsity, and then, with many a bitter struggle, after, it may be, much trifling with conscience, it is abandoned, and its place supplied with some other dogma, perhaps not much more reasonable and well-founded. Or, as often happens, the first opinion having been lightly obtained by inheritance, is lightly yielded to conversion, with it, may be, as little mental honesty in the latter as there was mental activity in the former. The power of distinguishing truth has become feeble, from want of exercise; while the habit of ‘dreaming that one thinks,’ has, from indulgence, grown strong. Hence it is that changes of opinion are at once so frequent, so sudden, and so little satisfactory as evidence either of powerful reflection or of upright purpose. Were the state of doubt and hesitancy, of impartial balancing among various beliefs, less harshly discouraged and condemned (and it is the state that best becomes ignorance or defective knowledge), we should have less of wrong-headed adherence to opinion on the one hand, or of frivolous or interested abandonment of it on the other.—*Dr W. B. Hodgson’s Address to the Mental Improvement Society of the Liverpool Mechanics’ Institution.*

SCORN NOT THE VILEST.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

SCORN no one, even the vilest. What art thou
That, with sour purity, dost proudly mouth
And look contempt on folly or on vice?
Even that loath’d contrast, shameless though she be,
That wears the highway through the darksome night,
Polluted and polluting, even she—
She is thy sister. He whom thou callest Father,
Is he not hers? The balmy influence
Of sunshine and of shower, of light and heat,
Distils around for her as well as thee.
Her sin hath not yet quenched her Maker’s love,
Let it not thine, nor even in thought disown
The sisterhood of her whom God calls child.
Pure as thou art, she once was pure as thou,
Purer than thou art now. There was a time
In her sad history, when, a beautiful babe,
She nestled in a mother’s loving arms,
Guileless as innocence. Ah, let her fall
Arouse thy deepest fears and humblest thoughts!
Perchance thy virtue is polluted more
To weak temptation than to strong resistance,
And snares like those that hedged about her path
Had sapped thy purity and stained thy name.
Nor is thy history ended; what hath been
May be again. Be humble: in her fall
Read, trembling, thine own weakness, lest thy feet
Slide down the smooth and slippery paths of vice.
Fear for thyself, lest thou shouldst live to be
The wretched thing thou loath’st to contemplate;
And hope for her, that she may yet repent,
And live again to virtue and to God.

APPROBATIVENESS.

What the phrenologists call ‘approbativeness,’ is an excellent development; but we may have it too full. People born without it are intolerable—those who have a superabundance pay dearly enough for being agreeable. They win, without conscious effort—instinctively, as it were—‘golden opinions’ from those with whom they associate; and too good a reputation is sometimes a severe tax in more ways than one. As with other luxuries, it costs a good deal to support it.—*Mrs Kirkland.*

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LIKINGS OF THE UNLIKE.

AMONGST the perversities of fortune bewailed by Thomson, is her 'joining the gentle to the rude.' It must be a misfortune for the gentle to enter upon such an alliance, if the qualities of the opposite party are so extremely rough as to be a constant offence to good taste and good feeling. But I am prepared to contend that, within a certain limit, associations of this kind are advantageous, and that, when our inclinations are free, we instinctively seek them as more agreeable than any of an opposite kind. The remark extends to other qualities than those of gentleness and rudeness; in fact to personal associations of every kind. It appears to be a law of our nature, that we should find a solace and satisfaction in connexion with qualities which we ourselves do not possess; and that whatever we are ourselves largely endowed with, *that* do we shrink from in others.

View the operation of this principle even in our earliest days. Those pairings for which children are remarkable, both within the domestic circle and in the more miscellaneous assemblages at school, do not, as a rule, take place between individuals alike gentle, alike dull, alike energetic, alike brilliant. No: the clever boy finds a mysterious pleasure in the society of some unfortunate dunce, in whom the multitude can see no attractions of any kind. The active, irrepressible spirit of the class—he who is always fighting, or playing tricks, and with whom the master has ten times more trouble than with any other boy under his care—this precocious youth never assorts with any similar Bonapartes or Ajax: he is found to be devoted to some tame, quiet boy, remarkable for his total inability to fight, and who, on the other hand, indifferent to companions of his own stamp, clings to the wild fellow as to something which vastly helps and comforts him. Even where a boy may display somewhat dangerous qualities, it not unfrequently happens that one the very reverse—a jacketed Sir Charles Grandison—finds a strange fascination in his society, and likes him, with all his faults, better than he does any contemporary of merely passable character.

Some fair readers of this paper have probably received their education at a boarding-school. I put it to all such to recall the prettiest, brightest, most accomplished of their companions—she who was the star of the school, the pride of the mistress, the glory of the dancing-master, and the extolled of every other teacher whose province was the outward and ornamental. Now, there is such a thing as jealousy; but I do not think it will wholly account for what is found in the history of this school-paragon, that she hardly ever forms an attachment amongst the other young ladies of a showy character, but almost invariably selects for her friend and confidante one who, with perhaps a fair endowment of good sense, is notably quiet and unpretending,

possessed of solid, and not of showy qualities; in short, the perfect antithesis of herself. It is curious, in such a case, to see the one lively, clever, restless, perhaps irritable, while the other is so much the reverse. Often it hardly appears a friendship at all—the one chatting, as it were, against the dulness of the other; this other, again, to all appearance suffering much from the impatience of her companion. And yet they never separate; so that we cannot doubt that it is a real friendship, the very fitness of which rests in that opposition of qualities which might be supposed to be its bane.

The indifference or repugnance so often shown by one pretty woman towards another, is usually accounted for on the ground of rivalry. But we so often see similar results where rivalry is not presumable, that I believe it may be owing to some deeper spring of feeling in our nature, of which the sentiment of rivalry is only one of the outward appearances. It will be found that two pretty women will be more apt to like each other, if they are of different styles of beauty: the one fair, perhaps, the other dark. This shows that it is not competition for admiration which wholly animates them. So, also, they will form a friendship if they be different in manners, temper, and deportment. In some rare instances, there may be a mutual regard where there is both a community of beauty, and of temper, and deportment; but always, in such cases, some striking discrepancy will be detected in another quarter. *Only one will be lively and talkative*, the other being gentle and grave, demure or languishing, as the case may be. The friendship will then be founded not on the general parity, but the one disparity. The rule will still hold good.

Let us suppose two such friends exposed to the election of the other sex. Fully sure may we be that the man who loses his heart to the one, will see no charm in the other. Your grave or reserved, silent or sensible, stupid or timid wooer, invariably takes to the bright animated beauty, who will talk for herself and for him; the gay, good-humoured, rattling suitor, prefers her who will reward his sallies with a passive smile, and love the sound of his voice rather than her own. Happy for us that it is so! If the grave, silent man were to prefer a woman of like characteristics, what a stupid pair, what a sombre household would be theirs! If he of the social, volatile temperament could only find charms in one gay and witty as himself, which of them would be disposed for the sober forethought, the quiet daily duties, indispensable to the domestic comfort of married life?

In this latter relation, it is only difficult to determine whether in mental or personal characteristics husbands and wives are most often found to differ. What man of deep learning and science, for instance, ever takes to

himself a learned and scientific wife? Or rather, what sort of woman does he choose? Why, one who probably never opens a book, but who will see that his friends are well received, that his servants do their work, that the baker's bill is not overcharged; nor the leg of mutton over-roasted. So much for the cult of mental congeniality.

In personal attributes, what striking, what often ludicrous contrasts continually meet our view! For example, how seldom do little women find favour in the eyes of little men! On the contrary, take one of these latter, the most meagre, insignificant, unhappy-looking as to all outward bearing, and then turn to the portly, jolly, smiling dame to whom he has united himself! Look at another, to whom nature has tried to make amends for want of height by such a liberal share of breadth and rotundity, as gives him much the *tout ensemble* of a squat decenter or a beer barrel. If you hear such a man talk of his wife, be prepared to see one of those tall, slender, gossamer figures which some people designate graceful and elegant, and others liken to lathe and thread-paper.

That little women are almost always the admired and chosen of tall men, is, I believe, generally admitted. The taller the husband, it would almost appear that the more kindly does he look down upon feminine diminutiveness. There is also a characteristic gentleness in great robust men. How often, therefore, do we meet a man of towering stature linked to a female hardly reaching his elbow, and are told, moreover, that he is the most attentive and obedient of husbands! This does not, however, apply to your majestic race of men indiscriminately. All of them have, beyond doubt, a prepossession in favour of little wives; but it is not all who choose to be governed by them.

How seldom do we see a very handsome man married to a very beautiful woman! Never, we might say, except in the pages of a novel, where the hero and heroine must have of course their rightful portion of personal charms. On the contrary, we often behold these latter united to downright ugliness. But then there is wealth, or worth, or talent in the opposing scale, which is always observed to be the influential one; for mere beauty—by which we mean a faultless regularity of figure and features—is almost invariably accompanied with that complete insipidity which requires to be acted upon by a nature stronger than, and superior to, its own. We far oftener see it allied to this characteristic than to affection and conceit; these belonging to a different, and inferior class of pretenders.

Our principle may be said to be developed in every friendship, partnership, and coalition voluntarily formed between those who have to act together on the stage of life. There may be equality as regards outward station and abilities, but never can there be resemblance in disposition or intellectual characteristics. In every era of man's existence the principle is inherent. We see it in the mere schoolboy or college youth, and we perceive it in the different classes and callings of life; civil or military, where mankind are thrown into collision, and the individual pretensions of each are tested.

In our sentimental faculties generally, it will be found that any one which becomes prominent in the character, shrinks from the active exercise of the same faculty in others. For instance, a person possessing much of the venerative principle, does not like to be made an object of worship. He is comfortable while allowed to look up to his great men; but make a great man of himself, and he becomes uneasy. Flattery, and a great show of deference, are to such a man unusually distasteful. It is for the very same reason that one possessing a large endowment of the opposite quality—self-esteem—shrinks from another like himself. In like manner the acquisitive man has always a great dislike—quite irrespective of pecuniary detriment to himself—to become a subject for the exercise of acquisitiveness in others. It is an old and familiar remark, that those who are much given to jesting at the expense of their fellow-creatures,

exhibit a peculiar dislike to be made the subject of jokes by others. This, I am persuaded, is from no ultra-sensitiveness of nature connected with the jest-loving character, but a curious reflex action of the leading faculty, causing it to be as painful in the passive, as it is agreeable in the active voice. Hence it is that your noted wits never shine in the company of men like themselves, and that a dinner-party where an effort has been made to bring a plurality of them together, usually proves a failure. If it ever be found that two witty men do agree well, and promote the general hilarity, examine them narrowly, and you will discover some great difference between them—one perhaps a biting satirist, the other a good-natured humorist—so that the apparent exception only confirms the rule. Assuredly two wits, both alike of either the first or the second kind, never yet were seen to spend an hour amicably together. And if two humorists of the other kind were brought together, it is ten to one that they would afterwards speak of each other as the perfection of dulness.

Reverting to matrimonial alliances, some interesting consequences arise from the principle of contraries on which partners are usually chosen. Where an alliance of this kind has been happy—to which it is equivalent to say, where it has been founded upon affection—it will be found that each party has a certain degree of preference for such of the children as resemble the other. A father of tame character, who has chosen an energetic wife, will best love the children who, like her, are energetic. If he has a beloved partner of complexion and general aspect very diverse from his own, he will be apt to make favourites of the children who resemble her in these respects, while comparatively indifferent to such of the young people as are copies of himself. It is doubtless from a similar principle that fathers are observed generally to prefer their daughters to their sons. The man-nature delights in the feminine gentleness, because its own opposite.

Perhaps it might not be thought very fanciful to suggest a final cause for all this seeking of opposites, in the need that has been contemplated for producing a diffusion of all the various qualities of families, of races, and of human nature generally, throughout the constitution of society. Sir Walter Scott, who had a great deal of a natural kind of philosophy, arising from the observation of his sagacious mind, makes some remarks to nearly the same purpose, with which I shall conclude my hieubrations. 'As unions,' he says, 'are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, tastes, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying perhaps too much to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other. A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned for these anomalies in the wise dispensations of Providence—that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds should be kept up through society at large. For what a world were it, if the wise were to intermarry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable, nay, even the handsome with the handsome! And is it not evident that the degraded castes of the foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, and the deformed (comprehending, by the way, far the greater portion of mankind), must, when condemned to exclusive intercourse with each other, become gradually as much brutalised in person and disposition as so many orang-outangs? When, therefore, we see the "gentle joined to the rude," we may lament the fate of the suffering individual, but we must not too soon admire the mysterious disposition of that wise Providence which thus balances the moral good and evil of life; which secures for a family, unhappy in the dispositions of one parent, a share of better and sweeter blood transmitted from the other; and preserves to the offspring

the affectionate care and protection of at least one of those from whom it is naturally due. Without the frequent occurrence of such alliances—mis-sorted as they seem at first sight—the world could not be that for which Eternal Wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once and of suffering, where even the worst ills are chequered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them the necessary alloy of embittering depreciation.

NOTHING IS USELESS.

We are told by old-fashioned economists to keep a thing nine years, and in the end we shall find a use for it—a maxim which receives striking confirmation from the recent progress of the useful arts. Things which, so lately as the commencement of our journal, were laid aside as useless, have now become of value; and substances which at one time were looked upon as positive annoyances and obstructions, have been turned to advantage. We mean to adduce a few examples in illustration of this fact—a fact doubly gratifying, as bearing not only upon what has been thus acquired, but as pointing to every other object in nature, however worthless to the esteem of our present ignorance.

Turning in the first place to agriculture, which, within the last twenty years, has made astonishing progress, we are met at every step with evidences of the fact that nothing is useless. Before the present century, the bones of animals were used to a small extent in turnery and other arts; but the great mass of them was thrown aside as offal, fit only to be buried out of sight. Now, every scrap from larder and kitchen is carefully collected; bells have been erected in various parts of the country for crushing them; and in this state they are regarded as one of the finest manures for light turpish soils. So great has the demand here for this material during the past fifteen years, that it is imported from foreign and even distant countries; and of late considerable difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a supply. At present, we believe, the price of bone-dust ranges from 25s. to 27s. per imperial quarter—a price so limiting, that adulteration with slaked lime, sawdust, and the like, is not infrequently resorted to. How our forefathers would have laughed at the prediction of bone-meals, and British soil fertilised with ship-bone bones from Germany and Prussia! The same may be said of night-soil, urine, and the waste substances which used to flow from gas-works, and from the bottom of the soap-boiler, the sugar-refiner, and others. Not many years ago, these were wholly, or almost wholly, neglected—looked upon as nuisances to be got rid of; now, they are can fully collected, and bring remunerating prices. A story is told that the magistrates of Edinburgh, some century and a half ago, were so thoroughly at a loss what to do with the refuse and offal on the streets, that they felt grateful, if they did not even profit a reward, to a neighbouring laird for carting it off to his land! The worthy magistracy, however, were not more ignorant in their corporate than other people were, at a much later period, in their individual capacities; for most of the substances now valued as manures were then nuisances and obstructions. Soot, then thrown to the winds, is now carefully bagged, and sold at so much per bushel; urine, and other liquid, for which the farmer used formerly to dig a sewer, that it might be carried away from his farmstead, is now tanked, and poured over his land; the waste of commerce is but a mixture of urine and calcined gypsum; and night-soil is now extensively prepared with gypsum or lime, put in casks, and sold under the name of *port-drette*. The blood, lime, and animal charcoal, which had served the purposes of the sugar refiner, used to be thrown aside as waste; now, in the south of France, it is sold under the name of 'animalised charcoal,' and has,

according to Professor Johnstone, risen to such a price, that the sugar refiners actually sell it for more than what the unmixt blood and animal charcoal originally cost them! Guano, though long used by the Peruvians as a manure, was disregarded by us till within the last eight or ten years. In 1830, a shipowner would much sooner have loaded his vessel with profitless ballast than with this substance; and yet, in 1845, its importation gave employment to a large portion of our mercantile navy, and every rock and islet of the Pacific and Atlantic was visited, lest, haply, a few hundred tons of this deposit might reward the search. Though now reduced to 1.5s or 1.10 a ton, seven years ago its price was more than double that sum; and this, be it observed, for a substance which in our boyhood had no mercantile value whatever. The ammoniacal liquor of gas-works, which used to be carried off by covered drains as a nuisance, is now sold to the farmer at so much per gallon. And so rapid are revolutions of this kind, that a gas company, which, to our knowledge, paid several hundred pounds to obtain sewerage for this article, would now reckon it waste to let a single gallon pass that way. And so will it shortly be with the sewer-water of our large cities, to which our ancestors never directed a thought, but which is at present engaging the attention of the scientific, that it may be converted into a source of wealth, instead of being, as it has hitherto been, a source of miserie and disease.

Nor do we need to look to agriculture alone for illustrations of our maxim; mining and metallurgy are equally rich in examples. Cobalt, which yields the valuable blue pigment of that name, was for ages accounted a very troublesome article to the miner; copper pyrites, the common available ore in England, was, till recently, thrown aside as rubbish by the miners of South America. Mr Darwin, speaking of the Chilean method of mining, observes, that 'the two principal improvements introduced by foreigners have been, first, reducing by previous roasting the copper pyrites, which, being the common ore in Cornwall, the English miners were astounded on their arrival to find thrown away as useless; secondly, stamping and washing the scoria from the old furnaces, by which process particles of metal are recovered in abundance. I have actually seen mules carrying to the coast, for transportation to England, a cargo of such cinders. But the first case is much the most curious. The Chilean miners were so convinced that copper pyrites contained not a particle of copper, that they laughed at the Englishmen for their ignorance, who laughed in turn, and bought their richest veins for a few dollars. It is very odd that, in a country where mining had been extensively carried on for many years, so simple a process as gently roasting the ore, to expel the sulphur previous to smelting it, had never been discovered.' At the beginning of the present century, the black-band ironstone—which has added an unknown value to the west of Scotland, and materially influenced the iron-trade of the world—was treated as so much rubbish; no iron-founder would have taken a gift of it. 'For several years after its discovery,' says Mr Mushet, to whom the credit of first employing the black-band is due, 'this ironstone was confined to the Calder iron works, erected by me in 1800-2, where it was employed in mixture with other ironstones of the argillaceous class. It was afterwards used in mixture at the Clyde iron works, and, I believe, nowhere else. There existed on the part of the iron trade a strong feeling of prejudice against it. About the year 1825, the Monkland Company were the first to use it alone, and without any other mixture than the necessary quantity of limestone for a flux. The success of this company soon gave rise to the Gartsherrie and Dunsyvan furnaces, in the midst of which progress came the use of raw pit coal and hot-blast—the latter one of the greatest discoveries in metallurgy of the present age, and, above every other process, admirably adapted for smelting the black-band ironstone. The greatest produce in iron-furnace, with the black-band and cold-blast, never

exceeded sixty tons a-week; the produce per furnace with hot-blast now averages ninety tons. Instead of twenty, twenty-five, or thirty hundredweight of limestone, formerly used to make a ton of iron, the black-band now requires only six, seven, or eight hundredweight for the production of a ton. This arises from the extreme richness of the ore, when roasted, and from the small quantity of earthy matter it contains which renders the operation of smelting the black-band with hot-blast more like the melting of iron than the smelting of an ore. When properly roasted, its richness ranges from sixty to seventy per cent., so that little more than a ton and a half is required to make a ton of iron. Here was an *El dorado* for our country; and yet, when the present century commenced, no man regarded it; nay, it is only about twenty years since any company was found bold enough to use it without admixture with other ores! The same remarks apply with equal force to anthracite, or non-bituminous coal, which, ten or twelve years ago, was known only by the depreciatory names of 'stone-coal' and 'blind-coal.' In our own country this anthracite occupies about one-third of the mineral basin of South Wales; it is found also in France, Austria, Bohemia, and Sardinia; and it constitutes the great bulk of the North American coal-fields, whose dimensions are computed at eighty thousand square miles—about sixteen times as much as the coal-measures of all Europe. At the time we mention, any of these countries would have gladly exchanged its supply of anthracite for a single seam in the Newcastle coal-field; but now, by the application of the hot-blast in iron-smelting and founding, the 'stone-coal' of our fathers is employed with as great facility and success as the best bituminous coal. In 1840, at a dinner given at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, by W. Lyman, Esq., on the occasion of his having successfully introduced the smelting of iron with anthracite, Mr Nicolas Biddle, who attended to witness the result of the experiments, after expressing his entire satisfaction in their success, thus observes:—'And this, after all, is the great mystery, the substitution of what is called the hot-blast for the cold-blast. Let us see the changes which this simple discovery is destined to make. As long as the iron ores and the coal of the anthracite region were incapable of fusion, the ores were entirely useless, and the coal nearly unavailable for manufactures; while, as the disappearance of the timber made charcoal very expensive, the iron of eastern Pennsylvania was comparatively small in quantity and high in price, and the defective communications with the interior made its transportation very costly. The result was, that, with all the materials of supplying iron in our own hands, the country has been obliged to pay enormous sums to Europeans for this necessary. In two years alone—1836-7—the importations of iron and steel amounted to upwards of twenty-four millions of dollars. It is especially mortifying to see that, in Pennsylvania, there has been introduced within the last seven years, exclusive of hardware and cutlery, nearly eighty thousand tons of iron, and that of these there were about forty-nine thousand tons of railroad iron, costing probably three millions and a half of dollars. Nay, this very day, in visiting your mines, we saw, at the farthest depths of these subterranean passages, that the very coal and iron were brought to the mouth of the mines on rail-tracks of British iron, manufactured in Britain, and sent to us from a distance of three thousand miles.' Such was the state of matters in 1840; now, there are about one hundred anthracite furnaces in America; iron, lead, and copper are now produced in abundance, and exports, instead of imports, may be shortly expected. What wonderful results have thus been attained into existence without the aid of heated air! Even a use has been found for the iron dross or slag of the furnace, which is now thrown aside as cumbersome refuse. This refuse, when in a fluid state, is run into iron forms, which are then brought to a red heat by being placed upon a bed of the superheated steam which

issues from the mouth of the furnace. The forms, with their contents, are then allowed to cool slowly by being placed in sand, just as glass is annealed to render it less brittle and more compact. By this procedure, it is asserted that the discoverer (a French mechanic) has succeeded in forming paving-stones, flags, large building blocks, and even pipes, of any given form, of a degree of hardness and polish equal to the best hewn natural granite, and at the most trifling cost conceivable.

The progress of chemistry likewise furnishes abundant evidence that nothing in nature is useless; in fact the whole history of the science is one continued exposition of the doctrine. To take a single example from Baron Liebig's Familiar Letters. Soda has been used from time immemorial in the manufacture of soap and glass—two chemical productions, which employ and keep in circulation an immense amount of capital. Till the present century, this substance was obtained from kelp, barilla, and the like, at great expense, and even in limited and uncertain quantities. Now, it is procured, to any amount, from common salt, and in this process muriatic acid is set free in abundance. 'At first,' says Liebig, 'the profit upon the soda was so great, that no one took the trouble to collect the muriatic acid; it ran to waste—it had no commercial value. A profitable application of it, however, was soon discovered: it is a compound of chlorine, and this substance may be obtained from it purer than from any other source. The bleaching power of chlorine has long been known, but it was only employed upon a large scale after it was obtained from residuary muriatic acid; and it was found that, in combination with lime, it could be transported to distances without any inconvenience. Thenceforth it was used for bleaching cotton, &c.; and but for this new bleaching process, it could scarcely have been possible for the cotton manufacture of Great Britain to have attained its present enormous extent: it could not have competed in price with France and Germany. In the old process for bleaching, every piece must be exposed to the air and light during several weeks in summer, and kept continually moist by manual labour. For this purpose meadow land, suitably situated, was essential. But a single establishment near Glasgow bleaches fourteen hundred pieces of cotton daily throughout the year! What an enormous capital would be required to purchase land for this purpose! How greatly would it increase the cost of bleaching to pay interest upon this capital, or to hire so much land in England!' And yet the object of this vast saving—this powerful aid to our manufacturing greatness—was, not many years ago, run into the nearest common sewer as a thing 'of no commercial value.' Nay, we believe the huge chimney stacks which have been erected within the last five years in Glasgow and other places, for the purpose of carrying off the deleterious fumes of the muriatic acid disengaged in the manufacture of soda, are now rendered superfluous, by the conversion of the acid into a mercantile commodity. So blind are we to the demands which the progress of the useful arts may make, that one year we lay out vast sums to get rid of a substance, which in the next we are careful to preserve as a source of pecuniary profit! Another example from the futile field of chemistry, and we have done. It is known that a fleece of wool, in its natural state, is impregnated with greasy matter, which has to be got rid of, as far as possible, before it can be subjected to the ulterior processes of manufacture. This necessary purgation is undertaken by the woolwashers. The waters through which the wool is passed and purified become necessarily the receptacle of all the fatty stuff thus discharged. The habit with the woolwashers has been to throw away these greasy washings as worthless—if in an open district, to the pollution of the neighbouring air; and if in towns, to the nuisance of the streets and thoroughfares. In summer-heat and hot weather, the decomposition and pernicious exhalations of those washings become an exciting cause of disease in towns such as

Reims, Elbeuf, &c. where the woollen manufactures of France are most largely carried on. Now, however, by an ingenious appliance, the evil may not only be obviated, but converted into a source of gain to the manufacturer, and healthy profit to the public. By the simple addition of a certain quantity of potash and slacked lime, M. Pagnon-Vantrin has obtained the saponification of the greasy washings, and employs the soap so formed for scouring the fibres or threads of carded wool—thus making, as it were, the fleece scour itself.

Such are a few illustrations—and they could be extended almost indefinitely—of the old-fashioned maxim with which we headed this paper. We know of no fact in our economical progress more gratifying than that we should, within such a brief period, have converted to our use, comfort, and pleasure, so many substances hitherto considered as useless, or even as detrimental. Nor does its bearing end here; it points as hopefully to the future, bids us regard nothing in nature as worthless, and warns us to throw nothing aside until we have exhausted our ingenuity to turn it to advantage. And even then the history of the past must compel us to admit that we have failed in our efforts only for the present, and that a time will come when the rejected object shall assume its value. If the last quarter of a century has furnished us with more illustrations of our maxim than any former period, it is only because human energy and invention has, during that time, been more vigorous and more sustained. There is scarcely any difficulty that the human intellect may not conquer, provided thought—vigorous, concentrated thought—be directed towards it; and it is mainly for want of this that so many objects lie worthless or unimproved around us.

THE PATH OF DUTY—A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

THE little town of B— could not boast of a more worthy, upright, and truly respectable individual than was Richard Harley, though the station he held was no higher than that of a retail trader. His wife had, according to the judgment of her family, degraded herself by the union. She was a gentlewoman by birth and education, and, though without fortune, might have looked for a higher match; yet she was never known to regret the choice she had made. Mr Harley, on the other hand, had no reason to repent having selected her for a partner; for to her lady-like accomplishments she added those domestic virtues which can alone make the married life happy. A numerous family sprung up around them, and as the profits of the business were not great, they were consequently obliged to live in ever a less expensive style than that in which they commenced their conjugal career. This course was, however, cheerfully embraced by Mrs Harley, as well as by her husband, notwithstanding that she had been accustomed to what might comparatively be deemed profusion. Her firm and well-balanced mind rose superior to the paltry pride of station, and she dared to act in accordance with the dictates of prudence, however liable she thereby became to fall out of the notice of those with whom she associated.

Death having deprived them of two of their children, the family, at the period at which we introduce them, consisted of two sons and four daughters. Edmund, the eldest, who was just verging on twenty, had from his early youth been distinguished for studious habits, and, as he grew older, displayed talents which attracted the attention of the pastor of the religious community of which his parents were members. Mr Harley's circumstances not allowing him to give his son an education which would fit him for the clerical profession, Mr Morland had generously offered to become his instructor till he should attain the age at which he might be admitted to one of the colleges. This offer had been accepted with gratitude by the father, as well as by the

youth himself; and had not some untoward circumstances occurred to throw a temporary barrier in the way, he would have earlier removed to one of those seats of learning to which his wishes had long been earnestly directed. To do justice to the character of the young student, it must be told that ambition had no share in his choice of a profession. He would have been satisfied to tread in the same path which his father was pursuing, deeming it to be no less truly respectable; but he was at the same time conscious of powers which, if rightly directed, might enable him to be more extensively useful. He was far from despising the calling of the tradesman, yet shrunk from the idea of spending his days with no higher aim than that of rearing an income or amassing a fortune. Widely different were the feelings of his brother Richard, who, though possessed of his father's name, unhappily did not inherit his virtues. This youth entertained a still greater repugnance to the pursuit of trade, but from motives as low and false, as those of Edmund were elevated. His dislike arose from the application and confinement it necessarily demanded, to which his indolent habits were opposed. He had, moreover, become acquainted with a set of dissolute young men, who were his superiors in station, and who encouraged the notions he had adopted;—that it was derogatory to a youth of spirit to be chained behind a counter, and that a living might be earned in a much more genteel, and, at the same time, easy manner.

Richard was angry that the leisure was afforded his brother for study, and jealous of his prospect of occupying a higher position in society, yet had neither the desire to improve his own education, nor the talent to fit him for any profession. He vehemently opposed the plan marked out by his father, which was to bind him as an apprentice to his own business; but Mr Harley, though a kind and fond parent, was peremptory when prompted by a sense of duty, and he would not suffer the futile objections of the youth in this instance to move him from his purpose. The education of the girls wholly devolved on Mrs Harley; and, with this exception, that her health was delicate, never was mother better suited for the task. She herself exemplified how possible it is to unite the taste and refinement of a polished mind with the homely offices of domestic life; and under the tuition of such a woman, her daughters promised to become all that an amiable and right-minded parent could desire. Elizabeth, the eldest, though only seventeen, was already a considerable assistance both in the domestic economy and in the education of her younger sisters. The misconduct of Richard, who, on being opposed in his wishes, grew even more self-willed and ungovernable, was for many years the only disturbance to the peace of this otherwise happy family; but a trial awaited them at this period which was altogether unlooked for, and consequently harder to endure. This was the serious illness, and subsequent death, of the beloved and venerated father. Mr Harley, a short time prior to his decease, foresaw the fatal termination of his malady, and felt it right to prepare, as far as possible, against the ill it would bring upon his hitherto dependent family. He professed not the indifference of the Stoic, and he was not without anxieties on their account; but calling to his aid that fortitude which seldom forsakes the Christian in his hour of extremest need, he resolved to advise them for their welfare, and then leave the event in the hands of Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow.

Owing to the extreme youth and unsteady conduct of his youngest son, Mr Harley could not leave his business to his care; yet it was the only means of support to the family. All his hopes, therefore, rested on Edmund, who, in order to provide for his mother and sisters, must yield up the prospects he had so long and so fondly indulged. The father felt it would be a sacrifice of no ordinary kind; but such was his confidence in the affection and principle of the young man, that he

did not doubt he would subacutely make it. He one evening communicated his thoughts on this subject to his gentle partner, who accepted her recommended seat by his bedside. "However," she only knows whether my death may produce such a result in Richard," he added with emotion; "but we can not build upon so insecure a foundation." "You do not speak, my love, what my father has said?"

Mr. Harley's tears flowed fast as he replied that she had formed a project, in the end of his death to communicate with Elizabeth's sister, and to establish her in that situation.

"Such a plan bestows an opportunity," he said, "and I will not be far from the truth if I say that the bond between his young daughter and himself is not of an ordinary nature. The young children are not of an ordinary nature, and the expenses of such an establishment as you are capable of and it might be well to consider. Which, then, will become of the business which has hitherto sustained him? For, come what may, you must see that we are not alone and poor. It will be a great relief to our feelings, as regards, as well as to the children, but I am confident that I shall be able to point out to him the path of duty, and he will, for your sake, give up even this long and fondly cherished hope."

"And you have fully made up your mind," continued the young man, who had not yet recovered from the surprise, and thus became an unintentional listener to the latter part of the conversation. "I do not," he answered, "trusting himself on his knees before his bed, and devoutly pressing the hands of his parent in his lips. It is true that I have long cherished the idea of adopting another calling, and it requires a strong effort of self-denial to yield it up, but what cannot we do so acceptable to God, as that which is undertaken as just our inclination from a sense of duty?"

Mr. Harley did not survive many days, but the promise of his high-minded wife was a source of unspeakable satisfaction in his dying hours. Death was all times solemn, and when it takes the father from the midst of his children, and makes the void which it causes a chasm which cannot easily be filled up. Mr. Harley's loss was, however, felt beyond his family circle, for though his sphere of action was not large, his Christian philanthropy had extended to its utmost bound.

When the opening of the will disclosed that the business was made over to Edmund, Richard, notwithstanding the dislike he so often expressed to what he termed the degradation of a retail shop, manifested the most violent anger. One clause, in particular, offended his pride and aroused his indignation. This was an intimation for him to fulfil the term of his apprenticeship to his brother, and to act in such a manner that Edmund might, at the expiration of that term, be justified, by prudence, in receiving him as a partner. "My father has always treated me with injustice, and preferred my brother," he passionately exclaimed; "and now he has carried his injustice with him to the grave."

"Oh, Richard, yours are the first lips that ever coupled your father's name with that term, and you will live to repent it," cried Mrs. Harley, casting on the youth a look of mingled tenderness and reproach.

"Be calm, my brother," Edmund gently interposed; "you are not at present in a state of mind to see how much you wrong both the living and the dead. This arrangement was intended for the general welfare of the family, and as you value our peace, and above all, the peace of our dear remaining parent, I entreat of you not to add to our affliction by expressing dissatisfaction."

"It is well for you to talk of peace and satisfaction," Richard sneeringly observed; "you in whom all the power is vested. But I tell you, Edmund, that though I served my father, I have no inclination to serve a brother—a brother scarcely three years my senior; nor will I do it."

"We will not dispute the matter now; only let me beg of you to do nothing rashly," Edmund quietly rejoined, and Richard, turning abruptly from him, hastily quitted the parlour. Mr. Morland, who was present, now came forward to offer consolation to the afflicted mother. "We will hope, dear madam," he said, "that, the first ebullition of anger over this refractory youth will not prove irretrievable. Take comfort from the dutiful and affectionate conduct of your other children. Edmund has been faithful in the esteem of every reasonable person by the noble part he has acted. My dear young friend," he pursued, taking the hand of the young man, "I congratulate you on the conquest you have made over him—congratulate you with greater pleasure than I should feel had you attained the object of your most ardent wishes. I can fully appreciate the sacrifice you have made for in my youth I endured a somewhat similar trial. Providence afterwards cleared my way, and you may possibly, at some future period, be in like manner enabled. But it should not be so, believe me that you will enjoy more real satisfaction while pursuing the straight path of duty, however opposed it be to your passions and inclinations, and he ever humble, than even the gratification of laudable desires can afford if they cut off that path."

Edmund could only venture one warm pressure of his venerable friend's hand; his emotions were too powerful for utterance.

"If," Mr. Morland proceeded, "your brother should be enabled by his health to return to his home, as that towards which we have all been so generously, we may receive him as a worthy member of our society. It is not, I think, wholly just to reflect on his kindness may overcome when we are so well satisfied that I have no need to be afraid of the young man as to be persuaded to those who have been so abundantly willing to overlook offences. I have reason to believe that one is befriended with me, and is ever more devotedly, to act the part of a persecutor." At this moment Mrs. Richard had quitted the room, Elizabeth had quietly left the play, she had before occupied by her mother's side, to follow the youth, and her errand had been rightly surmised by the good friend. If any member of the family could subdue the violent spirit of Richard Harley, it was his twin-sister, for whom his affections were called forth in a stronger measure than for any other being on earth. They had been playfellows in childhood; for Edmund had always been a few students a companion for his brother, and the other children were many years younger. Though a greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than that which existed in their dispositions—Elizabeth being as gentle and yielding as Richard was exalted and self-willed—that very circumstance tended to unite them in a closer bond. It gave occasion for forbearance in the former which the latter could not but admire; though he made no effort to imitate it, and often taxed it beyond all reasonable bounds.

The affectionate sister found, however, that to soothe the youth under his present imaginary injury, was the most difficult task she had undertaken, he having predetermined not to sleep another night under the parental roof; but she would not quit his side till she had won from him a promise that he would not act precipitately in the affair, but at least wait the event of a few days, till he saw the course Edmund intended to pursue.

Though Elizabeth was tenderly attached to her younger brother, she entertained a still warmer affection for the elder, towards whom she felt a kind of love bordering on veneration. She had ever looked up to him as to some superior being, whose counsel she could ask in every difficulty, and whose decisions were faultless. She now confidently hoped that the lenity of the one would effectually overcome the anger of the other; and with this comforting assurance in her own bosom, she sought her widowed parent, and strove to console

her, under her present aggravated griefs. One of the greatest trials which human nature is called to endure, is to have our motives questioned, and our good evil-spoken of. Thus Edmund suffered more from being taunted with selfishness, when he had really exercised the most noble generosity, than he did from the sacrifice he had made. But a still severer pang yet awaited him.

Our hero's frequent visits to the house of Mr. Morland had brought him into constant and familiar intercourse with that gentleman's only daughter, a lovely girl of nearly his own age. They had been associated in study; for her father was of opinion that women are born for nobler purposes than either to be mere domestic drudges or puppets for exhibition, and had consequently resolved to train her in a manner which would really fit her to become the companion of a man of education. He was at the same time solicitous that she should lose none of the truly feminine characteristics of her sex; and had Mrs. Morland co-operated in his laudable undertaking, it is most probable that he would have accomplished the desirable end he had in view. But unhappily for the domestic peace of the good pastor, as well as for the formation of the character of his daughter, that lady studied rather how her beautiful child might obtain admiration, than how she might become worthy of it, and thus counteracted the good effects which her father's example and instructions might otherwise have wrought. To the eyes of the young student, however, Ellen Morland appeared faultless and me, with the evident sanction of her parents, as well as with the approbation of the young lady herself, bestowed on her the warmest affections of his adolent nature. To the good pastor the union appeared desirable, from his knowledge of the character of the young man. Mrs. Morland did not approve it, because she was of opinion that his talent could raise him to distinction in the profession he had made choice of; and Ellen was flattered and gratified with the devotion of one possessed of so superior a mind combined with a person far from disagreeable. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the intelligence that Edmund had relinquished the idea of entering the ministry, in order to provide for his mother and sisters from his late father's business, had a very different effect upon the mind of the mother and daughter to that which it created in the former. The former was annoyed by appreciating the generosity of the deed as fully as in the blighted prospects of the young man. Ellen, however, said not a word to her father's presence; and Mrs. Morland, finding that her husband's views of the subject were not in accordance with her own, forbore to make any remark, though she secretly determined that this acquaintance between the young people should be speedily brought to a close.

"That moment in which Mr Edmund Harley ties on a calvary upon, and appears in his shop, he breaks every tie between us," the young lady exclaimed as the pistol rattled the room, and as she spoke, she carefully tossed her pretty head, and indignantly threw down a silken watch-chain which her fair fingers had for some time been busily occupied in weaving for the youth.

'I am happy to find that your feelings correspond with my own, my dear Ellen,' the mother observed. 'I was afraid that your affection for this foolish young man might induce you to overlook his position in society.'

'Affection might have induced me,' said the daughter, 'to overlook his station in society, had the business he is about to engage in been almost any other than what it is; but to stand behind a counter with that odious apron—Oh! I could not endure it. You need not entertain the least apprehension on that head, mamma.'

'And what will avail all the pains your papa has taken to teach him Hebrew and Greek, if he is to spend his days in weighing butter and cheese?' said Mrs Morland. 'For my part, I think it is very ungrateful

in him to throw away such advantages on such pretence; for I can't give him credit for disinterestedness, when a profitable business is to be the reward of his self-sacrifice.

* The sacrifice would not be to him, should I want to share his fortunes; Ellen quickly rejoined, "for exchange would be far sweeter to me, who have never moved in a different sphere, than it can be to him. I think that he ought to have consulted me on this subject before he had said a word of this kind."

[illegible]

Though the young lady refused to much longer live at the prospect of a home where her father could really rely on her, she was not so far from being induced by affection for her parents and the desire to support them what she considered to be an honorable and useful help either in the management of the household or as an assistant in my literary and scientific researches. After a long and fruitless search, finally, I found a young lady who was devoted to the pursuit of literature, and who had no other views of

[illegible]

You must be a fool, Mr. Huley, that we can no longer remain on these terms we have hitherto come to,' the young lady went on, 'and to this spouse, that I come to this conclusion, that I must be going to which she had been, leaving the latter's eyes with her hand.

"I am perfectly certain of your meaning, Miss Martine. I am thankful for having in any way deserved to be noticed, for I wish most to have you love."

"And I have been a scholar upon the subject of your inquiries for five years," John asked, with more earnestness than he should be taking. "The question served me up a time or two before to the truth and he was for some time incapable of reply, so powerful were the scientific arguments which agitated his mind."

"At that time, she came to left a pause, "then you have relinquished your valuable machine rather, and propose to take your station for its behind a counter?"

"Can this be Ellen Morland—the whom I believed to be all that was generous, affectionate, and amiable?" the youth mentally inquired. Still he spoke not, fearing lest his words should express all the astonishment and indignation he felt.

'If such be the case,' the young lady proceeded, at a loss how to account for his silence, 'you need not be informed that you have taken a step which must separate us for ever. I would have shared your fortunes in the honorable oath you were about to pursue, even

had; nor had been prosperous, but you can not suppose Mr. Harley that I can now any longer think of doing so. I do not expect that this will cause you any regret, she carelessly added: 'your mother and sister are the principal objects of your concern; my feelings and my wishes have not been consulted; and therefore

I am justified in deeming them a matter of indifference.

'Had not your own lips, Ellen, given utterance to these unkind and unjust observations, I would not have believed you capable of making them,' the young man now replied, whilst his intelligent countenance glowed with an expression of anger foreign to his nature. 'I would have contradicted any one who had dared to accuse you of such selfish and unfeeling conduct; and even now I am almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses, rather than believe you guilty of it. Yes, I have, as you say, given up my academic career, and taken my station behind a counter; and your excellent father approves of the step. I have acted in accordance with the dictates of affection and duty, at a sacrifice of my own feelings which no language can express; and I expected to have met with your sympathy and approbation. But since it is withheld—since you are so void of womanly tenderness as to taunt me with my regard for my family, I will turn to them alone for that happiness I once thought you would be the means of bestowing.'

He rose as he spoke, and was moving towards the door, when Ellen, who had not expected on the part of her lover such a ready concurrence in her wishes, detained him by observing that she was the person who had most reason to complain, since he had treated her as though she was without interest in his welfare.

'No, Miss Morland,' he made answer: 'I supposed you to be deeply interested in anything that concerned me, but I was grievously mistaken; and this transaction has revealed to me that we were never suited for each other. If you can esteem the claims of a widowed parent and helpless family to be so light—if you can throw contempt upon an honourable occupation, undertaken under such circumstances—you would never have made me happy, and I, on the other hand, could not have rendered you so. It is well, perhaps, that we have thus become better acquainted with each other's character, though to me it is a bitter discovery. Adieu! I little thought when I entered this house that I should leave it thus;' and he again made a movement to depart.

Ellen would at that moment have given much to recall what she had, in the full confidence of her power, uttered; but her pride would not allow her to make any concession, and she suffered him to depart without a word. No language can describe the feelings of Edmund Harley as he bent his steps towards his once happy home. The hopes of his youth were in everyway blighted; yet he was free from self-accusations; nor did he in any instance repent of the course he had taken. There is an elevating principle in virtue which sustains the mind under every calamity, and this principle alone supported our hero under his accumulated disappointments.

Mrs Harley's penetrating mind had foreseen the probable event of Miss Morland's rejection of her son. She surmised that her affections were not of a very durable nature; but to the simple-hearted Elizabeth, it was a matter of astonishment that any young woman could be indifferent to the regard of her almost idolised brother, be his position in society what it might. 'The private sorrows of Edmund were, however, swallowed up in a fresh affliction, which befell the family shortly afterwards. The conciliating spirit evinced, and the generous offers which were made, by the elder towards the younger brother, had no effect in softening the resentment of the latter, who viewed with dissatisfaction every measure proposed for the promotion of peace and unity. He was missed one morning from the family breakfast, and when sought for in his chamber, it was discovered that he had not occupied it during the night. The fact that great part of his wardrobe was gone, too plainly denoted that he had voluntarily absented himself; but not a line could be found to give his distressed relations any clue to the path he had taken, or the course he intended to pursue, nor could they hear of any one who

had seen him since the previous evening. The health of Mrs Harley, which had been greatly enfeebled by her late severe affliction, sunk under this additional grief, and she was confined to her chamber with a malady which threatened a fatal termination. It was now that the domestic virtues of Elizabeth were called into action. The management of the household affairs, and the charge of the younger members of the family, devolved on her, in addition to the task of nursing her invalid parent; but her character, unlike that of Ellen Morland's, required to be tested by adverse circumstances to exhibit its beauty.

Knowing the dislike Richard had for business, Edmund thought it probable that his brother had enlisted in the military service; and he accordingly took a journey to London, in order to ascertain if this were the case. He felt convinced that the strict discipline exercised in the army would be revolting to the pride of a youth who had resisted the mildest parental control, and he would have made any sacrifice to purchase his release, could he have persuaded him to return to his home. His search was, however, fruitless; no traces of the fugitive could be discovered, and the afflicted family could only wait the result of time.

The entire devotion of her eldest son, together with the unremitting attentions of her gentle nurse, had the effect of soothing the wounded spirit of Mrs Harley, and for their sakes she strove to bear her twofold bereavement. The desertion of Richard had thrown much additional labour upon Edmund, who, never having been habituated to business, found the duties really onerous. Shut out from those beloved studies which had before been the food of his existence, he toiled early and late at an occupation which even prevented the possibility of his thoughts ranging in those flowery paths; yet he was never heard to utter a complaint. When alone with Elizabeth, he would sometimes picture how happy he should have been had Providence permitted that he should have administered to the wants of his family by means of the sacred office towards which his wishes tended; but he would check every rising of discontent with the remark, that it was not his place to dictate, but to follow. His gentle sister's hopeful nature would soar above the present difficulties, and prophesy of brighter days. She was sure, she said, that his noble self-sacrifice would be rewarded even in this life; that he was not intended ever to pursue a course so opposed to his inclinations; and these visions of future happiness had at least the effect of smoothing his present rugged path.

The expiration of two years found the family in much the same circumstances as when Richard quitted his home—with this exception, that time had in some measure blunted the edge of their grief for the departed. Concerning the fate of the fugitive they were in equal uncertainty and anxiety, for no tidings of him had reached them during that period. The London post, however, one morning brought Edmund a letter, the direction of which bore a resemblance to his brother's handwriting, and, without saying a word which could indicate what was passing in his mind, he withdrew from the family circle to peruse it alone. The epistle, as he surmised, was from Richard; but Edmund scarcely knew whether to rejoice or to weep over its contents. It told a tale of suffering, and was dated from an hospital, where the unhappy young man was then lying, disabled by sickness, brought on by privation and hardship; but it breathed a spirit of penitence and submission he had never before evinced, and this gave some cheering hopes of future amendment. 'To you, my brother,' he concluded by saying—'to you I turn when all the rest of mankind frown upon me; for in you I see the representative of that excellent father whose counsels I despised, and whose name I slandered. Yes; I cannot forget that I taxed his memory with injustice, because he had not placed confidence in a son who had never acted other than the prodigal's part. My mother truly prophesied that I should live to repent it. But if

my life be spared, and you receive me once more into my early home, I will try by every means to make restitution for the past, by devoting my future life to the service of those remaining dear ones I have so deeply injured.' Summoning Elizabeth to his side, Edmund deputed to her the task of breaking the intelligence to their parent, and then made immediate preparations for paying a visit to his erring brother. To Mrs Harley the information came like a voice from the grave; for she had long deplored her son as dead, thinking it impossible that he could yet live, and keep them so long in ignorance of his fate. Our hero's intended journey to London meeting with his mother's cordial approbation, the young man was in a few hours on his road thither. His fraternal feelings experienced a shock when he obtained admittance to the house of *chastity* in which the invalid lay; for so altered were those once handsome features, and so emaciated was his late athletic form, that he could with difficulty recognise him. There was a change also in Edmund: his intelligent countenance bore an expression of thoughtfulness and sadness unusual in one so young; but it was at the same time rendered more dignified by the ennobling motives which had actuated his conduct. The meeting was touching in the extreme. The contrition of one brother was evidently as deep and sincere as the forgiveness of the other was cheerful and heartfelt; and Edmund's assurances that their widowed parent would receive her prodigal son with open arms, afforded to Richard unspeakable satisfaction.

The debilitated state to which the youth was reduced, prevented the possibility of his being removed for some considerable time; but his family looked anxiously for his arrival at the home of his childhood, and no one more so than Elizabeth, who hopefully prophesied that her nursing would soon restore him to perfect health. At length he was clasped in the embraces of his fond mother and affectionate sisters who with one accord resolved to obliterate all remembrance of the past, and to encourage his resolutions of amendment.

'I do not ask you to place firm reliance in my promises of reformation,' Richard one day said, addressing his brother. 'The resolutions made on a sick-bed are, I know, often broken; but if, after twelve months' trial, I retain your confidence, I wish you to intrust the business to my care, and then pursue the course you had at first marked out. Believe me,' he earnestly added, 'I am not prompted by self-interest in making this proposal. I am now convinced that it was at a sacrifice of your feelings that you undertook it; and in requesting you to give it up, I am influenced only by a desire for your benefit. I will willingly yield the entire profits to my mother and sisters, and derive no further emolument from it than as if I were a stranger hired to fill your place.'

Edmund cheerfully acceded to this proposition: it seemed to animate him with fresh hope; and Elizabeth, who was present, threw her arms alternately around each, and wept tears of delight. 'Did I not tell you, dear Edmund, that there would be a blissful termination to all our misfortunes?' she exclaimed. Then turning to her younger brother, she energetically added, 'On the fulfilment of your promises, Richard, all our hopes must rest. But you will fulfil them—I am sure you will. You will, for the future, be to our dear mother what Edmund has hitherto been. He may then pursue his studies, and we shall all be happy yet.'

And Elizabeth's prophecy was accomplished—her fondest hopes were realised; for Richard's good conduct during the period he had himself specified having guaranteed future stability, the business was consigned to his care. Mrs Harley thought it most prudent, for a season, to permit him to have it on his own terms; but as he gave no cause for dissatisfaction in the capacity of foreman, it was wholly intrusted to his direction shortly after he became of age. Edmund, meanwhile, with the aid of Mr Morland—who, notwithstanding the rupture with his daughter, was still his attached and

steady friend—recommended his studies, in one of the colleges, and having gone through the necessary course, attained the goal towards which his desires had so long been directed. He was now able to offer his widowed parent and younger sisters an asylum beneath his roof, leaving Elizabeth to be the housekeeper of her twin-brother. The furnace of affliction had further purified the character of Edmund Harley, and he entered on his sacred office with a mind better prepared for extensive usefulness than it would formerly have been. And now, in looking back upon the past, he is happy to see that, though 'the path of duty' was in his case rugged and toilsome, it was the only safe one, and that it had ultimately led to solid and durable happiness.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ANTWERP—CATHEDRAL SERVICE—INCORPORATION DURING MASS—INTERIOR PLAN OF CATHOLIC CHURCHES—MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL—OPULENCE OF ANTWERP—QUENTIN METSUS' CURIOUS HISTORY—CATHEDRAL SPIRE—COMPLIMENT PAID TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Easter Sunday was ushered in, or rather we were awakened, by the confused ringing of church bells, amidst the din of which we could distinguish the softer tones of the Carillon—a description of chiming which is carried to great perfection in Holland and Belgium. It was a bright sunny morning, and the Place Verte, or piazza, underneath our windows already presented a lively scene, being thronged with people hastening in different directions to their respective churches. Continental habits beget early hours. The Catholic religion enjoins its disciples to rise almost with the rising sun to their matins; and upon such festivals as the present—the *jour de pâques*—low masses precede high mass, and other masses follow until vesper, so that the whole day appears to be dedicated to divine service. And yet there appears to be a curious intermixture between these outward signs of religious worship and the visible continuance of the business of daily life; for while the churches are crowded, and the church bells still continue summoning the people to their devotions, the shops remain open in almost every quarter of the town for the casual incidents of trade; and the different promenades in the public squares and neighbourhood, as the day advances, become hourly more enlivened with fashionably-dressed persons, who appear to live only to enjoy the ephemeral gaieties of society. There is a contrariety in the effect so produced which is very remarkable, particularly in small towns like Antwerp, where the population and its resources are not lost in metropolitan magnitude, but come more immediately under the scope of individual observation.

The high mass in the cathedral commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, and our party were fortunate enough to obtain seats near the choir. The immense area of the church, as far as the eye could reach through the innumerable pillars which support the Gothic arches of the double aisles, was soon filled by a dense multitude; and as the priests entered in their rich sacerdotal habits, chanting the *Invitatus*, the deep and sustained notes of the organ, and the accompaniment of the other wind and stringed instruments blending their full chords together, announced with impressive grandeur the commencement of the mass. There was a rustling for a moment in the crowd. The priests then having bowed on each side of the altar, with their upraised hands pressed together, approached its centre, and commenced those mystical movements and ceremonies which may, to the uninitiated, have something of a mimetic appearance; yet it is far otherwise, for every action and gesture, and even attitude, is strictly prescribed by the Roman ritual, and intended to convey a meaning typical of some portion of the life and doctrines of our Saviour.* Hence one part of the service,

* Explication des Cérémonies de la Messe. Par Le P. Brun. Paris, 1844.

to those who participate in it, is more affecting than another; and occasionally individuals may be observed to become so much agitated, that they can hardly suppress their emotions. While the congregation was thus devoutly engaged, we could not help gazing with admiration on the very beautiful altar-piece before us—the *Assumption of the Virgin* by Rubens. The colouring of this picture is exquisite. The Virgin is represented surrounded by a choir of angels, and some light fleecy clouds hovering around them. There is a calm beatitude in the countenance of the Virgin, and a tenderness of feeling, which express in the most vivid manner a consciousness of the most perfect purity, conjoined and blending with a sense of the deepest adoration. The attendant angels, too, are conceived in a tone of matchless harmony; while the clearness and transparency of the clouds produce an aerial effect which is truly marvellous. It has been observed that Rubens, as a colourist, might be called 'the painter of light,' as Rembrandt, by way of contrast, has been described 'the painter of darkness'; and certainly there is a softness and subdued beauty in this picture which will not be found in any of his larger and more startling compositions. In all Catholic countries the sacred music which accompanies, or rather forms part of the mass, is finely executed; and upon this occasion—as the priests walked in procession down the nave, exhibiting over the heads of the people the Host in its golden ostensorio, while the heavy silver censers were swung aloft, throwing out clouds of incense—we thought we never heard the Hallelujah more fully, more impressively, and more effectively given. During the preceding—the Passion—week, the church service partakes of a desponding and dolorous character. At all hours of the day persons may be seen moving stealthily through the aisles to the confessionals, or small wooden stalls, in which the priest, through a window-like opening, listens to the confession of sins, and holds communication with the penitent. Morning, noon, and evening, the *De Profundis*, and other psalms of penitence, with the *Kyrie Eleison*, or Litany of the Saints, are lugubriously and somewhat monotonously chanted, until, upon Good-Friday, the celebration of the *Tenebræ*, to denote the darkness and other circumstances of the crucifixion, adds the deepest of all gloom to these prescribed offices. But on Easter Sunday, which is the 'highest of all feasts,' strains of more joyous harmony succeed, interspersed with the most charming symphonies, which are intended to console and cheer, and raise heavenwards the aspirations of the devout.

Ever restless and open to trivial impressions, strangers are apt, even amidst scenes of solemnity, to be struck by incongruities which either persons from habit do not observe; and we confess that upon this, as well as upon similar occasions, our ears were offended by an almost perpetual and most unseemly jingling of copper money. In Catholic churches there are no pews—which were not introduced into England until after the Reformation—and the congregation therefore is provided with chairs, having low seats for people to kneel as well as to sit upon. For the use of each chair, or '*prie Dieu*,' as it is called, every person pays two or three sous; and the collection of these coppers by a woman who watches with a quick eye every change of seat, goes on during the whole service. There are also two other collections, chiefly in copper money—one for the church, the other for the parish; and these donations being solicited in like manner, and dropped into a wooden box while the people are at their devotions, occasion a singular interruption. The chair money, particularly in large parishes, brings an enormous revenue to the church; they are generally farmed out to individuals, who profit by the speculation. We are informed that in one church alone in Paris—Saint Eustache—the return from letting out the chairs three years ago amounted annually to upwards of twenty thousand francs.* Here also we

ought not to pass unnoticed a very important-looking personage, who never fails to attract attention—we mean the beadle of sacristan. In Paris, his costume is very remarkable. He wears a cocked-hat, trimmed with silver lace, an embroidered old-fashioned coat, knee breeches, and white silk stockings, with shoes adorned with huge silver buckles; and from a broad, highly-ornamented belt, suspended over his right shoulder, a dress-sword hangs dangling transversely across his calves. He carries a long silver-headed potential-looking cane, well ferruled at the tip, with which he strikes the stone pavement with a reverberating clink, as a signal for the people to make way for the priest as he passes from the sacristy to the altar or the pulpit. It was observed by Lady Morgan that this costume is remarkable for having remained unchanged amidst all the social revolutions which have occurred in the French capital. In Antwerp, this functionary appears in a less courtier-like garb, or, to speak artistically, in a more subdued attire. The silver-laced cocked-hat is dispensed with, as also the dress-sword; he, however, wears a finely-embroidered coat and breast-belt; and, what appears curious, instead of sporting silk stockings, his legs disappear in a pair of English-looking top-boots, the deep upper leathers of which are of a bright and shining mahogany colour. While engaged in his more sacred official duties, he did not fail to look out for the new faces of such visitors as might be present; and at the conclusion of the mass, as we were retiring from the cathedral, he followed us, and intimated that if we would return at one o'clock, he would uncover for our inspection the two pictures of Rubens—the '*Descent from the Cross*,' and '*the Elevation of the Cross*'—which, in a spirit of unrighteous parsimony, were concealed behind a curtain, not so much to protect them from the dust, as to obtain a gratuity for their exhibition. We, however, for the present declined his offer; because, although the service was concluded, many of the congregation still retained their seats; and we observed that other religious ceremonies were commencing in some of the side chapels.

Here, in reference to these side chapels and other subdivisions of the Catholic church, we may explain, for the information of those who have not visited the continent, that the plan or interior distribution of these sacred edifices is for the most part similar. At the east end, in conformity with the ancient custom of praying towards the east, is the high altar; opposite to which, at the western extremity, is the organ; and the intervening open space, or middle of the church, is called the nave. On each side of the nave, flanking the walls, are the aisles, which are vaulted, and frequently, as in the Antwerp cathedral, supported by a triple row of pillars. On either side of these aisles are the chapels just mentioned, which are recesses or partitions against the walls, generally railed in and separated from each other. Originally, they were, in the primitive churches, designed for little cells or gladiers, into which persons could retire for reading, meditation, or prayer; they now bear the name of the saint to which they are individually dedicated; and each is provided with an altar, and often adorned with interesting sepulchral monuments and very fine pictures. They are used for private worship; and the masses conducted in them—sometimes, but not always, with the assistance of a priest—are independent of the congregation which may be present. During high mass, the altars in these chapels are frequently seen lighted up with small wax tapers, and these more private ceremonies of devotion are at the same time going on. Across the nave runs a division north and south, called the transepts, which was added by the early Christians to the Roman church for the purpose of laying out the ground-plan in the shape either of a Greek or Roman cross. In the Greek cross, the four arms are equal; in the Latin, the arms are higher up on the trunk, so as to correspond more nearly with the proportions of the human body. Above the intersection of the transepts with the nave a dome is frequently introduced; and on each side of the choir a chapel,

* *Véritable Origine des Biens Ecclesiastiques. Par M. Rozet. Paris, 1790.*

dedicated, one to the Virgin, the other to the holy sacrament. At the upper or east end of the nave is the choir, which is somewhat raised above the surrounding area of the church, and entered by a flight of steps. It is usually separated from the nave by an ornamental balustrade; and its pavement is inlaid with marbles of various colours, and often very finely tessellated. The altar part is under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of the cathedral, and is appropriated to the higher order of the priests and deacons. The other part, from the high altar to the end of the choir, is occupied by the inferior clergy, and often by part of the instrumental band and singers who assist in the choral service. On each side are seats or stalls for the use of the priests and deacons, which are throughout the Netherlands, constructed of oak, and finely carved into sculptural designs, often of figures as large as life, and very elaborate basso-relievos. In almost every choir is a reading-desk, called a *lectane*, made of brass, in the shape of an eagle, with wings expanded to support the sacred volume. We have often wondered that the eagle should have been selected as a type for this purpose, and have been frequently told that it was adopted from the Romans; but we find from Ducange that the lectane was made in this shape to designate St John the Evangelist, who is generally represented with an eagle behind him. The pulpit of the church, which is used only for the delivery of sermons, is also, throughout the Netherlands, constructed of oak, very frequently carved in a wonderful manner, so as to represent certain portions of holy writ; and it is so placed in the nave, that the congregation, listening to the preacher, shall look towards the east. The sacristy corresponds with the vestry of Protestant churches; and here the treasures of the church, the costly symbols and sacramental vessels, the rich vestments of the priests, and the relics of saints and martyrs, are preserved in safety. When, however, the church possesses the service of its patron saint—which may be described as an ark-shaped box or case, in which the remains of the saint are supposed to be deposited—so valuable a relic is kept immediately behind the high altar.

To return—for without some notion of the interior distribution of a Catholic church, the visitor on the continent will find himself continually at fault—the Antwerp cathedral, in its dimensions and proportions, is a magnificent edifice. The length of the nave, the height of the roof, the immense number of pillars which support the Gothic arcades of the aisles, produce an effect of extreme architectural solemnity; and when we remember that, in its ancient state, before the frenzied spirit of revolution had pillaged its treasures and dismantled its walls, the side chapels were adorned with altars of finely-sculptured marble, surmounted with most valuable paintings,—that not only the high altar, but several other altars, were of solid silver, enriched with sacred emblems and sacramental vessels, including the costly ostensorio presented to the church by Francis I., and mounted with diamonds and precious stones, which were the gifts of other sovereigns, and of inestimable price: and when we furthermore picture to ourselves the immense dome, lighted up by lustres beaming from no less than one hundred chandeliers of massive silver, illuminating the pictured walls and monuments around, we can easily imagine that, when Philip II. here held a chapter of the Golden Fleece—which order was instituted by him at Bruges in honour of his marriage with Isabel of Portugal—so august a ceremonial, attended as it was by several sovereigns and princes, and an immense concourse of nobles richly attired, with their escutcheons waving upon silken banners over their heads, must have presented a most gorgeous spectacle. But it is to be remembered that these towns of the Netherlands were then the most influential cities in Europe; and as they now exist, we do not behold them in ruins, but have the more melancholy satisfaction of entering their churches, their town-halls, and palace-like houses as they then existed;

so that the very streets still retain the architectural peculiarities and beauties of the middle ages. So great was the commercial intercourse between Antwerp and other parts of Europe, and its port was often so much crowded with vessels, that each successive fleet had to wait long in the Scheldt before it could obtain admission to discharge its cargoes. The opulence of this and other towns in Brabant and Flanders was such, that the rich burghers often outrivalled, in the ostentation of their wealth, the pageantry of sovereigns. The taste for prodigality and luxury extended through all classes of society, so that the good citizens in private lived in the most costly manner. They dressed themselves, men and women, in the most expensive fashion. Velvet and satin, silk and damask, were the ordinary material of their clothing; and gold, and silver, and precious stones, were such common articles of decoration, that we are informed that the harness even of their horses sparkled with brilliants that cost immense sums. Among the ladies, this passion for display was carried to the highest extent. Hence, when the queen of Philip the Fair of France visited Bruges, astonished at the splendid display around her, she is said to have exclaimed with a feeling of wonder, not unmixed with a little womanly envy, 'I thought myself the only queen, but I see six hundred who appear more so than I.'

Upon leaving the cathedral, our attention was directed to a curious sort of iron canopy over a well, which was, we are informed, chiselled into this fantastic shape by Quentin Metsys, without the assistance of either a hammer or a file. To the history of this celebrated artist a romantic story is attached, which may give this iron monument of his skill an interest it would not otherwise possess, for it is by no means very ornamental. At an early age Quentin Metsys lost his father, and his mother being in very indigent circumstances, he supported her upon the wages of his hard-earned industry—for Quentin was a blacksmith, and toiled laboriously at his trade, in which he often displayed great ingenuity and taste, which are sufficiently evinced in the very elegant and elaborate balustrade of his workmanship that may be seen in the college of Louvain. That he was a dutiful and good son, is certain, for when—being of delicate health—sickness disabled him from working at the forge, he supported his mother by making those little metal images of saints which it was the custom, on the occasion of the procession of lepers, to distribute among the people. But nature had destined Quentin Metsys for a higher calling, which was curiously brought about by his being, while yet a youth, crossed in love. In the town of Antwerp lived an artist who had a very pretty daughter, of whom Quentin became so much enamoured, that he offered himself to her in marriage; and although she was nothing loath—for he had already won her consent—her father interposed his authority, refusing his child to be wedded to a worker in vile metals. Stung with disappointment, and determining to overcome an objection so humiliating, Quentin Metsys threw aside his hammer, forsok his anvil, and applied himself diligently to the study of the fine arts. And in this instance love's labour was not lost; for, cheered by the secret encouragement of his lady-love, he soon acquired such proficiency, that one day, upon entering the study of her father, who had just finished a picture of the fallen angels, which is still in the cathedral, he, unnoticed by anybody, took up the brush and painted a bee on the thigh of the angel, which was so naturally and delicately sketched, that the proud old artist on his return started with astonishment. 'How came the little insect there?' forthwith he made inquiry; and discovered that the rejected blacksmith had renounced his early calling, and instead of being a son of Vulcan, was now transformed into a son of Apollo. He soon gave further evidence of his great abilities, and was rewarded by the hand of the

lady of his love. Thus did Quentin Metsys not only 'win his Genevieve, his bright and beauteous bride,' but became eventually one of the most distinguished artists in Flanders. But, after all, poor Quentin lived in stormy times; and upon his death, being considered an heretic, his remains were refused interment under the nave of the cathedral, and he was therefore buried without its precincts, immediately under the western portals of the church, upon the adjoining wall of which is a stone tablet inscribed to his memory; and by the side of his epitaph is the following Latin verse:—*Conubialis Amor de Mulibre fecit Apellem.*

We did not return to our hotel without pausing to admire the exterior architecture of the cathedral, which, on the side of the Place Verte, is blocked up by the immediate contiguity of a row of houses, so that the tower and spire are the principal objects of attraction. The open stone-work of the spire gives it a very light and elegant appearance, but it hardly deserves the encomium of Charles V., who observed that it should be kept under a glass-case; or the observation of Napoleon, that it has the appearance of being worked in Mecklin lace. Those who have seen the spire of the Strasburg cathedral—which, for lightness and elegance, and exquisitely minute workmanship, may be considered the marvel of architecture—will not hold it in such very high estimation. Still, it is a very beautiful object. Our guide, an intelligent lad, requested us to observe particularly its very great height, and also the newly-gilt weathercock upon its top, in which we saw nothing very remarkable, until we were informed that upon certain gala-days, as a sign of very great public rejoicing, some heroic aspirant to fame mounts to the top of the vane, and strides, saddle-fashion, across 'the bird of early dawn.' This wonderful feat, he added, was performed when her majesty Queen Victoria passed through Antwerp on the occasion of her late visit to the king of the Belgians; but we suspect that this was only a dwarfish miracle in comparison with that performed by a celebrated rope-dancer, who, when Isabel of Bavaria, on the occasion of her marriage, entered Paris, swung himself down from the tower of Notre-Dame to the bridge below—the Pont au Change—holding in one hand a lighted torch, as it was night, and in the other a wreath of flowers, which he planted so dexterously on the queen's head, and then so suddenly reascended to the tower, that neither her majesty nor any of the royal party perceived whence she had received the floral diadem.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHITE AND BROWN BREAD.—UNFERMENTED BREAD.

SEVERAL years ago, we threw out the surmise that the separation of the white from the brown parts of wheat grain was likely to be baneful to health. We proceeded upon theoretical grounds, believing that Providence must have contemplated our using the entire grain, and not a portion only, selected by means of a nicely-arranged machinery. It struck us forcibly, that to go on, for a long course of years, thus using a kind of food different from what nature designed, could not fail to be attended with bad consequences. We have since learned that our views have some recognised support in science. The following paragraph from a recent pamphlet* will at once serve to keep the subject alive in the minds of our readers, and explain the actual grounds on which the separation of flour is detrimental:—"The general belief," says the writer, "is, that bread made with the finest flour is the best, and that whiteness is the proof of its quality; but both these opinions are popular errors. The whiteness may be, and generally is, communicated by alum, to the injury of the consumer; and it is known by men of science that the bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with the

refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die. The meal of which the first is made contains all the ingredients necessary to the composition of nourishment of the various structure composing our bodies. Some of these ingredients are removed by the miller in his efforts to please the public; so that fine flour, instead of being better than the meal, is the least nourishing; and, to make the case worse, it is also the most difficult of digestion. The loss is, therefore, in all respects a waste; and it seems desirable that the admirers of white bread (but especially the poor) should be made acquainted with these truths, and brought to inquire whether they do not purchase at too dear a rate the privilege of indulging in the use of it. The unwise preference given so universally to white bread, led to the pernicious practice of mixing alum with the flour, and this again to all sorts of adulterations and impositions; for it enabled bakers, who were so disposed, by adding more and more alum, to make bread made from the flour of an inferior grain look like the best or most costly, or to dispose of it accordingly; at once defrauding the purchaser, and tampering with his health. Among the matters removed by the miller are the larger saline substances, which are indispensable to the growth of the bones and teeth, and are required, although in a less degree, for daily repair. Brown bread should, therefore, be given to nurses, and to the young or the growing, and should be preferred by all, of whatever age, whose bones show a tendency to bend, or who have weak teeth. It is believed that brown bread will generally be found the best by all persons having sluggish bowels, and stomachs equal to the digestion of the bran. But with some it will disagree; for it is too exciting to irritable bowels, and is dissolved with difficulty in some stomachs. When this happens, the bran should be removed, either wholly or in part; and by such means the bread may be adapted, with the greatest ease, to all habits and all constitutions."

Mr Smith, in his late remarkable work on Fruits and Farinacea as the food of man, gives some illustrations of this doctrine. 'Bulk,' he says, 'is nearly as necessary to the articles of diet as the nutrient principle. They should be so managed that one will be in proportion to the other. Too highly nutritive diet is probably as fatal to the prolongation of life and health, as that which contains an insufficient quantity of nourishment. It is a matter of common remark among old whalers, that, during their long voyages, the coarser their bread, the better their health. "I have followed the seas for thirty-five years," said an intelligent sea captain to Mr Graham, "and have been in almost every part of the globe; and have always found that the coarsest pilot-bread, which contained a considerable portion of bran, is decidedly the healthiest for my men." "I am convinced, from my own experience," says another captain, "that bread made of the unbolted wheat meal is far more wholesome than that made from the best superfine flour—the latter always tending to produce constipation." Captain Dexter of the ship Isis, belonging to Providence, arrived from China in December 1804. He had been about 190 days on the passage. The sea-bread, which constituted the principal article of food for his men, was made of the best superfine flour. He had not been long at sea before his men began to complain of languor, loss of appetite, and debility. These difficulties continued to increase during the whole voyage; and several of the hands died on the passage of debility and inanition. The ship was obliged to come to an anchor about thirty miles below Providence; and such was the debility of the men on board, that they were not able to get the ship under weigh again; and the owners were under the necessity of sending men down from Providence to work her up. When she arrived, the owners asked Captain Dexter what was the cause of the sickness of his men. He replied, "The bread was too good."

*Instructions for Making Unfermented Bread, by a Physician. London: Taylor and Walton. 1846.

The primary object of the pamphlet already quoted, is to explain a mode of making bread without the use of yeast, the raising process being accomplished by carbonate of soda and muriatic acid. The formula recommended for bread made of *wheat meal* (that is, the flour of entire grain) is—wheat meal 3 pounds avoirdupois, bicarbonate of soda, in powder, 4½ drachms troy, hydrochloric acid 5 fluid drachms and 2½ minims or drops, water 30 fluid ounces, and salt $\frac{1}{2}$ of an ounce troy. 'Bread made in this manner,' says the writer, 'contains nothing but flour, common salt, and water. It has an agreeable natural taste, keeps much longer than common bread, is more digestible, and much less disposed to turn acid. Common bread, like everything that has been fermented, ferments easily again, to the great discomfort of many stomachs; and not only so, but as "a little heaven leavens the whole lump," it communicates a similar action to all the food in contact with it. Unfermented bread being free from this defect, is beneficial to those who suffer from headache, acidity, flatulence, eructations, a sense of sinking at the pit of the stomach, or pain after meals, and to all who are subject to gout or gravel. It is also useful in many affections of the skin. These remarks apply to both varieties of the bread, but especially to the brown, which is further invaluable to all who are liable to constipation from torpidity of the colon, or large intestines—the common infirmity of the sedentary, and of those who have been accustomed to oatmeal diet in their youth.'

Of unfermented bread we know nothing besides what is stated in its favour in this pamphlet, excepting that an intelligent friend assures us of his having experienced much benefit to his health from the use of it during the last twelvemonth. It is certainly, however, very desirable, for another reason, that unfermented should be, as far as possible, substituted for fermented bread. At present, owing to the process of fermenting this aliment, the life of the operative baker is one of the most slavish known in our country. It is distressing to think of the misery and hardship incurred by a portion of our fellow-creatures in producing the bread laid on our tables every day. We used to associate sugar with the blood and tears of the negroes: we might, with equal justice, connect hot rolls and snowy loaves with the sleepless, harassed lives of a portion of our own population. Could we agree to use unfermented bread, the slavish life of the baker would be at an end, for bread could then be made in two hours, where eight are now necessary.

It is hardly necessary to point out that unfermented bread, being produced at less expense of labour, would in that measure be cheaper to the public. A reduction of price would arise from another cause. By the use of the chemicals, there would be a saving of ten per cent. in the flour. 'In the common process,' says the pamphlet, 'much of the saccharine part of the flour is lost by being converted into carbonic acid and spirit; and this waste is incurred solely for the purpose of getting carbonic acid to raise the dough. By the new method, the waste is avoided, and the gas obtained in a manner equally beautiful and efficacious—another striking instance of the successful application of chemical philosophy to the arts of life.'

SPECTRE WITNESSES.

MUCH as the disembodied spirits of the dead have associated themselves with men's actions, it is a rarity to find the intercourse between the world of life and that of spirits forming an item in official and practical business, and holding a place in the record of its transactions. The conflict of intellects in the practical business of life is a great exorciser of evil spirits; and while the strong-minded, the educated, and the learned, in the solitude of cloisters, in old graveyards, in caverns, or on 'blasted heaths,' have every now and then professed to be visited by apparitions, twelve of the most superstitious men in the world, empanelled as a jury, would

hardly be found to attest a ghost story by a verdict returned in open court. Defoe, it is true, presents to us the history of a murderer who, in giving false evidence against an innocent man, is confronted by the ghost of the victim, with which he carries on a dialogue in open court, ultimately fatal to his conspiracy. But the ingenious writer leaves it undetermined whether the spectre was supposed to be present, or the diseased imagination of the perjurer murderer, working upon his organs of sight, had called up the impression, and made the suggestions of his evil conscience. Like those of Macbeth, appears to be embodied before his eyes. And here, by the way, let us just note how preposterously the stage, in representing this awful instance of the force of conscience, outwits itself in the belief that it is gratifying the taste of the multitude. The true impressiveness of the guilty man's terror consists in his seeing what the onlookers see not. 'The table is full,' but to him only—not to the worshipping guests, or to his own iron-nerved wife. Yet at this moment, in the usual performance of the piece, some big stout man, dressed in tartans, with his throat painted to represent its being cut, stalks in and seats himself right in front of the audience, who should see the ghost of Banquo only reflected in the horror that distorts the countenance of Macbeth.

To return to our immediate subject. Sir Walter Scott having discovered, in the criminal records of Scotland, a trial for murder, in which some information received from the ghost of the murdered man was a part of the evidence, thought the record of sufficient interest to be printed for the Bannatyne Club, with the title, 'Trial of Duncan Terig alias Clerk, and Alexander Bayne Macdonald, for the Murder of Arthur Davies, Sergeant in General Guise's regiment of foot, June 1774.' The sergeant was commander of a small party, employed in the obnoxious duty of enforcing the act against the Highlanders carrying arms and wearing their native costume. He was stationed at Breemar, where the quantity of game on the surrounding hills tempted him to make solitary sporting excursions. The spot where he met his death was on the hill of Christie, one of the range of mountains which extends from the Dee in Aberdeenshire towards the Spital of Gleshee, in the firs of Angus. It is at this day a savage and solitary district, where human habitations or cultivated lands are hardly to be met with, and a body might lie in the deep heather till the flesh fell from the bones ere the usual course of chance might bring a visitor to the spot. We may have some idea of the sergeant's character from the testimony of his widow. He seems to have been a fearless, frank, good-natured man, fond of field-sports, and well to do in the world. The wealth he carried about his person would not now be often found with one of his standing; but from Pickling's novels, and other sources, it is pretty clear that a sergeant in the army occupied a much higher social position in that age than in the present.

The most important portion of the widow's testimony was thus given:—'Her husband was a keen sportsman, and used to go out a-shooting or fishing generally every day. When he went along with the party on patrol, he sent the men home, and followed his sport. On other occasions, he went out a-shooting by himself alone. He was a sober man, a good manager, and had saved money to the value of about fifteen guineas and a-half, which he had in gold, and kept in a green silk purse, which he enclosed within a leathern purse, along with any silver he had. Besides this gold, he generally wore a silver watch in his pocket, and two gold rings upon one of his fingers, one of which was of pale yellow gold, and had a little lump of gold raised upon it, in the form of a seal. The other was a plain gold ring, which the deponent had got from David Holland, her first husband, with the letters D. H. on the inside, and had this prey on it—'When this you see, remember me.' Sergeant Davies commonly wore a pair of large silver buckles in his shoes, marked also with the letters D. H. in the inside,

which likewise had belonged to her said former husband; as also he wore silver knee-buckles, and had two dozen silver buttons upon a double-breasted vest, made of striped linsteing. He frequently had about him a folding penknife, that had a brown tortoiseshell handle, and a plate upon the end of it, on which was cut a unicorn, or some such device, with which he often sealed his letters. One day, when he was dressing some hooks, while the deponent was by, she observed he was cutting his hat with his penknife, and she went towards him and asked what he meant by cutting his hat? To which he answered that he was cutting his name upon it. To which the deponent replied, she could not see what he could mean by putting his name upon a thing of no value, and pulled it out of his hand in a jocular way; but he followed her, and took the hat from her, and she observed that the A. was then cut out in the hat; and after he got it, she saw him cut out the letter D., which he did in a hurry, and which the deponent believed was occasioned by the toying that was between them concerning this matter; for when she observed it, she said to him, you have made a pretty sort of work of it by having misplaced the letters. To which he answered that it was her fault, having caused him to do it in a hurry. The hat now upon the table, and which is lying in the clerk's hands, and referred to in the indictment, to the best of her judgment and belief is the hat above-mentioned. She never has seen neither the said sergeant, the green silk purse or leathern purse before-mentioned, nor the buckles for his shoes or knees, watch, or penknife, since he marched from his quarters with the party at the time at which he is supposed to have been murdered. On Thursday, being the day immediately preceding Michaelmas, being the 28th of September 1749, her husband went out very early in the morning from Dubrach, and four men of the party under his command soon after followed him, in order to meet the patrol from Glenshee; and in the afternoon, before four o'clock, the four men returned to Dubrach, and acquainted the deponent that they had seen and heard him fire a shot as they believed, at Tarmatans, but that he did not join company with them. At the place appointed they met with a corporal and a party from Glenshee, and then retired home. Her husband never returned. She has never met with anybody who saw him after the party returned from the foresaid place, excepting the corporal who that day commanded the party from Glenshee, who told her that, after the forementioned party from Dubrach had gone away from the foresaid appointed place, Sergeant Davies came up to him all alone, upon which the corporal told him he thought it was very unreasonable in him to venture upon the hill by himself; as for his part he was not without fear, even when he had his party of four men along with him, to which Sergeant Davies answered, that when he had his arms and ammunition about him, he did not fear anybody he could meet. Her husband made no secret of his having the gold before-mentioned; and upon the many different occasions he had to pay and receive money, he used to take out his purse and show the gold; and even when he was playing with children, he would frequently take out his purse and rattle it for their diversion, from which it was generally known in the neighbourhood that the sergeant was worth money, and carried it about him. From the second day after the sergeant and party went from Dubrach as aforesaid, when the deponent found he did not return, she did believe, and does believe at this day, that he was murdered; for that he and she had lived together in great amity and love as any couple could do that were married, and he never was in use to stay away from her; and it was not possible he could be under any temptation to desert, as he was much esteemed and beloved by all his officers, and had good reason to believe he would have been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major upon the first vacancy. The body had lain for nearly a year before it was discovered. Of the state in which it was found, and the

alleged appearance of the sergeant's ghost to the witness, Alexander Macpherson alias Macgillis, the following is an account in that person's own words, as his evidence has taken down in court:—

'In the summer of 1750, he found, lying in a moss-bank in the hill of Christie, a human body; at least the bones of a human body, of which the flesh was mostly consumed, and he believed it to be the body of Sergeant Davies, because it was reported in the country that he had been murdered in that hill the year before. When he first found this body there was a bit of blue cloth upon it, pretty entire, which he took to be what is called English cloth; he also found the hair of the deceased, which was of a dark mouse colour, and tied about with a black ribbon; he also observed some pieces of a striped stuff; and found also lying there a pair of brogue buckles, which had been made with latches for buckles, which had been cut away by a knife. By the help of his staff, he brought out the body, and laid it upon plain ground; in doing whereof, some of the bones were separated one from another. For some days he was in a doubt what to do; but meeting with John Growar in the moss, he told John what he had found, and John bade him tell nothing of it, otherwise he would complain of the deponent to John Shaw of Dal-downie; upon which the deponent resolved to prevent Growar's complaint, and go and tell Dal-downie of it himself; and which having accordingly done, Dal-downie desired him to conceal the matter, and go and bury the body privately, as it would not be carried to a kirk unken, and that the same might hurt the country, being under suspicion of being a rebel country. Some few days thereafter he acquainted Donald Farquharson of his having seen the body of a dead man in the hill, which he took to be the body of Sergeant Davies. Farquharson at first doubted the truth of his information, till the deponent told him that, a few nights before, when he was in bed, a vision appeared to him as of a man clad in blue, who told the deponent, "I am Sergeant Davies;" but before he told him so, the deponent had taken the said vision, at first appearance, to be a real living man, a brother of Donald Farquharson's. The deponent rose from his bed, and followed him to the door, and then it was, as has been told, that he said he was Sergeant Davies, who had been murdered in the hill of Christie near a year before, and desired the deponent to go to the place he had pointed at, where he would find his bones, and that he might go to Donald Farquharson and take his assistance to the burying of him. Upon giving Donald Farquharson this information, Donald went along with him, and found the bones as he had informed Donald, and then buried them with the help of a spade, which he (the deponent) had along with him: and for putting what is above deposed on out of doubt, deposes that the above vision was the occasion of his going by himself to see the dead body, and which he did before he either spoke to John Growar, Dal-downie, or any other body. While he was in bed another night, after he had first seen the body by himself, but had not buried it, the vision again appeared, naked, and minded him to bury the body; and after that he spoke to the other folks above-mentioned, and at last complied, and buried the bones above-mentioned. Upon the vision's first appearance to the deponent in his bed, and after going out of the door, and being told by it he was Sergeant Davies, the deponent asked him who it was that had murdered him, to which it made this answer, that if the deponent had not asked, he might have told him, but as he had asked him, he said he either could not, or would not; but which of the two expressions the deponent cannot say. But at the second time the vision made its appearance to him, the deponent renewed the same question; and then the vision answered that it was the two men now in the panel [at the bar] that had murdered him. And being further interrogated in what manner the vision disappeared from him first and last, deponent that, after the short interviews above-mentioned, the vision at

both times disappeared and vanished out of his sight in the twinkling of an eye; and that, in describing the pannels by the vision before-mentioned as his purderers, his words were, "Duncan Clerk and Alexander Macdonald;" depones that the conversation betwixt the deponent and the vision was in the Irish language."

The idea of an English sergeant, even in the exalted form of a spirit, being able to speak Gaelic, startled the judges and jury, although, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, there is no greater stretch of imagination in supposing a ghost to speak a language which the living person did not understand, than in supposing it to speak at all. The other evidence against the prisoners was very strong; but this consideration as to Macpherson's deposition seems to have thrown a discredit over the whole case, and a verdict of acquittal was the consequence. A German would now suggest that phenomena of this kind are not wholly objective or external to the beholder, but partly subjective, and taking a character from himself, so that the English sergeant might really appear to the seer to speak 'as good Gaelic as ever was heard in Lochaber.' But such considerations were not likely to occur to a Scotch criminal court in the middle of the eighteenth century.

A book, privately printed under the title of 'Notices relative to the Bannatyne Club,' as appropriate to Sir Walter Scott's volume, gives an account of a case in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, where the appearance of a spectre was attested in an action as to a will.

William Briggs said that Thomas Harris died in September 1790. In the March following he was riding near the place where Thomas Harris was buried, on a horse formerly belonging to Thomas Harris. After crossing a small brook, his horse began to walk on very fast; it was between the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the morning; he was alone; it was a clear day; he entered a lane adjoining to the field where Thomas Harris was buried; his horse suddenly wheeled in a pond of the fence, looked over the fence into the field where Thomas Harris was buried, snarled, snatched the bridle, and neighed very loud. Witness then saw Thomas Harris coming towards him in the same apparel as he had last seen him in his lifetime; he had on a sky-blue coat. Just before he came to the fence, he varied to the right, and vanished. His horse took the road.

We give some other instances of delusions or impostures having some resemblance to our Highland ghost story, in Sir Walter Scott's words:—

In the French *Crausés Célèbres et Intéressantes*, is one in which a countryman prosecutes a tradesman, named Anguier, for about twenty thousand francs, said to have been lent to the tradesman. It was pretended that the loan was to account of the proceeds of a treasure which Mirabel the peasant had discovered by means of a ghost or spirit, and had transferred to the said Anguier, that he might convert it into cash for him. The defendant urged the impossibility of the original discovery of the treasure by the spirit to the prosecutor; but the defence was repelled by the influence of the principal judge; and on a charge so ridiculous, Anguier narrowly escaped the torture. At length, through with hesitation, the prosecutor was nonsuited, upon the ground that if his own story was true, the treasure, by the ancient laws of France, belonged to the crown. So that the ghost-seer, though he had nearly occasioned the defendant to be put to the torture, profited in the end nothing by his motion.

This is something like a decision of the great Frederick of Prussia. One of his soldiers, a Catholic, pretended peculiar sanctity, and an especial devotion to a particular image of the Virgin Mary, which, richly decorated with ornaments by the zeal of her worshippers, was placed in a chapel in one of the churches of the city where her votary was quartered. The soldier acquired such familiarity with the object of his devotion, and was so much confided in by the priests, that he watched for, and found, an opportunity of possessing

himself of a valuable diamond necklace belonging to the Madonna. Although the defendant was taken in the manner, he had the impudence, knowing the case was to be heard by the king, to say that the Madonna herself had voluntarily presented him with her necklace, observing that, as her good and faithful votary, he had better apply it to his necessities than that it should remain useless in her custody.

"The king, happy of the opportunity of tormenting the priests, demanded of them whether there was a possibility that the soldier's defence might be true. Their faith obliged them to grant that the story was possible, while they exhausted themselves on the improbabilities that attended it. "Nevertheless," said the king, "since it is possible, we must, in absence of proof, receive it as true in the first instance. All I can do to check an imprudent generosity of the saints in future, is to publish an edict, or public order, that all soldiers in my service who shall accept any gift from the Virgin, or any saint whatever, shall, *eo ipso*, incur the penalty of death."

JOTTINGS ON TEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Medical Times translates the following observations by Dr Bleisicht in *Oesterreichische Zeitschrift*:—"On the Chemical and Dietetic Relations of Tea."—Two Arabs, who travelled in Eastern Asia in the ninth century, even thus early spoke of tea: in Europe it did not become known before the seventeenth century. Dutch travellers brought it from China in the year 1600. In 1666 Lord Arlington took the first pound of tea into England, having bought it in Holland for £3. In 1763 Lancensis obtained, after seventeen unsuccessful attempts, a living tea-plant from China, which blossomed at Upsala in the year 1765. The tea shrub is very closely related to the camellia. Left to itself, it attains a height of ten or twelve feet; in a cultivated state it is kept as low as five or six feet, in order to facilitate the growth of the branches and the tea-gathering. Linnaeus distinguished two species: the green tea (*thea viridis*), which is stronger and higher, grows in China as far as the 10° to 45° north latitude; and bohea tea (*thea boba*), which is smaller, and only cultivated as far as the 27° to 28° north latitude. In China, the tea prospers best at the south side of hills near small rivers; in Japan, it is cultivated on the borders of fields. The tea is sown; the shrub furnishes three good annual harvests for a term of three to seven years. The first, gathered in February or March, only yields fine shoots, which are little developed; this is the best sort, and is called imperial tea. The leaves and shoots collected in April are less esteemed. In the third harvest, in May or June, the coarsest leaves are cut off and sorted; after this the leaves are left on the shrub. For the purpose of drying, the leaves are laid on iron pans, and exposed to a moderate heat in little stacks: they discharge a caustic yellowish green juice. When dried, they are rolled with the hands; sometimes they are laid on a fine sieve, and exposed to hot watery vapours till they are moistened, and then they are dried as before. This tea, obtained by the dry method, is said to be the black tea; that obtained by the moist method, the green tea. Others maintain the reverse of this to be the case. It is also asserted by some that both sorts are dried in the sun, only that the green is exposed for a shorter time than the black. Many teas are made odoriferous by the admixture of different species of camellias. In England, the Chinese tea is adulterated with ash, hawthorn, and other leaves.

The chemical constituents of tea are volatile oil, tannic acid, and theine; the other constituents are those commonly found in the leaves of vegetables. The tea owes its smell, and part of its effects, to its volatile oil. The tannic acid blackens the salts of iron, as the tannic acid of oak. The theine is the most remarkable constituent. Pellet has lately discovered in tea a larger quantity of theine, besides some caseine, both of which are azotised substances. The use of carbonate of soda is advantageous in the preparation of tea, as it is in that of coffee; it increases the power of drawing the extract out of the leaves, makes the infusion stronger, and gives it a better taste. In the ashes of tea the author found oxide of iron and argilla, and draws from this circumstance the conclusion, that the shrub grows and thrives on ferruginous and argillaceous soils, which are also in other respects favourable to the formation of ammonia, and of the azotised caseine and theine.

In using tea, most persons only consume those parts which are to be extracted by water, particularly the ethereal oil, the tannate of theine, gum, and most of the soluble salts. But the tea is not exhausted by a single infusion in boiling water; at least one-third of the soluble constituents remain in the leaves, with the greatest part of the cascine. Carbonate of soda dissolves the cascine, and therefore materially increases the strength of the beverage. The theine is composed of eight atoms of carbon, four atoms of nitrogen, ten atoms of hydrogen, and two atoms of oxygen. In those countries where tea is very generally taken (as England and Holland), diseases of relaxation and emolliation prevail, particularly among the female sex. Tea considerably increases the sensibility of the whole nervous system, and relaxes the digestive canal; but it certainly possesses some nutritive power, in consequence of containing two azotised substances—theine and cascine. The increased secretion of uric acid and bile, subsequent to its use, shows its medicinal effect. The Chinese use the tea-Bun-leaves as an emetic. Fresh tea acts, according to Percival, like opium and henbane on the nerves, and like foxglove on the function of the heart and arteries. Those men who are engaged in unpacking tea are very liable to become paralytic: the exhalations of tea produce headache, giddiness, &c. Vessels of porcelain are the best for extracting the constituents of tea; and tin boxes should always be used for preserving it.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RESOLUTION.

'Resolution,' says a writer, 'is omnipotent.' And if we will but solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities; and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but 'seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort,' we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aids and means are of little worth; but with it, even the weakest are mighty. Without it, we shall accomplish nothing with it, everything. A man who is deeply in earnest, acts upon the motto of the pickaxe on the old seal: 'Either I will find a way, or I will make one.' He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who, when told on the eve of battle that circumstances were against him, replied, 'Circumstances! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them.' In self-cultivation, as in every thing else, to think we are able, is almost to be so; to resolve to attain, is often attainment. Everywhere are the means of progress, if we have but the spirit, the fixed purpose to use them. And if, like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto: 'Higher—for ever higher!' we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it; and so he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolution, burning like living fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness; and, like the star in the east to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer and still nearer to the sum of all perfection. If we are but fixed and resolute—bent on self-improvement, we shall find means enough to it on every side, and at every moment; and even obstacles and opposition will but make us like the fabled 'spectre-ships,' which sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind.'—*Self-Culture*, by Rev. Tryon Edwards.

VEGETABLE DIET.

It has been established by nature, on the best grounds, that our nourishment should be used in form rather coarse—securing full mastication and insalivation, and a longer retention in the stomach. Plain simple food only promotes moderation and longevity, while compounded and luxurious food shortens life. The most extraordinary instances of longevity are to be found among those classes of mankind who, amidst bodily labour and the open air, lead a simple life according to nature—such as farmers, gardeners, &c. The more man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer will he live; the further he deviates from them, the shorter will be his existence. Rich and nourishing food, and an immoderate use of flesh, do not prolong the instances of the greatest longevity are to be found among men who, from their youth, lived principally on vegetables, and who perhaps never tasted flesh.—*Itinerary*.

POETS.

'Poeta nascitur, non fit'—
A hackneyed adage, ancient writ,
Which, though to question liable,
Has met with men most pliable,
Who, having faith, would seem to scorn
A poet made as well as born;
Nevertheless, be it our aim
To show that poets worth the name—
Poets in very deed and truth,
Undoubtedly have need of both.
The man must first be born a bard,
And then be made, or can't be heard:
Like as the seed of any plant
Is first complete, without a want;
The root is there, and the stem too,
The leaf and flower, in embryo;
And yet, who in the seed can see
Ought but the capability?
'Twould sorely prove of nothing worth,
Wanting fit soil to bring it forth.
Just so the poet. Reader, this
Is not our own hypothesis;
Or, if our own original,
The notion others have as well
(But in their contemplations,
Not those associations).
For Gray speaks of a Milton mute,
Inglorious, who, beyond dispute,
According to the poet's view,
Was born, but wanted making too.
If this be right, here we shall see
Most palpable deficiency,
And find him of his glory shorn—
No poet, though a poet born.
The point of error seems to be,
In weighing things abstractedly.
Considered thus, we must demur
To say, 'Poeta nascitur';
We cannot say, 'Poeta fit,'
For that is quite as far from right;
But, as it is remarked above,
Poets must both together prove;
Therefore be thus the proverb writ,
'Poeta nascitur et fit.'

W. B. S.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—SONNET.

ALAS! that man, to whom God's grace hath given
To rule o'er all created things below,
Which walk the earth or with the waters flow,
Should so abuse the gift of bounteous Heaven,
As to behave more like the beasts, which, driven
By passions wild, no ruth or pity know,
Than one in whom the plants ethereal grow
Of reason and of conscience; which, like heaven,
Should permeate the mass of human deeds,
And give man's life and character a mark
Of gentleness; which, when some sufferer bleeds,
Would stay, and to its sad, dumb, moanings hark,
Rather than cause or see what'er exceeds
Of needless suffering the infliction dark.

C. F.

PHYSICAL FACTS.

As an instance of the adaptation between the force of gravity and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers hang with the hollow of their cups upwards; others 'hang the pensive head,' and turn the opening downwards. The positions in these cases depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which support the flower, or, in the case of the *euphorbia*, the germin. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cups, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have, therefore, here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth, greater or smaller, denser or rarer, than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the footstalks of all the little flowers that hung their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in thus considering the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health.—*Whewell*.

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A DAY AT DE LA RUE'S.

'WHERE to, sir?' said the cabman, touching his hat, and leaning from the box. 'Bunhill Row.' In a moment I was off, and very speedily found myself hurrying through Clerkenwell, towards that curious and classic labyrinth of streets composing the north-east division of the metropolis. The difficulties of Chiswell Street and Barbican were passed, and I was set down at a port-cocher, the limit of my excursion, as the good early hour of eleven sounded from St Paul's.

It was a visit of curiosity. I wished to see one of the most remarkable establishments in London—an establishment which could only flourish in the midst of a great and wealthy people—De la Rue and Company's manufactory of fancy stationery. The art of writing letters is pretty nearly as old as the hills; but, till within the last twenty years, there was no such thing as a tastefully-got-up epistle. There was a deficiency in the *mécanique* of letter-writing. In Norway, at the present day, when a person wishes to write a note, he cuts a piece from a large sheet of paper; and something of this sort was prevalent in England forty or fifty years ago. It was considered a great advance in taste when a paper-maker at Bath got up what he called his 'Bath post'—a smooth yellow paper, quarto size, with a small stamp in the corner of the sheet. Matters remained at this point till a comparatively recent period, when the whole business of the stationer underwent a rapid and most extraordinary change—the establishment of the penny post alone causing the introduction of many new auxiliaries to epistolary correspondence. It cannot but be interesting to know who has led this great movement—who has filled the ladies' writing-cases with finely-tinted note papers—who has given to the world the envelope, the enamelled calling-card, and the numerous other elegancies which now fill the shop-window of the stationer. Different active spirits have contributed their respective inventions in this useful department of art, but the master-mind has been that of Thomas De la Rue. Mr De la Rue is a native of Guernsey, and was bred to the business of a printer. He afterwards abandoned this profession, and was engaged for a number of years in London as a manufacturer of straw-hats. In consequence of the successive changes in fashion, which ended in the general disuse of straw for bonnets, this ingenious person was several times ruined; but, possessing a boundless buoyancy of temperament, and with inexhaustible inventive faculties, he always alighted on some fresh novelty, and recovered his former position. Finally, driven from straw, he fell upon the idea of making bonnets of embossed paper. This was a great hit; but ladies soon discarded paper hats, and Mr De la Rue, for ever abandoning bonnets, took up the card and paper trade. He had now a wide

field before him, and, in the preparation of various little articles, excited and cultivated the public taste. At the end of twenty years, we find him the elder member of a company, with which are associated two of his sons. What was once a small and obscure concern, is now the largest of the kind in the world.

Entering by the large gateway of this interesting establishment, I was, by the kindness of one of the partners, conducted over the several departments of the works—the whole nestling in a cluster of old edifices, and forming an amusing hive of industry; steam-engines, machinery, and animated beings, commingling in restless and varied movement. The purpose of nearly all that strikes the eye, is to cause paper to assume new forms and appearances. Of this article, forty-five thousand reams, valued at £30,000, are consumed annually—a quantity so great, that it would require three mills for its production. Of the other articles used, such as colours, oils, varnishes, leather, and gold and silver leaf, the value may be set down at from £10,000 to £12,000. I hope it is not trespassing on confidence likewise to mention that even the money paid for gas amounts to £400, and for coal £600 per annum. The coal is employed principally in furnaces for the steam-engines, of which there are two, one of eight, and the other of fifteen horse-power. With steam-pipes from the furnaces, the whole establishment is safely and economically heated. It will perhaps afford still more impressive considerations of the completeness of the arrangements, when I observe that the first place into which I was conducted was a large apartment devoted exclusively to the making and mending of machines. Here, at massive iron planing tables, and turning apparatus, I found five or six engineers busy at work, preparing lately-invented machines of different kinds. Mr Warren De la Rue, by whom some of the most ingenious machines have been constructed, superintends this and other mechanical departments. This young gentleman mentioned to me that they could not possibly conduct their business with satisfaction and profit, unless they had always ready at hand the means of repairing and making machinery; the time lost and trouble expended in getting this species of work done out of the house would be tormenting and ruinous.

Adjoining this department is a mill-like apparatus for grinding colours, and materials for enamelling; and further on, in two upper apartments, is a laboratory, with retorts, mixtures, and a store of bottles sufficient to set up a chemist's shop: here is also a clientel library of French and English books, which are in constant requisition. It is deemed somewhat of a favour to be admitted to this department; for many projects for executing new and peculiar tints and surfaces, likewise processes for electrotyping, not generally known, are here daily in operation. The electrotyping, which is

carried on by means of large troughs full of the appropriate liquids, is employed to multiply casts of any engraved or otherwise figured surface. Mr De la Rue has carried his ingenuity so far in this branch of art as to produce an electrotype plate, in copper, from the finest lace, and has hence been able to impart the effect of lace to printing in colours. How curious that a piece of delicate tissue, taken from a lady's cap, can, by means of troughs, acids, and other materials, along with electric action, be made to produce a solid plate of copper from which the pattern of the original can with facility be printed! Instead of using wax for taking moulds, *gutta percha*, a newly-discovered substance from Borneo, has here lately been introduced. It partakes principally of the nature of caoutchouc; but with this is combined a certain *finisanceous* quality, and it therefore retains impressions better than preparations of India-rubber.

By the electrotyping process, a very small piece of engraving can be multiplied to any extent; and therefore, supposing we wish the surface of a sheet of paper to be printed all over with a continually-repeated pattern—for example, the patterns on the backs of playing-cards—we need only engrave a single square inch: having got the electrotype repetitions of the original, they are all soldered together, and the sheet of printing surface is formed. Of what immense value to the arts is this discovery, any one can form an opinion. Mr De la Rue, however, is proud of his wire-cloth inventions than of any improvements he may have introduced into the process of electrotyping. In order to produce printing in colours, like the checks of tartan, or any other diversity of lines, he has succeeded in forming, by means of the Jacquard loom, a cloth of brass wires, each wire being a type, so to speak; and the cloth being fixed on a block, it gives an impression of great clearness and beauty. The cross-lined coloured papers which one sometimes sees in the fly-leaves of books, and on the backs of cards, are effected by this ingenious application.

So far I have spoken only of things of a preparatory nature, and yet the list is not half exhausted. Above the electrotyping room is one occupied with die-sinkers and engravers—men busy with hammers, punches, and chisels, executing objects to be employed in some of the more elegant kinds of printing. Besides these artists, many individuals, I was told, were employed out of doors in designing patterns. On this branch, indeed, some of the best artists in London are occasionally engaged. Novelty and taste are never for a moment neglected. Mr De la Rue mentioned to me that he sometimes gives as much as £20 or £30 for the drawing of a design not larger than your hand. The best classic models of antiquity are sought out, and so likewise have there been procured some of the most tasteful designs after Saracenic originals. Perfect novelty, however, is a governing principle. The object of the concern is to maintain a high character for originality—to copy from no one, English or continental. Formerly, in England, few or no manufacturers thought of going to the expense of employing designers, and consequently designers did not exist amongst us. In the chief manufacturing towns there might have been here and there a dissipated man of genius, who, when he could be laid hold of quite sober, would, for a guinea or so, furnish a design, such as it was; but there was no principle in the thing, and almost every manufacturer copied from French originals; the more enterprising among them bribing French workmen to send early copies of what they had begun to execute. The necessity of competing with continental manufacturers in the home market, consequent on the late free-trade measures, has, among respectable men, put an end to this meagre and haphazard state of affairs. Every respectable tradesman, anxious to avoid following among the mere herd, not only employs skilled designers, but is constantly racking his brains how he is to maintain his place in the market. It sounded

new to me, in general principles of trade, to be told that no man can now expect great success in any fancy manufacture, *unless he competes with himself*. Competition with others would do him no longer. The true art consists in not waiting to be stimulated by rivalry, but in bringing out fresh novelties at proper times, one after the other, and so gaining a command, as it were, over the public taste. I was taken with this idea of Mr De la Rue; it showed him to be a master in his craft.

Having been conducted through the preparatory departments of the establishment, I was now introduced to what forms a principal branch of manufacture. This is the making of playing-cards, which engages a considerable number of hands, and several machines and presses. The figures on playing-cards are among the earliest things mentioned in the history of printing; and there they are, with scarcely any alteration, till the present day. While the figures, however, remain pretty much what they were, there has been a great advance in the mode of manufacture, and also in the quality of the card. Formerly, the figures were stencilled in water-colours; and some makers, it is believed, still continue this clumsy process. Mr De la Rue, some years ago, introduced the improved plan of printing the cards with inks, or colours in oil, by which means no degree of rubbing or moisture of the hand can move the figures. At one time, playing-cards were plain on the back, now, they have generally backs printed with fanciful figures; and therefore each side of the card requires its own appropriate printing. Let me first speak of the face. A sheet of paper, containing forty cards, is printed at once. If the card have figures of only one colour—as, for instance, all spades, which are black; or all hearts, which are red—then one impression is sufficient. But if there be several colours, as in the case of the honours, each has a separate impression from a differently-engraved block; the last impression completing the figure. In executing a knave of clubs, for example, they first print his eyes, and other parts about him which are blue; an impression from a second block fills in the reds; a third imparts the yellows; a fourth the flesh colour of the face; and a fifth gives the blacks. Each court-card, therefore, requires to go through the press five times; but, to save trouble, a large quantity of one colour are executed at a time. Sheets for the backs of the cards are printed in a similar manner, but on paper which has been tinted in making.

The printing of playing-cards, numerous as are the impressions they must undergo, is but a small part of the manufacture. Having seen the printed sheets carried away to the drying-room, we proceeded to the pasting process. This was a greater novelty to me than printing. I was first taken into a side-room, where were several women mingling together sheets of paper of different qualities, according to certain prescribed arrangements. When a pile of sheets was completed, it was carried away to the pasting-room. Here there were two long tables, with a number of men at work. Each of these had on his left a pile of the mingled sheets, and on his right a tub of paste. Lifting a sheet with his left hand, and laying it on the bench before him, he speedily smeared it over with the great paste-brush he held in his right; next were laid down two sheets, only the uppermost of which was pasted; and thus there arose a great pile of pasted sheets, with unpasted intervals. The whole operation was performed in a rapid and business-like way, with all the regularity of a machine. The brush, which seemed to be made of soft bristles, was as large as the bosom of a housemaid, but without any handle; and I was assured that so methodic do the men become in their movements, that the brush in each case performs precisely the same curvilinear evolutions. In this manner, from year's end to year's end, do these men work away with their great broad pasting-brushes, constructing the internal part of playing-cards. Coarse as this branch of labour appears, it is reckoned one of skill, and is accordingly well-paid. The weekly wage of a good paster is about two pounds;

some can realise as much as fifty shillings. The making of the paste is a separate branch; men being constantly employed in an adjoining room, over huge cauldrons, preparing this material, which chiefly consists of fine flour; but a substance like whiting is also infused, in order to give solidity to the card. The quantity of flour consumed annually is four hundred sacks, from which two hundred gallons of paste are prepared and used daily.

The pile of sheets, while dripping wet, being taken from the paster, is placed in a hydraulic press, and being there subjected to a hard pressure, the sheets become well squeezed together. A long row of hydraulics stands behind the pasters for this purpose. The sheets are afterwards separated into boards, and hung up to dry. The pasting of the figured sheets to the front and back of the board is a final operation; and when this is done, every board consists of forty cards. There is yet, however, much to be effected in the way of drying, smoothing, and cutting. The drying-room is an extensive series of vaults, to which I was let down by an apparatus called a *lift*. The moist boards being dropped down in large quantities by this machine, are hung on poles, and dried by the heat of five hundred feet of iron pipes, through which steam from the engine is blown. To ventilate and remove the moisture from the vaults, a fan is kept constantly rotating and propelling air at the rate of 2000 cubic feet per minute. Having undergone a due baking in this warm and airy oven, the boards are lifted to a second floor, to which we shall follow them.

The second floor exhibits a busy scene of rolling and other apparatus, with great quantities of pasteboards and sheets in different stages of advancement. When a card-board reaches this department, it is for the purpose of being rendered perfectly smooth on the surface. Some persons would think that this end could be best effected by at once passing the boards under the severe pressure of metal rollers. This is a natural, but erroneous idea. On looking with a microscope at the surface of a card-board just come from the drying-room, it is found to consist of a series of small protuberances or hillocks. Now, if these were at once flattened by rollers or other means, the tops of the hillocks would be crushed down partly over the intermediate valleys, leaving minute portions of the valleys uncrushed; consequently, in shuffling cards, one would, to a certain extent, catch on another. To avert this, the card-boards are, in the first place, burnished all over with a rapidly-revolving brush, which searches into every hollow, and sweeps away any loose particles of matter. The next step is to level both sides by rollers; but here, again, a remarkable principle in mechanics is observable. Two surfaces smoothed in the same manner will not glide over each other so well as if they be smoothed differently. In smoothing the card-board, therefore, it is passed between two rollers, the lower of which is of metal, and the upper of paper; both are equally smooth, but they impart a certain variety in the dressing, to cause a sufficiently easy gliding of the cards, face and back. The paper roller is prepared in a way which no one could expect. A great pile of sheets being pasted together, squeezed to the hardest possible consistency, and dried, the mass is fixed on a spindle, and turned on a turning-lathe; the result is a smooth, round beam, the surface of which consists entirely of edges of paper, but the whole of as close a texture as a piece of finely-polished wood.

The operation of finishing is not yet by any means over. After being taken from the smoothing rollers, the boards are transferred to an apparatus for giving them a wash of certain kinds of liquid, the object of which is to harden them, and render them impervious to the moisture of the hand. Following the principle already alluded to, the wash, which has a glazing effect, is of a different kind on the two sides, although to the naked eye the gloss is the same on both. These washes being dried, the card-boards are placed between sheets

of brass, and passed, a few at a time, betwixt mill-rollers. They are now carried to a hydraulic press for flattening; and here, having been subjected to a pressure of a thousand tons, they are taken out in the hard, flat, glossy condition in which they come under the eye of the public.

Removed from the pressing-room, the boards next migrate to the cutting apparatus. With this machine a man cuts them, individually, first into long slips, and next across into single cards. With such accuracy is this operation performed, that although the cutter turns out 20,000 cards in a day, all are of precisely the same dimensions. The sorting into qualities next takes place, and requires much sharpness of hand and eye. Inspected minutely as they pass through the hand, they are thrown into three heaps, from one of which are made up packs called *Moguls*; from the second are made up *Harrys*; and from the third *Highlanders*. The *Mogul* cards are of prime quality and highest price; they have no speck or flaw on either back or face. The *Harrys* have each a single speck on the back or face; and the *Highlanders* have one or more specks on both sides. Why the portraits of the Great *Mogul*, *Henry VIII.*, and that of a *Highlander*, should have been adopted as a cognisance on packs of playing-cards, I have not heard explained.

To complete the history of the manufacture, I might say something of the wrapping-up, the paying for engraved aces of spades to government, and the exportation of untaxed packs; but all this may be left to the imagination; and it is enough to say, that of one kind or other, the concern I am speaking of makes and sells a hundred thousand packs annually. The quantity of cards paying duty issued by the different makers is, I believe, about two hundred thousand packs in this year, besides which, probably double the quantity are made and exported duty free. The consumption of playing-cards in the United Kingdom is, to all appearance, stationary, notwithstanding the continual increase of population; it would, however, be rash to ascribe this altogether to a gradual diminution of card-playing propensities. It is believed that there is a prodigious sale of cards with surreptitious stamps; and it is Mr De la Rue's opinion, founded on a knowledge of the trade, that, were the duty reduced from a shilling to threepence per pack, the government would derive ten times the amount of revenue from this branch of manufacture.

At one time Russia was one of the best customers in Europe for playing-cards; but this trade is now at an end, in consequence of that country having engaged in the manufacture itself; nor, judging from the quantity it makes away with, does this step seem unreasonable. In Russia, card-playing is a universal amusement, and will in all probability continue to be so while the people remain illiterate, and political speculation is attended with danger. To supply the demand for cards, the government took the fabrication of the article into its own hands, and with much liberality not only purchased from Mr De la Rue a knowledge of the manufacture, but induced his brother to take the entire charge of the establishment in which the cards are made. The quantity of cards thus made annually for Russian consumption is a million of packs, the profits on the sale of which are devoted to charitable purposes.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the manufacture of playing-cards, but it will be understood that visiting and other kinds of cards are made much in the same manner. Of all the varieties of cards which exist, playing-cards were the original type. Forty or fifty years ago, the only blank cards in use were the *patents* or other waste of cards for playing, and it was on trimmed morsels of this waste that visitors were in the habit of inscribing their name when they made a call. The fashion of leaving cards having at length established itself among our national customs, small blank cards of a superior kind were made on purpose, and now we find every variety which can be desired. Latterly, ena-

melled cards, have been in vogue, and the making of these has become an important branch of Mr De la Rue's manufacture. So, likewise, has the making of railway tickets of late assumed a more than ordinary importance. Nearly all the railways in the United Kingdom procure their tickets from this establishment, each having its own pattern as respects colour and device. The card-boards for these tickets are cut by boys with such rapidity, that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. The aggregate quantity of tickets produced by the establishment is at present a million and a half weekly.

From the card-making department I was led into that which is devoted to the preparing of post-office and other envelopes; but I must postpone what I have to say on that interesting branch till another occasion.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

It has latterly become so much the fashion to laugh at what has been termed the wisdom of our ancestors, that it is with some hesitation, and almost as if treading on interdicted or deserted ground, that we would venture to recall a specimen of their proverbial lore, and to relate some instances of the protection we have seen afforded to the indiscreet and unwary by the indulgent, though scarcely logical maxim, 'A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind.' And yet it is a refreshing thought, in this working-day, scrambling, elbowing world, where every slide-backward gives room for the step-forward of another, and each mistake is a misfortune, to remember that there did exist a good old holiday time when proverbs were invented to cover unpremeditated faults, and when, as if by a magic spell, of which each heart acknowledged the potency, murmurs were hushed and suspicion cleared away by the utterance of a little sentence, simple and undemonstrative indeed, yet eloquent even to the present hour in conveying to our imaginations a picture of the blundering, cordial kindness of more primitive times, and, from habit and association, not entirely divested of its power in our own.

Many a saying might have been chosen, evincing more shrewdness and practical knowledge of the world, though hardly a more trusting or a kinder; but, without arguing on its merits, we confess our present selection to be influenced by an early partiality acquired for this proverb, when, long before acting them had become a fashionable amusement, it was our fortune to witness a twofold performance of the adage, attended in each instance with undoubted, though somewhat dissimilar success.*

The first representation was exhibited at a dinner given by a cross and particular old bachelor, who prided himself on the precision of his household arrangements, and the excellent order of his establishment. We were seated round the table, the soup had been swallowed in silent approval, the fish with equal success had followed, and a remove was about to be placed before the master of the house, when the unlucky domestic who carried it suddenly tripped and fell, dish, cover, and contents 'in one fell ruin blent.' Portentous thunder gathered on the brow of our host, a low growl preceded its utterance, and the guests were beginning to exchange glances of discomfort at this sudden interruption of their har-

mony, when one of them, as ready-witted as good-natured, looking over the back of his chair, perceived the prostrate joint to be a tongue, and quietly remarked that the servant should be excused, as 'A slip of the tongue was no fault of the mind.' Amidst the burst of laughter which followed this happy suggestion, the offence was forgotten, the good-humour of our host returned, a fresh impulse was given to conviviality, and the entertainment became distinguished in a degree most gratifying to the vanity of the entertainer.

But amongst the guests there was one who, both from character and appearance, would have been imagined of all others the least likely to appreciate a witty remark, and who yet evidently enjoyed this one far beyond the rest. It might have been that his good-nature exulted in the servant's escape, or his love of ease in deliverance from the threatened storm, or else the memory of his host's irascible countenance was ludicrously impressed on the retina of his imagination; however this may be, he retained the joke long after the rest had forgotten it; and several times during the evening, to the surprise of his nearest neighbours, the fat sides would shake with stifled mirth, while over and over again he would murmur, in merry mood, 'A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind.'

His turn to give an entertainment—for in those good old days hospitality was an established rule—soon came round, and we were fortunate enough to be included in the invitations; rather singularly too, for, with our exception, the company was entirely different from the former party, and though the variety was perhaps not altogether pleasing, yet our host was a host in himself: there he sat, his usually bland and smiling countenance now actually beaming as he hurried through the preliminary courses with an ill-suppressed impatience, which seemed to promise something super-excellent in reserve. The turbot had been ordered away, in the opinion of some with needless expedition, and expectation was now on full stretch for its successor, when, just as the dish was about to be placed on the table, once more to our surprise the servant, with a sort of deliberate awkwardness, stumbled forward, and down rolled an enormous piece of beef upon the floor.

Our host shouted with delight, rubbed his hands, and vociferated, 'A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind.' The guests stared at him and at each other with astonishment, in which all sense of the ridiculous was lost in the apprehension that their worthy friend had suddenly taken leave of his senses. He, absorbed in his own enjoyment of the joke, failed to perceive how little it was relished by the company, until at last leaning back exhausted, and wiping his eyes, he noticed for the first time the blank countenances on either side of him. 'Eh! what is the matter?' exclaimed he: 'why are you not all laughing?' and without waiting a reply, he proceeded to relate the bon-mot of the former entertainment, adding, in the half-jealous tones of disappointed rivalry, 'I asked you all, and threw away my fine piece of beef, that we might have the laugh over again, and here you look as solemn as if you were invited to a funeral!'

The look, the tone which accompanied this confession, were alike irresistible, and the laugh which immediately re-echoed through the room amply compensated for former dulness; the worthy alderman's countenance once more expanded, he accepted the mirth excited by his blunder as a tribute to his wit, and, forgetful of his candid explanation, believes to this hour that no scene could have been better managed, no applause

* The anecdote which immediately follows we have seen many years ago in some collection of such facetie. Yet we have no reason to doubt that our correspondent, the writer of the article, is in earnest when he talks of having been present when the facts took place.—E.

better deserved, than that which followed his much-admired impromptu.

Our attention thus early turned to this proverb, it has often since then seemed to cross our path, and ever, by its benignant influence, assisting to avert or neutralise the consequences which too often result from 'an idle word'—a word perhaps spoken in heedless inattention, the half-unconscious utterance of some pre-occupying thought, and yet capable of producing effects as important as if they had been the development of some premeditated plan. We can remember making one of a large Christmas party—a family party, including aunts, uncles, and cousins to the third degree, old and young, grave and gay. Shortly before dinner, one of the busy-bodies ever found in such a collection made her way to the dressing-room of Mrs Raymond, the lady of the house, and with an exceedingly long face remonstrated with her for having invited a certain individual, as nothing could be more *mal-à-propos* than to have him thrown into the society of one of the young ladies of the party, there being undoubtedly an attachment between them, unactioned and unsuspected by her parents. This theme was so forcibly enlarged on, that the listener felt aghast at the idea of having involuntarily afforded facility to an affair described as clandestine and reprehensible, and went to dinner, her fair brow somewhat clouded, and her mind full of the details to which she had just been compelled to give her attention.

Her inward comfort was not much increased when, glancing down the table, she perceived the accused parties in juxtaposition at the lower end, both looking most intelligibly happy. Her thoughts became so engrossed by this contretemps, that, in speaking to her young cousin, she addressed her from the far end of the table as 'Jane Wallis,' unintentionally designating her by the name she would have borne had she and her admirer been already united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The young girl hesitated whether to answer, colouring deeply with painful consciousness, while Mrs Raymond, quite unconscious of her mistake, reiterated again and again, with some slight impatience, the question and the name. Tears were rising to poor Jane's bright eyes. Some of the relations, who half-suspected how matters stood, smiled significantly, while two or three of the youngsters laughed outright. Mrs Raymond at last perceiving something had gone wrong, looked round for explanation, and was only recalled to a sense of her indiscretion by encountering the astonished, half-indignant glance of Jane's mamma, who murmured, in reproachful accents, 'Maria! what can you mean?'

With blushes and confusion Mrs Raymond in vain tried to apologise. An angry spot had fixed itself on more brows than one; and an apparently trivial circumstance might have ended in a serious family quarrel, had not a good-natured old uncle come to her relief, and, interposing our favourite proverb, exclaimed, 'Come, come, 'tis not worth thinking of; 'twas only a slip of the tongue, and we all know that is no fault of the mind.'

Mrs Raymond's eyes silently thanked her warm-hearted advocate; and finding him thus able to influence opinion, the young people also retained him on their side. In the explanation which inevitably ensued, he proved the case to be much less desperate than the busy-body had anticipated. A full confession was made, parents were indulgent, friends lent a helping hand, and when, at the next festival, the family party re-assembled, they all felt more united than ever. The young girl was again addressed as 'Jane Wallis,' and this time there was 'no mistake.'

Thus surely—surely our forefathers were right when they invented this charitable little covering for a fault whose punishment springs at once from the heart, and of all others requires least correction from without?—the annoyance, the awkwardness, the ridicule, are visited on the *absent* one in a tenfold degree. Honour,

then, to the old-fashioned kindness which disarmed them of their sting, and silenced the darker charge of malice before it could be made!

But of all verbal errors, that from which the perpetrator awakes of his own accord to a half-dreamy consciousness that he has made some blunder, which is all the while believed, and about to be acted on by his too credulous auditors, is the most distressing and perplexing. He doubts, yet feels too uncertain to contradict his first statement: he winds up his courage to the point of self-accusation, then retreats on the hope that he may be right after all, and his conscientious struggles are suppressed by the expediency of 'letting well alone,' until at last some convincing fact brings him to a late confession, and leaves him the victim of his 'world's, dread laugh.'

A friend of ours, a young Englishman, was appointed to a lucrative situation in a wild and remote district of Ireland, where national habits and prejudices prevailed in a more than usual degree. Amongst other customs strange to him, he remarked that the inhabitants seemed universally to take a pride in perpetuating what he considered their semi-barbaric patronymics, and, as the most effectual method, invariably converted them into Christian names. To our friend Frank Nesbitt, however, they savoured of anything but Christianity: as surnames, they were puzzling enough; but the second edition made confusion worse confounded; and every introduction seemed to offer a fresh personification of 'the two single gentlemen rolled into one.' For instance, there were Connor O'Neil, and Neil O'Connor; Gerald Fitzmaurice, and Maurice Fitzgerald; Donough O'Brien, and Brien McDonough; in short, there was no end to those friendly transpositions, and a less persevering spirit than Frank's would have given up in despair the idea of forming a correct list of his acquaintance. Not so with him, however. Nothing daunted, he made a point of conquering the difficulty, and soon arrived at the degree of actually priding himself on the precision with which he steered his intricate way. But we have the best authority for knowing that pride goes before a fall. 'What's in a name?' is an interrogatory more easily made than answered; and Frank, before long, found to his sorrow that it was a very important question indeed.

There was a family in the neighbourhood whose acquaintance he considered particularly desirable, and, as usual in such a case, he found particular obstacles in the way. Visits had been exchanged, but always with the ill fortune of finding the parties from home; invitations had met with the same untoward fate; and an occasional meeting at the house of some mutual friend was the only progress he had hitherto made. These interviews, however, increased his anxiety for further intimacy: so at last, resolved to make assurance sure, he mounted his horse one fine day, and arrived at Overton Hall at the unreasonable hour of noon, and was rewarded for the exertion by finding the family for once at home, and, in addition, apparently quite surprised by their early visitor. A rush across the hall told of slippers and papillotes; doors were slammed, garments rustled, and quick footsteps hurried away; and Frank was at length admitted, and ushered into the drawing-room, quite provoked with himself for what looked almost like intrusion, and full of disappointment at this sudden disenchantment of his own particular dream.

But as he entered the apartment, all evil surmises quickly vanished. He found it occupied by the very person who at the moment engrossed his thoughts, and who, we may as well at once acknowledge, was the magnet that had attracted him all along. Self-possessed, and with somewhat of distant politeness, *Gertrude* Blake laid by her work to receive him, at the same time desiring the servant to acquaint her father with Mr Nesbitt's arrival; and Frank felt at once convinced that, whatever confusion his unseasonable visit might have caused, it certainly had not extended to the fair inmate of that room. Her simple morning dress, so elegantly

neat, her shining hair, her quiet occupation, all told of habits too confirmed to feel interruption from any casual visitor, however early; and Frank was already quite ashamed of his suspicions, and beginning to discard them as entirely unfounded, when again the door was thrown open, and, accompanied by her husband—overdressed, be-flounced, be-ringed, and panting from the recent labours of the toilet—the real fugitive made her appearance in the portly person of Gertrude's step-mother, the second Mrs Blake.

Both she and Mr Blake entered the room, impressed with the idea that a visit at that hour from a person with whom they were scarcely acquainted could only be one of business; so, after the first greetings and usual commonplaces were exchanged, there was a pause of expectation on their part, interrupted at last, by Frank himself, who with some trivial remark endeavoured to renew the conversation; but the owners of the house were prepared to listen, not to talk, and felt it would be quite superfluous and unmannerly to prolong any subject which might lead away from the point at issue. Thus effort after effort on Frank's part died away: he inwardly pronounced them the most stupid beings in existence; and instead of starting fresh subjects, would have started himself, were it not for the occasional support he received from Gertrude, who now and then, with a word or a smile, relieved the awkwardness, and encouraged him to remain. But this heedless courtesy was soon checked by a frown from her stepmother; and, in obedience to the signal, the long, bright curls swept the embroidery frame, as her fair head was bent over it, to be raised no more. Paganini being the only person we ever heard of who could produce much harmony from one string, we must not wonder that Frank Nesbitt's solitary efforts were at last disconcerted: impatience on the other side was fast conquering politeness, and a few moments more might have introduced remarks more inquisitive than satisfactory, when suddenly recollecting a piece of news he had heard that morning, Frank exclaimed in a tone of animation rather unsuitable to the subject, 'Did you hear of Donnough O'Brien's death? He was killed by a fall from his horse out hunting yesterday.'

In his eagerness to communicate some piece of intelligence, Frank entirely overlooked the possible consequences. But had a shell exploded in the quiet apartment, it could hardly have produced a greater commotion. His attention was first arrested by an exclamation from Gertrude, who, with pale cheek, and eyes opened to their fullest extent, gazed at him for a moment, then colouring deeply, bent in silence over her work again. Mr Blake gave him a glance of intelligence, which plainly said, 'At last the murder is out!' though at the same time it seemed to say that their curiosity might have been relieved with less abruptness. But all was nothing in comparison of the effect on Mrs Blake. She was just that sort of overgrown, florid, unwieldy-looking person, to whom any sudden agitation is overwhelming; and before a word could be spoken, or a question asked, she had fallen back in her chair, the thick gurgling sound of her sobs burst upon the ear, violent hysterics succeeded, and, amidst a scene of confusion and agitation, her husband, assisted by Gertrude, bore her from the room.

Frank remained behind, quite thunderstruck with this sudden change of affairs. No word of explanation had passed, no time had been given for apology, and feeling that though his conversation could no longer be considered uninteresting, it would surely be condemned as unfeeling, he awaited Mr Blake's return with some anxiety, to remove that impression. But matters were apparently very serious; for though he lingered more than an hour, and saw servants occasionally hurrying to and fro with much bustle and excitement, yet no one came near him; so, concluding himself forgotten, he was about to take his departure, full of self-reproach for his thoughtlessness, when Mr Blake re-entered the

The old gentleman apologised somewhat coldly for his lengthened absence, saying that he could not leave Mrs Blake, as she had been quite overpowered by the sudden news of Mr O'Brien's death, who was a particular friend and favourite of hers, and indeed a distant relation, but that she was now rather more composed, and he had left her to Gertrude's care.

Frank expressed his regret truly and earnestly at having spoken so inconsiderately; and then with some surprise Mr Blake became aware that the intelligence had been given quite inadvertently, as a mere piece of gossip, and in perfect ignorance of the sensation it was likely to produce. The formality of his manner vanished at once, and partly compassionating Frank's evidently genuine distress, and partly amused at his dilemma, he hastened to reassure him, and begged he would not give himself any further annoyance on the subject. 'Indeed, my dear fellow,' he frankly added, 'we took it for granted your early visit was purposely to break to us the news of this unpleasant casualty; and I was surprised, and I may now say half-angry, at your want of caution; but I am quite glad to find myself wrong, and that you know nothing of the connexion. You must come out some other day, and make your peace with Mrs Blake. As to Gertrude, I believe you will find that no difficulty; for, to tell you the truth,' continued he, growing quite confidential, 'it was one of my wife's favourite plans to bring about a match between her and O'Brien. I may mention it, now that the poor fellow is gone; but I know my daughter was a good deal teased on the subject; and though I did not like to interfere, still it lessens my regret.'

With varied feelings Frank listened to this communication. As Gertrude's dimples and hazel eyes flitted across his memory, he might have echoed her father's concluding words, and said, 'It lessens my regret;' and could Mr Blake have read his heart at that moment, he might not so easily have acquitted him of *malice prepense*; but fortunately we do not walk this world with glass windows in our bosoms, so there was perfect unsuspicion in the grasp with which he shook his young friend's hand at parting, and entire cordiality in his tone, when, as if to make amends for former injustice, he invited him to come soon again, and spend any day that he had nothing better to do.

Frank rode away, and for a mile or two proceeded with some rapidity, as if to leave behind the memory of the unpleasant scene he had occasioned, and the feelings it had called up in his own breast; but relaxing his speed at the foot of a long ascent, he found himself leisurely recalling the circumstances of his visit, and reverting to their original cause. Suddenly the thought darted into his mind, was it really Donnough O'Brien who was killed? or was it some other one of those provokingly similar names he should have said? He started at the idea, and tried to repel it as an absurdity. But it would intrude, and the more he pondered, the more uncertain he grew; at one moment confounded as he considered the consequences of such a mistake, at the next laughing at it as a trick of the imagination. He again accelerated his horse's pace, and eagerly looked out for some acquaintance to put him out of a suspense that was becoming almost intolerable; but, as it happened, he did not encounter one familiar face, and his agitation increasing at every step, he was several times on the point of accosting some stranger with the inquiry which now entirely engrossed his thoughts. Fearful, however, of committing himself further, he refrained; and at last, just at the entrance of the town where he resided, he met a friend, and hardly returned his greeting before he hastily bolted out the question, and had his worst apprehensions confirmed by the answer given, with some surprise, in the negative.

'Nonsense, man,' he replied vehemently; 'he is dead, I am sure: he must be dead: he was killed out hunting yesterday.'

His friend looked at him for a moment, as if doubtful of his sanity, then answered quietly, 'You are quite

mistaken, Nesbitt. Brien McDonough was killed; I am to be at the poor fellow's funeral to-morrow; but I was speaking to O'Brien not an hour ago: he was perfectly well, and going to dine at Blake's to-day! 'Tis said he has a fair attraction there. Believe me,' added he laughing, 'he is alive and well, and not the sort of man to let you kill him with impunity.'

There was no longer any room for incredulity. Frank hurried home, and, in addition to his morning's murder of Domough O'Brien, committed a wholesale breach of the sixth commandment, by fervently wishing every Mac, O', and Fitz, fathoms deep in the bog of Allen. The following morning he was called on, and would have been called out, by O'Brien, had not Mr Blake modified his anger by quoting our proverb. Its acknowledged authority influenced opinion, and even saved Frank Nesbitt, on being acquitted as a slanderer, from being convicted as a fool. The 'tip' of the tongue being granted, Mr Blake contended that 'it was no fault of the mind,' and thus doubly saved his young friend's reputation.

But he was condemned, during O'Brien's visit, to feel that he cut rather a silly figure while congratulating the man on his revival, whom he had slain with a breath, and listening to his humorous description of the sensation caused by his arrival at Mr Blake's. He had to laugh at the joke, though it was no joke to him when he encountered the history of his blunder in every circle he entered. His good temper and light heart, however, carried him through all, even through the difficulty of making his peace with Mrs Blake. For some time he did not dare to venture into her presence; but at last he received information that her prejudice had been overcome by the influence of an unexpected ally. A flag of truce was extended, and under that fair banner he was soon able to set all ridicule at defiance, and to return the witticisms of his acquaintance with the assurance that 'those may laugh that win.'

It was a saying of Catherine le Medicis, that a false report, believed for three days, might save a nation. She had studied human nature, and knew it well. So, as little things may be compared with great, Gertrude Blake experienced the truth of the maxim, and made such good use of her three hours' mistake, as to render her position for the future impregnable. In the first excitement of feeling, mutual confidence arose between her and her really warm-hearted stepmother, and the latter mingled with her lamentations for her friend sincere contrition for having persecuted Gertrude on his account, and faithfully and voluntarily promised never to interfere on such a subject again.

We need hardly add, that O'Brien found it impossible to regain the footing he had lost. His hopes were dead and buried, though he himself survived. So, as in his country a prophetic import is attached to the accidental report of a death, he left its fulfilment to his departed prospect, and sought for consolation in another quarter. Frank soon occupied the vacant ground; and in proportion to the declension of O'Brien's interest, his gained the ascendant. Gertrude Blake, with her usual animation, undertook his defence. She found herself a gainer by his error, and, in gratitude, could not allow him to suffer loss; so she lectured him on genealogy, and offered to teach him the brogue; laughed to himself at his blunders, and excused them to others. Her lessons daily became more attractive, her pupil more interested; until, under such tuition, he at last declared himself 'more Irish than the Irish!' and in the end fully convinced his fair instructress in the first instance, and through her the neighbourhood at large, that though their acquaintance had commenced with a 'slip of the tongue,' he could speak most effectually to the purpose when once he had a mind.

Lord Bacon has observed that 'the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs.' Let us trust that our present generation, in the midst of its improvements and acquirements, may not, in deeming itself wiser than the ancients, entirely reject

the character thus established by a good old race, or despise the warm-hearted kindness which must have prompted our homely proverb, and the charitable forbearance it may opportunely enjoin.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

HARVEY AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

It has not unfrequently happened that, at wide intervals of time, certain speculative or inquiring minds have had glimpses of a truth—of some great natural fact. They have seen an effect, without being able to trace it to a cause—a portion of an outline, of which they were unable to make a finished picture. A long descent through many brains has seemed to be necessary for the entire elaboration of the principle; and although there may be something grand and startling in the discoveries which at times flash upon the world as the result of hazard, yet those which have been the work of thought, observation, deduction, and experiment, carried on laboriously through many years, forcing their way, as it were, into existence, are not the less worthy of our respect and admiration.

The history of the discovery of the circulation of the blood by our countryman Harvey, presents itself as an interesting illustration of the views here thrown out. Constituting, as it did, a fact of the highest importance in the human economy, giving a new form and purpose to physiological science, it nevertheless met with the usual fate of great truths, being received with ridicule, jealousy, and detraction.

William Harvey was born at Folkstone, in Kent, on the 2d of April 1578. He acquired the elements of learning at a school in Canterbury, and finished his education at Cambridge. Eldest of a family of nine, he was the only one who manifested any inclination for science. Having determined on devoting himself to medicine, he set out, at the age of nineteen, on his travels to France and Germany, visiting the principal anatomical schools on his way to Italy, in which country he studied anatomy for some years under the celebrated Aquapendente, founder of the school of Padua. Harvey devoted himself zealously to this pursuit. Before his time, anatomy had been nothing more than a speculative science, distorted by many absurd and superstitious notions; and the hindrances opposed to the dissection of the human subject, proved a formidable impediment to more accurate or rational researches.

Aquapendente had noticed the valves of the veins in his dissections, but it does not appear that he had any idea of their real use or importance. The sight of the 'was doubtless the cause of Harvey's investigations, and moved him, as he says, to 'wonder, to find out the use of the motion of the heart; a thing so hard to be attained, that, with Frascatorius, he believed it known to God alone.' He goes on to say—'Almost all anatomists, physicians, and philosophers to this day, do affirm, with Galen, that the use of pulsation is the same with that of respiration, and that they differ only in one thing—that one flows from the animal faculty, and the other from the vital, being alike in all other things, either as touching their utility or manner of motion.' It is evident that he was not unwilling to do justice to the labours of his predecessors, for elsewhere, to use his own words, he is thinking 'to unfold such things as have been published by others; to take notice of those things which have been commonly spoken and taught, that those things which have been rightly spoken may be confirmed, and those which are false, both by anatomical dissection, manifold experience, and diligent and accurate observation, may be amended.'

Once on the track, Harvey followed it up with unflinching perseverance: new facts came to light, and cheered him on with the hope of ultimate success. 'Observing,' he remarks, 'the valves in the veins of many parts of the body so placed as to give free passage to the blood towards the heart, but to oppose the

passage of the venal blood the contrary way, I imagined that so provident a cause as nature had not thus placed so many valves without design.'

At length Harvey believed he 'had hit the nail on the head,' and having become a Fellow of the College of Physicians at the age of thirty, he was appointed professor in 1616, when he commenced a course of lectures, and for the first time modestly announced his great discovery of the circulation of the blood. Content to go no farther for a time than in the hints thrown out, he waited with patience, until time had fully matured his views, before he gave them to the world. In the year 1628, when he was fifty years old, his researches were first published at Frankfort, in a small quarto volume, entitled *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*,* dedicated to Charles I. 'In this work, as has been truly observed, "Harvey, by his genius, followed nature in her windings, and forced her to unveil herself." 'Scarcely one of the proofs which demonstrate the circulation escaped his researches; he showed it not only in certain parts, but followed it to its recesses—to the liver—where other anatomists had lost themselves. His book is one of the rare essays which exhaust the subject; it is short and comprehensive, clear and profound, dictated by reason and experience.†

He had diligently and perseveringly extended his inquiries beyond the human subject, with a view to verify his facts by comparison. The king, who, with all his errors, entertained enlightened views on science generally, placed at his physician's disposal the deer in the royal parks near London; and in addition to these, the zealous anatomist minutely examined the hearts of other mammalian animals, as well as of birds and fishes. His book contains an explanation, in clear and concise language, of the general mechanism of the circulation, and incontestable proofs of the truth of his theory. His own words will best convey the certainty and accuracy of his views. In the chapter on the action and office of the heart, he remarks—'First of all, the ear (as the auricle was then called) contracts itself, and in that contraction throws the blood with which it abounds, as the head-spring of the veins, and the cellar and cistern of blood, into the ventricles of the heart.' After its passage through the lungs and body, 'it returns to the heart, as to the fountain or dwelling-house of the body; and there again, by natural heat, powerful and vehement, it is melted, and is dispensed again through the body. The pulse of the arteries is nothing but the impulsion of blood into the arteries.'

Harvey's biographer, Dr Friend, writing on the discovery, observes—'As it was entirely owing to him, so he has explained it with all the clearness imaginable; and though much has been written on that subject since, I may venture to say his own book is the shortest, plainest, and the most convincing of any.' We find the celebrated Boyle, who was contemporary with Harvey, not less candid. He remarks in his philosophical works—'Late experiments having shown the use of the blood's circulation, and of the valves in the heart and veins (which, the famous Dr Harvey told me, gave him the first hint of his grand discovery), we at length acknowledge the wisdom of the contrivance, after it had escaped the search of many preceding ages.'

The extreme care with which Harvey must have pursued his inquiries, may be best understood by what is perhaps the most striking phenomenon in his important discovery—that of the independent motion and life of the blood itself. He noticed the gradual cessation of movement in the ventricles and auricles in dying animals, and goes on to say—'But besides all these, I have often observed, that after the heart itself, and even its right ear, had, at the very point of death, left off beating, there manifestly remained in the very blood

which is in the right ear an obscure motion, and a kind of inundation and beating.'

It might be supposed that a discovery of this nature presented nothing to shock the prejudices, or disturb the interests, of any portion of the community. Yet, as remarked in Wotton's Reflections, 'a great many put in for the prize, unwilling that Harvey should go away with all the glory.' A host of those who are 'always ready to combat facts by reasoning,' fell upon him. He was overwhelmed with contradictions from the learned, and neglected by the public generally; and as soon as his claims were contested, his practice as a physician materially diminished. Such was the acrimony of his opponents, that he was denounced to the king as guilty of improper dissections; an accusation which, had he not enjoyed the favour of the sovereign, might have been attended with fatal consequences, in a day when violent prejudices prevailed against experiments on the human subject. Many asserted that the discovery was nothing new; that it had been known long before: others contended for the honour as due to themselves; and some referred it to Hippocrates, from whom Harvey was said to have stolen it.

The ancients, in reality, knew neither the theory nor the laws of the circulation. They entertained the most absurd ideas on many physiological and anatomical points relative to this phenomenon, and were altogether ignorant of the important part played by the lungs in this great function. The Chinese were said to have been acquainted with the movement of the vital fluid from time immemorial; an assertion which appears to have solely rested on the attention always paid to the pulse by that singular people. Hippocrates is the earliest author who makes any allusion to the subject; he speaks obscurely of the usual motion of the blood and distribution of the veins. Plato represented the heart as a species of divinity, that poured out blood to every member of the body; and Aristotle, who uses the word *arteria* for *windpipe*, speaks of a recurrent motion of the blood, comparing it to the ebbing and flowing of the sea in the well-known channel of Euripus: these opinions were, however, founded on mere conjecture, not on actual demonstration. Galen, who believed that the veins originated in the liver, endows the body with 'three kinds of spirits, natural, vital, and animal, corresponding to the same number of faculties or functions.' The seat of the natural was in the liver, for the growth and support of the body; the vital he assigned to the heart, for the development and carrying about of heat; and placed the animal in the head, as the source of sensation and motion. The arteries were supposed to be nothing more than passages for air or 'spirit,' as after death they were found empty; from which circumstance they derive their name. Cicero, in his treatise, *De Natura Deorum*, has the phrase—'Sanguis per venas, et spiritus per arterias.'

These doctrines prevailed until the time of Servetus, who, better known as a theologian than physician, fell a victim to the religious fanaticism of the Calvinists of Geneva. His writings contain many remarkable facts; among others, a description of the pulmonary circulation, with which it appears he was imperfectly acquainted. His suppositions, however, were not founded on actual experiment. Like Galen, he made the body the abode of three spirits; one of which, the aerial spirit or pncuma, was seated in the heart and arteries. After Servetus, Columbus, a physician of Cremona, threw further light on the circulation through the lungs, yet he remained entirely ignorant of the part played by the arteries. To him we are nevertheless indebted for a description of the uses of the valves of the heart. He was followed by Cassalpinus, first physician to Pope Clement VIII, who held some clear views on the subject; but being continually engaged in scholastic disputes, his allusions to it are, in most cases, incidental and obscure; and notwithstanding his verification of the labours of his predecessor, his works abound in glaring

* *Harvey's Researches on the Motion of the Heart and Blood.*
 † Harvey dedicated his work *Opusculum Auricum* (small golden treatise),
 to Charles I. *Trésor du Cœur.*

errors. With the exception of applying a ligature, below which he noticed the swelling of a vein, he appears to have added nothing new to the theory of the circulation.

Amid all this ignorance of the true functional action, the wildest speculations prevailed. The heart was taken as an oracle, and its beats were listened to as prophetic. Some contended that the use of the veins was merely to keep the blood in equilibrium, and prevent undue accumulation in any part of the body. Others, again, bewildered themselves with calculations on the power of the heart, and believed that it exerted a force equal to 3,000,000 of pounds; a notion speedily combated by a third party, who proved, to their own satisfaction, that the power did not exceed eight ounces. Although modern science has stripped off these marvellous attributes from what Senac calls 'the material soul of living bodies,' and made it a hydraulic machine, yet we find no less cause for wonder and admiration at its mysterious powers.

To return to Harvey. It was for removing this mass of error, for laying bare the most admirable mechanism the world has yet seen, that he was assailed by the envious and ignorant from every quarter. How well he did his work, we learn from Jenty, according to whom, he, 'with indefatigable pains, traced the visible veins and arteries throughout the body, in their whole progress from and to the heart, so as to demonstrate, even to the most incredulous, not only that blood circulates through the lungs and heart, but the very manner how, and the time in which that great work is performed.' To this 'indefatigable pains' we doubtless owe the six large diagrams, of the size of life, still preserved in the College of Physicians, showing all the blood-vessels of the human body; and prepared with such nicety, as to display distinctly the scutellar valves at the entrance of the aorta, by which he used to illustrate his lectures. The delivery of these lectures, however, involved him in much suffering and loss. In the confusion and riots of the civil war, his house in London was pillaged and burnt, with many valuable papers, whose destruction was irreparable, and caused him constant regret. 'In the eyes of his contemporaries, he was looked upon only as a dissector of insects, frogs, and other reptiles.' And on the authority of Aubrey, we learn that Harvey said 'that, after his book of the Circulation of the Blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice. . . . 'Twas believed by the vulgar he was crackbrained; and all the physicians were against his opinion, and annoyed him.'

The persecution of Harvey appears to have been prompted only by the mean passions of his contemporaries. No other motive is obvious; for it is difficult to see in what way 'the craft' was endangered. In his case, however, as in many others, it almost appeared as if men had some strong personal interest in keeping back the truth, so eagerly did they exert themselves to resist it. Carrere, rector of the academy of Perpignan, wrote a thesis against the doctrine. It was also attacked with great virulence by Dr Primrose, and by Riolan, the celebrated French anatomist. Harvey nevertheless found friends. Folli, physician at the court of the Medici, the first to attempt the transfusion of blood, was an ardent propagator of his theory. In his own country, he gained a powerful advocate in Sir George Ent, who published a book in his favour. The 'momes and detractors' were also replied to in temperate language by Harvey himself. He says—'I think it a thing unworthy of a philosopher, and a searcher of the truth, to return bad words for bad words; and I think I shall do better, and more advised, if, with the light of true and evident observations, I shall wipe away those symptoms of incivility.' To those who taunted him with being nothing more than a dissector of insignificant reptiles, he replied, with as much truth as impressiveness, 'If you will enter with Heraclitus, in Aristotile, into a work-house (for so I call it) for inspection of viler creatures, come hither, for the immortal gods are here likewise; and the great

and Almighty Father is sometimes more conspicuous in the least and most inconsiderable creatures.'

Harvey attended the king in his journeys during part of the civil war, and was present at the battle of Edgehill. He afterwards retired to London, in the neighbourhood of which city he passed the remainder of his days. In his seventy-fifth year he built and endowed a library and museum for the College of Physicians. He died in June 1657, at the age of seventy-nine, but not before the truth of his doctrines had been generally recognised; and his own professional brethren were proud to do him funeral honours. He was buried at Hempstead, where a handsome monument, surmounted by a marble bust, was placed over his grave by the College of Physicians. It was said of him that 'his candour, cheerfulness, and goodness of heart were conspicuous in his whole life, as well as in his writings, and exhibit a worthy pattern for future imitation;' and that one of his noblest characteristics was love for his profession, and a desire for the maintenance of its honour.

What a striking commentary do these facts afford on the ignorance and selfishness of society! How easily have the many suffered themselves to be led by the interested few, whose motives were too often of the most despicable character. This is the more to be wondered at, as experience, if not policy, might have dictated the question, *cui bono?* How was this answered in Harvey's case? Hobbes says of him, he 'is the only man I know, that, conquering envy, hath established a new doctrine in his lifetime'—and yet twenty-five years elapsed before this was accomplished. For a quarter of a century had this great truth to struggle against the malice, jealousy, and stupidity of its enemies, who denied the discoverer's claim to originality, with as little reason as those who disputed Galileo's discovery of Jupiter's satellites, on the ground that a Dutchman had previously invented a telescope. Mankind, however, have always been prone to persecute new truths; whether they shall continue to do so, depends greatly on the present generation.

Harvey's reputation has now nothing to fear. The circulation of the blood is universally admitted to be the first great discovery after the promulgation of the Baconian method; and though giants in mind have lived since, with all the facilities which use and example in the inductive method have given, only one greater and more complete discovery—the discovery of gravitation—has ever been made.

LOVE-LETTER EXTRAORDINARY.

WHAT a charming sight is a little corner of a fly's wing when one looks upon it with the aid of a microscope! How perfect in design—how dainty in detail—how glorious in effect! One hangs with rapture over the examination of its beauties. But just for a moment lift away the microscope, and lo! a dead, thin, distorted insect, than which scores of plumper, prettier specimens buzz hourly upon every window-pane in one's house. Now, thousands of people have made this remark, and yet, perhaps, it has never occurred to any of them that Cupid has just such another microscope of his own; and thus we bring it home to him. Who ever fell in love with a whole woman at once? No man: the task would be superhuman. Every man's heart is caught, after its own weakness, by some particular charm, which, as ladies say, 'grows upon him.' For example—Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are rivals for a girl's affection: but examine their respective admirations a little closely, and they shall not be rivals at all. Her ringlets have entangled one of them, her little foot has walked into another, and her figure has added a third to her admirers. The gentleman who used to write sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow (and only one of them) was a

genuine type of your true lover; so enamoured of his own one beauty, that he cannot for a moment divert his eyes to any other district of his lady's charms. This is a law of nature: it is, in fact, Cupid's microscope; very much developing something somewhere, and shutting quite out of sight everything anywhere else. And to show its universality, witness the cheerful complacency with which the dear creatures themselves crouch in the tenderest attitudes under the displaying glass of their exhibitor; it is the whole art of love in woman. Unhappily, the crisis comes when Hymen smashes the lens at the church door (on the way out), or when Cupid himself, pocketing the whole contrivance, flies away to show off his science again in the same manner upon some other couple.

Now, to us it is a touching thing to see young folks going about falling in love with each other after this fashion, for qualities to which they will be less than insensible in a fortnight after their honeymoon. Unluckily, we can see no help for them. People in love can't be expected to listen to reason; they may perhaps be accessible to it after marriage, but then it is only an aggravation; no longer a remedy. The only plan we can suggest, is to pitch good advice into them *before they fall in love* by some sort of 'contingent hints on courtship and matrimony,' or 'prosecutive precautions about sweethearts, addressed to heart-whole bachelors.' In this age of handbooks, such titles would be worth any money to an enterprising publisher. At present, however, we have concocted and struck out only the titles, and as we have not the slightest idea of going any further with the undertakings, we just register them here 'provisionally.'

Next to not being disappointed at all, perhaps the greatest satisfaction in the world is to have a good right to be disappointed. Now, the man who recklessly resigns his heart without specifying its weaknesses, has no more reason to complain of its subsequent injuries, than he who suffers his housemaid to 'dust' his mantel-piece, or who sends glass anywhere by carriers without instructing them as to which 'side up, with care.' In order, then, to establish before wedlock the right we speak of—in order, as it were, to unlock his heart, and leave the key in it, before he knows to whom he shall part with it—we can imagine some young bachelor, foreseeing the altar, addressing to her whom time reserves for him a letter of preliminary candour. To be sure he can't send the letter, because he doesn't know where to direct it. He is equally ignorant of the lady's name and of her number. But we—we will make sure of its reaching the right individual, by placing it before the world—as follows:—

'To _____

'MADAM—Permit me to request your serious attention to a few remarks, of a very peculiar nature, from one who is at present a total stranger to you. But first, as it is just possible that you may consider I presume considerably in thus addressing you, I will try to excuse my freedom. The fact is, that you and I are going to be married—some of these days. You, madam, although I am the last man that would force his attentions on a lady, I feel I must be your husband. You intend to marry when you shall receive an eligible offer? Very well; you will receive such an offer. I shall make it. I shall not be able to make it to anyone else. You will turn it over in your mind a long time, but you will—you must accept it at last. It is not in us to help it: man and wife we are already—not yet united—is true, but still some day to share, like a pair of unaccountably-associated souls, a mutual fate. It is not, then, very premature in us now, while we are still in the *no-man's-land* of celibacy, to begin to think of each other and

to try to imp the wings of inevitable wedlock for a pleasant flight together—is it, dear?

'You are very pretty, I'm sure (I shall call you an angel some day, so don't be precipitate); but I hope that, when I fall in love with you, you will not think it necessary to show me how very lovely you are by demonstrating what a beauty you are thought by all the young fellows of your acquaintance. You will make me ineffably happy by marrying me; but I trust you will not seek to aggravate my gratitude by acquainting me with all the very numerous offers you will have had from richer and handsomer men than I am—all of which, no doubt, your dear mamma will have been most anxious for you to accept in preference to mine. I shall love you to distraction, and you will reciprocate my passion (probably after the manner of Mr James's heroine in his next novel but thirty); but I beg you will not permit your imagination to invest me with the peculiarities of any exile, or bandit, or cavalier of the fifteenth century, because such impressions must lead only to your disappointment and my subsequent depreciation in your eyes, as I assure you I have not the slightest element of any such gentleman in my composition.

'When you find yourself for the first time at the head of a household, though never so humble an one, you will very naturally be overcome with a delightful responsibility in the cares of your little queenhood. Judging from my present circumstances, I think that, "when we marry," we shall probably afford "an eight-roomed house, genteelly furnished." But the path of youth should ever be upward; and I trust and expect, at no distant period, to remove you to a "twelve-roomed ditto, luxuriously." Therefore I hope that, in our first nest, your callow housewifery will not proceed with uncomfortable thrift to envelop our looking-glasses in yellow gauze; pop our bell-ropes into long striped bags; dispense our chairs in mysterious dominos; and make me walk over my domestic hearth upon raw brown Holland. I hate to see people's "genuine effects" so muffled: it reminds me of the way tradesfolks have of wrapping up one's copper change.

'As young ladies on now-a-days, it is very likely that your disposition, my love, may be overwhelmingly "serious." Some women have religion always in their mouths, as if it was a voice lozenge. If so—be it so. Mine shall never be the bed of a Procrustes, seeking to stretch his wife's conscience. Perhaps if I jerk a button from my wristband on a Sunday morning, your piety will forbid you to stitch it on again. Then never fear a consequent rebuke from me. I, rather than engage in a controversial discussion with my wife about my buttons, would wish the greatest cheerfulness—*à la* *studs*.

'One of the proudest prerogatives of female matrimony is what ladies call "mutual confidence." But if, in your notion of this privilege, you should expect me, in my need-up evenings, to pour into your bosom my troubles and anxieties in "the city," and, in return for your sympathy, to share with you the annoyances of housekeeping—if you should repay my confidence, in the matter of my best friend's bankruptcy, with a particular account of an "extravagant shoulder of mutton," in which bone unconsciously preponderates over meat—if, when I try to explain to you my current position in a lawsuit, you should interrupt me with your just vexation that your maid has mislaid in gingham what you invented in satin—in such a case I must beg that we keep our separate trials quite separate. We might as well exchange with each other the umbrella and the parasol, the peacock and the pateras, as expect to find shelter in such uncongenial comfort. So much for our troubles. Let us, however, be always unanimous in our pleasures: let us enjoy everything together; with this especial precaution—that there is always enough for both of us to enjoy.

'I own I could wish that, until we marry, you should have some regular occupation: but of course, as you are a lady, you would blush at the idea of earning your bread. Nevertheless, I hope you will never have the unfeeling vanity to wince at the name of my trade—even though it should involve an apron—as if it were a thing not to be admitted before company. For you will meet, my love, much stylish company in London, whose tools of business are Shylock's own knife and scales, yet who would shudder at the imputation of a yard-measure or a canstet. But be sure, the tradesman's wife who loves such company, fears daily baser metal rung upon her dinner-table than ever her husband nail to his counter in Cheapside.

'And now, my dearest girl that shall be, pardon my

audacity if, as I bend my mind's-eye into the vista of futurity, a little past the altar I perceive the cradle. Yet why not? The tree of our love, though now but an acorn, must shoot and blossom, and then—only think of the branches! With our little ones, (bless 'em), even from their coral, let us do nothing without a purpose. Wise men say that the mind of a child resembles a sheet of white paper. It is then a parent's duty to be sure that the guiding-lines he traces on that sheet of paper are always ruled in the right place. The world has a very harsh way of rubbing out false impressions.

• I drop my pen. Good-by, my love, *adieu*. This letter is as ingenious as the next I shall write to you will be silly and incredible. Nevertheless, I am afraid you will like the other best. Your devoted,

THOMAS RINGDOVE.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY OF ANTWERP—THE DEED OF ALVA'S ATROCITIES—HIS SEATUP, AND THE BRONZE CRUCIFIX—THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS—A POSSIBLING CICERONE—THE CALVARY—MENDICITY IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES—THE ANTWERP ACADEMY—RUBENS'S FAMOUS PICTURE—HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL—HIS DOMESTIC HABITS.

IMMEDIATELY above the grand door of the Antwerp cathedral is a bronze crucifix, the history of which is somewhat curious, as it was cast from the metal of the statue which the infamous Duke of Alva ordered to be erected of himself in the citadel. When the Emperor Charles V. resigned his imperial diadem, his son, Philip II., on ascending the throne of Spain, found the Netherlands in an affluent and prosperous condition. In this small portion of his vast dominions he could enumerate three hundred and fifty cities surrounded by walls, and about other three hundred open towns, which were all wealthy and populous. Among them Antwerp, from its immense dealings in the woollen and cloth trade, was considered to be 'the great mart' and 'pack-house of Europe'; frequently, as we have already premised, as many as two thousand five hundred vessels were seen at the same time anchored before the town, and three or four hundred vessels came up with one tide into the Scheldt. We are also informed that two hundred wagons came daily into the town, loaded with passengers from the neighbouring provinces; nearly one thousand of whom—French, German, Italians, and other foreigners—arrived weekly. Furthermore, it is stated that one hundred thousand country carts were continually employed carrying goods to and from the city. Thus did Antwerp not only become rich itself, but contributed to enrich other towns in the Netherlands; in the midst of all which opulence, every branch of the fine arts was assiduously cultivated. The wealth of the bishops and priests, and the zeal of all classes of people to see their churches embellished with the finest works of art, created an immense demand for pictures on sacred subjects. Nor was the sister art, music, neglected. On the contrary, Guicciardini states that Flanders then supplied all Europe with musicians, just as Italy does at present.

Such was the prosperous state of these towns when the Duke of Alva was appointed by Philip II. commander-in-chief of the armies in the Netherlands. He was then sixty years of age, and had the character of being a haughty, morose, severe soldier. He no sooner entered upon his odious mission, than he revealed, to the consternation of the people, the unlimited authority with which he was vested; and which extended not only over every department of the army, but over the judicial institutions of the country. The most gloomy apprehensions now became too soon realised. He established the Inquisition, as it already existed in Spain, with all its attendant and secret horrors; he confiscated, on frivolous pretexts, the estates of the nobles and the property of rich merchants; and imposed upon the industrious classes the most heavy and vexatious imposts. Finally, he abolished the office of the ordinary judges, and delegated their duties to a tribunal

of twelve counsellors, nominated by himself, who, with the sanguinary Vergas as their president, sanctioned, with the mock solemnity of a pretended trial, his secret, tyrannous instructions. The Duke of Alva himself boasted that, during less than six years of his sovereignty, he had caused more than eighteen thousand persons to perish by the executioner. Here the reader may naturally enough be curious to know what could have been the design of a monument erected to the honour of so execrable a tyrant. Accordingly, we find it was executed under his own immediate orders, and doubtless intended as much to intimidate the inhabitants, by reminding them of the inordinate power he wielded over them, as to gratify his own insatiable ambition. He was represented, according to Mayer, as Duke of Alva, in a menacing attitude, treading with one foot on the neck of an image representing the rebellion of his subjects, and trampling with the other upon the neck of another image, intended to represent expiring Protestantism. Around the pedestal was a basso-relievo, which represented the citizens in supplicating postures, with the wallet and goringer suspended round their necks, to imply the most abject and humiliating submission to his authority. Such is the account we have been enabled to gather of this memorable statue, which, when destroyed by the successor of Alva, with the view of conciliating the town, was, strange to say, melted down into the crucifix which is now seen above the cathedral door.

We went in the afternoon to the church of the Jesuits, the vast interior of which was so crowded, that we could scarcely wedge our way through the dense congregation into the nave. As a specimen of Rubens's talents in a line apart from that in which he gained his fame, the architecture of this church has a claim to attention. Injured as it has been by lightning, we still recognise in it the genius of the great artist. Finding that we could not obtain seats, and being inconvenienced by the crowd, we left the church of the Jesuits, and proposed going to St Paul's; and as, for this purpose, we were descending the flight of steps under its portico, we observed an intelligent young woman also leaving the Jesuits, of whom we inquired our way. We were glad to find that she understood us, and spoke good English; for in the streets of Antwerp, and other towns in Belgium, the chances are, that in addressing a passenger to make any such inquiry, the return made will be a shake of the head, accompanied by a jargon half Dutch, half French, half Walloon, which is utterly unintelligible. We were, however, on this occasion more fortunate; for she with much good-nature replied that she lived close by St Paul's, and would, if we permitted her, accompany us. We availed ourselves of her offer; and as we walked along, she observed that the church of the Jesuits was always crowded, for 'notwithstanding,' added she with much animation, 'all that has been said against them—and they have been a persecuted race—they are, at least in Antwerp, a good people.' And how so? we inquired. 'Because,' answered she, 'they are so charitable to the poor; they will do almost anything for them: many of them will even look to the education of their children: and whenever any affliction happens in their family, the poor people always advise one another to seek out some "bon père Jesuit," from whom they are certain to obtain relief.' Thus did our gossiping cicerone, who descanted fluently enough on their merits, unconsciously hit upon the great secret which explains the influence of the Jesuits throughout Europe. The success of their missions when Francis Xavier was performing miracles, and pouring the water of baptism over the heads of the converted infidels in the East, may have contributed greatly to their progress; but the mainspring of their enormous power must be referred to their having made education—comprehensive and liberal education—one of the leading features of their institution. Hence all men of learning must be constrained to acknowledge how deeply we are in-

debted to them for the advancement of both literature and science; and some speak of their order with as much zeal as our eicrone herself. Thus the late Robert Southey remarks, in one of his letters to William Taylor of Norwich. 'Hating, as I do, popery *ex intimo corde*, I am a great admirer of the Jesuits;' and with these and other associations connected with their very remarkable history crowding upon our mind, we arrived at the church of the Dominicans, dedicated to St Paul.

Before entering this church, we were shown through a little latch door, opening into a place called 'the Calvary'—a small plot of apparently garden-ground, covered with a motley collection of the statues of patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, all heterogeneously huddled together, like so many figures in a sculptor's yard, without any regard to proportion, arrangement, or consistency of design. Immediately before us, upon a mass of small round stones, walled up to a considerable height, was a clumsy piece of sculpture-work, exhibiting the crucifixion, with figures above, below, and around, which we abstain from describing. Underneath this unseemly pile was the most horrid part of the spectacle, which pretends to be a model taken from Jerusalem of the holy sepulchre. Upon entering a narrow opening, intended to represent a chasm in the rock, we found ourselves before an iron grating, which rails in a recess, upon the floor of which is a coffin, covered over with a white sheet, through which the hand apparently of the dead body is protruded. The walls of this cavernous-looking place were covered with figures in different attitudes, with their faces glaring with coarse red paint, to depict the tortures of the wicked in purgatory. Before this hideous scene we found kneeling against the railing a man and woman, who we might have imagined were gazing devoutly on the object before them; but as we hastily withdrew, somewhat disgusted with so profane an exhibition, they suddenly rose from their devotions, and followed us. The woman, dropping her rosary of huge black beads, held out her hand for charity; while the man, hobbling after her—for he was lame—begged with all the loquacious pertinacity of an old adept in the trade. The mendicancy which is permitted within and around these Catholic churches always appears to us to be a reproach upon the authorities, encouraging and sanctioning as it does not only the vice of idleness, but the still deeper sin of hypocrisy. The toleration of such a practice is unaccountable, unless it be regarded as a remnant of that old system under which the opportunity of being charitable was as much imposed upon individuals piously inclined, as the doctrinal virtue of charity itself. Hence, in former ages, many of the pious monarchs of France were proud to see a retinue of beggars following at their heels when they walked abroad; and, as an evidence of still deeper humility, admitted them to feast at the royal table. Washing the feet of the poor, in imitation of our Saviour, was another ostentatious ceremony performed by sovereigns, for the purpose of showing their subjects an example of Christian humility. But we learn from the chronicles of these times how greatly all this mistaken zeal was abused, and that the encouragement so awarded to mendicancy led to all sorts of petty larceny and crime. The distribution of the royal bounty on Maunday-Thursdays in England, is the last vestige we retain of these Catholic customs; for, as population has increased, and people have become enlightened, it is found that the exigencies of society provide employment as a common duty of life for the humblest individuals; so that indiscriminate charity, however well-intended, instead of covering, too frequently gives rise now-a-days to, a multitude of sins. However, there are yet on the continent infirm and aged persons who, with the consent of their priests, look for no other support excepting the chance donations they may obtain at the doors of these churches; and doubtless such charities are frequently given in the very same spirit which in former ages

enriched the shrines and altars, and augmented to so enormous an extent, the revenues of the church. The vesper service was already concluded when we entered St Paul's; and as it was, for the season of the year, a precocious summer evening, we drove around the town and the ramparts, and along the banks of the Scheldt. When we associated the scene which now came under our review with the past history of the Netherlands, how wonderful appeared the contrast! The broad and navigable river Scheldt was still flowing on as rapidly and unchanged as when thousands of vessels lay floating round the city, which now presented to us the solitary aspect of only three merchant vessels anchored off its port.

The academy of the Fine Arts is one of the principal attractions of Antwerp. Its exhibition is in a gallery of small extent in the museum—a plain-looking building, which occupies the site of an ancient convent, and is enclosed in a small garden. Here, as might be anticipated, we find many of the finest specimens of the Flemish school, including several Vandykes, and twelve of Rubens's most famous compositions. The most remarkable picture in this, or perhaps in any gallery in Europe, is Rubens's *chef d'œuvre*—the crucifixion of our Saviour between the two thieves. It is a startling, a wonderful production. The time chosen by the artist for the representation of this awful and affecting scene is the evening of that melancholy day. The three crosses are arranged somewhat in perspective, the middle one being that upon which, meek and composed, hangs the body of our Saviour, whose head is dropped upon his chest, as if he had just yielded up the ghost. Immediately before, and a little to the right of this—the centre of all interest—are two soldiers on horse-back, one leaning with his elbow on his saddle-bow, looking up with earnestness at the suffering Redeemer, while the other is in the act of piercing his side with a wooden steel-pointed spear, which looks visibly bending under the weight of the thrust. To the left, next to the Saviour, is the cross upon which suffers the unbelieving malefactor; and this is a truly horrible representation of physical agony. The unhappy wretch appears to have torn one foot from the nail that fastened it, and his body is seen writhing up in convulsions against the fatal tree, while the cruel soldier, to increase his torment, is breaking his limbs with a bar of iron. Every muscle is corrugated and bulging out into a state of the most dreadful spasm and contraction. Contrasting with this, on the opposite cross to the right, is the penitent thief, looking up towards the Saviour with an expression of resignation, as if imploring forgiveness. In the foreground, the effect of the whole scene is heightened by the group of mourners, whose sufferings appear to be concentrated upon the one object of sympathy and adoration. The disciple John, hiding his face in his mantle, leans as if weeping on the shoulder of Mary, the wife of Cleophas; while the virgin mother looks upwards to her crucified Lord with eyes red with weeping. Behind these figures, at the foot of the cross, the Magdalen is seen as if starting forwards with a countenance of horror, stretching out her hand as if to implore the mercy of the horseman with his spear.* Sir Joshua Reynolds declares this profile to be the finest he ever saw by Rubens or any other painter. The effect of this picture is, in the first instance, terrible. The spectator cannot look upon it at first without a shudder; but as he examines and begins to study its details, he becomes rivetted to the spot. In the adjoining division of the gallery is the famous altar-piece by Quentin Matsys, representing the Virgin and the disciples assembled to receive the Saviour after the descent from the cross. The colouring is exceedingly fine; but the leaden, cadaverous complexion of the body, and the lifelike gash in the side, produce, to our apprehension, a very unpleasant and painful effect. Indeed in this

* This group is taken from the account given by St John—chapter xiv. verse 26—of the attendants which stood by the cross.

collection, as well as in many other galleries, not excepting the Louvre, many pictures are exhibited on sacred subjects the designs of which are peculiarly offensive. It is not right that the sublime mystery of the incarnation should be reduced to the delineation of a common earthly tragedy, nor that the divine character of our Saviour should be impersonated in the most ordinary forms of suffering humanity. The visitor on the continent has too often reason to turn away, tired at the sameness, and shocked at the extravagance, of these very disagreeable representations.

'A journey to Antwerp,' says Emerson Tennant, 'is a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rubens.' It is so; and here, in the very beautiful church of Saint Jacques, immediately behind the high altar, is the small chapel which formerly belonged to his family, and which is now their consecrated mausoleum. On the 30th May 1640, Peter Paul Rubens died, and the obsequies which attended his remains to this their last resting-place were performed with the most imposing solemnity. The surrounding walls and aisles were hung with black cloth, and the clergy belonging to the church walked in advance of the funeral procession. Next came sixty orphan boys, two bearing a crown of gold, followed by others carrying lighted tapers in their hands; and then the coffin, surrounded by the more immediate relatives and friends of the deceased. The chief officers of the city, many noblemen of distinction and merchants, and all the members of the Academy of Painting, attended; and in the midst of this vast assemblage, while the requiem for the dead was being chanted, his body was lowered into the vault before us, which now contains all that may yet remain of that dust which is 'even in itself an immortality.' Nor does it sleep there alone; for on each side are deposited also the remains of the two dear companions who were the chosen partners of his life. Looking through the rails which divide this sacred spot from the aisle at the back of the choir, we behold a plain white marble altar, over which is one of his own most beautiful paintings, representing the Virgin Mary and infant Saviour, with the adoration of Saint Bonaventura. In this singularly effective picture, the colouring of which, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is yet as bright as if the sun shone upon it,' he has introduced the portraits of his two wives, his father, his grandfather, and himself in the character of Saint George, in compliment to King Charles I., who conferred on him, when in England, the honour of knighthood. The life of Rubens is singularly interesting. He lived in an eventful age; and while, as a diplomatist, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of kings and princes, as a private individual he was respected and esteemed by all classes of society. His habits were frugal; his diligence extraordinary; and nothing can inspire us with a more favourable idea of his disposition, than his conduct towards other artists. His doors were open to them at all hours, even when he was himself at the easel; and although he seldom paid visits, he was ever ready to inspect the work of any artist who wished his advice, and often would take up the brush himself to touch such parts as required it. In every picture he sought to discover something good; for it was his great delight to acknowledge the merits, and encourage upon every occasion his brother artists. He used to rise very early—in summer at four o'clock in the morning; and immediately afterwards attended mass. He then went to work, and while painting, employed a person to read to him from one of his favourite classical authors; for he was an excellent scholar, and delighted in Plutarch, Livy, Cicero, and Seneca, which, with Horace and Virgil, were his favourite authors. An hour before dinner he devoted to recreation, which consisted chiefly in conversing with visitors, who, being aware of his habits, knew at what hour their company would be agreeable to him. He indulged sparingly in the pleasures of the table, and drank but little wine. After working again until the evening, he usually rode out for an hour or two. He was extremely fond of horses,

and his stables generally contained some of remarkable beauty. On his return home, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal supper meal, and passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation.* Such were the domestic habits of this illustrious artist, the details of whose life cannot be perused without conveying a lively conviction of the truth of the observation, that when industry is allied with genius, men may command success, and often attain the highest honours of the state.

THEORIES OF THE FORMATION OF COAL.

It is a custom of the Geological Society for the president annually to deliver an address, containing a summary of the progress of the science for the preceding year. The last address of this kind, delivered in February 1846 by Mr Leonard Horner, has been published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*. We find in it a highly intelligent view of one of the obscurest departments of geology—the formation of coal. 'It is scarcely possible,' says Mr Horner, 'to visit a coal-field, or to read the description of one, without being led to theorise on its mode of formation. The origin of coal has long been a subject of great difficulty; nor has any theory been yet advanced with which it has been possible to reconcile all the appearances which the coal-measures exhibit, all the variety of forms in which coal is found. Indeed the more closely we examine the phenomena, the more do we feel the distance we are from a satisfactory explanation of them. According to some geologists, coal-seams and their accompanying strata are accumulations of land-plants and stony detritus, carried down by rivers into estuaries, and deposited in the sea, where the vegetable matter undergoes changes that convert it into coal. Others are of opinion that coal is the altered residuum of trees and smaller plants, that have grown on the spot where we now find them; that the forests were submerged and covered by detrital matter, which was upraised to form a foundation and a soil for another forest, to be in its turn submerged and converted into coal, and that thus the alternations which the vertical section of a coal-field exhibits are to be accounted for.'

In the geological works of the last year, we find the former theory maintained by Sir R. Murchison as most generally applicable; Mr Lyell is more inclined to adopt the latter. Sir R. Murchison dwells upon the facts of the alternations of coal with limestones containing marine remains, which are so frequently met with in most countries where coal-fields prevail; and as a striking instance of this, he refers to the Donetz coal-field. A remarkable example of a similar kind, occurring in Maryland, is mentioned by Mr Lyell. At Frostburg a black shale, ten or twelve feet thick, full of marine shells, rests on a seam of coal about three feet thick, and 300 feet below the principal seam of coal in that place. The shells are referable to no less than seventeen species, and some of them are identical with, and almost all the rest have a near affinity to, species found in the Glasgow and other coal-measures.

The theory which refers the coal to trees and plants which have grown on the spot where it now rests, is illustrated by Mr Lyell by observations he made in Nova Scotia, on the south shore of the Bay of Fundy, at a place called "The Joggins." He states that there is a range of perpendicular cliffs, composed of regular coal-measures, inclined at an angle between twenty-four and thirty degrees, whose united thickness is between four and five miles. About nineteen seams of coal occur in the series, and they vary from two inches to four feet in thickness. The beds are quite undisturbed, save that they have been bodily moved from the horizontal position in which they must have been deposited

* See Rubens's Life, by Waagen. Edited by Mrs Jameson. London: 1840.

to that inclination they now have. In these coal-beds, at more than ten distinct levels, are stems of trees, in positions at right angles to the planes of stratification; that is, which must have stood upright when the coal-measures were horizontal. No part of the original plant is preserved except the bark, which forms a coating of bituminous coal, the interior being a solid cylinder of sand and clay, without traces of organic structure, as is usually the case with *Sigillaria*, and like the upright trees in the coal-measures cut through by the Bolton railway. The trees, or rather the remains of stems of trees broken off at different heights above the root, vary in height from six to twenty-five feet, and in diameter from fourteen inches to four feet. There are no appearances of roots, but some of the trees enlarge at the bottom. They rest upon, and appear to have grown in, the mass which now constitutes the coal-seams and under-lying shale, never intersecting a superior layer of coal, and never terminating downwards out of the coal or shale from which the stem rises. The underlay or shale often contains *Stigmaria*. Here, then, be states, are the remains of more than ten forests, which grew the one over the other, but at distant intervals, during which each, from the lowest upwards, was successively covered by layers, of great thickness, of clays and solid stone, the materials of which must have been arranged and consolidated under the surface of water, and the vegetation of every layer in which the upright trees are fixed must have grown on land.

'The formation of coal-measures like the above, and of all others where there is evidence that the vegetable matter was not drifted to the place it now occupies, but must have grown on the spot, is then accounted for by supposing that the land sank below the level of adjoining waters, that gravel, sand, and mud were washed down from the land that did not sink, and formed layers of clay and sandstone over the submerged forest, either in sufficient quantity to rise to the surface of the water, and form land for the next forest, which was submerged in its turn, or that a contrary internal movement took place, which again raised the submerged land; and that for every seam of coal, one above the other, a similar series of changes must have taken place. It is to this oscillatory movement that Mr Lyell ascribes the formation of the above remarkable phenomena in the Bay of Fundy, and others of a like nature.

'At first sight, both theories seem well-founded, when applied to the particular coal-fields described; and it is possible that these eminent and experienced geologists may be of opinion that both are true, as applied to different situations. But I see great difficulties to the full acceptance of either in many of the phenomena which, on a close examination, we find coal-fields generally present.' Mr Horner then refers to several recently-published sections of coal-fields. One in South Wales presents *eighty-four* seams of coal from one inch to nine feet thick, alternating with 319 beds of sandstone, slate, and clay. In this case, the group of coal-bearing strata is a mile in thickness. A coal-field in Nova Scotia is of twice this thickness, and contains *seventy-six* coal-seams. Mixed with the latter are a few limestones containing bivalve shells. The learned president then proceeds—

'Throughout the whole 7000 feet in the South Wales section, and if the limestones are, as is most probable, of fresh-water origin, also throughout the 14,570 feet in the Nova Scotia section, there appears to be no trace of any substance of a *marine* character; and from anything exhibited in the composition of the beds, all might have been deposited in *fresh water*. It seems infinitely improbable, and the deposition taken place in a sea, that a series of accumulations of this description, implying, be it observed, a vast duration of time, with different depths and different qualities of sea-bottoms, should have taken place without a trace being discoverable, either upon the surface of the submerged layers of vegetable matter, or in any part of the clays and sandstones that lie upon them, of a marine

animal or plant. It seems no less improbable that, in a sea-skirting shore, there should be such an absence of agitation throughout so vast a space of time, as to allow a tranquil deposit of layers of fine detritus over a wide area, a spreading-out of the leaves of delicate plants in layers of clay and sand like the specimens in a herbarium, and a gradual and insensible passage, in many instances, from one bed into another. Great as the North American lakes are, I am not prepared to say that grave objections may not be urged against the probable existence of such vast bodies of fresh water as would be of sufficient extent and depth to receive the beds of many coal-fields; but the absence of marine remains throughout vast depths of strata in coal-fields is a remarkable fact, well deserving of the most careful investigation.

That the terrestrial vegetable matter from which coal has been formed has in very many instances been deposited in the sea, is unquestionable, from their alternations with limestones containing marine remains. Such deposits and alternations in an estuary at the mouth of a great river are conceivable, but whether such enormous beds of limestone, with the corals and molluscs which they contain, could be formed in an estuary, may admit of doubt. But it is not so easy to conceive the very distinct separation of the coal and the stony matter, if formed of drifted materials, brought into the bay by a river. It has been said that the vegetable matter is brought down at intervals, in freshets, in masses matted together, like the rafts in the Mississippi. But there could not be masses of matted vegetable matter of uniform thickness 14,000 square miles in extent, like the Brownsville bed on the Ohio; and freshets bring down gravel and sand, and mud, as well as plants and trees. They must occur several times a-year in every river; but many years must have elapsed during the gradual deposit of the sandstones and shales that separate the seams of coal. Humboldt tells us (*Kosmos*, p. 295) that in the forest lands of the temperate zone, the carbon contained in the trees on a given surface would not, on an average of a hundred years, form a layer over that surface more than seven lines in thickness. If this be a well-ascertained fact, what an enormous accumulation of vegetable matter must be required to form a coal-seam of even moderate dimensions! It is extremely improbable that the vegetable matter brought down by rivers could fall to the bottom of the sea in clear unmixed layers; it would form a confused mass with stones, sand, and mud. Again, how difficult to conceive, how extremely improbable in such circumstances, is the preservation of delicate plants, spread out with the most perfect arrangement of their parts, uninjured by the rude action of rapid streams and currents carrying gravel and sand, and branches and trunks of trees!

In the theory which accounts for the formation of beds of coal by supposing that they are the remains of trees and other plants that grew on the spot where the coal now exists, that the land was submerged to admit of the covering of sandstones or shale being deposited, and again elevated so that the sandstone or shale might become the subsoil of a new growth, to be again submerged, and this process repeated as often as there are seams of coal in the series—these are demands on our assent of a most startling kind. In the sections above examined, we have eighty-four seams of coal in the one, and seventy-six in the other. In the Saarbrück coal-field there are one hundred and twenty seams, without taking into account the thinner seams, those less than a foot thick. The materials of each of these seams, however thin (and there are some not an inch thick, lying upon and covered by great depths of sandstones and shales), must, according to this theory, have grown on land, and the covering of each must have been deposited under water. There must thus have been an equal number of successive upward and downward movements, and these so gentle, such soft heavings, as not to break the continuity or disturb the parallelism of horizontal lines spread over hundreds of square miles; and the

movements must, moreover, have been so nicely adjusted, that they should always be downward when a layer of vegetable matter was to be covered up; and in the upward movements, the motion must always have ceased so soon as the last layers of sand or shale had reached the surface, to be immediately covered by the fresh vegetable growth; for otherwise, we should have found evidence, in the series of successive deposits, of some being furrowed, broken up, or covered with pebbles or other detrital matter of land, long exposed to the waves breaking on a shore, and to meteoric agencies. These conditions, which seem to be inseparable from the theory in question, it would be difficult to find anything analogous to in any other case of changes in the relative level of sea and land with which we are acquainted.

We have here put into italics what appear to us the principal difficulties on both sides of this extremely curious question. The sum of the whole matter is, that there are facts pretty clearly pointing to the processes involved in both theories, while there are other facts as clearly forbidding either process to be assumed as the sole mode of the production of coal. All must agree with Mr Horner that the whole subject of the theory of coal—whether we consider its mode of deposition, the plants out of which it has been formed, or the various changes which the vegetable matter has undergone to convert it into lignite, jet, common coal, cannel-coal, and anthracite, two or more of these varieties often occurring in the same coal-field—is extremely obscure, and presents a wide and interesting field for future investigation.

FIVE MINUTES' ADVICE TO LABOURERS AND SMALL FARMERS.

[We had the following in a cutting from an old newspaper, and regret that it is unable to say who is the author.]

CONSIDER well the importance of habits of frugality, and the necessity of making provision for old age, when, from infirmity and inability to continue daily labour, privation and suffering will surely overtake the improvident. The effects of want in the period of old age, sickness, and infirmity, may generally be averted by industry, forethought, and frugality in the season of youth, health, and strength.

To some persons, the saving of anything may perhaps seem impracticable, but most people know that in this respect more depends upon their own care than upon the amount of earnings; whilst many, who have both the means and the disposition to save, have not acquired the habit of saving, simply because they never made the trial. Let them only make a beginning, and try how many sixpences and shillings can be saved in one year, and the difficulty will vanish; and trust not the savings hoarded by your labour in the hands of private individuals, nor even in your own keeping. With the former, it may be lost by misfortune, fraud, or extravagance; in the latter, it may be pilfered, or you may be tempted to use a part of it in the hope of again replacing it.

Lodge your savings securely in the savings' bank, and be not tempted, by offers of high interest or great profits, to run risks which may bring you to destitution in your old age. Where is the man who, if in employment, cannot, between the age of eighteen and thirty, save sixpence a week? and who has ever made the trial in vain, if he set about it earnestly? However backward people may have been to commence saving, and however positive at first that nothing can be saved, there has yet, we believe, been hardly any instance in which the commencement of saving has been entered on, that the person has not gone on adding to the fund, and making increased economical exertions; and such, we are satisfied, will be the case in every instance, if persons will only make the first effort.

Here we might stop, were it not that we feel called upon to say something upon the important subject of the education and training of your children, on rightly conducting which will depend not only their welfare here, but their happiness hereafter.

Commence early with your instruction. A mother is capable of teaching her child obedience, humility, cleanliness,

and propriety, whilst it is yet almost an infant; and it is delightful to think that the first instructions can thus be communicated by so tender and natural a teacher. Remember that it is by combining affectionate tenderness with firmness in refusing what is improper, that you secure your children's happiness; and if they are early trained to be docile and obedient, the future task will be comparatively easy.

Education must, however, be always regarded but as the means to an end; for all acquirements are useless, unless they make us better in our relations as parents, children, husbands, wives, and unless they lead us to the practice of that divine precept of our religion, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Let us suppose, then, that you have secured the benefits of a good education for your children—that they have attended an infant, and afterwards an adult school—that they have been advanced in the different branches of instruction, as far as is necessary for the pursuits in life to which they are destined—still, are you not called upon as parents to take care of their moral training? Is not something yet required of those to whom an offspring has been given? Is there not danger, even after the best precepts have been imparted, that your children may risk being corrupted by your own example?

If you suppose that your vices can be hidden from your children, you are greatly mistaken; for the quickness of perception in children enables them immediately to see through such deception. If, with the words "Thou shalt not steal" in your mouth, you nevertheless overreach, or make use of anything not your own, or take undue advantage of others, you are practically teaching your children to be dishonest. Can you expect them to have a horror of drunkenness if they ever see you drunk, or if tippling is talked of by you as an object of gratification? If you encourage your child by promises to confess a fault, and afterwards punish him for it, do you not practically discourage his telling the truth? Or if you hold that nothing is to be told that can injure your own interests, and say "Remember not to tell," or "You must not say so and so," can you expect that your child will not lie whenever it suits his own purpose? If you are passionate and intemperate in your language, overbearing or insolent, will not your children be infected by your example? And are you not enmeshing in the land the truly Christian qualities of gentleness, forbearance, and charity?

It has been well said that "drunkenness expels reason, distempers the body, offends the blood, impairs the memory, is a thief to the purse, a beggar's companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow." You must abstain from this vice altogether if you wish to train your children up to a proper fulfilment of their duties here, and to secure their eternal happiness hereafter.

There is yet one other subject so closely interwoven with your worldly welfare, that, before concluding, we might slightly touch upon—we mean marriage. The necessity of consideration before engaging in so important a contract as that of marriage, is self-evident; and yet how many hasten to become united for life without at all considering the consequence!

In declaring marriage honourable, it is most certain that Scripture does not countenance the wickedness and folly of entailing strife, sorrow, sickness, and distress upon ourselves and our offspring—on the contrary, it supposes the married state to be one of purity, affection, and increased happiness in all the relations of life.

How common is it to see two individuals marry, and bring beings into the world, without the slightest provision for their support, and whose subsistence, from the very commencement of their union, depends wholly on resources which sickness and a thousand accidents may in an instant destroy? Such persons may shelter themselves under the plea of trusting to Providence; but Providence has given us reason for the regulation of our conduct; and to neglect the admonitions of reason, is to set Providence at defiance. And will the Deity then work a miracle in our favour, to reward us for our folly? Is it a proper reliance on Providence to descend to the level of irrational beings, and cast our offspring upon the world with as little consideration about their future wellbeing as the ostrich shows when she drops her egg into the sand, and leaves it to be hatched by the sun? It is very certain that he who becomes a father without any prospect of keeping his children from the miseries of want and beggary, is guilty of a grievous sin and misdemeanour.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LITTLE CARPET-BAG.

Among the most common of street sights, is that of a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or river, bearing with him a little carpet-bag. So common it is, that it fails to attract the slightest attention. A little carpet-bag is no more noted than an umbrella or walking-stick in a man's hand; and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to our thinking, an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a heap of luggage. The anxiety attending such property outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a man with a little carpet-bag is one in ten thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect type of independence extant. He can stomp his fingers in the face of Highland porter extortionate. No trotting urchin is idle enough to solicit the carrying of so slight a burden. While other passengers, by coach or railway, are looking after their trunks and trappings, he enters, and has the best seat. He and his 'little all' never part company. On arriving at their destination, they are off with the jaunty swagger of unencumbered bachelorhood! In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet-bag, we are struck, to a certain extent, with an idea of disproportion; but the balance is all on the easy side. There is far too little to constitute a burden, and yet there is enough to indicate wants attended to, and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet-bag in hand has his last shirt on his back. Neither is it probable that his beard can suffer from slovenly overgrowth. When he retires to rest at night, the presumption is, that it will be in the midst of comfortable and cozy night gear. A little carpet-bag is almost always indicative of a short and pleasurable excursion. No painful ideas of stormy seas or dreadful accidents on far-off railway lines are suggested by it. Distance is sometimes poetically measured by 'a small bird's flutter,' or 'two smokes of a pipe,' or some such shadowy, though not altogether indefinite phrase. Why may not time, in like manner, be measured by two shirts? A gentleman with a little carpet-bag may be said to contemplate about a couple of shirts' absence from home.—*Glasgow Citizen*.

THE WILD HORSE OF TEXAS.

We rode through beds of sunflowers miles in extent, their dark seedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows fell over them.—These were sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower. About half past ten we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover, by its fleetness, that it could not be a buffalo; yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrow-fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction with a graceful velocity delightful to behold.—We paused, for to pursue him with a view to capture was clearly out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired with curiosity equal to our own; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, until we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far, before he moved away, and, circling round, approached on the other side. He was a beautiful animal, a sorrel, with jet-black mane and tail. As he moved, we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs; and when, half playfully, and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, reverently longed—to possess him. We might have shot him where we stood; but had we been sturving, we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him; but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head. He heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still seeming smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the far horizon's verge.—*Kennedy's Texas*.

THE WATER-LILY.

BERTHEKED with a careless sorrow,
 Came I to the river deep;
 Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
 Seeking but a place to weep;
 Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
 Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
 Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
 'Till I sickened at the view.
 Then I left the sunshine golden
 For the gloomy willow shade,
 Desolate and unbeholden,
 There my fainting limbs I laid.
 And I saw a water-lily
 Resting in its trembling bed,
 On the drifting waters chilly,
 With its petals white unsprayed.
 Pillowed there, it lay securely,
 Moving with the moving wave,
 Up to heaven gazing purely,
 From the river's gloomy grave.
 As I looked, a burst of glory
 Fell upon the snowy flower,
 And the lessened alloy
 Learned I in that blessed hour:—
 Thus does Faith, divine, indwelling,
 Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
 Though the gloomy billows swelling,
 Evermore still darker seem.
 Yet the treasure never sinketh,
 Though the waves around it roll,
 And the moisture that it drinketh,
 Nurtures, purifies the soul.
 Thus eye looking up to Heaven
 Should the white and calm soul be,
 Gladden in the sunshine given,
 Nor from clouds shrink fearfully.
 So I turned, my weak heart strengthened,
 Patiently to bear my woe;
 Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
 My endurance too might grow.
 And my earnest heart's beseeching
 Charmed away the sense of pain;
 So the life's silent teaching
 Was not given to me in vain.

D. M. M.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

It is a popular error, as all inquirers know, to characterise the Norman Conquest as a French conquest. The Normans were not French, but a colony settled in that part of France which, as the colonists were north people, originating in Scandinavia, was called by them Normandy, having previously been designated *Nenstria*. In fact, the Normans were cognate in their derivation to the Anglo-Saxons, and under Rollo, a piratical Dane, overran a portion of France, and forced the French monarch, Charles III., to cede *Nenstria* to them. This took place only one hundred and fifty years previous to the invasion of England by William; so that when the Normans came here, they were not without some affinity to the Saxons whom they attacked.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation*.

GRADUAL RISE OF NEWFOUNDLAND ABOVE THE SEA.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that the whole of the land in and about the neighbourhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole island, is rising out of the ocean at a rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to affect, if not to render useless, many of the best harbours we have now on the coast. At Port-de-Grave a series of observations have been made, which undeniably prove the rapid displacement of the sea-level in the vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago with the greatest facility, are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff. At a place called the Cosh, at the head of Bay Roberts, upwards of a mile from the sea-shore, and at several feet above its level, covered with five or six feet of vegetable mould, there is a perfect beach, the stones being rounded, of a moderate size, and in all respects similar to those now found in the adjacent land-washes.—*Newfoundland Times*.

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THE PROBABLE.

It has now become a trite remark, that truth often brings before us 'things stranger than fiction.' The reason is, that when a man writes fiction, he has to keep near a particular level of general probability, based on an average of occurrences and situations such as we arrive at in the course of our experience in actual life. The reader holds him as under an engagement to give things at about this average; if he goes much above it, he is condemned as resorting to a silly expedient, in order to work out an effect, or escape from a difficulty. Thus, for example, when he brings home a rich uncle from India, exactly in time to save a virtuous family from ruin, he is thought to be merely resorting to a trick of his trade; and yet we know that rich uncles do come home occasionally from India, and may well find things at sixes and sevens among their friends. One or two such events in the course of his three volumes may be allowed the moralist; but if he indulges much more frequently in out-of-the-way occurrences that serve his general design, he is thought a decidedly clumsy artist. Yet nothing can be more certain than that, in actual life, series of events do occur, all of which are greatly beyond that mean-line which constitutes our ideal of the probable. As an example, a man will at once be overtaken by insolvency, by illness, by the losses of children, by a burning of his house, and all this in an abrupt or sudden manner, after many years of quiet, comfortable existence, unmarked by any such incidents. Or a considerable number of relations will die in the course of four or five years, and open a succession to wealth and title to an individual who originally had no expectation of it. There are, indeed, some conjunctures in actual life of so singular a nature, as to mock the highest flights of the human imagination.

I speak of these events as singular against the occurrence of which there is a great number of chances. For example, we are told in Brand's *History of Newcastle*, that a gentleman of that city, in the middle of the seventeenth century, dropped a ring from his hand over the bridge into the river Tyne. Years passed on; he had lost all hopes of recovering the ring, when one day his wife bought a fish in the market, and in the stomach of that fish was the identical jewel which had been lost! From the pains taken to commemorate this event, it would appear to be true; it was merely an occurrence possible, but extremely unlikely, to have occurred. A similar incident was lately recorded, with all the appearance of seriousness, in a popular miscellany. Many years ago a lady sent her servant—a young man about twenty years of age, and a native of that part of the country where his mistress resided—to the neighbouring town with a ring, which required some alteration, to be delivered into the hands of a jeweller. The

young man went the shortest way, across the fields; and coming to a little wooden bridge that crossed a small stream, he leant against the rail, and took the ring out of its case to look at it. While doing so, it slipped out of his hand, and fell into the water. In vain he searched for it, even till it grew dark. He thought it fell into the hollow of a stump of a tree under water, but he could not find it. The time taken in the search was so long, that he feared to return and tell his story, thinking it incredible, and that he should even be suspected of having gone into evil company, and gained it away, or sold it. In this fear he determined never to return—left wages and clothes, and fairly ran away. This seemingly great misfortune was the making of him. His intermediate history I know not; but this, that after many years' absence, either in the East or West Indies, he returned with a very considerable fortune. He now wished to clear himself with his old mistress; ascertained that she was living; purchased a diamond ring of a considerable value, which he determined to present in person, and clear his character, by telling his tale, which the credit of his present position might testify. He took the coach to the town of —, and from thence set out to walk the distance of a few miles. He found, I should tell you, on alighting, a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood, who was bonded for the adjacent village. They walked together, and in conversation, this former servant, now a gentleman, with graceful manners and agreeable address, communicated the circumstance that made him leave the country abruptly many years before. As he was telling this, they came to the very wooden bridge. "There," said he; "it was just here that I dropped the ring; and there is the very tall of old tree into a hole of which it fell just there." At the same time he put down the point of his umbrella into the hole of a knot in the tree, and drawing it up, to the astonishment of both, found the very ring on the ferrule of the umbrella. Here also was an occurrence against which, one would have previously said, the chances were as one to infinity. It was one of those things which we see to be most unlikely, yet must acknowledge to be possible, and, when well-authenticated, to be true.

There is a class of double occurrences, or coincidences, which serve to illustrate the same principle. How often will we hear a name or a fact mentioned, which we had previously never once heard of, and yet that name or fact will once more come under our notice, from a totally different quarter, ere two days, or even one, have passed! For example, not a week before the penning of these remarks, a gentleman alluded, in conversation with me, to a Russian plant which is supposed to be of a partly animal nature, and to be in a kind of animal form, with

which it chanced that I was unacquainted. Two hours after, consulting the Penny Cyclopædia on the subject of the Lobster, my eye lighted on the next ensuing article—*RAPOVET*, a singular vegetable production, of which, under the name of the Scythian lamb, many fabulous stories are told. . . It is, in reality, nothing but the prostrate hairy stem of a fern called *Aspidium Racemosa*, which, from its procumbent position and shaggy appearance, looks something like a crouching animal, &c. Or two persons, associated in our minds, but widely apart in life, will, by letter or visit, cast up in the same day. For example, I have received in one evening letters introducing strangers from two cousins living in different countries, and from neither of whom I had previously received any communication for several years, except a single letter of introduction from one of the parties about three months previously. One day, proceeding to a place of business where I have duties to attend to, I passed a gentleman whom I recollected having met at a country-house ten years previously, but had not seen since. We formed two out of three guests entertained by a family consisting of three persons, all of them considerably advanced in life. I was aware that two of our entertainers were since dead. With a mind full of the recollections which this gentleman's face excited, I entered the office, and there sat, waiting for me, to consult about a small matter of business, a lady, the survivor of the family of our host, and whom also I had not seen since the dinner-party. On interrogation, I found that she had come there that day, without the least knowledge of the proceedings or whereabouts of the gentleman whom I had just seen in the street. Like myself, she had never once seen him since the day when we had all met ten years ago.

The following is a still more striking instance. In the early part of October 1844, I was taking an excursion with a friend in Northumberland. Stopping for an hour at Morpeth, to refresh our horses, we asked for a newspaper to while away the time; but were told that the papers of that day had not yet arrived. I therefore resorted for amusement to a miniature copy of Crabbe's *Borough*, which I had put into my pocket for this purpose, selecting it from many books purely on account of its conveniently small size. The section of the poem on which my attention became engaged, was that in which occurs a striking description of the alarm occasioned to a picnic party when, in the midst of their enjoyments on a low sandy islet, usually covered at high water, they were informed that their boat had, by negligence, been allowed to float away, leaving them a prey to the rising tide, unless they should be rescued by a passing vessel, which was not likely. The most forcible part of the description of the forlorn party, is that in which the behaviour of various persons is put into contrast:—

'Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
And traced the movement of each different mind;
He might have seen that not the gentle maid
Was more than stern and hushy man afraid;
Such, calmly grieving, will their fears suppress;
And silent prayers to mercy's throne address;
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd.'—&c.

Immediately after I had read this passage, the waiter put the *Star* of the preceding evening into my hands. It contained an extract from an Edinburgh paper, giving an account of an accident which had happened a few days before to the Windsor Castle steamer, on her

passage from Dundee to Leith with a large pleasure party, which had been witnessing the departure of the queen from the former port, after her short residence at Blair-A'holo. The vessel had been allowed to strike on the Carr rock, when instantly music and dancing were exchanged for alarm and terror, as the almost immediate sinking of the vessel was anticipated. Strange to say, the description of the behaviour of the passengers was an exact reflection of that in Crabbe's poem, as if the writer had been reading that composition a short while before, and had copied it; or else the poem was so true to nature, that an actual occurrence unavoidably resembled it. The identity was perfect, even to the particular of gentle women maintaining a quiet and resigned demeanour, while strong men were frantic with vain terror. This will clearly appear from the following passage in the report, which I had the curiosity to search out in the file of the paper in which it originally appeared:—'In a few moments, and the crowd of human beings collected on board, who had just before been radiant with gaiety and good-humour, changed into a wretched, terrified, and helpless mass, among whom every moral quality of the mind might be discerned brought out into frightful relief, from the sternest of stubborn endurance, to the lowest point of pusillanimity and despair. There was no distinction of age or sex; men howled and ran about frantic like women; and women were there, young and beautiful, who exhibited to the full the extremity of moral heroism.'—*Edinburgh Courier*, October 3, 1844.*

The day after, I went to attend service in St Nicholas' church, Newcastle, full of the recollection of the Covenanters entering the town after their victory over Charles I. at Newburnford, in 1640, when Alexander Henderson preached a sermon on the text, 'And the Lord said unto my lord, sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.' Imagination could not resist bodying forth the scene of two hundred years ago—a stern puritan army, flushed with their first victory, listening grimly to an application of this sublime promise, amidst the long-withdrawing arches of this noble old pile. So possessed in mind, it was absolutely startling to come suddenly, in the readings of the day, upon this very text:—'The Lord said unto my lord,' &c. This looked like being persecuted with coincidences.

One might say that, if real life gives such striking phenomena as these, while fiction is forbidden to use them, records from actual life ought to be far more interesting, even to the readers for mere excitement, than any of the effusions of fancy. And it really does seem far from unlikely that, if the former were chronicled with fidelity, they would be apt to run romance entirely out of the market.

The wonder, after all, remains, that events, against which there are so many chances, should occur so often as they seem to do. Let us consider what probability actually is. An able philosopher of our century thus speaks of it:—'It is to the imperfection of the human mind,' he says, 'and not to any irregularity in the nature of things, that our ideas of chance and probability are to be referred. Events which to one man seem accidental and precarious, to another, who is better informed, or who has more power of generalisation, appear to be regular and certain. . . . The laws of the material world have the same infallible operation on the minute and the great bodies of the universe; and the motions of the former are as determinate as those of the latter.' He adds, that every particle of water or air has described from the beginning a *trajectory* or path determined by mechanical principles, and which is therefore *knowable*, 'and would be an object of science to a mind informed of all the original conditions, and possessing an analysis that would follow them through their various combinations. The same,' he continues, 'is true of

* On inquiry, it appears that the writer of the report had not previously read the passage in the *Borough*.

every atom of the material world: so that nothing but information sufficiently extensive, and a calculus sufficiently powerful, are wanting to reduce all things to a certainty. . . . Probability and chance are, thus, ideas relative to human ignorance. The latter means a series of events not regulated by any law that we can perceive. Not perceiving the existence of a law, we reason as if there were none, or no principle by which our state of things determines that which is to follow.*

Unable to discover or follow the laws by which events of this nature are determined, we can nevertheless reduce them to calculation in a particular way. All are familiar with the throwing of dice. There being six sides, any one of which may be uppermost, the chance of throwing the die with a particular side, say the ace, uppermost, is one-sixth. With two dice, the chance of throwing two ace's is 1-36th; as each face of the one die may be combined with any face of the other. Thus we learn that, 'when any event may fall out a certain number of ways, all of which, to our apprehension, are equally possible, the probability that the event will happen, with certain conditions accompanying it, may be expressed by a fraction, of which the numerator is the number of the instances favourable to these conditions, and the denominator the number of the possible instances.' Now observe, in a couple of dice there are but thirty-six combinations; but what would be the denominator of a fraction which should express the likelihood of my being engaged in reading Crispe's account of the distressed picnic party, at the moment when a newspaper was approaching me, containing an account of a similar occurrence, expressed almost in the same terms? One can see in a moment the possibility of such an event, but he cannot help thinking, at the same time, that thousands of lives were likely to have passed without its occurring in one of them. It seems difficult to reconcile the frequency of such coincidences, which is matter of familiar observation to all, with the idea of our philosopher, that all secular events might be reduced under fixed laws, if we only could trace the series in their mutual dependency.

Some considerations will, nevertheless, occur to bring such events into at least an approximation with our ideas respecting fixed laws. In the first place, there are what may be called extenuating circumstances. These we usually discover when we look narrowly into particulars. For example, the Scriptural text already quoted, being a portion of the 110th Psalm, had a chance of occurring in the usual readings of the Psalter equal to about one in sixty-two (the Psalms being divided into so many portions for reading during the month). Then it is repeated no fewer than five times in the New Testament. In the portions of Scripture appointed for the daily lessons throughout the year, chapters containing this passage occur no fewer than thirteen times. This obviously added very considerably to the chance that, on attending worship in St Nicholas' church for the first time, I should hear Henderson's text repeated. Thus the total likelihood was not so little as one would, on a cursory glance, imagine. It is, in the second place, to be observed that the total number of acts, movements, and occurrences of every kind in life must be much greater, even in the case of the most quiet-living people, than at first sight appears. If this truly be the case, instances of coincidence must bear a much smaller proportion to the entire mass than we are apt to suppose; that is the same thing as to say, that the frequency of their occurrence is more apparent than real. Again, amidst the multitude of the things which pass unobserved and unremembered, there may of course be many occurrences of facts and other particulars, which we believe to be new to us when they occur collisively: thus the apparent first of the two instances may be the tenth, or twentieth, or hundredth, instead of the first. All of these considerations undoubtedly tend to bring the supposed supernatu-

rality towards, if not wholly into, naturalism. How much can be accounted for from what we know, let us and some further unknown quantify the what we do not know, and then perhaps little, if any, difficulty will remain.

LOUIS MANDRIN.

BY THOMAS CARP.

It is nearly a century since the hero of our tale played his part in the world, and at the first time we have heard of him; but it is so long since a detailed account of his adventures has been given. A painstaking German has been at the trouble of digging out these curious particulars, and the curious reader is justified in eagerly turning to the public.

Louis Mandrin was born at St Etienne, in Dauphiné, in the year 1714. His father was a coiner of false money, and Louis was brought up to the same trade; but being fond of adventure and an active life, besides being extremely ambitious, he joined the army as soon as he became his own master, by the death of his father, who was killed by a musket-ball whilst flying before the mounted police. Brave and clever, the youth made a good soldier; but the discipline becoming irksome to him, he deserted, and gathering together as many as he could find of the old band, he resumed his former occupation. The locality he selected for the establishment of his unlawful manufactory was well calculated for the purpose. It was on the coast of St André, which borders the Mediterranean Sea—a lonely and pathless region, where he was little likely to be overlooked and interfered with. The clang of the hammers which resounded from the clefts of the mountains, and the smoke that curled over their summits, were not unnoticed by the thinly-scattered inhabitants, and doubtless they were not without their suspicions of what was going on; but meddling with a desperate band of the description was too rich an enterprise to be undertaken without a powerful motive; and the coiners, by avoiding all offence to their neighbours, took care to furnish none. They worked chiefly by night, showing themselves little by day, the hours of which were mostly passed in sleep and amours. Their coin was circulated at the fairs and markets of remote towns; and thus nice office was intrusted only to the captain, who attended on these occasions under various disguises—as that of a monk marketing for his convent, a soldier for his troop, or a cattle-driver charged with commissions from his distant home. The goods he procured were afterwards disposed of to receivers, and the profits fairly divided, the captain of course having the largest share.

Louis Mandrin was not more than twenty years of age when he placed himself at the head of his troop. They numbered about a dozen men, and he seems to have possessed the art of inspiring them with unbounded confidence and attachment, which they evinced by an inviolable fidelity and unhesitating obedience; the only instance of treachery on record amongst them being the one which led to their ultimate abandonment of their mountain home. Some circumstance, which does not appear, seems to have awakened the conscience of one of the band, who, to appease his remorse, gave information to the authorities. The police were immediately despatched to seize the coiners; but the attack was made by day, and conducted with so little prudence, that the enterprise wholly failed. Mandrin was absent; but Roquefort, the second lieutenant, observing the absence of the informer, suspected mischief, and caused the instant removal of all the money, stamps, and implements. The pursuers found nothing but the melting furnaces and the bellows. The troop had also escaped through paths known only to themselves, with the exception of two, who, being asleep when the others decamped, passed a somewhat unpleasant four-and-twenty hours concealed behind a stone. But even these eluded the vigilance of the officers, and put clear off. For a

* Playfair's Works, iv. 424.

short period they established themselves in the clefts of a rock at some distance from their former home; but they looked out for something better, and ere long found it.

Seated on an eminence in a deep valley, at the foot of lofty mountains, stood an old feudal castle. It was surrounded by a moat, and enclosed by a park thickly set with yew hedges and dark avenues. The walls were massive, the towers formed for defence, and it was rumoured that there were various underground vaults and secret ways connected with the building, very desirable to such tenants as Mandrin and his band. This convenient dwelling was at present in the possession of an advocate's widow. The advocate was lately dead, and the widow, with her servants, inhabited the fortress alone. Many of the apartments were consequently unoccupied; and on this circumstance the captain of the coiners founded his hopes.

His first step was to introduce himself into the castle in the disguise of a travelling merchant. Having by this means gained a tolerable notion of the interior, he proceeded with his plan. Presently the castle was haunted. From the chamber of the deceased advocate issued the most mournful sounds; tables and chairs moved about as if they were alive; the books walked off the shelves; the window-panes rattled; there were plankings of chains, and sighs, and groans; in short, all manner of extraordinary and unaccountable noises and disturbances. The terrified lady fled for refuge to the kitchen, where she found the servants trembling with affright. By and by the ghost of the advocate appeared wrapt in a winding-sheet, followed by fiends with flaming torches in their hands. It seems singular that so barefaced and clumsy an imposition should have succeeded. We must suppose that Mandrin understood the people he had to deal with, or he would not have ventured on a trick so liable to detection. Succeed he did, for the widow and all her establishment quitted the castle; whereupon Mandrin and his band stole quietly in, and took their places; nor did they, after admission, discontinue the practices which imposed on the superstitious fears of the neighbourhood. The back-door was the only one used by the inhabitants of this haunted castle, and that was very carefully guarded. The furnaces were in the cellars, and thence issued an immense quantity of false money, which, however, was never circulated in the neighbourhood. They also carried on a considerable trade in horses and tobacco with the Spanish frontier; and Louis Mandrin became a rich man.

Notwithstanding the terrors which the party of desperadoes contrived to throw around the castle, notions occasionally sprung up in the minds of the more courageous that all was but a trick. At length a young officer, quartered at Grenoble, resolved to brave every danger, and investigate the cause of the strange noises heard, and things seen, at the place. Well armed, and accompanied by a brave grenadier of his troop, he mounted his horse, and rode to the castle. They knocked at the portal; but the ghost took no notice; till at length, provoked by their perseverance, an angry bear presented his muzzle at the grate. But a well-aimed bullet laid him low, and the invaders forced the door. The scenes that are recorded to have presented themselves on their entrance cannot but awaken considerable surprise, from the extraordinary trouble and ingenuity that must have been expended in preparing for such a contingency. No one had ventured on so rash an enterprise before, and yet the drama seems to have been as well played as if it had been the twentieth performance instead of the first. We must suppose that the rehearsals had been very frequent. As the bold intruders forced door after door, strange sights met their view—frightful figures glided past them, mysterious fires gleamed in the deserted chambers, dwarfs and goblins crouched in the corners, but, when approached, became invisible, gigantic forms peered in at the windows, and large serpents and loathsome reptiles crawled over the floors. Still the young soldier was not to be repulsed.

Amidst all these terrors, which continually eluded his close investigation, he undauntedly pursued his way.

They had thus wandered over a considerable portion of the building, when they heard footsteps approaching; the door of the room they were in opened, and a cavalier, bearing a drawn sword in his hand, and, from his dress, apparently a person of distinction, entered, followed by his servant. At the sight of the strangers he started back with evident surprise, and sternly demanded who they were. The officer told him his errand at once: he was there for the purpose of verifying or disproving the incredible reports that had reached him concerning the castle. Precisely the same object had occasioned the visit of the cavalier; and although he modestly confessed himself generally a stranger to fear, he could not deny that he yet trembled with horror at what had encountered him at the gate. From the bear which the officer had shot had proceeded a voice, bidding him *be careful*! 'I have been once hit,' cried the voice, 'and I spared the rash adventurer; but if you dare to lift your arm against me, your life will be the instant forfeit!' The incredulous officer was about returning to the gate where he had so lately left the bear dead, to investigate this phenomenon, when, to his amazement, the creature appeared at their heels, and after giving a savage growl, vanished through a door, which immediately closed with a tremendous bang: at the same moment the serpents and reptiles disappeared, seeming to dissolve away in a cloud.

At this sight the terror of the cavalier was considerable; indeed he was quite overcome by it, although he confessed himself ashamed of his pusillanimity, and avowed his determination to pursue the adventure. The young officer tried to fortify him; but fear is infectious, and his own courage was not invigorated by the weakness of his companion: so that, as night was by this time approaching, they agreed that it was desirable to evacuate the premises. They rode together till their paths separated, and then parted with mutual esteem.

When the young soldier reached the inn, and was seated comfortably in the chimney-corner, beyond the reach of the advocate's ghost, his natural courage revived; and the more he considered what had passed, the less satisfied he felt with the result of his adventure; especially as the grenadier, who with undaunted valour had assailed one of the large serpents, produced a morsel of its skin, which bore an astonishing resemblance to a bit of coloured pasteboard. But everybody was shocked at their incredulity; and it was confidently predicted that if they ventured on a second expedition, as they proposed, they would assuredly never be heard of more. As for the pasteboard, they said that was easily accounted for—the whole thing from first to last being enchantment, and the work of the devil. And so, indeed, it appeared, when, on the following morning, the piece of pasteboard was found converted into a bit of skin! Finding himself more laughed at than thanked, and being much dissuaded by his friends, the young officer quitted Grenoble without repeating his visit to the haunted castle—a proceeding in which he had more reason to congratulate himself than he was aware of; for had he a second time rendered himself so obnoxious, the prediction of the country people would assuredly have been verified. It is not to be supposed that even the first time he would have escaped so well; but he was a gentleman, well connected, and his regiment being quartered at Grenoble, his disappearance would have undoubtedly led to very inconvenient perquisitions. So they tried what their jugglery could do; and certainly the thing seems to have been admirably managed. The cavalier was Rocqueirol, that clever rascal; the resuscitated bear was one of the troop, disguised in the real bear's skin, which they had hastily stripped off for the purpose; the serpents moved on springs; and a bit of skin was cleverly substituted for the bit of pasteboard by a spy of the band. Of course so hazardous an imposture could not have been sustained without allies in all directions.

Nevertheless, in spite of the failure of this enterprise, the universal faith was somewhat undermined, and Mandrin found it necessary to be more cautious. The imprudence of one of his people augmented the danger. Contrary to orders, this man had attended a neighbouring market, and with his false money purchased a considerable quantity of valuable merchandise. Of course such customers gave good prices—it was not worth their while to haggle about a few crowns. The deluded merchant, overjoyed at the liberal sum he was receiving, in the exhilaration of his spirits threw up one of the pieces in the air: he missed it, and it fell to the ground; and as it fell, broke into a dozen pieces. Confounded at so strange a circumstance, he repeated the experiment, and with the same result. The fleetness of his horse alone saved the defrauder from the vengeance of the populace. But immediately the rumour became rife that there were coiners in the neighbourhood, and suspicion fell upon the haunted castle. Previously to this horses had frequently been observed feeding in the park; but the people had hitherto maintained that they were not real horses; and 'two betide,' said they, 'any one who ventured upon their backs!' However, it was now asserted that they had been heard to neigh like steeds of flesh and blood; and if they were really horses, doubtless they had owners.

As these bold and heterodox opinions gained strength, they at length reached the ears of the widow, who had felt herself extremely aggrieved by her late husband's pertinacious adherence to this world, instead of taking his flight quietly for a better, like other respectable, well-conducted people. It was a regular fraud to leave her the castle, as he had done by his will, and then for his ghost to drive her out of it! Besides, ejected from her castle, she had small chance of getting another husband; and she was exceedingly annoyed at learning that many people opined that to be the very end and object of his haunting her.

Eager, therefore, to recover her property, and release herself from the restraints these calumnies imposed on her, she called her friends together; and after pleading her hard case, and communicating the suspicions that had lately arisen—namely, that the inmates of the castle were not altogether of so spiritual a character as had been imagined—she won so far upon their sympathy, that they promised her their assistance. An expedition was consequently resolved upon, and, as the party believed, conducted with the greatest secrecy. On an appointed day they started for the castle—a band of forty well-armed men, consisting of peasants and soldiers, headed by the lady's friends and an experienced military man.

Mandrin, however, was fully aware of their intentions, and although the notice was short, had adopted the best means attainable for defence.

Neither spectres nor bears this time impeded the entrance of the invaders. All was still as death: nothing was to be seen but empty halls and chambers. The commander of the troop concluding the inhabitants had taken refuge in the cellars, proceeded thither, after placing a guard before the doors and sentries in the park. They descended the stairs, and were preparing to storm the cellar, when they were flung into confusion by a sharp fire of musketry; to defend themselves from which they were obliged to bring down the old carpets that covered the floors, and by filling them with earth, raise a bulwark, under cover of which they might advance. The besieged maintained their defence, however, for three hours, when the silence that ensued seemed to announce that their ammunition was exhausted; whereupon the elated victors forced the entrance, and rushed triumphantly into the place. It proved to be a large vault, not less than eighty feet long, and was well lighted by torches attached to the walls; but, to their amazement, not a soul was there but themselves! It was absolutely empty. The bottom was of hard clay; the roof strongly arched; the walls of stone; and no signs of a door or opening of any sort

could be found. Still, those who had lately maintained so brisk a fire could not be far off. The castle was surrounded, and watched at every point: they would surely make their exit somewhere. The besiegers laid their ears to the ground and listened, but not a leaf stirred—no sound betrayed the whereabouts of the fugitives. They then returned to the cellar, assured that they must be somehow there concealed, or that an outlet must exist. There was one, but it was not without extraordinary perseverance that they found it. It was in the wall, and it always remained a mystery how, on issuing from the vault, they could have contrived so entirely to remove all traces of their exit.

This way, however, they had retreated, and had taken shelter in another vault, about fifty paces distant, which was not only deeper, but beyond the precincts of the castle. Here, weary and exhausted, they ventured to take a little repose, trusting to a glass of water and a drum, which they placed on the earth, to inform them of the approach of the assailants. The shaking of the water and the quaking of the drum soon warned them that their last refuge was discovered. Then Mandrin sprung to his feet, and gave the word for flight—each man to take care of himself the best way he could, further defence being hopeless. To gain time, he made them pluck up the palisades that sustained the walls of the passage that led from their last retreat to this. He certainly seems to have exhibited a genius for tactics worthy of a better cause.

Immediately over this vault stood an old withered oak, whose widely-spread roots, from which the earth was washed, allowed some gleams of light to penetrate below. Suddenly one of the sentries in the park, whose post was near this tree, saw a man emerge from the earth; then another, and another. Before he could give the alarm, the whole troop had made good their exit. The prime warriors were at work in the cellar; the guards, wearied with their watch, were mostly sleeping in the park; the coiners were well acquainted with the localities, and before the officer and his band could be summoned to the spot, the fugitives were all clear off, with the exception of one unlucky straggler.

When the besiegers at length reached the farthest vault, they found a quantity of implements, some provisions, and a vast heap of false money. The police afterwards succeeded in arresting two more of the band; and these three were executed at Grenoble, after making a full confession of the circumstances here related.

It was by their means that Mandrin was also taken, when on a visit to a lady to whom he had become attached. When this infatuated young person learnt to whom she had given her affections, she appears to have been overwhelmed with grief and confusion. She lay for some time insensible. As soon as she recovered her recollection, she insisted on being allowed to enter a convent; which she did on that very day, and there remained for the rest of her life.

When Mandrin found himself a prisoner, he raged like a lion in toils, till, by the violence of his efforts, he actually broke the chains that bound him; whereupon they flung him into a noisome subterranean dungeon. Here he fell ill, and the physician who attended him told the authorities that, if they did not hasten his execution, death would defraud them of their prey. The preparations were accordingly expedited; but, as was customary, some sisters of charity were permitted to attend his bed, and whilst they ministered to his body, they endeavoured to save his soul. He listened to their exhortations with humility, and declared himself not ill-disposed to repentance; but he refused to see the priest, or to join with them in prayer, because he said the cruelty with which he was treated kept his blood in a fever, and hardened his heart. The good creatures, anxious for his salvation, represented the case so earnestly, that the public interested themselves in the affair; and the issue was, that Mandrin was removed to a better prison, and treated with more humanity. Here he made a full confession of his crimes; and as

the hour for his execution approached, his piety not only elicited all who came near him, but formed the theme of the whole city of Grenoble.

On the eve of the day appointed for his death, he requested, as a last favour, that he might be permitted to sup with those of his former companions in crime who were to die with him, of whom there were by this time several in the prison. This was a favour not unfrequently granted at that period. It was looked upon as a sort of religious ceremony, and the general sympathy awakened by Mandrin's repentance easily obtained it for him. The head jailer, presided at the feast; and there must have been plenty of wine, for, by the time it was over, he lay under the table. This had been Mandrin's design. He immediately seized the keys, set all the prisoners free, and fled.

He was now at liberty; but he had lost all, and had to begin the world anew. He was one of those human beings whom no experience could reform, nor no fear subdue; one who might have been a hero in a good cause; and it is not impossible that, had he been the son of an honest man, and his early associations more fortunate, his career might have been very different. He was undoubtedly brave and clever; and he does not appear to have been naturally cruel, although the perverting influences of his mode of life eventually rendered him so.

Their next retreat was a hermit's cell. His inmate they seized and kept prisoner, having forced him to instruct them how to personate him, which one of the band did when necessary. They numbered about thirty-seven, and lived here for some time in great luxury, practising their old trade with considerable success. Strict discipline was observed: the captain kept his state, and dined daily off a table of six covers. The rest of the troop ate together. But the necessity for caution rendered this mode of life too tame for Mandrin; and unable to submit to the restraint, he indulged himself with frequent expeditions abroad. When the eye of the chief was not on them, his subjects became unruly; and at length, by their imprudence, their secret was betrayed, and the troopers sent in pursuit of them. This time the enterprise was conducted by the authorities, and no precaution was neglected to insure success. The mountain was completely surrounded, and the doors of the hermitage forced; but, as in the haunted castle, neither the coffers nor any of their goods or chattels were to be seen. When it was too late, they discovered a secret outlet, which led by a subterranean way into the valley. Here they found the unfortunate hermit, half starved, as, during the bustle of the siege, they had forgotten to supply him with provisions.

The coiners took refuge in a neighbouring forest; but they were soon surrounded by troops; and after a murderous battle, in which Mandrin lost the greater part of his men, he and five of the survivors were taken, and once more found themselves in the prison of Grenoble. This time the precautions observed precluded all possibility of escape. His trial was hastily conducted, and on the earliest day possible he and his companions were led to the scaffold. The only favour he asked was, that he might not be conveyed to death in the cart used for common malefactors. This request was granted; but, to make sure of him, they not only bound his hands, but they tied his thumbs tightly together. Nevertheless, strange to say, by one violent effort he burst his bonds when on the scaffold, and knocking down the executioner, and overthrowing the confessor, who overthrown the constable in his fall, Mandrin leapt amongst the astonished crowd, who unconsciously made way for him. Before the troops could pursue him, he had reached the mountains, whilst his unfortunate comrades suffered the death to which they were sentenced.

Scouts were sent after him in all directions, and large rewards offered for his apprehension: notwithstanding, but for the treachery of a friend, his ingenuity might have disappointed his pursuers. He seized a capuchin monk, robbed him of his frock and cowl, and, to mislead

his enemies, set him adrift to tell the tale, whilst he assumed another disguise. But his confidant betrayed him to the troopers, who, considering the person they had to deal with, gagged and chained him; and at night put him into a cistern, which they covered with planks and stones, and guarded by two sentries.

In the morning, when they lifted the planks and stones, he was gone! The cistern adjoined a cellar: he had mined his way through, and so once more escaped.

He next made his way to Avignon, and thence to Lyons, where he enlisted as a soldier; but, spying dangers, he deserted, carrying away three other recruits with him. Shortly afterwards he fell in with some of his old band, and they established a brisk illicit trade on the frontiers of Savoy. As rogues and vagabonds are not scarce, especially on the frontiers of continental states, their numbers soon increased, till the provinces of Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Macon were so overrun with contraband goods, that the effects were sensibly felt by the excise. Their acts of cruelty also made them the terror of the surrounding country. Mandrin forced the unfortunate people to purchase his merchandise, broke into and robbed the custom-houses, and put to death, without mercy, all who offended him. His men wore the king's uniform, with scarfs and crosses of St Louis; they committed the most astonishing acts of daring, and made the most obstinate and extraordinary defiances. In short, it was a regular war; and at length it came to a pitched battle between the king's troops and the robbers. Outnumbered, he was forced, after hard fighting, to intrench himself in the village of Grenand; and here his adversaries determined to starve him out. Mandrin had committed a great error in making the country people his foes, and he now felt the consequences of his mistake. Unable to procure provisions, he resolved to cut his way through the enemy. He conducted the enterprise with consummate generalship: the loss was great on both sides, but he himself got away. But from this period his star declined. He was too universally feared and detested to escape the toils that were set for him: he awoke one morning to find himself betrayed, and a prisoner. He was executed with as little delay as possible, exhibiting to the last an indomitable spirit. The sensation created by his capture was immense; for, from the number of his followers, and the boldness of his enterprises, what had at first been a mere affair of the police, had ended by becoming a national concern.

We present the foregoing narrative as a striking illustration of a past state of manners in France, as well as of the extraordinary defectiveness of the law in that country under the old regime. Such a drama as that acted by Louis Mandrin can never be repeated in Europe.

SPONTANEOUS MOTION.

Few phenomena in natural science are so puzzling as that which, for the want of a more appropriate epithet, has been termed spontaneous motion. It consists in the performance of a class of movements for which we are unable to assign any cause, by bodies and organisations commonly unendowed with motion of a voluntary or mimic-voluntary character. In the present paper, I shall almost confine myself exclusively to the display of spontaneous motions afforded us in the vegetable kingdom; but it may be preliminarily mentioned, that substances completely inorganic, in certain circumstances, possess what may be called spontaneous motion. Thus a lump of camphor, when placed in water, will revolve on its axis for several hours; and if it is forcibly arrested, it will immediately, when set at liberty, recommence its revolutions. There is a salt, called an iodide of mercury by chemists, which stimulates spontaneous motion. When it is newly formed, it is yellow. If it is watched beneath the microscope, it is found that each crystalline scale jumps over, and instantly changes its hue from

yellow to a vivid scarlet. Such, and similar instances, are not unfrequent: a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the motion has not been given. In the first of the instances cited, it would be curious to inquire if this, and other identical motions of inorganic particles, are due in part to the diamagnetic properties of certain bodies recently developed by Faraday.

Voluntary motion is so commonly regarded as the peculiar attribute of animals, possessed of the, as we believe it, necessary apparatus of nerves and muscles, that, in ignorance of other powers capable of producing voluntary or spontaneous motion, we are slow to admit the existence of such motion in that portion of organised creation, the vegetable world, which is furnished with no demonstrable nerves or muscles. It will be the object of the present paper to indicate a few of those instances in vegetable life which appear to point to the opposite conclusion—that motion, and even locomotion, are not confined to the narrow limits of animal organisations.

The sleep and re-opening of flowers and leaves afford a familiar and very common instance of a species of spontaneous motion in plants. The humble daisy opens with the morning's sunrise, and closes at sunset; and Macculloch remarks, 'that nothing but permanent force can keep the young daisy open when it has closed for the night.' If its petals are separated, it will again close with a species of action not unlike that of a sphincter muscle. But many flowers observe, with a precision of the most striking character, certain periodism in their opening and closing, which serves to bring out more forcibly the apparently spontaneous nature of these movements. Linnæus claims the credit of having constructed a table of their varying, and yet almost invariable motions, which he denominates 'Flora's Clock'—the first hour on which is three in the morning, and the last ten at night. Some species of the convulvuli announce the beginning of the floral day, and others—the purple—its close. Many flowers also open at stated hours of the day, but some close again long before the sun has set; and again, it is familiar to almost every one that many open at night, and are closed during the day: the night-blowing cereus is an instance. In these cases we are furnished with a most decided answer to those vegetable physiologists who would deny all spontaneity of motion to the vegetable kingdom, and assert that the opening and shutting of flowers is in every case due to the influence of the sun's light. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, to show the unworthy arguments of some who deny the possession of this attribute altogether to plants, that one experimenter constructed artificial leaves and flowers of two materials, united into one substance, and attempted to overturn the theory here advocated, by triumphantly exhibiting the irregular contortions and motions of these toys, produced by their differing hygrometric properties. Many of the movements above-mentioned are undoubtedly effected by the influence of the sun's, and of other light; but this is no grave admission, for it remains to be shown, first, the manner in which light thus acts; and, second, the cause why such an influence is not invariable. The cereus does not expand before the light; and other flowers which do so, nevertheless close again under the full influence of the same cause. That light, as a general rule, is essential to them, no one would hesitate to admit. Decandolle performed some interesting experiments upon this question: he discovered that, by a combination of six powerful lamps,

he was able to make the genus *mesembryanthemum* amenable to the influence of an artificial day: these plants expanded their flowers before the glare of the lamps, and closed them again when removed into darkness. The leaves of the *Mimosa pudica*—the 'sensitive plant'—droop and fold up, in common with many others, at night; and when this plant was subjected to the lamplight, it was found that its periods of sleep and awakening were first deranged, and for several days were irregular: but after this, acknowledged the new influence, and closed and folded up during the day, unfolding again at night—day and night being purposely reversed. Many plants bow their heads at night, and raise them again in the morning: thus the *Nolana longire* hides its flower from the chill dews of the evening under its leaves, withdrawing the shelter again during the day. The sleep of leaves and flowers, however, does not appear to have in every instance a common cause. While, generally, both organs fold up during the night simultaneously, it is related by M. Berthelot that a plant, a species of acacia (a tribe, it may be mentioned, endowed with a larger share than usual of sensitive and spontaneous motions), cultivated in the gardens of Oranava, in the island of Teneriffe, at sunset closes its leaflets in an imbricated manner [one overlapping another], but, at the same time, its flowers expand, and the numerous stamens stand up in tufts. At sunrise, while the leaves resume their proper position, the flowers droop and hang down, the long filaments bending, and, from their glistening character, giving to the flowers the appearance of a flock of silk. In this instance the expansion of the leaves is diurnal, of the stamens nocturnal.

If some spontaneous motions of the potted nature here described are influenced by light, others of equal singularity are considerably affected by atmospheric humidity. Thus, as a companion to 'Flora's Clock-piece,' an ingenious botanist has constructed a scale of plants, which may constitute 'Flora's Weather-glass.' By observation of these plants, the advent of rain or moist air may be pretty accurately prognosticated. A few will refuse to close at night if it is about to rain on the morrow, as if anxious to greet the friendly power; while others, of a more timid character, will not enclose their flowers in the prospect of wet. The little snowdrop safely shuts up its humble flower before the storm; but, as Macculloch observes, it is a remarkable circumstance that, if it is covered by the shelter of a bush, it makes no attempt to close, while its less fortunate companions around it are all firmly shut up. The plants whose leaves fold up at night are few in number, and are confined chiefly to the leguminosæ and osculidæ. It is even, in these orders, more frequent to find this peculiarity existing in the leaf than in the proper leaves of the plant. In a few instances, this motion is due simply to a hygrometric condition of the air, affecting their tissues, as it does other inanimate objects: these are exceptions to an otherwise general rule.

Spontaneous motions, to a remarkable degree, are to be discovered in plants at that which forms the highest point of vegetable vigour—the period when the functions of their flowers are about to be completed. It has been long known that the filaments of the stamens of the common hollyhock rise up and strike the stigma with their anthers upon the slightest irritation: the

* As a pendant to these, we might add 'Flora's Prophetic Almanac;' for the *Euphorbia oleifolia* hangs down at, and in winter, and announces the return of spring by lifting it up again.

anthers lie in the concavity of the petals, and could never approach the stigma, were it not that the busy insect, in its search for honey, provokes the irritability of the stamina, and thus secures the impregnation of the seed. In the pronk'shood, it is stated that each of the stamina is inclined to the stigma in succession, with the utmost regularity, for seven or eight days. The stamina of the golden amaryllis are constantly agitated throughout the whole period of fecundation. The genus *styridium* possesses a spontaneous motion of a *morq, striking* character. So long as the flower is immature, the pistil is immovable; but as soon as it is perfected, if this column is irritated by a needle, it throws itself from the one to the other side of the flower with considerable force; but in a short time it recovers its original position. These movements may be repeatedly produced by the same means. It has been prettily, and not improbably conjectured, that this remarkable irritability was intended to enable the flower to cast off any insect intruder which might attempt to insinuate itself into it. The stamina of the cactus tuna, or Indian fig, when gently scratched with a needle's point, gradually take, from the erect, a recumbent position, and crouch down together at the bottom of the flower, as if withdrawing from the injury. The filaments of the geranium bow forwards, so as to place the anthers upon the stigma.

It has been not long since related that there is a plant growing in the Swan river colony possessing yet more extraordinary powers of motion. Its flowers are of an anomalous structure, and it would seem that the anthers form the superior, and the stigma the inferior lids of a kind of box. The upper lid does not touch the under, but is connected to it by a hinge: they remain apart until some insect lights upon the flower; the lid then instantly closes over it, and keeps it prisoner so long as it is turbulent and buzzes about: when it is quite still, the lid uncloses, and suffers it to depart from its vegetable lock-up: if, however, the lid fails in capturing the trespasser, it rises again in anticipation of a new-comer. In this case the insect, by bustling about, rubs off the pollen of the anthers upon the surface of the stigma, becoming the involuntary medium of communicating the fertilising influence from the one to the other.

The spores or sporules of the confervæ, soon after their first formation, execute movements in water bearing the most vivid analogy to the ciliary motion of the embryo mussel, described in No. 128 of our present series. The pollen tubes of the *asclepiadeæ* pierce the walls of their enclosing cell, and succeed in reaching the stigma wheresoever it may be situated.

There is yet another class of movements, in the parts of vegetables, which surpasses all the rest in the singularity of its appearance, and in the difficulty of discovering any exciting cause for it. The sensitive plant forms one of the nearest of the approaches to animal life to be found in the vegetable kingdom, being endowed with the faculty of what may be called sensation, if the most striking evidence of feeling—retirement from injury—is to be recognised under such a head. The species commonly known as the sensitive plant is the *Mimosa pudica*. When one of its leaflets is touched, it, with its fellow, closes soon after, and both fold up: this is followed by the closure and folding up of the next pair of leaflets, and subsequently of all the leaflets on the same stalk, while the stalk itself then droops and bends down at an articulation which has the effect of a hinge. If the shock communicated to the plant is pretty sharp, the same consequences take place throughout the whole of its leaves and leaf-stalks, and it is, to speak comparatively, of a rapid character. The position then as-

sumed is identical with that which the plant takes at night. The more healthy the plant, and the more elevated the temperature of the stove, the more active and lifelike are the motions. The plant also seems to respond to these apparent injuries more quickly in the morning, and at noon, than at a later period of the day. After a time, it re-opens its leaves, and the stalk lifts up its head, when we may again offend it, and cause a second occurrence of the movement: but this irritability is soon exhausted, and then requires a period of repose for its restoration. A curious experiment was once made with one of these plants. It was taken out in a carriage, in full vigour, but as soon as the vehicle began to move over a rough pavement, it drooped its leaves, and was affected throughout; but on the journey, it at length seemed to have accommodated itself to the motion, and resumed all its former appearance: a fact which speaks volumes in favour of the voluntary and sensorial character of this singular attribute—spontaneous motion.

We have another familiarly-known instance in the *dionea muscipula*, Venus's fly-trap, a native of Canada, spreading upon the ground the peculiar leaves which have originated its name. They are provided with teeth, and have the appearance of a rat-trap—a comparison which applies to their function as well. When the insect alights upon the leaf, and touches its midrib, it is instantly caught by the springing up of the lateral valves of the leaf: and so great is the force and velocity of this act, that the fly is crushed to death. There has been an ingenious surmise that the object of this contrivance is to furnish the plant with a species of food for which it seems to entertain this extraordinary predilection. There is a humble, and, by contrast, a feeble instance of a similar nature in a little British plant called the sun-dew, found growing in bogs and wet heaths, the leaves of which are covered with a gummy exudation, which prevents the escape of the insects alighting upon them, and these are subsequently further secured by the leaves slowly folding over them.

DeCandolle tells us that there is a species of acacia, a native of Senegal, which goes by a name corresponding to 'Good-morning'; because, when touched, its leaves bow down as if to salute those who touch them. There is also a plant, a native of Dominica, called 'the sentinel,' from the fact that its leaves keep up, as it were, a constant watch: one of them is always on the *qui vive*; the leaf is bent down, then rises and assumes its erect position, and there is an uninterrupted succession of such evolutions in this curious plant to the ample justification of its appropriate title.

Of all the wonderful movements in plants, there is not one which excites more astonishment than that of the *Desmodium*, or *Helysarum gyrans*: we could not find a more appropriate name for it than the 'vegetable chronometer.' Its habitat is the banks of the river Ganges, where, indeed, under the fostering influence of the fertilising mud, the humid air, and the fervid sun, it is alone to be found in the pleasurable enjoyment of its remarkable powers. Beneath the slanting sunbeam and the muddled air of our own climate, even in our best stoves, the movement, *there* so vigorous, dwindles to feeble agitation—sufficiently remarkable, however, to make it one of the curiosities of the conservatory. It requires a temperature exceeding 100 degrees Fahrenheit for the full development of its mobile powers.

The lateral leaflets of the plant are in perpetual motion under favourable conditions—a motion of a periodic character. One leaflet will rise until it attains a considerable angle, and then, by a succession of little starts, comparable to the intermitting motion of the second's hand of a watch, it is depressed to an equal angle, and then begins to rise. While one leaflet rises, its fellow falls, and between them they keep a continual oscillatory motion. This movement does not cease during the night: in fact, in its own climate, it has a fair title to the perpetual motion award. It is remarkable that, even if the leaf is held between the

finger and thumb, and forcibly prevented from moving, it will, as soon as it is set at liberty, immediately recommence its movements, and with accelerated velocity, as if the power had been accumulating during the interval. The direct rays of the sun, or movements in the atmosphere, are not the causes of, neither are co-operative with, any other cause of these movements, as they are most lively in the shade, and when the atmosphere of the stove is perfectly still.

The last example to be here enumerated, approaches in its character so nearly the motions of the humblest members of the animal scale—animalcule—that it is really hard to call it anything else than a vital phenomenon: it is the motion of the oscillatoria, a genus of confervæ. Upon the field of the microscope they appear like an infinite multitude of filaments, having a greenish cast, intersected by many articulations or divisions. They are seen to twist about from right to left, in a manner bearing the most direct resemblance to the writhings of worms. They travel, when unconstrained, to distances many times their own length, in water, in the course of a few hours.

It remains briefly to indicate the existence of what may be called movements in closed cells in vegetables. In the *Cheledonium majus*, a peculiar vibratory motion has been detected, affecting the particles of its yellow sap. This is destroyed by cold, and is subject to a curious intermittence in the occurrence of the vibrations. The chara, an aquatic plant, affords us the best-known example of this kind of motion; its stem is formed of elongated cells, which, under microscopic examination, are found to contain a transparent liquid, with globules floating in it: these globules move up one side of the cell and down the other, in a continual circuit, the motion in each cell being independent of that in immediate relation with it. No cause has hitherto been distinctly assigned to this phenomenon—it is one which obtains in many aquatic plants. The globules are believed to be starch vesicles.

The scutellaria, campanularia, and tubularia, among polypæ, possess a circulation which has some resemblance to the above. A current of granular particles, having a motion like that of sand in an hour-glass, has been discovered to set along the axis of the tube, forming portions of the stem and branches, to continue in one direction for a short time, then immediately to return in the opposite. Sometimes the granules have a vibrating, dancing motion: in the tubularia, a current sets up one side of the tube and down the other, as in the chara.

The cases just cited bring us to the confines of the two kingdoms. They have been quoted, not as instances of a motion strictly deserving the epithet 'spontaneous,' but to show that the distinctive characters of each, with immediate reference to the attribute in question, are so finely shaded into one another, as to defy all attempts at an artificial separation.

It is hoped that motions sufficiently singular in themselves, but of a mechanical, and a purely mechanical character, will not be confounded, as they too commonly are, with the kind of movement here described. Thus the spring and detent of some seed-vessels, the hygro-metric closure of some flowers—everlasting flowers, for instance—will open and close for many years after they are dead, if alternately exposed to moist and dry air. The forcible action of the squirting cucumber—*Momordica elaterium*—the up-tendency of the iridescent corn, however deep it is buried, and the upward rising of the roots in palm-trees, are curious and interesting in themselves, as evidences of the effects of certain physical laws, but are not to be reckoned in physiological importance with the simple act of the unsheltered snowdrop—an intuitive avoidance of evil.

In many of the spontaneous motions here enumerated, we are permitted to discover the immediate end which they serve; for others we are still unable to assign a cause or an object. It would not be the least important of the ends served, if, by the demonstration

of a power of motion of inscrutable origin, we might be taught that the resources of the Divine architect are deeper and richer than the narrow confines of our too conceited philosophy can circumscribe, and than, moreover, in our investigations into his handiwork, we are at all times ready to allow.

A DAY AT DE LA RUE'S.

CONCLUDED.

ON being conducted into that department of Mr De la Rue's establishment which is devoted to the making of post-office envelopes, I had before me a busy scene of machines and human labourers—pulleys whirling overhead, belts driving wheels below, and an incessant clank-clanking noise, which renders it necessary to speak somewhat louder than a whisper, if one has any particular wish to be heard.

With respect to the material on which all this activity was exerted, I had seen it prepared some time ago at a mill in Hertfordshire. It is made, like any other ordinary paper, at a machine, and with a sufficiency of size in the pulp to prevent the ink from running. The introduction of the threads is a matter of extreme simplicity. From reels suspended over the jolpy substance as it goes below the first pair of cylinders, threads are led down and inextricably crumpled into the web. After being cut into sheets, the paper is taken in reams to the factory which I was now visiting.

When the paper comes into the hands of Mr De la Rue, it is so far unfinished on the surface that it requires to be milled, by being put through rollers in the manner which I have already described for smoothing sheets of paper or card. So much care is taken to insure finish of surface, that each sheet is milled five or six times before it is considered perfect. When it has undergone this tedious process, the sheets are laid in handfuls, of about six inches thick, beneath a cutting apparatus, which, for want of a better simile, I must describe as acting on the principle of the guillotine. A great broad knife is pressed by a powerful action down on the paper, and with the utmost ease severs the mass in twain. Having been cut into breadths, the paper is next, by the same instrument, formed into lozenge shapes—this producing the least possible waste of material. In this form the paper is handed to the succeeding machine, where, coming under the action of descending angular chisels, small pieces are smartly notched from the corners, and the envelope is made, all except the stamping and folding.

Following a natural course of things, the envelope paper might now be expected to be carried to an adjacent apparatus for impressing the medallion stamp, which is to give it currency through the post. Circumstances divert it from this direct course. The presumed necessity for keeping a careful watch over the dies, prevents government from employing any but their own officers to impress the medallions, and the operation is accordingly performed at Somerset House, which, with a knowledge of this eccentricity of movement, I had visited the day previously. Conducted down to one of the lower floors of this large government office, I there found, in an apartment overlooking the Thames, a number of machines, of a very peculiar construction, engaged in stamping or printing the medallions. These machines, which, I believe, are the invention of Mr Edwin Hill, superintendent of the stamping arrangements, may be considered as forming a combination of the printing-press and die-stamping apparatus. All are moved by a steam-engine of two-horse power. At each press are two lads, one placing the papers below the die, and the other removing them. The impressions being effected at the rate of sixty in the minute—an amazing celerity, considering that the die is inked at every impression—the laying down and taking up require a sharp eye, and no small expertness of fingers. In such processes, every little matter re-

quires to be studied, in order to economise time and trouble. Were a boy to try to lay down sixty pieces of paper in a particular manner within the period of a minute, without once missing, he should certainly fail in the attempt, unless he arranged the papers in a way convenient for handling before he began. The spreading; put of the papers into handful, in the shape of a fan, is on this account an indispensable preliminary in the operation I am now describing. I was told that there is even a knack in rapidly forming the fans. After much experience, it has been found that it can be most expeditiously done by throwing the papers on a table covered with soft cloth, and passing a brush over them. Who, on using an envelope, could imagine that the mere mode of handling it has been a subject of so much solicitude?

In stamping, the die is suspended over the paper on which it is to be impressed, and consequently the inking is effected by rollers pressing upwards. Having thus to work contrary to gravity, the rollers require to be artificially pressed upon the die; and Mr Hill's device of springs acting on the rollers to accomplish this object is at once simple and ingenious. So also is there great merit in the method of shortening and lengthening, at each impression, the screw and bolt apparatus to which the die is suspended, in order to afford room and time for the action of the rollers. It consists in interjecting and withdrawing a piece of metal at every lift and descent of the screw over the bolt: in other words, the power acts, first, by means of a rapidly-working screw; second, the piece of metal which is pushed below it; and third, the bolt to which the die is attached—all three being kept in a vertical line by the supports of the apparatus. The number of papers stamped by each press is, as I have said, sixty per minute, at which rate several machines, with their attendants, work six hours daily; which, although little more than half the time occupied in ordinary printing-houses, is, all things considered, a fair amount for a government office.

Stamped and counted, the envelopes now retrace their steps to Mr De la Rue's establishment, to which I again invite attention. Greatly as I had been delighted with the operation of stamping, I was still more pleased with that which now came under my notice. In sliding an envelope, six movements are necessary. First, the paper must be laid down; four flaps must next, one after the other, be turned over; and sixthly, the envelope must be withdrawn, to make way for its successor. All these movements, except the laying down, are performed by a machine of the height and size of a small table, with some interesting apparatus arranged over its surface; the whole the united invention of Mr Edwin Hill and Mr Warren De la Rue. A boy having laid down a lozenge-shaped paper, a hammer falls, and knocks its square central part into a crevice; and on the hammer rising, we see the four corners standing erect—the envelope having taken the form of a box, with standing sides and ends. A broad iron thumb, as I may call it, now rises and presses down one of the ends, another thumb presses on the opposite end, and next the two sides are similarly flattened. The envelope being now made, an iron arm comes forward with a rapid jerk and with two fingers draws it away. It is not drawn aside into an indiscriminate heap, but is brought to a halt upon a endless strip of cloth, which, travelling over two rollers at a slow rate, gathers the mass of envelopes into regular bins, and thus obviates the necessity for shunting them even. The action of what I call the fingers is curious. Instead of drawing away the envelope, as if by hooked claws, the effect is produced merely by touch, the same as if you were to pull towards you a sheet of paper by the tips of two fingers. How two metal pointers could perform this delicate operation is the wonder. It is indeed a curiosity in art. The explanation is, that the pointers are tipped with India-rubber—a substance which will readily draw aside any light object by the touch, as an experiment with a morsel of rubber and sheet of paper will convincingly show. The interest attached to this

apparatus is increased by observing that when the boy fails to place an envelope-paper on its appointed place, the two fingers are projected outwards, and do not dip down to draw the envelope aside—as if there was a consciousness in the machine that any effort on this occasion would be thrown away.

The whole of the process, of which this affords the scantiest outline, is a rapid evolution of parts all acting in harmony to effect a particular end, and without any perceptible interval of repose. The rapidity may be judged from the fact, that two thousand envelopes are folded per hour, or twenty thousand in the day. Yet this degree of quickness, I understand, is already beginning to be considered slow work, and will not be tolerated much longer. I should not be surprised, at my next visit, to see four times as many envelopes made in the hour, and the whole at the same time gunned and combed. As it is, the machine cannot keep the stamp-office supplied; and many girls are employed in executing quantities by hand-labour. At a former visit a year or two ago, I found that all the envelopes were folded by girls, and so active were they, that I could not have anticipated the invention of anything more smart or economical. The result shows how useless it is for an onlooker to speculate on such matters. But still more useless would be the sentimental manderings of those who affect to lament the substitution of iron and power-belts for human muscle and intelligence. The more machines Mr De la Rue introduces into his workrooms, the greater is the number of hands he requires to employ. 'So far,' said he, 'from the folding-machine robbing our girls of their employment, we have more work for them than ever.' One can only have a forcible perception of the truth of this remark, by having visited, as I did, the establishment at two distant periods. On the present occasion, when conducted into the manual-labour rooms, I found that department thronged from the garret to the cellar—a houseful of girls, all as busy as possible at agreeable and remunerating labour; many folding at long tables, others gunning, and a third class finally putting the envelopes in packages ready for sale. The place was in itself a factory, and not the least interesting or curious on various accounts. As all the envelopes, whether made by machine or with the folder, pass through this department, I inquired how many were turned out in any given period of time. The answer was, that the quantity of envelopes altogether made was seventy-five thousand a-day, or twenty-two and a half millions per annum, but that this was only those stamped for the post-office. The quantity of fancy envelopes manufactured was equally large. This led me to an examination of the kinds of envelopes made without stamps, of which there were numerous varieties in progress. One species were without borders; others were bordered with red, blue, or some other fancy colour; and a third kind had narrow or broad borders of black for mourning. The preparation of mourning note-papers and envelopes seemed in itself a great concern. The putting on of the black I did not see, that being done out of the house by a person whose business is the blacking of paper. 'To give you a notion of the extent of this kind of trade,' said Mr De la Rue, 'I may mention that we pay £500 a-year for merely blacking the edges of note and envelope papers.' Equally ready, however, to play the part of L'Allegro as Il Penseroso, this great man has not disdained to bring his ingenuity to bear on the important subject of matrimonial stationery. I am rather inclined to think that De la Rue prides himself a little on what he has accomplished in this way. And who that recollects what marriage-cards were a few years ago, can wonder at a man being proud of being the purveyor of such splendid things as now charm the eyes of misses—names, borders, wafers, and true lovers' knots, all in a blaze of enamel and silver!

Measled with the way in which these pretty articles were got up, I felt a reluctance in quitting the department, to visit that part of the premises devoted to eng-

enelling, colouring, and varnishing. Enamel is a wash of a material externally resembling whiting, which, after being dried on the card or paper, is smoothed by milling. The mode of applying the wash is the only part worth noticing. I found several workmen and boys engaged in laying the wash on webs of paper, each three hundred yards long; and this length they finished in half an hour. The actual operator, however, is a machine, and the men and boys are only attendant. The web, in going into the machine, passes beneath a trough, from which the wash issues over the surface; it then comes under the action of an apparatus of brushes, moving in cycloidal curves, by which the wash is finely equalised; led away from this, the web sinks through a hole in the floor to an apartment beneath, where it is caught by a boy, and hung on poles to dry. The paper undergoing this initiatory process of enamelling at the time of my visit was that designed for covers to 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' of which some hundreds of thousands have been prepared.

The adjoining workroom, in which papers are coloured and varnished, had somewhat the appearance of a painter's and dyer's atelier. At various benches, girls were employed tinting sheets of paper by means of brushes and colours; others were putting varnish on the dried sheets; and a few were laying squares of leaf metal on paper preparatory to future processes. Much of the coloured, as well as the metal-covered paper, is designed for embossing; hence it was natural for us next to look in upon the apparatus employed in giving the embossing or stamping finish to the material. Embossing is done in two ways—whole sheets by means of rollers, and small slips by means of powerful stamping machines. In little more than an instant of time, a sheet, formerly smooth, will pass between rollers, on one of which the pattern is engraved, and come out beautifully worked in relief. The appearance of morocco leather is thus given to coloured papers. The process of stamping is performed on the ground floor, in consequence of the enormous weight of the presses. The largest of these machines is about eighteen feet high, weighs twenty tons, and imparts a blow equal to a thousand tons. From my previous acquaintance with machines of this class, I should have expected that the Goliath before me would require great toil in working, and was therefore agreeably surprised to find that it performed the falling and rising process with comparative ease and equanimity. Two men only were in attendance upon it: one placed the slip of paper below the die, taking it out when stamped; the other guided the movement, by putting the machine in and out of gear with the steam-power. The blow being given with a rapid and ponderous jerk, which shook the ground and building, the reaction caused the screw to run back, leaving time to shift the paper for the ensuing impression. The article which was in hand during my visit was what few persons could have expected—the fancy slip of paper which is wrapped round pieces of linen. It is very true that linen is not a whit the better for ornaments of this kind; but it is equally undeniable that people are taken with such embellishments: the eye is pleased, if not the judgment, and how much are all mankind imposed on by what charms the senses! As to the slip in question, what was it radically but a bit of paper, not worth a farthing? Yet what did art not do for it? In the first place, it daubed it over with a pea-green colour; next, it gave it a gloss rivalling the surface of polished marble; then it pasted upon it, in the form of a medallion, a small representation of a flower on a white ground; after this, it laid leaves of gold upon it; and lastly, giving it a blow with a die, there sprang up in relief a beautiful golden efflorescence, surrounding the medallion, and radiating over the delicate green expanse of the slip. The execution of the design on the die was an important step, not to be overlooked; for, independently of all manual labour, the drawing, effected by one of the first artists of the day, cost as much as twenty guineas.

Thus it is that things are done on a great and liberal scale in large factory concerns; the most insignificant materials being exalted to a high value by the varied and ingenious operations of artists and artisans, set to work by capital and enterprise.*

In the same department I observed several smaller stamping-presses engaged on different articles requiring to be embossed. One was employed in embossing a highly ornamental calling card: the relief in this instance, however, being open, to resemble lace. The card being first embossed by a blow of the die, is next laid, face downwards, on a block, and in this position the raised dots are filed off; consequently, on taking it up, we find that the embossing is full of small holes. Another press was engaged in stamping leather for the covers of work-boxes and writing-cases. Near to this scene of labour I was shown the process of printing in metals. A number of small presses of an ordinary kind, and several men and women, are here occupied. Printing to resemble gold and silver has been brought by Mr De la Rue to considerable perfection; and yet it is so simple, that I can see no obstacle to its general use. Properly speaking, the metal is not printed, but laid on the typography after the sheet comes from the press. Instead of ink, the types are rolled with a glutinous substance, to which metal in powder readily adheres. The metal, to resemble gold, is an oxidised brass; and so vast has become its consumption, that there is now a manufactory of the article in London. Beat first into leaf, it is afterwards ground to powder; and the daubing of this powder on the typography appears to be the duty of the workwomen. In this manner all those covers of packages containing note-papers, which blaze in gold and silver, are produced. After printing and metalling, the papers go through a wash and milling, to impart a glossy finish.

From the metal-printing department I was led up stairs to that in which are manufactured all varieties of portable writing-desks, work-boxes, and cases, also portfolios, albums, needle-books, and other loves of articles that no young lady could for an instant see without meditating an attack on papa's pocket. Here, likewise, I was made conscious for the first time of that great work of art, a portable chess-board—a thing made of pasteboard, which, with pieces and all, you can fold up in your pocket, so as to be able to carry on a game in a stage-coach, railway carriage, or steamboat. Invented by a learned professor, this little affair has, to use De la Rue's gratulatory expression, 'taken root,' and is therefore likely to turn out a good thing for the concern. To chess-players, I should imagine it to be an indispensable pocket companion. Unable to save themselves, they may just as well go and buy one of these portable boards at once, as wait to perform that act nugatoriously afterwards.

I had now seen pretty nearly into all the odd nooks of this interesting establishment, and my last move was into the store-room, in which were engaged ten clerks and packers despatching goods to all parts of the empire. Here, in conversing with one of the partners, I learned that the whole house is under from fifteen to twenty foremen, with each of whom a debtor and creditor account is kept, as if he were an independent tradesman. It is only by such minute arrangements that a dispersed miscellaneous establishment like this could be conducted with propriety or advantage. At any given time, it can be ascertained whether any particular branch is yielding work proportional to the expenditure upon it. A number of the foremen were originally laid employed in the early years of the establishment; and with them, as well as with others, the masters are upon a most amicable footing. Solicitous to

* While on this subject, it is not out of place to speak with admiration of the embossing of card-board by Messrs Dobbs, Bailey, and Co. of 134 Fleet Street, London. By them has relief copies of the cartoons of Raphael, and the masterly pictures of Wilkie, also relief maps of different countries, have been executed with much taste, and at a comparatively insignificant cost.

improve the condition of all in their employment, the proprietors have latterly induced them to abandon the practice of taking beer twice during the hours of labour, and in lieu have remitted half an hour from the general day's work. A marked social improvement has been the consequence. Latterly, also, a sickness-fund and library have been set on foot in the office. As these useful institutions have a reference to something like three hundred individuals, the degree of benefit is of more than ordinary importance.

There was now nothing more for me to see or hear of in connexion with this extensive establishment, and thanking my friendly conductors for the trouble they had taken to explain the different processes, I concluded what I hope will have been as little tiresome to my readers as to me—"A DAY AT DE LA RUE'S."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DISCOVERY OF COPPER MINES IN AUSTRALIA.

AFTER the great depression which the Australian colonies have suffered of late, it is gratifying to find that a new impulse has been given to the energies of the colonists around Adelaide by the discovery of rich mines of copper. The discovery of the copper ore was entirely accidental. A son of Captain Bagot, in his chance rambles, had picked up a greenish stone, and carried it home, where it excited some attention. A short while afterwards, Mr Dutton, having gone to the same locality in search of some stray cattle, was attracted by a greenish-looking substance imbedded in the shaly rock, which there rose to the surface. He carried home a specimen, and, showing it to his friend Bagot, it was ascertained to be an ore of copper of the same nature as the specimen found by his son. The next object of these enterprising gentlemen was to get possession of the land embracing this hidden treasure. This they did by a regular purchase from government of eighty acres, at the price of one pound sterling per acre. It appears that there is no reserve made by government in the sale of lands, but that all minerals, and everything else, become the sole property of the purchaser. As the copper ore in this locality comes to the surface of the soil, the working of such a mine is a comparatively easy task; and some Cornish miners being on the spot, operations were commenced immediately, and in due time a quantity of the ore was sent to England. It was found that the ores consisted of a carbonate and sulphuret of copper; and so rich were they, that, on an average, they furnished 294 per cent. of pure metal; and the sale of the ore at Liverpool brought an average of £24, 8s. 1d. per ton—a price greatly above that of any British ores, or even of those of South America, with one exception. The average price of British and European ores is from £5 to £6 per ton; and the South American brings from £10 to £15, the richest being £29. The enterprising proprietors of the Kapunda mine, ascertaining that some adjoining lands contained copper also, became purchasers of additional ground; but the value of the mines having now to some extent transpired, the price per acre was raised tenfold. Another locality containing very rich ore was soon after discovered in the Mount Lofty range of hills, about ten miles from Adelaide. This, called the Montacute copper mine, has been purchased by a company, and is now also in full operation. From the number of buffaloes in the country, the facility of carrying the ore to the shipping port is very great. Improved modes of roasting the ores, and thus lessening greatly their bulk, is also being adopted. The whole colony is in activity, and the trade, if pursued with moderate caution and prudence, is likely

to be of essential importance to the community. Not only is the British market open for the commodity, but there is also a wide field in India, China, and other parts of the world.

A volume just published by Mr F. Dutton on South Australia and its mines,* affords an interesting detail of this recent discovery, as well as the most recent notice of the trade and prospects of South Australia. The colonies appear to be gradually recovering from the late effects of over-importation and excessive speculation. Cattle and sheep are in such abundance, that the principal consumpt consists in melting down the carcasses in order to obtain their tallow. The newly-discovered mines, however, promise to employ somewhat more profitably the muscular powers of the buffaloes, as well as to furnish steady and profitable labour to a considerable number of miners, engineers, and other artisans required for mining operations.

IDIOCY.

Dr Campbell, in a communication published in the Northern Journal of Medicine, states, on the authority of Dr Kombst, that an unusual number of idiots and deformed persons are to be found at Jena, in the Grand Duchy of Weimar. This fact is, by the medical men of the place, coupled with the circumstance of there being brewed at Lichtenhain, a neighbouring village, a very strong beer, of pleasant taste, which is a great favourite with the inhabitants of Jena. This beer is very intoxicating, and the state of intoxication produced by it is far more violent than that brought about by any other beverage in common use. These highly-intoxicating qualities of the Lichtenhain beer are ascribed to belladonna, which, it is said, the brewers mix with the beer. Now, no day passes without some of the inhabitants of Jena returning home in the evening highly intoxicated; and the idiotic and deformed children are regarded as the offspring of fathers addicted to this pernicious beverage.—This is a curious surmise, and one which after-experience is most likely to confirm; for there is no reason why mental deformity should not be transmissible as well as physical malformation—which, unluckily, is but too well-authenticated. And should it be confirmed, what a fearful responsibility do such men incur, who, through vicious propensities, not only destroy their own constitutions, but transmit to their innocent offspring an enfeebled frame, and the worst of all maladies—a hopeless imbecility of mind! Our chief distinguishing characteristic in creation is mind, the noblest of all the Creator's gifts; and no offence can be more enormous than the debasement of that gift by voluntary indulgence in gross and unseemly practices. Most people, indeed we might say all, make a great profession of regard for their offspring; but we question that sincerity in every case where there exists not a strict attention to such habits of life as will, to the best of human knowledge, secure for that progeny a sound and healthful constitution. The basis of a sound constitution, bodily and intellectually, is infinitely more valuable than any other bequeathment a parent can make. Without the one, life cannot be an enjoyment; without the other, progress is utterly unattainable.

NOVEL IMPORTATIONS.

Some ten or twelve years ago, people were amazed when fresh eggs and butter, live poultry and cattle, were steamed from Ireland and the north of Scotland for the consumption of the great metropolis; now what shall they say to arrivals of live turtle and pine-apples from the West Indies, early potatoes from the Bermudas, and potatoes, green-pease, and young onions from Portugal, and cucumbers from Holland? Yet such

* South Australia and its Mines. With an Historical Sketch of the Colony, under its several administrations, to the period of Captain Grey's departure. By Francis Dutton. London: Boone, 1846.

is the case. Turtle, if we can credit the newspapers, will shortly be as common as veal, and pine-apples be placed on every respectable table, not, as formerly, on loan from the fruiterers, but the *bona fide* to-be-enjoyed property of the host. Last summer we had several arrivals of pine-apples, and this season we see four already announced, so that ordinary-sized pines, of delicious flavour, may be calculated upon at scarcely one-tenth of what they would have cost under the uncertain and scanty supply of the home grower. Early potatoes from the Bermudas and Portugal, anticipating our own supply by a month, is certainly a novelty; and we see no reason why, instead of two hundred and fifty-five barrels, there may not be fifty times that amount, and yet the importer meet with a fair remunerating profit. In our northern latitude, we need never hope to compete in earliness with the more favoured climates of Portugal, Madeira, and the West Indies; but by our steam navigation, which makes these countries, as it were, part and parcel of our own island, we may enjoy, at a reasonable expenditure, all the delicacies of the tropics, and yet secure the healthful invigorating advantages of our own temperate clime. Nor, under the cultivation of peace and the extension of steam navigation and railways, do we see any limit to this gratifying interchange of commodities. We have now American ice, as well as American cotton and corn; West India turtle and pine-apples, as well as West India rum and sugar; early potatoes, green-pease, and grapes from Portugal, as well as Portuguese oranges, raisins, and wines—nor is there any cause why we may not have every other foreign delicacy, however rare and evanescent.

DISEASE OCCASIONED BY LUCIFERS.

Dr Balfour, in the Northern Journal of Medicine, describes the occurrence of necrosis in the jaw-bones, caused by continued exposure to the fumes of phosphorus, in persons employed in the lucifer manufactories. The dipping the pieces of wood in the phosphoric mixture, and the drying the matches afterwards, it appears, are carried on in an ill-ventilated room, where the girls are who are employed in the factories, and who pass from twelve to thirteen hours daily in these rooms, exposed to excessive heat, and the fumes given off by the phosphorus which is used. In each manufactory from three to four pounds of phosphorus are daily employed in the production of from one to two millions of matches, the mere drying of which must give no inconsiderable quantity of phosphoric fumes, to which also must be added the quantity of metaphosphoric acid produced by the burning of sundry parcels, which, in spite of care, is no infrequent occurrence. It would seem that continued exposure to the phosphoric fumes for a length of years is requisite to produce the disease, as no cases were observed at Vienna until the manufactories had been at work upwards of eleven years. Scrofulous subjects suffer most, and in them the disease is most fatal. Almost all the girls employed have the gums more or less affected, and at their junction with the teeth, a red ulcerated line, like that produced by mercurial salivation, is apparent. When the individual is robust, and the necrosis confined to a small portion of the bone, exfoliation takes place, and a gradual cure follows; but where there exists any tendency to scrofula, phthisis becomes developed, and the patient sinks under the combination.

To counteract, as far as possible, this distressing malady, the Austrian government has, with praiseworthy alacrity, ordained the observance of the following precautions:—1st, That the matches must not be permitted to be dried in the workroom, and, if possible, this must take place in one situated above it; 2d, that every second hour the girls be obliged to wash their mouths well with acidulated water; and 3d, that they be sent out twice a-day to take their meals, and get some fresh air. These precautions are ordained on the recommendation of a medical commission; pre-

cautions which, with the addition of frequent washing, and exposure of the cloths to air and sunshine, might be beneficially adopted in many of our large factories, where metallic and other fumes are continually being less or more inhaled by the workpeople.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

BRUSSELS—THE OLD AND NEW TOWN—THEATRE—THE HÔTEL DE VILLE—THE ATHLETIC—IMAGE-BREAKERS—GALLERY OF THE DUKE D'AREMBERG—THE LACONS—THE MANSION.

We arrived at Brussels, which is the Paris of the Netherlands, the following afternoon, and drove in an open carriage through the old and new town, round the Park and the Boulevards, and along the *Allée Verté*, as far as the palace of *Laeken*, where King Leopold frequently resides during the summer months, and which is memorable for having been the abode of Napoleon when, in an evil hour, he completed the arrangements, and signed his final instructions, for the Russian campaign. Upon a general view, it would appear that Brussels consists of two distinct towns—the one ancient, the other modern—which are connected together chiefly by a long and precipitous street, appropriately called the *Montagne de la Cour*. The lower or older town possesses all the aspect of antiquity; it were easy, indeed, to imagine ourselves here living in the middle ages, so remarkable is the architecture of the houses—the visible chronicles of bygone centuries. Their remarkable height, their step-shaped curious old gables, their occasional parapets and high-sloping roofs, with rows of little grim lattice windows, intimating storey still rising above storey within, and their highly-decorated façades, produce an effect which is exceedingly picturesque and interesting, contrasted with which the new or upper town presents a very tame and monotonous appearance. True, the white-faced mansions and stately palaces are there obviously on a magnificent scale, and give an air of aristocracy and regal dignity to this court end of the capital. The greatest ornament in this part of the town is the Park, with the king's palace at one end, and the government offices at the other. This open and verdant space is tastefully laid out, with shady avenues interspersed—as all public gardens are on the continent—with statues, busts, marble vases, and occasional fountains, which, judiciously distributed among the trees and shrubberies, have always a graceful effect. We passed also through a very pretty modern little square called the *Place des Martyrs*, in the garden of which is the statue of Liberty, dedicated to the memory of the heroes who fell during the conflict of the late revolution.

Returning into the old town, we arrived at the *Place de la Monnaie*, which is by far the most lively and bustling part of Brussels—almost completely surrounded with handsome-looking cafes, fitted up in the most costly Parisian style, before the doors of which were already groups of persons seated at small tables discussing their coffee or wine; the younger men smoking cigars, and the elder playing at dominoes. It is very evident that people on the continent accustom themselves to enjoy life in the open air more than they do in England. We have seen in Paris young ladies—we might rather say families—bring their needlework into the garden of the Tuileries, and, paying each a penny for their chair, remain there the whole day, returning after dinner to their evening promenade. In the large square I am speaking of is the theatre-royal, a plain-looking, but handsome edifice, which may hereafter be esteemed less memorable from any association connected with the muses, than from its having been the place in which the revolution of 1830 received its first impetus. On the 25th of August, the opera announced for representation was the *Dumb Girl of Portici*. The house was crowded in every part, and the most enthusiastic cheers greeted those airs which breathe the spirit of liberty. On the outside of the doors groups

of idle people were collected; but neither the civil nor military authorities apprehended any disturbance. At ten o'clock a crowd of young men, excited by the gesticulations of the Dumb Girl, and the patriotic ebullitions of Masaniello, rushed into the streets, shouting '*Vive la liberté!*' '*Vive la Belgique!*' '*A bas Van Maanen!*' who was at that time the obnoxious minister of justice. They met with no resistance: they paraded the streets, smashing lamps and windows, until so formidable became the mob, that the *gens d'armes* were afraid to interfere. They at length broke into the shops of gunsmiths, and otherwise provided themselves with every description of arms; and then proceeded to the house of the offensive Van Maanen, into which they forced an entrance; and after destroying the furniture, and everything they could find, they set fire to the premises. The flames, agitated by the wind, rose with terrific grandeur, and threatened to destroy the surrounding houses; for no engines or means of extinguishing the fire were permitted to approach. Thus, before day-break, the town was in a state of open and complete insurrection. Hence the first act of this revolution, which separated Holland from Belgium, originated within the walls of this theatre. The influence of dramatic representations in exciting the feelings and passions of the people is particularly marked on the continent, where the stage has often been made subservient to political purposes. Thus Napoleon never allowed any drama to be represented in Paris which he had not himself examined and revised; and he often introduced such sentiments as he wished to be encouraged among the people.

We next stopped at the *Hôtel de Ville*, or town-hall; and while admiring the beauty of its architecture, the coachman, pointing with his whip, directed our attention to an opposite house. 'There,' said he, 'that is the old house in which Counts Emonet and Horn slept the night before they were executed; and here,' added he, 'in this place they were both beheaded.' So true is it that tragical events take precedence over all other local associations; and yet, were such here more particularly individualised, a tumult might be raised at every door. The fate of these two noblemen has deservedly met with sympathy: they were, in the highest sense of the word, patriots; and they both fell victims to the treachery and cruelty of the Duke of Alva, who signalled his return into Brussels, after the dissolution of the confederacy which had been organised to shake off the Spanish yoke, by an indiscriminate number of executions.

The *Hôtel de Ville* is considered a very fine example of what is called the Lombardo-Gothic style of architecture, and is surmounted by a very light and elegant spire in open fretwork, through the sides of which the sky on either side is visible. Upon its top is a statue of St Michael, the patron saint of Brussels, which swerves to and fro with the wind, and serves as a weathercock. This spire is remarkable for not being in the centre of the building; still the defect does not impair, at least to an unprofessional eye, the beauty of the edifice. The interior possesses little to interest the visitor, excepting the salon or hall in which the Emperor Charles V. abdicated his throne. Here, rising from his chair of state, supported on one side by his sister, the queen-dowager of Hungary, and on the other by his son, in the presence of the august assemblage which he had convened to give befitting solemnity to so important an event, the enfeebled monarch, with 'an air of dignity, without ostentation,' explained the reasons which induced him to resign the sceptre which he could no longer yield for the benefit of his people; and his son, kneeling at his feet, received that wise and paternal admonition which should be inscribed on the hearts of kings. This interesting event is depicted on some curious old tapestry. From the town-hall we proceeded to the ancient cathedral, which is dedicated to St Gudule, upon entering which, we proceeded at once to the extraordinary pulpit of Verbruggen, one

of the most curious and elaborate specimens of oak-carving in the Netherlands. The English guide-books all refer to it with admiration, but not one of them describes it; neither do they give the popular story connected with it. The subject is the representation of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. Underneath, and in the foreground of the pulpit, appear the guilty pair, their figures being somewhat larger than life. Adam is represented turning round from Eve, covering his face with his hands in a penitent attitude; while she, standing by his side, hides in her left hand the apple, and uplifts the right to protect her face from the fiery sword of the cherubim, who is immediately over their heads. The despondency and grief expressed by the countenance of Eve are finely depicted: the drapery of the figure is also extremely well managed. Immediately behind them is the skeleton of Death, grasping with his bony hand the pulpit, and looking steadfastly down upon Eve, under whose foot, among the trees which support the pulpit—the ragged bark and woody knots of which are given with great fidelity—the serpent appears, and may be traced coiling upwards, and behind the pulpit, until it reaches the summit of its canopy, upon which stands the Virgin, with a glory of stars round her head, and the infant Saviour before her, through whose tiny hand passes the crucifix, the point of which she appears thrusting into the serpent's head. The effect of the grouping, as a whole, is exceedingly striking. The balustrades on each side of the pulpit stairs appear to consist of the branches of trees, well foliaged; among which, with artistic eccentricity, are disposed numerous animals—a peacock, a squirrel, an eagle, a parrot, and other creatures, some of which it would be difficult to discover in any work of natural history.

The cathedral of Saint Gudule possesses many fine statues and interesting monuments. It was enriched at one time by sixty altars, which were magnificently wrought; but they were all destroyed during the insane riots of the Iconoclasts, or Image-Breakers, at the Reformation. In the blindness of their zeal, they armed themselves with hatchets, bludgeons, hammers, and other weapons, with which they broke into the chapels and churches, and destroyed what they considered to be symbols only of idolatry. This cathedral was attacked by torchlight, at midnight, by an immense multitude of armed men; and the systematic manner in which they accomplished its pillage, without a single accident happening among the tumultuous evildoers themselves, has been a subject of wonder to historians.

The museum, and more especially the library connected with it, which contains an invaluable collection of manuscripts and rare editions of scarce works, which have accumulated since the fourteenth century, might tempt a visitor to while away many agreeable hours in Brussels. There are here also, as in other towns in the Netherlands, several private galleries, to which strangers are courteously admitted, and which contain some charming masterpieces of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The palace of the Duke D'Arenberg, who resides the greater part of the year in Italy, is particularly worth visiting, not only on account of several exquisite pictures by Teniers, Van Ostade, Rembrandt, and Vandyke, but because in the library, in which are preserved numerous Etruscan vases and interesting relics of antiquity, will be found the original head of the Laocoon. We cannot, however, leave the picture-gallery without specially noticing a Madonna by Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, which must haunt the memory of all who see it. She is kneeling before a cross formed by two little broken sticks. She is fair, possessing what the French would describe to be *une figure bien arrondie*, and without any affectation or St Cecilia upturning of the eyes. The sweetest serenity is blended with an expression of the deepest devotion. The colouring of the lilac gown, which we observe in many of this artist's pictures, contrasts with, or we should rather say heightens, the transparent complexion of the neck and shoulders, and the impersonation alto-

gether is most striking and beautiful. It is certain that pictures, like poems, affect the imagination of individuals differently; and this, to us, has always appeared a *chef d'œuvre* of art. To return to the Laocoon. This group, representing a father and his two sons struggling with unutterable agony in the coils of a serpent, which, from the numerous plaster casts of it, must be familiar to everybody, was discovered in the year 1508 by Felici de Fredis at Rome, in the ruins of the baths of Titus, the subterranean chambers of which are supposed to have contained some of the finest sculpture and paintings in the world. The excavations which were at that period commenced were discontinued, until the French set about exploring the ruins in earnest about the close of the last century. Instead of this group being, as many the elder supposed, executed out of a single block, Michael Angelo discovered that the figures were executed separately, and the two sons joined with great nicety to the principal figure. It is certain that the head of the Laocoon, the principal figure of the group, which was removed by Leo X. to the Vatican, is a restoration, copied from an antique gem, and the original, now in the Duke D'Arenberg's possession, was, as we have reason to believe, discovered in these ruins by some Venetian explorers, who sold it to the grandfather of the present duke. The connoisseurs attached to the suite of Napoleon were so satisfied of its authenticity, that the emperor, under their advice, offered to purchase it at any price from the Duke D'Arenberg, who declined parting with it, and, for safety, had it taken out of the country, and concealed at Dresden, where it remained until the fall of the emperor, when it was restored to its present place. The head is slightly inclined to the left; the eyebrows are puckered together, or corrugated; and the ball of the eye, which is so chiselled as to represent the pupil, appears turning upwards. The mouth is somewhat open, the lips being drawn up to express acute pain; and, upon closer inspection, the teeth and tongue appear within it. It was observed by Sir Joshua Reynolds that the expression of suffering in this group is more strongly observed in the writhing and contortions of the body than in the features. In like manner Winckelmann observes that it is not in the countenance only, but in the tendons and muscles, that we must recognise the intensity of physical suffering; and the opening of the mouth indicates not the loud cry described by Virgil, but rather the sighs of suppressed agony. Here we may observe, that it was a general principle of the ancient sculptors, that to preserve the most perfect beauty in its most perfect state, the passions should not be expressed which may be supposed to produce distortion and deformity.* As the sea," says Winckelmann, "is calm in its profoundest depths, however agitated may be its surface, so in the Greek statues, in the midst even of the passions, the expression conveys the grandeur and calm self-possession of the soul. Such is the expression in the countenance of the Laocoon."

We did not leave Brussels without paying a pilgrimage to the little street god, enshrined on his pedestal within iron railings, called the Mannekin—an eccentric fountain, in the shape of an indelicate pretty-looking boy, who continues to supply, unremittingly, the good housewives of the neighbourhood with the great element of cleanliness and life. The statue is in bronze, by Duquesnoy, and divers legends are attached to the history of this juvenile absurdity. Indeed the *Histoire du Mannekin racontée par lui même*, by a no less erudite author than Collin de Plancy, lies before us, by which it is obvious that this, "the most ancient citizen of Brussels," has been passively, but not mischievously, associated with all the civil commotions that have, since the twelfth century, disturbed the peace of this city. He witnessed the civil wars under the dukes of Burgundy, and blushed before the flames of the Inquisi-

tion under Philip II. He bowed to the dominion of the house of Austria under Maria Theresa, and wore the national cockade in 1794. He witnessed the rise and fall of Napoleon, was a *quasi* Hollander under William IV., and since the accession of the present king, Leopold, has sported the uniform of "the garde civique." Hence, in accordance with the most enlightened principles of political philosophy, the Mannekin has accommodated himself to the exigencies of the prevailing dynasty, and has thus obtained military orders and court honours which only few even of our own ministers can boast of in the present day. The Emperor Charles V. settled a pension on him, to conciliate the good people of Brussels; and the Duke Maximilian, in 1698, seriously invested him with his order. Peter the Great came to see him, and bowing before him, said, "Sir, I have come to see you, since you go to see no one," and added to his pension. Louis XV. made him a knight of the order of St Louis, and presented him with a suit of uniform, a cocked-hat, and a sword. "It is a positive fact," says Addison, "that, in addition to these gifts from sovereigns, several people have made the little man votive gifts, while others have actually remembered him in their wills. Within the last twenty years, a lady left him a "life annuity" of one hundred and twenty francs, for dressing him on fête days. He has a treasurer, who is responsible for his disbursements, revenues, &c.; and Mr Strass, an advocate of this city, some years ago held this enviable post.† There is a bundle whose duty it is to look after the cleanliness of the little niche in which he stands; and upon fête and gala days he is decked out in one or other of his court dresses, for the amusement of the populace. With these associations attached to his history, we should have accused ourselves of disrespect to the town of Brussels itself if we had not, before leaving it, paid our humble homage to the Mannekin."

HORTICULTURE.

BY MRS LADIA D. SIGOURNEY.

It is admiration of the beautiful things of nature has a tendency to soften and refine character, the culture of them has still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection; the seed which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us as living, loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness who causeth the sun to shine and the dew to distil; who forgets not the tender buried vine amid the ice and snows of winter, but bringeth forth the root, long hidden from the eye of man, into verdant splendour or autumnal fruitage.

The lessons learned among the works of nature are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the railway principles, which pervades its operations, and the spirit of accumulation, which threatens to crowd every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverses which mark our own time beyond any which have preceded it, render it particularly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Saviour, and take instruction from the lilies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of Heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced by medical men as salutary to health and to cheerfulness of spirit; and it would seem that this theory might be sustained by the happy countenances of those who use it as a relaxation from the excitement of business or the exhaustion of study. And if he who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature benefits himself—he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community is surely a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the man of the world, with the gold fever, gentle thoughts, which do good like a medicine. He cheers the desponding invalid, and makes the eye of a child brighten with more intense happiness. He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines

* Richard Duggan, Michael Angelo. See also Le sin.

† It is true as she is. By H. R. Addison, Brussels. Lelpie, 1845.

character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistence by labouring on his grounds, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes is favourable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our native land we may say—

'Praise to the sturdy plough,
And patient plough, and shepherd's simple crook;
And let the light mechanic's tool be hailed
With home or, encasing, by the power
Of long companionship, the labourer's hand,
Cut off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart.'

MISERIES OF A PUBLIC DINNER.

It seems to be a rule that the gentleman who first seizes upon the salt should keep it. It is upon the same principle that the party who sits opposite the turbot helps himself liberally to the fish, and having pitched a rude supply into one or two plates thrust over his shoulder by beseeching waiters, drops the fish slice, and can neither see nor hear appeals until he has finished his fins. Whosoever fixes his fork in a fowl becomes the proprietor of it, so far as wines, or bread, or all that he himself has a taste for is concerned. A slice of tongue is quite unattainable with your chicken—chicken and tongue too must always be considered unreasonable and romantic at a public dinner; but perhaps the desired slice is secureable by itself. We make a trial; we send a plate, having little chance of seeing another—with an earnest, a pathetic appeal. That plate we never see again. With exemplary patience we wait its return; time passes on, and the dishes disappear—we have become accustomed to our hunger, and having some of the nicely rasped roll left, we forget our application in applying ourselves to that. But at length the solid dishes have all melted away into a horrible mockery of custards and jellies! Even a wrong cut of the spoiled mutton is now irrecoverable. Grumio's 'beef without the mustard' we might have had—but may not now. The tough turkey has become an impossibility. The fimer, shockingly arranged, infamously selected, and iniquitously cooked—had as it was—gone! And now, remembering the almost longed-for, the all-but-necessary bit of tongue, we once more make trial with our own. 'I asked you twenty minutes ago for a slice of tongue—I have had nothing—never mind?' And ten minutes afterwards the slice actually comes. It is brought, set down before us, left there. Why it must be tasted, then, late as it is. Its colour is inviting. Just as we have adopted so much of it as seemed fairly apportioned to the remaining fraction of the roll, we feel, rather than perceive, that somebody is looking at us; and there, directly opposite, is a huge gentleman, who, having necessarily occupied two seats, had come into the possession of two sets of plates, with a double supply of forks and corks, all of which he had contrived, greatly to our loss, to make incessant use of throughout the dinner; monopolising a goodly send that came to our part of the table, and confining his whole attention to his own proceedings. And now, when he has performed his appointed task, when he has despatched all, when the very cheese charms him no longer, what is he to do but glance around him? And there, opposite, are we—we alone—eating tongue—tongue at that hour—when the cloth is rolled up, and the mahogany visible at the lower end of the table! His eyes are rivetted upon us. They reveal clearly, too clearly, all that is passing in his mind. He has not the smallest particle of a doubt that so we have been eating on ever since the far-distant era of soup; that the fork has been in incessant employ ever since the spoon was laid down; that we have been dining, indeed, with a forty-day's power of perseverance! Imagine the position we are in. The tongue's rich redness is faint compared with the blush with which it is contemplated. The smile on our observer's face, his stare prolonged—they are not expressive of disgust at the supposed achievement of a never-to-be-discontinued dinner: no, they are expressive of envy. In one minute more, just as we finally lay down the fork with a portion of the untasted treasure upon it, the attention of half the table is attracted to the awkward incident, by his ejaculating in a very audible and emphatic whisper across the table, 'Waiter! here, waiter! bring me a small slice of tongue!—Waiter!—thickish!'—*Laman Blanchard's Sketches from Life.*

A MOTHER'S RESIGNATION.

'There are griefs that lie in the heart like treasures,
Till Time has changed them to solemn pleasures.'

No, not forgotten! Though the wound has closed,
And seldom with thy name I trust my tongue,
My soul so early lost, and mourned so long;
The mother's breast where once thy head reposed
Still keeps thy image, sacred through long years,
An altar, hallowed once with many tears.

How oft my heart beats at some idle saying,
Some casual mention of that foreign land
Wherein thy grave was dug with hasty hand,
And thy sole requiem was thy mother's praying;
'Till o'er the ocean swift-winged memory flies,
To that lone forest where my first burials lie!

Sometimes, when in my other babe I trace
A more than earthly likeness unto thee—
Thy smile that ever shines in memory,
Thy thoughtful eyes, thy love-lit, faded face—
I clasp the wond'ring child unto my breast,
And fancy that my arms round thee are prest.

I think of thee, but 'tis with grief no longer;
I number thee among my children still;
Though parted in the flesh, by God's high will,
I feel thy soul's deep love for thee grow stronger;
Like one of old, I glory to have given,
Out of my flock, an angel unto Heaven.

D M M

FILTH AND FEVER.

Deficient drainage, if not the parent, is most certainly the nurse of fever. My own opinion is, that fever is a contagious disease, spreading from person to person just as small-pox or scarlet fever does; and, like those diseases, hanting over-crowded or ill drained districts, and all places where, from any cause whatever, the air is foul, and filled with animal and vegetable exhalations. It loves the banks of rivers, the borders of marshes, the edges of stagnant pools. It makes itself a home in the neighbourhood of cess-pools and badly-constructed drains, and takes special delight in the incense of gully-holes. It has a perfect horror of fresh air, soap, and whitewash; but when left to itself, will linger for years amid scenes of filth and corruption, and hold in its deadly embrace all human beings who have the same depraved taste, or are so unfortunate as to be thrown into its company. It is the favourite child of *lascivious filth* (in plain English, let alone), and bears the same relation to filth that crime does to ignorance.—*Lectures by D. W. A. Gay.*

SAVAGE AND CIVILISED.

Stripped of all its fictitious ornaments, savage life, though it has natural beauties, yet the darker shadows of its vices overcome the lustre of its virtues; and though we may regret individual loss, we cannot but rejoice in the universal advantage and progress. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer skin lodge of the red; the smoky steamer, as, pausing and rattling, she cuts through the lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their features than the undulations of the buoyant canoe; the blackened clearing, less grateful to the eye than the woodland glade; the dusty road, than the forest trail; but the perfection to which they lead, the bright day of peace and love of which they are the harbingers—though but dimly discernible in the long perspective of years to come—is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of the Deity, to leave any serious pain, from the means by which it is of necessity to be obtained, upon the mind which looks forward to it.—*Rev. C. Nicolay.*

NOTICE.

The Editors of the Journal do not undertake to return manuscripts sent to them, or to answer questions put to them, by strangers.

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BAKERS.

A few evenings ago, I was induced to attend, and finally to occupy the chair, at a public meeting in Edinburgh, called to consider the condition of the operative bakers of the town and neighbourhood. There was something so remarkable in the appearance of the assemblage, and so much occurred to interest the feelings, that I may be excused for drawing public attention to the subject.

It appears, from statements on the occasion, that the condition of this class of men has long been one of extreme discomfort, as well as of bodily and mental deterioration. Thrust into the business while boys, they may be said, from first to last, to lead a dog sort of life. They are usually boarded in the houses of their employers; and commencing work sometimes as early as three o'clock in the morning, they do not cease till five or six in the evening, if not later. On some occasions, particularly about Christmas, they labour as many as eighteen or twenty hours a-day. The only variation of their toil in the heated atmosphere of the bakehouse, is the duty of carrying out bread to customers, which, in all small establishments, is done on wooden boards poised on the head. I know of no spectacle in ordinary labour so much calculated to excite emotions of compassion, as that of a lad, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, staggering along under one of these heavy burdens. A natural consequence of this complication of in-door labour in a close heated atmosphere, and the out-door labour under head burdens, is a poor state of health, frequently attended by distortion of the limbs and body. The appearance of some of the individuals at the meeting spoke impressively of this physical deterioration, and was more convincing than the most eloquent appeals that there is something radically wrong in the system.

The moral evils, however, have always been more observable than the physical. Having little or no opportunity for improving the higher faculties of the mind, they grow up in ignorance, and with a predominance of the animal passions. Robert Ferguson, Edinburgh's own laureate, speaks of the uproarious doings of the 'baxter lads' of his time, and of the terror they inspired in the ancient military body composing the Town-Guard. They are certainly less now, than formerly, a trouble to the peaceably-disposed part of the community, having participated in the general improvement of manners; but, by their own melancholy confession, they form a less respected class than other tradesmen. Nor, in present circumstances, can it be materially otherwise. When they attempt to devote an hour in the evening to literary recreation, they drop asleep. Attendance on lectures—those useful engines of improvement in the humbler departments of society—is precluded to them.

A clergyman present at the meeting took occasion to mention, that on many of this class of operatives he found it pretty nearly impossible to make any distinct impression in spiritual matters. They could not understand what was said: their intellectual faculties were seemingly in a state of dormancy: excessive and protracted daily toil had fallen like a blight on the soul. On Sundays, it was with great difficulty they could refrain from sinking into slumber during divine service.

Another serious ground of complaint is the method of remunerating them for their services. Instead of giving them a stated wage in money, it is customary to pay them partly in money and partly in kind. Their board and lodging is considered as worth so much. But such board—such lodging! One man, with a flow of natural and affecting eloquence, mentioned that he had lately been one of six, among whom there were only two beds, and these were placed in a dark closet, in which it was impossible to stand upright. There was no sitting apartment. The meals were taken in the bakehouse. Here he made an effort to read a book when the day's work was over, but the master would not permit the gas to be burnt; and as he did not like to sit in the dark, or immediately to go to bed, he spent a couple of hours walking about the street. This was possibly an extreme case; yet there appears sufficient evidence to prove that the practice of boarding and lodging these men is exceedingly offensive and pernicious. At the very least, it throws an obstacle in the way of their marrying, and is consequently productive of much demoralisation. When a journeyman marries in the face of every impediment, he runs the greatest risk of being discharged: among his companions he is said 'to be done for;' it being a belief among masters that a married man will not scruple to steal in order to support his wife and family. What a revelation of the social condition of this class of workmen! If true, how deplorable that things should have come to such a pass that theft is presumed to be the only alternative of semi-starvation! One man at the meeting frankly owned that, when a lad, he could not have lived without the daily commission of this mean and detestable vice!

Slow to believe sweeping condemnations of any body of tradesmen, I should imagine that those master bakers who persist in the practice so avowedly so obnoxious, will plead the not unreasonable excuse, that they pay for assistance only in correspondence with the state of the labour market—that if great numbers of men will gladly take a small remuneration, it would be folly for them to give more. Supposing this to be the case, the foundation of the mischief would seem to be the overcrowding of boys into the business, producing an undue competition of hands; in short, there are too many operatives in proportion to the number of masters, and wages are

accordingly kept down. Acknowledging the practical application, in the present instance, of this sound maxim in political economy, I would at the same time submit, that the conduct complained of aggravates the evil, and reacts on employers. The sufferings of the journeymen dispose them to embrace the earliest opportunity of going into business on their own account, and thus the trade is greatly overdone and deteriorated. This was clearly made out at the meeting, from the statements of individuals who had formerly been operatives; and it is only another proof that every transgression carries in it the elements of its own punishment.

It was gratifying to learn that it is only a portion of the trade whose arrangements are open to complaint. All respectable bakers appoint regular and not too protracted hours of daily labour, pay a money wage, and permit the men to live where and how they please. This fact verifies another maxim, the force of which has been too long in being acknowledged—that it is not capital, but poverty which is the real tyrant of labour. The monied man, conducting a large business, can afford to be liberal; he can safely, and in a manner gratifying to his feelings, grant indulgences to those in his employment which the man in struggling circumstances dare not aim at. Heaven pity the servant of a poor man! the rich man's servant needs no pity.

This brings me to the consideration of what may be done to remedy the grievances complained of. It seemed to be the feeling of the meeting that the only cure would consist in the public dealing exclusively with persons who were known to treat their men with justice and humanity. I will not say that this might not have some effect; but, on general grounds, I would deprecate bringing the principle of exclusive dealing into operation. Besides, viewing the matter coolly, the public cannot be brought, by appeals to feeling, to deal with any one man in preference to another. We must look this fact in the face, that no housewife has any other thought in buying her loaves than where she can get them best and cheapest. Overlooking what may be done by fewer hands pressing, or being pressed into the profession, and also passing over what may be effected by a mere expression of public sympathy, I can see no other rational basis for a regeneration of the baking trade than this: To mend the thing rightly, capital must bring forward her Herculean resources. The baking of bread has all along been conducted in large towns on too narrow a scale. Even the greater number of the largest concerns are too small. The living of too many families is taken out of the sale of a comparatively trifling quantity of material. The object should be to give the public bread at the smallest possible advance on the cost of the grain—not by screwing down poor lads to a miserable pittance of wages, but by the application of capital; in a word, introducing the factory principle into the trade.

It is at present customary for the bakers of London to buy flour from millers; the millers buy from grain-dealers; and the grain-dealers buy from the growers. What an accumulation of profits! all laid ultimately on the price of bread! In Edinburgh, the bakers buy directly from the growers or importers; but as they pay for grinding, and impart a profit to sub-sellers, they stand pretty much on the same footing. Should not all this clumsy process be remodelled? Should not the maker of the bread in all cases buy directly from the grower, be his own miller, and also, as far as possible, his own retailer? Impossible! It is much too complicated a trade to prevent the conjunction of so many departments! Is this assumption quite certain?

In the course of April I had occasion to be in Carlisle, and to spend a forenoon very pleasantly in going over what, I believe, is one of the largest baking establishments in the world. This bread and biscuit factory, as I may call it, was commenced a number of years ago; and from small beginnings, has risen, under the enlightened management of its proprietor, J. D. Carr, to its present huge dimensions. It consists of a cluster of

substantial structures, built of the red sandstone of the district, and surrounding a quadrangular courtyard. On entering, we are first shown the source of all the mechanical movements in the concern. This is a low-pressure steam-engine of fifty-horse power—a very fine piece of mechanism; and not less so is the furnace and boiler apparatus; for by an ingenious, yet simple arrangement, the fire feeds and clears itself; in fact, the whole affair seems to go on as steadily, and with as little attention, as a wheel impelled by ordinary water power. The principal duty of the steam-engine is to move the mill, which it closely adjoins. Here, likewise, there are some ingenious economical arrangements. A mill, as is well known, consists of two circular stones; the upper, which is moveable, playing round on the lower, which is fixed. It usually happens that, after working for a few hours, the stones become heated by the constant friction; this heat is communicated to the grain, and raises from it a certain steam or moisture; and the moistened material adhering to the stones, lessens the friction, and causes the mill to be stopped. Heating alone, without raising a moisture, is almost equally detrimental; and any way, ordinary grinding is imperfect where there is a great deal to be done. No plan has proved so effectual for remedying this defect as one—the subject of a patent—which I saw in this establishment. From a small fan-like apparatus, moved by a belt from the engine, a stream of cold air is conducted in tubes to the interval between the stones (the admission being by orifices which perforate the lower stone); and by this simple and perfectly inexpensive arrangement the apparatus is kept always cool and workable. The mill may go incessantly for twelve months, and yet it will be in as good order at the end as at the beginning. Mr Carr told me that, by this contrivance alone, he could grind his material at a shilling a bag lower than any miller using a common apparatus is fit to do. He employs four sets of stones, and the quantity of wheat ground by him annually produces 157,000 stones of flour, or about 8000 bags, all of which are baked into bread and biscuits within the premises.

The flour, on being ground, is carried by a connecting apparatus to the sifters or dressers, and thence, without being from first to last touched by hands, is lifted, in an endless chain of buckets, to the floors above. It is now transferred to the bakehouses, which we next enter. The first suite is devoted to bread, the next to biscuits—there being in all thirteen ovens; but at the time of my visit several more ovens were building, besides some other additions. The ovens are formed of stones of great thickness, in order to retain an equable heat; and one great beauty of all the bread and biscuit turned out is, that from one year's end to the other every article is of a uniform gentle brown tinge. Among ten thousand loaves, you could not detect the slightest difference of one from another. The bread is prepared by men; but the biscuit is kneaded, rolled into sheets, and stamped into form by machinery. The biscuits are of two shapes—round, and small oblongs. The round ones are stamped by cylinders, under which the sheets of dough pass; but the small oblong fancy kind are impressed by platens, as in printing with hand-presses. The quantity of biscuits regularly made is eight stones per minute, or four hundred tons annually. The spectacle of so much automatic and human industry is exceedingly pleasing, and the more so from the junior operatives being clothed in pure white linen jackets and aprons, and all apparently healthy and happy little fellows.

The next place we are conducted into in this remarkable establishment is the packing-room, where men and boys are putting up tin cases of biscuits for exportation to all quarters at home and abroad. Below is the large retail shop of the concern. Having walked through this, I was led into a department which no baker with ordinary resources could be expected to organise. I allude to the means adopted by Mr Carr for the comfort and welfare of those in his employment. Not to dwell minutely on particulars, I was shown in succession a

reading-room, a library, and a school-room, all appropriately fitted up, and in daily use by old and young. The boys, besides, attend on Sunday for spiritual instruction in the benevolent proprietor's mansion, a villa situated in the environs of the town. Among other improvements contemplated, and nearly ready, was a bath of fourteen feet square, which is to be supplied with a constant flow of pure water from the steam-engine, at a temperature of ninety degrees. The quantity of water (which has been hitherto lost) is eighty gallons per minute; and as this is much more than is required, I should hope that means will be adopted for diverting the overplus to baths for the use of the poor.

The number of persons employed in the establishment at the time of my visit was between eighty and ninety. The period of labour is from a quarter past five in the morning till six in the evening; and, deducting intervals for meals, it amounts to eleven hours daily. All are paid in money wages—boys 3s. to 5s., and men 17s. The boys have further an allowance of biscuits as a gratuity daily. In answer to a question respecting the character and habits of the men, I was informed that there is not a more orderly or respectable body of individuals in Carlisle; and so marked is this, that landlords are generally anxious to have them as tenants.

Such, then, is a fair sample of what may be done by an enterprising capitalist to manufacture bread on a great wholesale plan, at the smallest advance on the market price of grain, and also to place the operatives on a comfortable and respectable footing. I am not aware that, from the establishment I speak of, bread is sold at a rate lower than that of the trade generally; nor can it be expected that such should be the case, as long as prices are regulated by the cost of inferior modes of working. It is only by general competition that the factory principle can materially benefit the public, however much otherwise it would be to the advantage of employer and employed. At all events, it seems conclusive that a fundamental cause of an unnecessarily high price of bread (other things being equal), as well as of the degradation of the individuals who prepare this useful article of consumption, is the breaking up of the profession into a vast number of small concerns, conducted on uneconomic principles, instead of being confined to capitalists possessing the power to act with a becoming and comprehensive liberality. Avoiding hurried and crude changes, I would hope that the manufacture of bread will, in the hands of respectable bakers, gradually assume this desirable character.

June 8, 1846.

W. C.

THE WHIP AND THE WISH, OR THE TWO ESTATES.

BY PERCY R. ST JOHN.

NEGRO slavery in the United States presents, in the present day, many features abhorrent to humanity. Still—the institution apart—it is, with rare exceptions, the mildest form of this terrible scourge of the coloured race. It has grown milder with the increase of knowledge and the spread of information, and when extinguished, will have been so much more by the gentle arts of reason and persuasion, than by the abuse and violence which was formerly lavished against it. Man is a creature to be won from error, not to be driven into virtue. In former days, however, nothing could surpass the dreadful nature of this evil. In no part of the United States was slavery more abused than in the Carolinas, North and South, especially the latter. Peopled from Virginia and Pennsylvania, by not the most industrious and praiseworthy, because of the unsettled and roaming part of the population, many held estates who were not very deserving of the position they enjoyed. The scene of our narrative is laid in South Carolina, between the years 1774 and 1780, or at the date of the great struggle between Whig and Tory, or British and colonial interests.

Between the two estates of Colonel Melville and Major Thornton was what is called a pine-batten; and here, one summer evening, were congregated one of those motley assemblages to be found only in perfection on the spot now described by us, and known as Four Holes. There were hunters and trappers in their rude costumes; there were farmers, English and German; overseers; that numerous class known as loafers; and no small sprinkling of negroes, old and young, who of course kept very far apart from the rest of the congregation, though perhaps more deeply interested in the result of the deliberation than any of the others. It was a stump-meeting, assembled to hear the address of a stump-orator. The speaker was a tall, thin man, gaunt in features, with sallow cheeks and long black hair, which, added to his manifest earnestness, made no small impression on his auditors. Few, however, sympathised with him, for he was a Tory or British orator, striving to stir up the fading loyalty of the people of South Carolina. His address, which was long, and plentifully interlarded with Scripture quotations, was listened to, however, with much respect; and when he concluded, and, mounting his horse, rode away, after naming a place where recruits to the cause could find leaders, many were half-tempted to follow his advice.

The whole of the assemblage had dispersed, when two old negroes met at the spot where the path diverged to the estates of their respective masters, and had a conversation, in their own broken language, on the subject in hand. The sentiments of the two negroes, Methuselah and Jacob, were at variance, from very natural causes. Colonel Melville, the master of old Jacob, was a gallant and noble-minded fellow, who, leaving Virginia from mere love of change, had settled with his family in the neighbourhood of Four Holes, South Carolina. Having a magnificent estate, it was his pride that he should leave it to his only daughter in such an improved condition as to bear comparison with any in the vicinity. This daughter, named Julia, was a very powerful instrument in working out his plans. A lively, good-natured, kind-hearted girl, full of the spirits and enthusiasm of youth, she allowed a great deal of this enthusiasm to lavish itself upon the negroes, of which her father owned a very large number. In this feeling Colonel Melville strongly coincided, and at an early age had commenced a course of treatment which met with its reward. The negroes were taught to love and respect their master, because he attended with watchful care to their comforts; never overworked them; appointed them tasks suited to their age and sex; and invariably issued his commands in the form of a request. 'Old Jacob,' he would say, 'I wish you would leave the corn-field to-day and mend the fences.' By degrees even the very word flogging became unknown on his estate; and yet he never found that there was any less work done, or that he suffered in pocket by the substitution of kindness for compulsion.

Major Thornton had inherited an estate and its accompanying negroes also at an early age; but his disposition was very different. Rude pleasures—hunting, shooting, horse-racing, drinking, the common vice of rich planters in that age—so absorbed his attention, that his slaves were wholly left to the mercy of the overseers. With them the whip was a tradition; they revered it as a relic, and could believe in no other panacea against laziness. If a negro was ten minutes late in bed, he was flogged; if he appeared in the corn-field behind his time, he was flogged; and in all other cases the same. The result was not so satisfactory as they might have wished. Beat into work, the degraded slaves did only what they were forced to do—they laboured while the lash was over them; but no sooner was the terrible instrument out of sight, than the negro seated himself, or leaned against a tree in obstinate idleness. With, therefore, loss of time, constant illness of the men, and runaways, the affairs of Major Thornton did not prosper, as, according to the overseers, they ought to have done. And yet these worthies, when

the conduct of Colonel Melville came under discussion, would shake their heads, and prognosticate some terrible retribution on the head of him who had thrown aside the tradition of the lash, which, in their eyes, was venerable and sacred.

It was some days after the meeting on the pine-barren, and old Jacob was standing beneath the shelter of the piazza which ran in front of the whole of Colonel Melville's house. The sun was setting in its full tide of evening glory, shedding a glow over the whole scene, when the clatter of horse's footsteps were heard hurrying rapidly in the direction of the 'Retreat,' as it was called.

'Somethin' of 'portance,' thought old Jacob, 'make a man hurry hese' in dat bay. I 'spect he no sparo 'um hoss.'

The cavalier came in sight at the moment. He was a young man of rather agreeable mien, clothed in something of a military costume, while sword, carbine, and pistols, strengthened the impression that he was a soldier. Pausing only when he reached the piazza, the young man hastily inquired for the master of the house, and giving no time to Jacob for reply, dismounted, and followed the negro into the parlour; not, however, before the sound of other horses was heard coming in the same direction. Mr and Miss Melville were seated at an evening meal, of which coffee, venison, rice puddles, and various varieties of Indian corn cookery, formed the staple.

'Sir,' said the stranger, entering abruptly, 'I am a fugitive, flying for my life from a gang of Tories, who have vowed my instant death because I am myself known as a Whig officer of rank.'

There was something so manly in the young man's address, his manner betraying no slavish fear, but an honest love of life, that father and daughter were at once prepossessed in his favour. The former turned towards Jacob, and bade him instantly summon every male on the estate to arms; and then pointing to a door, intimated to the colonial officer that he might by that ascend to a loft, where he could remain concealed until he came to relieve him. The young man gracefully bowed his thanks, and obeyed. A few minutes elapsed, during which Colonel Melville found time to give instructions to his head overseer, and then up rode the party in pursuit. Under pretence of taking one side or another, sometimes waiting British, at other times colonial colours, gangs of desperadoes overran the country at this period, plundering and committing the most frightful excesses. It was one of these, commanded by one Colonel Diprose, which halted, to the number of twenty horsemen, in front of the 'Retreat.' Surrounding the house, and guarding every avenue, the chief was then shown into the principal apartment of the house.

'Sorry to disturb you, Colonel Melville, said the Tory, 'but General Thornton of the Colonials has taken refuge in your house, and it is my duty to arrest him.'

'I was not aware of the honour,' replied Colonel Melville, somewhat surprised; 'but if General Thornton be in my house, he is welcome to its hospitality.'

'Colonel,' said Diprose sternly, 'I should be sorry to proceed to extremities; but if I burn this house down about your ears, this rebel must be found.'

At this instant one of the subordinates entered, and whispered to the captain. 'We have fallen upon evil dogs,' he said; 'a hundred armed negroes, with some dozen whites at their head, are round the house. They seem determined fellows.'

The Tory chief bit his lip, and then, after a pause, turned towards the master of the 'Retreat.' 'Sir, I perceive you are prepared to resist my authority: your force of men is mine; but rest assured I leave not this neighbourhood until the general be found.' With these words the discomfited trooper left the room, and mounting his horse, headed his band once more, crying, 'To Squire Thornton's. The father shall pay for the loss.'

A few minutes later, the young colonial general was seated between his kind hosts. He now explained that, having been from home for many years, studying at college until the troubles, he was desirous at length of paying a visit to his father, whom he had not seen for so long a time as almost to have forgotten him. On his way, he had been recognised by one of the spies belonging to Diprose's gang, who, looking upon him as an important capture, had chased him for two successive days through the forest. A conference was held, and it was resolved that Major Thornton should be informed of his son's presence, the difficult part of the matter being to decide how.

Meanwhile the baffled troopers journeyed towards the house of Squire Thornton. Their progress was rapid, as the night was drawing in, and half an hour brought them to the mansion of the major. The negroes, save the household servants, were gone to bed in their sheds, where they were locked up for the night, dogs being also set to prevent the chance of their leaving their prison. The overseers slept near at hand, armed to the teeth, while not even a stick was trusted in the hands of the negroes. Colonel Diprose found the major just about to sit down to supper, and, with his chief men, was instantly invited to join him. The Tories complied; and having posted sentries round the house, and seen to their horses, entered, and sat down to the meal with the squire. As usual, wine and the local spirits—rum and whisky—were in abundance; and to these the troopers did even more justice than to the viands. At length they affected Diprose to a degree which increased his natural ferocity. Calling for one of the negro household servants, Methuselah appeared.

'Black skin!' he said, 'go over to Colonel Melville's, and tell him, that if General Thornton aint in our hands before midnight, I will burn his father's house about his ears, and set the negroes free.'

'I am not a guine to gib any sich aggravating message,' muttered 'Tuselah to himself as he left the room, and retired to the kitchen.

As for Squire Thornton, he had pledged his guests too deeply and too often to be able to have any very distinct understanding of what was passing around him. Still, the infatuated man continued to drink, while his companions, nothing loath, followed his example. We shall pass over the scene which occurred until within half an hour of midnight. At that hour Colonel Diprose, holding in his hand a lantern, and followed by the whole of his gang, issued into the courtyard of the house, and advancing towards the huts of the overseers, awoke these individuals, and bade them go and attend to their master. No sooner were the startled men within the passage, than Diprose entered the door, and turned to the negro sheds, guided by the voracious Methuselah, who had brought some pretended message from the 'Retreat.' In a moment they were open, and the startled slaves heard a voice crying, 'Star up ebry man ob you; you bin free.'

Up rose the negroes with one accord, and poured forth into the open air. Their first act then was to make sure of the arms of the overseers, and any other articles which they could turn into offensive weapons. They then crowded round Methuselah, who (Diprose having retired with his men to the skirt of the forest) alone remained to direct them. Assuming much of the air and manner of the stump-ordinator of the pine-barren, the old negro addressed his companions. 'I tell you, coloured people, dat you be free; free ob massa, free ob obersheer. Dat's 'um fact. Well, I 'spect you remain so. But free not enough. Do you forget him stripes? Why a nigger suffer white man beat him? His skin smood like anothers man. We'll see if de white man like him hickory-stick!'

He then directed the inmates of the house to be seized, and brought before him. With a loud yell the negroes burst into the house, and soon reappeared, dragging each his victim. Abject and terrified indeed was the aspect of the major and his servants. He would have spoken,

but the voice of Methuselah interrupted him. 'Um too dark to see him white man face. Bu'n 'um house.'

'Fiends! devils!' cried the master, struggling in the grasp of two powerful negroes, 'spare my home. What is it you seek? What want you?'

'Revenge!' said the cracked and cold voice of the old slave. 'Nigger want revenge for blow. Master slave now.'

The order to fire the mansion was one too gratifying to the excited feelings of the slaves, upon whose minds rushed all the memories of years of toil and suffering, and cruelty, not to be obeyed with fearful alacrity. Wood, straw, combustibles of every kind, were piled around and within the passage, and then a dozen torches were hastily thrown upon the whole. The house, all of wood, took instant fire, and soon a fierce blaze, illuminating earth and sky, fields and forest, proclaimed the terrible revenge of the negroes. The miserable gang who had caused the outrage gave a loud cheer as they saw the result of their handiwork, and the wretched major saw at once how the whole had happened. The negroes acted with calmness and precision as soon as the vast conflagration gave them the means of seeing clearly what they were about. Some employed themselves in tying the overseers to posts and logs, in convenient postures for inflicting the retribution they meditated; others sought in the outhouses the whips and things which erst had scarified their own backs; while, in the background, dusky forms of women and children were seen gazing, half in terror, on a scene, to them, so new and startling. Still further in the rear were the Tories, waiting only the finale of this event to start upon some other errand of blood. At length all was ready; and Mr Thornton being reserved for the last, the negroes, having so placed him that he could clearly distinguish the punishment of his subordinates, began. Never had slavish voice yelled forth such cries of anguish and pain, as those who so often had callously inflicted the same torture now gave vent to. They shrieked, they intreated, they prayed; but all in vain: the full measure of one hundred lashes was meted out to each of them. This done, they were unfastened, and cast on the ground in agonies they could now understand.

'Now him massa turn,' said 'Tuselah with a savage laugh; 'and gib him two hundred.'

'Hold! down with your arms!' cried the clear voice of Colonel Melville.

Methuselah and his gang turned. Around them, occupying every outlet, so that no hope of escape was left, stood the armed negroes of the colonel, with some two or three dozen white men, attracted from neighbouring farms by the blaze. In custody of these were the Tories. General Thornton sprang into the midst, loosened his father, and bore him from the fierce glare of the burning house, while old Jacob and his faithful followers disarmed the now trembling slaves of the major. 'What needcessity of all dis?' said old Jacob. 'He will dead for dis. It all dat stump chap, I spect. Berry glad as Jacob no sich ole fool!'

It was too late to save the house, though the fire was easily prevented from reaching the outhouses. This done, the whole cavalcade returned to the 'Retreat,' where Julia welcomed both her father and the handsome general, in whose fate she had taken a marvellous and sudden interest, especially since she found he was to be a neighbour. Old Thornton was put to bed, from which it soon became evident he was never to rise. The shock was too much for a frame enfeebled by indulgence; and General Thornton found that he had come in time. The major was conscious of his end, and early the next morning summoned his son and his hosts to his bedside.

'Neighbour,' said he, 'how is this? My negroes have revolted and murdered me, though I had an armed force to keep them down, while you put arms in the hands of your slaves, and they serve you as a protection.'

Colonel Melville hesitated; but the dying man insisted on a reply.

'Neighbour,' he said, 'I have treated my slaves with uniform kindness and firmness. They love me, and would give their lives for me.'

'I see,' replied Thornton; 'there has been a great mistake somewhere. I have tried the whip, you the wish. I fancy, neighbour, yours is the true method. Colonel Melville,' said he, suddenly half-rising in the bed, 'you must take my fellows in hand, and see what you can make of them.'

'General Thornton will, I am sure, do his duty.'

'I don't know that; he is my son. You, however, have a daughter there; if she—'

'Father, not now,' said the young man, colouring deeply. 'Speak not of such things now. It is unkind to our host.'

'Major Thornton,' said the colonel solemnly, 'the wishes of 'dying man weigh strong with me; and if, a year hence, your son and my daughter find no reason to quarrel with your desire, they shall manage our two estates in one.'

The misguided man, whose thoughtlessness and vice had brought its fearful punishment, sank back with a smile of relief, and in a few hours expired. The same day the Tories were handed over to the authorities, accused of burning and instigating to murder; for which they were severely punished. The negroes were, at the earnest request of their master, just before he died, pardoned; and thus, for the time, ends our narrative of the WHIP AND THE WISH.

At the expiration of a year, General Thornton and Julia Melville were married; and never did they forget the tragedy which chiefly tended to bring about their union. One of their most earnest wishes ever was, to teach their children that kindness, gentleness, the arts of persuasion and of love, are ten times more efficacious than violence or the sword; and that human nature, white and black, is much easier, and more profitably, led by the WIS than driven by the WHIP.

PROGRESS OF INTemperance IN INDIA.

BY LEITH RITCHIE.

It would give me great pleasure to be able to introduce the people of India to the people of England. They are at present utter strangers; and this should not be the case between two classes of the subjects of the same empire, who are only at a distance of between three and four weeks from each other. I do not mean that the English of our day underrate the Indians, or treat them with indifference or contempt. They are far too generous for that. They respect and pity them; they are willing to love them as brethren, if they could come to know them better. But all these sentiments, being founded on false data, do more harm than good, tending to retard rather than advance the progress of the objects of their chivalrous sympathy.

The notion is hardly yet extinct in this country, that the British overthrew the Indian empire, and seated themselves on the throne of the Great Mogul! They could no more have done that than they could have stormed the moon. The elements of distraction were within the empire; they did not come from without. The Mogul dominion was already in fragments before the British appeared upon the scene; the great provincial officers had made themselves independent by means of their standing troops, and were at war with the state and among themselves; and it was in the character of allies and partisans that the adventurous traders of the west made their first essay in arms.

At this period the people of India had no political existence. The country was traversed from end to end by armies that were only banditti on a larger scale, and whose chiefs, generally speaking, had raised themselves from meanness and obscurity by their crimes. The people, on their approach, fled from their homes to hide themselves in the jungle; and when the torrent had swept past, returned to rebuild their sheds among the

ruins they found, and cultivate anew their devastated fields. It was with the rebel chiefs the English fought and treated, the myriads of the people being like ants beneath their feet; and when circumstances had led or forced them into a throne which was vacant of all but the shadow of a king, it is not wonderful that their delusion continued; that they counted the banditti as the nation, and the people as—nothing.

But this delusion could not continue within their own territory; for though frequently said, it is altogether untrue, that the English had no desire for the advancement in civilisation and prosperity of that country they had made their own. No sooner were they firmly settled in their territorial acquisitions, than the people began to appear above the soil, and their rights to be examined and understood. It is true a thousand errors were of necessity committed by conquerors ignorant of the language and character of their new subjects, and only gradually throwing off the allegiance they had undertaken to the shadowy empire or one of its high officers—the Dewan of Bengal. But the patient and laborious efforts they made to arrive at true theories of education, law, police, and revenue, are on record; and it is not less strange than true, that the grand hindrance they found was in their own fantastic respect for a régime that had passed away. They would rule the Mohammedans by their own law, under which the dominion had fallen in pieces by its intestine dissensions; and going back beyond the Mohammedan conquest, they would deal justice to the Hindoos under a system which had led to a national fall as contemptible and coward-like as any that is mentioned in history. 'We are the successors of the Moguls,' said they, 'and we must therefore govern like them; we are likewise the successors of the Hindoo princes, a couple of centuries earlier, and we must therefore rule as nearly as possible according to the system of Menu.' But it was vain for them to struggle against that destiny of which they were the blind and unconscious agents. The kingdom was not given to them for the purpose of building up anew a régime under which a great people had remained, not merely without progress, but in a state of active decline, from a period much earlier than the epoch of Alexander the Great. The fulness of time was now come, and India was to submit to the fate of the ancient nations of the west—to be broken in pieces both morally and politically, and new and nobler forms constructed from the fragments.

But while the English were, year after year, introducing into their own territories a closer and closer approximation to the rights of Europe, the fatal delusion went on which had governed from the first their transactions with the banditti around them. They could recognise the people among themselves; but, with a true insanity, refused to believe in their existence elsewhere. The chief and his robber troops were with them all in all; and even when they beat them in battle, they legalised their spoiliations by treaty. It was the custom of the Mogul invaders to give up some towns to pillage, even when no resistance had been made, as a right belonging to the army; and in like manner it was, and is, a part of the coronation ceremony of the Mahratta princes to order a few shops in the town to be robbed. But these transactions may be reckoned, in the one case, 'the fortune of war;' and in the other, merely a little peculiarity of taste, characteristic of a rude and despotic government. The annual excursions, however, of the Mahratta armies in the amusement of *kingdom-taking*, are more to the present purpose. Just before the Pindarrie war, in 1817, one of Sindia's generals, for instance, was still luckier than usual; for setting out from Gwalior, according to custom, when the religious festival of the Duseyra was over, he captured, successively, seven districts of seven different states, yielding, collectively, twenty-one lacs and a half of rupees in the year. Now the English were, by this time, the lords paramount of India, and the Pindarrie war was undertaken by them, it may be said, as the police of the coun-

try—the Pindarries being simply robbers on a great scale, without the territorial possessions which constitute robbers princes. The war ended in the extermination of the Pindarries, and in a treaty with the Mahrattas, in which the latter were guaranteed and confirmed in the kingdoms they had 'taken!' This forbearance, moderation, and magnanimity, were applauded by the English at home, just as they applauded to-day the same qualities which have given up, for a few months longer, a fine country, with a peaceful and industrious population, to the brutal ravages of the Sikh soldiery.

But all this stubbornness, abetted as it is by the unreflecting generosity of the people of England, although it must of course retard the progress of the Indians, can no longer stop it. The revolution has commenced, and no human power can permanently arrest its course. We have no enemies in India but the princes, and their robber armies, from whom, at every new convulsion, the people fly in crowds for refuge to our peaceful dominion. The Hindoo mind is in a very interesting state of transition, of which I may, by and by, give some account; and although the change has of course commenced among the upper classes of the great towns, it is obviously spreading, however slowly, throughout the country. This, however, applies exclusively to our own territory. In the native states—that is, the states governed by native princes—the people are in a worse position than when under the Mohammedan dominion. Formerly, even the most brutal of their tyrants stood in some sort of awe of public opinion; but now, thanks to the alliance of the British, they are emancipated from all control! It is with *them* we have made treaties; it is at *their* command we have placed our troops; and the people, trampled to the dust by Christian and heathen alike, are without hope.

The transition state of the Hindoos, to which I have alluded, does not appear to receive from government the nicety of attention it requires. It is excellent to liberate the mind from prejudice, and relax the fetters of caste; but the individual at so exciting a time is in great danger. The fact appears to be, that in India, as the people become enlightened, they become intemperate; the government, so beneficent in one respect, actually furnishes the means for drunkenness. This is done just as church-going is encouraged by the building of churches, and a taste for theatrical amusements disseminated by the opening of new theatres. In India, the licensing system has flooded the heretofore sober country with *grog-shops*; and now, in the Deccan, even the Brahmîns drink; though taking care, from regard for their religious character, to offer the unholy potation in the first place to the goddess Dance! The mischief has attracted the attention of the native press; and perhaps few Englishmen will be able to read without shame the following remonstrance, in a letter addressed by a Hindoo to one of the vernacular journals called the *Dnyanodayn*:—'Why does not the government consider whether it will always be able to fill its coffers by such means as this? It may be assured that, by allowing the sale of intoxicating drinks to go on without restraint, the Ryots are by degrees reduced to a miserable condition, and rendered unfit for any useful business. And when they shall be reduced to the lowest state of wretchedness and degradation, then whence will the government obtain the necessary revenue? Was there ever a religion known that rendered it the duty of the people to use intoxicating drinks? Surely no such precept can anywhere be found? And if it be not absolutely the duty of people to drink, then let the government consider how much loss arises from the use of these drinks, and whether it should not anxiously seek wholly to prevent such a practice. Besides, this is not a solitary evil. It always comes accompanied with a crowd of relatives. These are licentiousness, gambling, theft, strife, &c. But why should I enumerate? Intoxicating drinks are like a destructive river, on which float poverty, wretchedness, and the whole catalogue of crimes. If this river of death be allowed, without re-

strait, to flow over the land, then alas for the best interests of the people! And the government will, in the end, learn to its sorrow that there is neither glory nor profit in reigning over a nation of drunkards.

This writer speaks more especially of the extensive country of the Peshwar—that nominal prime minister, but real king of the Mahrattas, whom we very properly dethroned, annexing his dominions to our own. He states that, during the rule of the Peshwar, intoxicating drinks were allowed to be sold only in one or two places, which were never frequented by persons who had any regard for their reputation; whereas, under the enlightened dominion of the British, grog-shops not merely flaunt themselves in the great streets, but skulk in the lanes and in solitary places, so as to be sure of victims from every class of society.

‘But do you think,’ adds the Hindoo, ‘the government of the Peshwar did not know that a great revenue might be gained by licensing numerous grog-shops? It knew this very well; but it could not in any way lend its countenance to such an evil business. It had some compassion upon the people. The English government, on the contrary, is like those animals which devour their offspring, or like those unnatural parents who, for a paltry sum, sell their own children. The government ought to regard the people as its children, and watch over their interests with the greatest care; but on this matter it bestows not the least consideration. In the spirit of utter selfishness, it seeks only to fill its own coffers.’ Intemperance, I am sorry to add, thus fostered by the British, is rapidly increasing not only in the Deccan, but in all the great cities of India.

Now, what I wish to point out, using the above as an illustration, is the inconsistency of the people of England in their treatment of the people of India. Whether by active or passive agency, whether by fair means or foul, the East India Company holds at this moment for the crown nearly the whole of a great country, separated by geographical features which it is impossible to mistake from the rest of the world. The exceptions are native states here and there, belonging for the most part to the bandit chiefs I have mentioned, in which the people have no political existence whatever, but are trodden down by the army to a level with the beasts of burthen. Is the voice of the free and noble-minded people of England raised in behalf of these unhappy slaves of the soil? No. They throw the weight of their influence into the opposite scale; they league themselves with the oppressors, and insist that the subjects shall remain for ever excluded from that law of progress which rules the world under its new dispensation. They look on with absolute unconcern at the perpetual torrents of blood and tears which inundate those countries, of which we are, by our position, the guardians and lords paramount; and if a finger is raised against the frightful régime, their sympathies are immediately up in arms in favour of the despot, whom their blind and ignorant generosity confounds with the people.

Can I persuade them to turn these generous but mistaken sympathies into a new and legitimate channel? We have begun to treat with justice and kindness in many respects our Indian fellow-subjects; but, from an unhappy want of discrimination in an important particular, we are neutralising with one hand the benefits we confer with the other. We have introduced—neither from avarice nor wantonness, but from sheer want of reflection—among a habitually sober people, the licensing system of England, and are thus converting them, by wholesale, into a nation of drunkards. Why offer the Indians a poison they do not ask? The offer is only too readily accepted by the Mohammedans, who are a dissipated and reckless set of men; but the Hindoo requires (and finds) long-continued temptation before yielding. Even in the army, the gentle, light-hearted, but gallant sepoy, exposed as he is to the corruption of evil communication, is not yet a drunkard. Even at

regimental revels he usually abstains from the Circian cup; and it is not uncommon for his European comrade to exact a promise beforehand that he will carry him home—a task which is gravely and tenderly executed by the simple Hindoo.

For the sake of all that is good and great, let us save this interesting people, or at least defer tempting them to debauchery till they have received enough of the enlightenment of the west to protect themselves if they choose! Compared with us, for all their ancient parentage, they are a nation of children; and to establish grog-shops among them, is as bad as to plant stalls of poisoned cakes by the door of an infant school. We are fast abandoning the folly of attempting to rule them by the laws of their ancient princes; but let us at least hold by the policy of the Peshwar, in circumscribing the sale of intoxicating drinks.

RECOVERY OF THE ESTATES OF THE OFLEYS OF NORTON.

A SMALL volume, under nearly this title, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, of the Record Office,* gives an accurate account of a domestic incident, which the author of *Tremaine* has presented, with fictitious embellishments, in a work called ‘Illustrations of Human Life.’ There is not much in the real story—certainly nothing like the materials of a romance; yet we venture on a brief view of its main particulars, in the belief that these will be perused with some interest. It may be premised that Mr Hunter’s aim is solely to show how far the popular novelist has consulted truth, and to prevent the truth of the case from being lost sight of.

In the middle of the last century, the estate of Norton, a few miles from Sheffield, was the property of a gentleman named Ofley, a Whig and nonconformist. At his death, in 1751, he left a son, Edmund, and two daughters, all under age—the son being only eighteen and a half years old. To this youth the estates were bequeathed. Edmund Ofley had been brought up at the best dissenting schools, passing some time at one in Northampton, which was under the charge of Dr Doddridge. He appears to have been a youth of somewhat weak character, though not to such an extent as to prevent his making a passable appearance in society. It was then customary for the English dissenters of the higher classes to send their sons to be educated at the Scottish universities, there being of course no admittance for them at Oxford or Cambridge, while academic institutions of their own were yet wanting. Accordingly, it was determined by his guardians that Edmund Ofley should go with a tutor to Edinburgh. The person selected for this duty was a Mr Reed, a clergyman of the established church; in which respect there can be no doubt that the wishes of the young man’s father were departed from.

Young Ofley made a tour in the Highlands, in the course of which he was entertained by the Duke of Argyll at Inverary. Then he settled in Edinburgh. He soon tired of his tutor, whom he represented, in his letters, as a person of rude manners. How far Mr Reed had only offended by his conscientiousness in correcting his pupil, cannot be ascertained; but in a short time he became extremely distasteful to Mr Ofley, who without treated his guardians for another in his place, but without effect. At this juncture the young man became acquainted with an English clergyman named Carr, who had been settled for some years in Edinburgh as pastor of an Episcopal congregation (unconnected with the Scottish church of that denomination), and who bore a most respectable character. Ofley seems to have been kindly received by Mr Carr, and he formed the wish to live with him till he should become of age. Mr Reed, on the other hand, became alarmed about the conduct of his pupil, and sent a servant to make repre-

* London: Pickering. 1841.

sentations on the subject to the guardians. The young man lost no time in writing to them, for his own defence, against the charges he imagined might be brought against him. According to Mr Hunter, he anticipated that one of these charges would be, that he spent too much time at the billiard-table. 'In this letter he acknowledges that he has gone frequently, but that he has not lost to the amount of ten shillings during the whole time that he has been at Edinburgh; but he has gone the more frequently, that he might escape from the disagreeable company of Mr Reed; and, moreover, he has made the resolution that he will go no more. "Another possible objection that Mr Reed's artifice may suggest is, that I have too great a regard for a young lady at Mr Carr's; but I can hardly allow myself to think that Mr Reed can be capable of suggesting such a falsity, for I give you my word of honour that I never had, nor will have, the least intention to make my addresses there." He thinks that the profusion of his entertainments may be another charge; but he conceives that the entertainments he has given have been no more than a suitable return, from a gentleman of his station and fortune, for the civilities he receives. Mr Reed may allege that his letters have not been written by himself: he admits that he has been assisted, but that the sentiments have been all his own. Mr Reed may complain that he has paid no regard to his instructions; which he willingly admits to be perfectly true. In this letter he also informs his guardians that, since he left Mr Reed, he had put himself under the care of Mr Carr, and intends this winter to learn the French language, and prosecute such studies as Mr Carr shall recommend to him with greater application than he has ever done before.'

Other letters of Mr Olley show that he got upon bad terms with his guardians, and continued firmly attached to Mr and Mrs Carr, notwithstanding all remonstrances. The favour of the Duke of Argyll, and his own pretensions as a young man of large fortune, obtained him access to the best society. He passed his time very agreeably in the Scottish capital; but appears gradually to have contracted prejudices against his friends in England, not even excepting his young and innocent sisters. In short, it is easy to see that he acted the usual part of a weak person, who has been thwarted in his wishes, and whose self-esteem has been offended. Resentment in such a case involves all who do not profess to sympathise.

In February or March 1754, young Olley attained his majority, and immediately cut off any entail of the family property, if there were any, which interfered with his absolute control over it. On the 21st of June he executed a will (writing it with his own hand, according to a correct form which had been furnished to him), making Mr Carr the sole executor, and giving to him and Mrs Carr the whole of his real estate and personal property—the former of which was worth two thousand a-year. Two months after, he departed this life—cut off, it is supposed, by a rapid fever.

According to Mr Hunter—'When the news arrived in Derbyshire that the young ladies, the sisters of Mr Olley, were deprived of the family fortune, there was one general burst of indignant feeling. The Duke of Devonshire, great-grandfather of the present duke, is reported to have said that there could not have been a power in Mr Olley thus summarily to alienate the ancestral property, and that he would spend £10,000 rather than the daughters of his good friend Mr Olley should be despoiled of their inheritance. In the common mind, suspicions immediately arose of unfair dealing. The date of the will and the date of the death were compared. He was alone, in the hands of the parties to be so largely benefited by his death; no friend of the family to watch over him. A criminal neglect of the use of proper remedies was openly imputed to the persons in whose house he died. Even unfair dealing of a more active kind was more than insinuated by persons who could have had no means of

correct information; and, particularly, the lady of, the family was elevated by the popular voice into a species of Lady Macbeth.'

'The popular impression,' says Mr Hunter, 'was deepened by the solemn asseveration of the gardener, who was put in charge of the premises, that he actually saw his master enter the hall on the very day, if not the very hour, when, as it was afterwards found, he had died at Edinburgh.'

Mr Ward, in his fictitious narrative, makes this last event appear as an interposition of Providence, to excite a certain old friend of the family to exertions in behalf of the Misses Olley. 'But,' says Mr Hunter, 'one cannot but feel how poor and mean is the object contemplated. What can it signify to whom the use shall be given of the produce of a few acres of land in this corner of the world, or even whether a guilty person shall not be suffered to escape punishment, when hundreds of guilty persons do actually escape? A night's debate on the floor of the House of Commons, and the vote which follows it, are of ten thousand times the importance of all the restitutions and all the detections which have been effected by these supposed peculiar acts of Providence in the last thousand years: and all this without a ghost. And yet what are even these and their effects when looked at in connexion with the vast scheme of the All-comprehending Mind?'

Mr Hunter further shows that the friend in question, a Mr Newton, was a man of much native energy, requiring no such stimulus to induce him to act for the young ladies. We now proceed with Mr Hunter's narrative. 'Having obtained such powers as the guardians could give him, Mr Newton proceeded at once to Edinburgh. He took my grandfather with him, who often accompanied him on his journeys. Mr Girdler had only a few hours' notice, and was not informed beforehand of the place of destination, or the object of the journey. But all this was unfolded as they travelled; and Mr Girdler was given to understand that Mr Newton had arranged the whole plan of operations, and that his business was to observe the proceedings, but to take no part in them.

'One incident only occurred upon the road which requires notice. They met the corpse of Mr Olley at Ferry-bridge; when Mr Newton, who had a very commanding figure, assuming his most dignified air, and producing the paper of authority which the guardians had given him, so awed the persons who had the care of the body, that they consented to let it remain at the inn till Mr Newton should return from Edinburgh, and give further directions concerning it.

'They travelled with great rapidity; and, considering the state of the roads, and the time which must have been required for the negotiation at Edinburgh, what Mr Shore relates is one of the more remarkable circumstances of the story—that Mr Newton called at his father's house, between Norton and Sheffield, on the Sunday on which he started, and again on the succeeding Sunday, when he had returned.

'Mr Newton's first step on his arrival was to secure a legal friend, to whom he might apply for advice if wanted, and to draw up the instruments which might be required; his next, to proceed to the house of Mr Carr. He was admitted without reserve, and allowed to enter on his business; Mr Carr only calling in the assistance of a lawyer. Mr Newton had no one with him but Mr Girdler. The conference lasted, as I have heard, several hours. The arguments which Mr Newton used arose out of objections, as was conceived, to the validity of the will, and doubts of the young man's having possessed such entire command over the property, that he was able, by so simple an act, to turn it from the natural course of descent. He urged the certainty that every effort would be made to recover the estates to the family, the Miss Olleys having many powerful friends, who would afford them all the means requisite to defeat a purpose so unjust and cruel; and that he, for his part, having a large unencumbered

estate, would carry the cause through every court that was accessible; so that, if they persisted in holding the estates, it must be with the certainty of years of disquietude and the most harassing opposition. He set before them the extreme hardship of the case, and the obloquy which always attaches even to parties perfectly innocent of anything wrong, who yet are seen in the possession of that which is theirs only by an act of caprice and injustice. He showed the peculiar aggravations in this case, where the young man had lived in their house, had made the will while living there, no friend being cognisant of the act, and then so soon dying under their roof. He went so far, I have heard, as to say that the most rigid inquiry would be made into the circumstances under which the will was executed, and also into the manner of the death; and he urged, in a very forcible manner, how much better it would be for them, in their circumstances, to possess a few thousands unquestioned, and in peace, rather than the larger fortune which would come attended with contention and anxiety, and probably with obloquy, for the remainder of their days.

At the close of the first day's conference, Mr Carr had consented to relinquish all claims under the will, and to accept of £5,000.

At this point Mr Girdler could not forbear manifesting some sign of satisfaction. But Mr Newton had other thoughts, and, by a significant look, reminded Mr Girdler of the duty which was required of him. In fact Mr Newton had fixed in his own mind a much less sum than £5,000.

He told Mr Carr that he could never consent to yield so large a sum, and that, if it were insisted upon, the negotiation might be considered at an end: that he should leave Edinburgh the next morning, and consult with the other friends of the family on what was to be done. The other party evincing no disposition to make any reduction, Mr Newton took his leave; but when he had reached the doorway or passage of the house, he returned into the room, as if he had suddenly recollected a circumstance of secondary or very minor importance, and coolly inquired if they had any directions to give respecting the corpse. Mr Carr immediately expressed his persuasion that it was already buried; when Mr Newton related, for the first time, how he had stopped the procession at Ferry-bridge, and that the corpse was then there awaiting examination. This I have heard represented as the master-stroke of Mr Newton's diplomacy. He immediately left Mr Carr's house; and it was supposed to be the effect of this stroke which led Mr Carr to desire a second interview.

At this second interview, the terms on which Mr and Mrs Carr agreed to relinquish their claims were soon settled; the sum agreed upon being £2,000.

The agreement was immediately put into proper form. The will was delivered up to Mr Newton. He immediately left Edinburgh. When they were seated in the carriage, Mr Girdler is reported to have said, "Now I hope you are satisfied with yourself?" when Mr Newton threw up his hand and exclaimed, "This is worth living for!"

The body of Mr Offley was then taken forward to Norton, where I find, by the parish register, that it was interred on the 24th day of September; thirty-four days after the death.

The young ladies, consequently, became joint proprietresses of the estate, part of which is now enjoyed by the descendant of one of them. One of the circumstances most puzzling to us about the whole affair, is the character of Mr Carr. It is represented in the most amiable and respectable light by Sir William Forbes, both in the preface to a volume of posthumous sermons, and in the Life of Dr Beattie. Sir William, who was himself a man of unblemished worth, describes him as being "more studious of displaying, through the whole course of his life, the meekness and humility, the mild virtues and gentle spirit of the gospel, than ambitious of acquiring honours, wealth, or fame." Dr Beattie also

testifies to the lustre of Mr Carr's private character. Yet to us it appears one of the most obvious of all human duties to abandon wholly, in a moment, every claim to property obtained in such a manner. It is just possible that Mr Carr might consider himself as having a claim to compensation for services rendered to Mr Offley, and that the sum demanded was in regard to that claim. Still, this will not serve to justify so large a sum. Without, however, hearing what the parties had to say on that side, it would be rash to pronounce too severely against the legatees.

A DAY IN CHESTER.

It may perhaps be a weakness, but I must confess that I am a great lover of contrast. I like to see extremes meeting; to see the young and healthy leading the old and infirm; the very rich visiting the very poor; and the gay and thoughtless trying to provoke the grave and thoughtful into a smile. It was accordingly to gratify this propensity that, one fine afternoon in the month of April 1846, I took my departure by railway from the new town of Birkenhead to the old city of Chester.

Perhaps, in all broad England, there are not to be found two towns, so near each other, that present such a striking contrast as Birkenhead and Chester. The former is the creation of yesterday. You see its streets glittering and gaudy as an insect that has cast its chrysalis: there is nothing worn about it; it has not yet, as it were, been used; the shining road-metal is sharp and rough; the foot-pavement is beautifully level; the very windows seem as if not one pane of glass in them had been broken since they were made; and the hands of cleanly servants have not even worn away the hair-strokes in the names on the brass door-plates. On seeing the very wide streets, the regular houses, the capacious drains, the great accommodation for refuse, one is forced to think that the Reports of the Health of Towns Commissioners have had great influence in regulating the laying-out and building of this new town. Unfinished houses and streets, piles of bricks and building materials, and vacant pieces of ground, are seen on every side. But then, there is no water except the troubled waters of the Mersey; no venerable trees, no picturesque houses, no fields that can be called green. Such is the picture, vividly impressed on the visitor's mind, which he carries away with him as he takes his place in the carriage for Chester. In three-quarters of an hour he is conveyed through a flat, level country to a scene the very opposite. He has left the modern town; he is now in the ancient city; for Chester is one of those aristocratic places that have forsworn the plebeian name of *town*, and glory in the patrician title of *city*.

Peace, and the supremacy of the law, have rendered walled towns unfashionable. Any town-council would as soon think of extending the great wall of China, as building a wall round the district over which they rule. There is no city in the empire, except Chester, whose ancient walls are entire. No trace of the walls of London is to be found, except in the name of a street; and those of York and Berwick-on-Tweed are broken up to some extent by railways and other improvements. But those of Chester remain entire. You may walk completely round them, a circuit of two miles. They gird the ancient city like an irregular belt, with only three great wide archways for entrance and exit. They have, it is true, been renewed here and there, and patched and repaired to prevent their decay; but they have lost nothing of their original character. They are as irregular, as strong, as well kept, and a great deal more cheerful and lively, than in the days of the Plantagenets. A quiet, meditative walk upon them is like a long perspective view of history. Here, pointing to the north-east, is an old small tower, from which, on the 25th September 1645, King Charles I. saw his army defeated upon the adjacent moor. You reach this

tower by a small stone staircase, with a wooden railing, and it might contain, at a push, about ten men. Great events were occurring in Britain at the period when Charles stood on this tower. The Scottish and English parliaments had recently ratified the Solemn League and Covenant, and the Scottish army was now in England opposing the king. Thirteen days before, a detachment of the covenanting troops had been victorious in the decisive battle of Philiphaugh, where Montrose was completely defeated, and the royal cause lost in Scotland. This battle of Rowton was the last in which the unhappy king was engaged. All his subsequent history is a maze of negotiation and treaty, charges and countercharges, ending in the dreadful tragedy which we all know.

Two centuries have passed away, and now, in 1846, we can stand on the same tower where Charles stood, and mark how much has been accomplished towards the freedom and improvement of man in the interval. Far as the eye can reach across that battle-moor, are now seen well-cultivated fields, quiet villages, manufactories noisy with the hum of industry, and the peaceful, pleasant homes of merry England. The white smoke that hangs heavy in the air is not the smoke of the musket, but of the steam-engine; and the clattering noise that comes fitfully to the ear is not the clashing of the swords of contending armies, but the passage of a railway train. Cold iron is now better employed in making a highway, than in being fashioned into weapons of war. Here, too, where the sentinel may have paced his weary rounds, is a circulating library, and a tea and coffee-house; while beneath and without the walls is a mechanics' institution. But if such a change has been effected in two hundred years, how much greater has been effected in two thousand! For from the same point on the old Roman wall, the eye could see the twentieth legion of Rome, then the empress of the world, encamped within; and the bleakest, dreariest tract of moorland lying desolate without. Saxons and Normans had not landed on our island then; and the ancient Britons were preserving their independence among the Welsh hills, within sight of the same Roman encampment.

Not far from this tower we arrive at another portion of the walls, where old things and new are brought into striking contrast. A railway from Chester to Holyhead is now in course of construction; and it has been carried straight through the walls, so as to cut them in two places. They are here of a considerable height, and the railway reaches them from a bridge that has been thrown over a canal, and leaves them by an embankment that is carried, onwards to the river Dee. Two strong bridges of iron and wood are made to continue the walk, so that when the iron highway is finished, you can stand on the ancient walls, and see a train passing immediately under your feet. In the angle that has thus been cut off are two towers, one of which is of great strength, and is now used as a museum, while in the upper portion of the other is placed a camera obscura. This line between Chester and Holyhead will probably become a portion of the great highway between the metropolis of England and that of Ireland; for in a short time the traveller may seat himself in a carriage at Euston Square, in London, and be conveyed through the heart of England, dash through the old city walls of Chester, flit past the fine romantic scenery of North Wales, and so across the Menai Straits to Holyhead, where he will find a steamer ready to convey him across the Irish Sea, and to land him, in about sixteen hours from the time he left London, at the very entrance to Dublin.

Proceeding still farther along the walls, you pass the infirmary and the city jail, and arrive at the castle, placed on a commanding position overlooking the river Dee. This castle was originally built in the time of William the Conqueror, but has of course undergone many subsequent changes. It is now a place of great strength and extent; and as Chester is a military depot

for North Wales and the adjacent counties, it is generally full of troops, which make the city gay and animated. When the Norman conqueror was dividing England, the whole of the county fell to the share of his nephew Ilhgh, surnamed the Wolf, who was created the first Earl of Chester, a title which is now borne by the eldest son of the kings of England. Close to the castle is a fine large field, used as a race-course. On the borders of this field is seen the new strong bridge, of many arches, of the Holyhead railway; and on the north side of it, again, can be seen a few trading vessels that have come up the river Dee to the ancient 'port of Chester.' Farther up the river, and nearer the castle, there is a majestic stone bridge, of one arch, said to be the finest in England, and which was opened by the present queen when she was Princess Victoria. The old bridge is a short distance up the river: it is composed of several arches, and the view from it is beautiful. On its north bank are built many pleasant villas, surrounded by delightful gardens; and on its waters are seen numbers of gay pleasure-boats, much patronised by visitors from the banks of the troubled, 'keel-vexed' Mersey, or from the neighbourhood of the murky, polluted waters of the Irk, that drive so many of the Manchester mills. It is said that a Saxon king, in the tenth century, took a pleasure excursion on the Dee at Chester, and that his rowers were six Welsh princes.

The principal streets of Chester are said to have been, in the first instance, laid out by the Romans. Of this there can be little doubt. It is a historical fact, that the twentieth Roman legion was encamped on the spot where Chester now stands, from the time of the Roman invasion until the beginning of the fourth century of our era. The name Chester is evidently derived from the Latin word *Castra*, a camp. Sometimes it was called West Chester, and at others *Castra Dena*, or the Camp on the Dee. At other times, in honour of the victorious twentieth legion, it was called *Legio XX. Victoria*. The name has gradually become corrupted to Chester. Other English towns have been named in the same manner. For example, we find Lancaster, Tadcaster, Doncaster; Worcester, Gloucester, Dorchester, Rochester, Manchester, and many more. In some the termination is modified; thus we find Exeter, Uttoxeter, Wroxeter, &c.; all evidently derived from the same root, and bearing the broad unmistakable stamp of the proud empress of the world. The principal streets of Chester are at right angles to each other, and run due north and south, east and west. They have been excavated out of the solid rock; and the houses, therefore, stand six or seven feet above the level of the carriage-way. The other streets and lanes form a perfect labyrinth: they run in all directions, without order or regularity, and without due regard to width or means of ventilation. The appearance of the houses is singular. They are generally placed with the gable end to the street; and sometimes this gable end consists of old strong wood, curiously painted. The colours have faded long ago; and though the wrinkles of age are very conspicuous, yet there is a healthy, antique, time-defying look about the houses which is pleasant to see. The houses have lattice windows of course, and many of them have some of those old strongly-clasped doors, that are seldom seen anywhere now except in old churches and towers. There is no want of variety among the houses at Chester. They seem to have been built by men for their own use, with their own money, and in the fashion that pleased them best. Building societies, and rows of houses so uniform as scarcely to be known from one another, are the fruits of our mode of civilisation.

The footpath of the street may be said to pass right through the front flat of each house. A fine sheltered piazza thus runs along each side of the street; and these are the famous 'Chester rows.' The walk along them is very irregular. Sometimes the roof is so low, as to cause the stranger to stoop; at other times there is a gentle ascent, and then a gradual descent. In some

parts the row is entirely broken by a lane running into the street, and then you have to descend a flight of steps on one side, and regain the row by a flight on the other. Almost every house in these rows is a shop or an inn. Some of the shops are really handsome and elegant, and much more spacious than would be expected. The appearance of the rows on a Saturday evening, after the shops are lighted up, is most animated and interesting. The walks are then crowded by buyers and sellers, and the whole resembles a lively, bustling village fair.

A small, narrow, steep lane, called St Wesburgh Street, runs out of one of these rows, and following it, the visitor arrives at the venerable cathedral. Its external appearance is not very imposing or beautiful. It is built of soft sandstone, of a dark-red colour, and the effects of time have greatly worn down the blocks of stone, and taken away the sharp angular appearance of the building. This cathedral is perhaps one of the plainest in England. It has neither the elegant elaborate appearance of Westminster Abbey or York Minster, nor the massive grandeur of St Paul's; but its quiet, plain exterior gives it perhaps a more venerable and antique look. It is situated on a rising ground, in the heart of the city, and its heavy square tower is one of the most conspicuous objects when approaching Chester. Those who have seen the interior of other cathedrals, will notice nothing remarkable in this of Chester. There are various marble tablets inserted in the walls to the memory of personages locally known. The organ which it contains is very powerful, and almost new. A short time ago the interior was completely renovated, and it is now in excellent order.

Chester has long been the seat of a bishopric. In the time of the Saxons, the county was included in the kingdom of Mercia, and the seat of that bishop was at Chester. The daughter of one of the kings of Mercia was for many centuries regarded as the titular saint of Chester, under the title of St Wesburgh. In the ninth century her body was removed, for greater security, to Chester, and a religious house was founded in her honour. The cathedral now stands where the church of this religious community stood. The present bishopric was established in the reign of Henry VIII. Its jurisdiction extends over the whole counties of Chester and Lancaster, and a small portion of York. This diocese, therefore, contains a population of about two millions, and embraces the large manufacturing towns of Manchester, Bolton, Preston, Stockport, Bury, Blackburn, St Helens, &c. and the commercial towns of Liverpool, Birkenhead, Lancaster, &c. Before the Reformation, Chester was the seat of many religious houses. There were establishments of the white, the gray, and the black friars, a convent, a college of the Holy Cross, and several others, all of which have now passed away.

During the middle ages, when the commercial cities of the Mediterranean were in the zenith of their prosperity, and while New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, Mobile, Liverpool, and the great cotton-spinning towns of Lancashire were yet unborn, the commerce of the city of Chester was most flourishing. It was then the great place of export and import for the west of England and Wales. But the river Dee, in course of time, became sanded up, and the navigation was considerably impeded, while commerce was pursuing the more easy channel of Liverpool; so that the trade of Chester soon fell into decay, and now its principal trade is in cheese, potatoes, and other provisions. The contrast between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee is very striking: they are only a few miles apart, separated by a low sandy shore: the former is narrow, but crowded with ships of all nations, and cloudy with the smoke of many steamers; the latter is broad and spacious, but its smooth, glassy surface is only broken here and there by a solitary sail. Chester, though certainly not the seat of either commercial or manufacturing activity, is not falling off. The population, 14,713 in 1774, was, in 1831, 21,344, and had advanced in 1841 to 23,115. Its

situation is very healthy, and it is a favourite residence of many wealthy families. Indeed it may be said to be the metropolis of North Wales, as well from its size and position, as from its venerable appearance, its refined society, and its ecclesiastical and military importance. If the people of Liverpool boast of their town, the inhabitants of Chester are no less proud of their old, comfortable city. Both feelings are reasonable. If Liverpool is, Chester *was*. If the work of the one is commencing, that of the other may be said to be well nigh done. Chester has seen the Roman and the Celt, the Saxon and the Norman, within its walls: it has played its part in the stormy, bloody annals of our country, and, surviving the wreck of many powers, is now a curious memorial of the past conditions of our country.

PARISIAN BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

In these days, when the careful education of the young is becoming hourly of more importance to the reflecting portion of the world, it may not be uninteresting to notice the habits of our intelligent neighbours in regard to matters of such consequence to society. In France, where everything is reduced to system, where the government appoints, and individuals can only act in accordance with the orders given for their guidance, the schools for all classes are kept most particularly under the control of the minister of public instruction. It has happened to us to become acquainted with a pupil from one of the principal of these establishments in Paris for the education of young ladies, and hoping an account of the method pursued there will be agreeable to many of our readers, we have induced her to furnish us with the following particulars.

Madame —, the head of the establishment, was a daughter of one of Napoleon's soldiers. He was only a sergeant in a regiment of the line, but gallant enough to obtain the emperor's notice, and unfortunate enough to lose both his arms in the course of one campaign. The emperor, visiting him after the amputation of the second, kindly inquired concerning the poor man's family, and learning that, besides three sons in the school of the regiment, he had an only daughter, he charged himself with her education, and sent her immediately to St Cyr. Under Madame Campan she remained for some years, first as a pupil, then acting as sub-governess; but the salary of the under-teachers being inadequate to her maintenance, and she having at this time her mother thrown upon her for support, she had the energy to begin a school of her own, with her mother as governante of the household, and her husband as assistant teacher; for she had married a preceptor of some reputation. They began modestly in a small hired house, with a suitable garden, at St Denis, and every year their school increased, and every report of the inspecteurs and inspectrices was favourable to their care of it. In time, the house and garden were bought; shortly after, these were considerably added to, more bedrooms being required for pupils, and a larger playground being necessary for their recreation. A vegetable and fruit-garden has also been joined to the domain, which now extends to several acres. There are at present about one hundred and forty young ladies pursuing their studies under Madame —'s care, sixty of whom are boarders, the rest day scholars, who conform, as far as their hours of attendance permit, to the regulations of the establishment. Besides monsieur and madame, there are four governesses, and such visiting masters as are required by the course of education.

The house has been skillfully adapted for the accommodation of so large a number of pupils. There are four class-rooms of sufficient size, carefully ventilated after the dismissal of each set of scholars, as is, indeed, every other apartment—the orders of the government upon this very important point, in the care of children, being extremely peremptory. The refectoire, where all the meals are taken, is a long, lofty room, destitute of

any furniture but forms and tables, with windows opening on the cheerful playground, and a stove to keep it comfortably warm during winter. The playroom is the same size as the réfectoire, and perfectly empty. Here, in bad weather, when amusement out of doors would be injurious, are passed the merry half-hours which intervene between the studying portions of two hours each, into which the day is divided. The sleeping rooms vary in size; their occupants also varying in number, according to the space of the dormitories—all regulated by the orders of government. Each young lady has a small camp-bed to herself, at a certain distance from the next, with a stool beside it. No other furniture is admitted. There must be a certain number of windows according to the size of the room, and they must be placed in particular positions: and a governess sleeps in each apartment, on a flooring raised above the bricks, at the end of the chamber. At the ringing of a bell all rise—in summer at half-past five, in winter an hour later—and repair to the cabinet de toilette, where a waiting-maid assists the dressing. In summer each pupil is served with a cup of milk and a piece of bread at this time; in winter they have soup instead of milk. The governesses always have coffee. They then say prayers, make their beds, and descend to the school-room, where the bell rings for them to meet at seven, or half after, according to the season. They study till nine, when the bell rings for breakfast—a meal which, in France, is quite a dinner: soup, entrées, rôti, vegetables, and wine (vin ordinaire), diluted for the pupils, and served to them very liberally under the name of 'abundance.' Half an hour only is allowed for each meal, so that from half after nine till ten the pupils amuse themselves. The bell then summons them to their classes; it next rings for the change of classes; and rings again at noon for the half-hour's play—governesses and pupils enjoying a run in the grounds, or a romp in the empty room, according to the weather. There is a slight luncheon of bread and fruit about two o'clock; dinner at half-past five, which is just a repetition of the breakfast. Afterwards the younger children amuse themselves till their bedtime, at eight o'clock, when prayers are said by all; the elder girls sit up till nine or ten, as suits their ages, reading aloud, and working in madame's drawing-room.

We hardly think it necessary to particularise the course of instruction pursued—the useful being in these days so thoroughly joined with the agreeable accomplishments required in polite life, that it would be almost a wearisome repetition to call attention to them. What we wish to impress on the minds of those engaged in the tuition of youth, is the care taken of the bodily health of the pupils—the precautions used not to overfatigue the brain—the short time occupied by each pursuit—the very little learned by rote—the extreme attention paid to the thorough understanding of all that is taught, nothing being left behind in a progress which, in the end, is really rapid, in consequence of its careful commencement—the two hours of varied study, regularly followed by the half-hour's play—the crowd of happy children let loose together to laugh, and jump, and skip, and run, exerting every muscle, without one anxious thought; and, in the evenings, madame's cheerful drawing-room, where, as daughters of the house, they are affectionately entertained by one who shows a mother's interest in their comfort. Every Thursday throughout France is a half-holiday in every school; after twelve o'clock, nothing is thought of but amusement. In summer there are long country rambles, expeditions to collect flowers or butterflies, or merely to play at some merry game in some particular field; or the pupils may be satisfied with the extensive grounds belonging to them, in which a tent is pitched for them to read or work in during the heat of the day. In the evenings there is always a soirée, generally ending in a dance, all the preparations for which are made by the young ladies. They arrange the salon for company, superintend the simple refreshments, settle the

order of the dances, and select the music to be performed by themselves. Two of the eldest among them receive the guests, acting as hosts during the whole evening—madame being on these occasions one of the company, which is often pretty numerous, as many ladies of all ages are invited; but monsieur is the only gentleman. One day in the week, a proportion of the higher classes attend madame on her regular inspection of the house, assisting her in her care of the furniture. Another day they accompany her to the kitchen, where they are instructed in all that is necessary in this department for the future mistress of a family to be acquainted with. The elder girls have also to take a certain charge of the little ones—their manners, studies, wardrobes; and the younger children become exceedingly attached to their little maumas, running to them for help in all their difficulties. It is so managed that there is always some business of interest going forward requiring the exercise of the pupils' talents—presents to make for the fête of madame, or for the governesses of the divisions, or for New-Year's Day; and madame and the governesses have their little offerings in return—all so many ways of rendering the school-life happy. Then there is the annual public distribution of prizes, when the authorities examine into the proficiency of the pupils, and award distinctive prizes to the diligent—a ceremony not exactly suited to the reserve of our domestic habits, but powerfully aiding to animate the business of the school. The teachers are always well fitted for their employment, as they cannot hold their situations without passing a rigorous examination, not only in the various branches of learning they profess to teach, but as to their acquaintance with the laws of health, the care of temper, the etiquette of society, &c. They are very kindly treated; and though their salaries are small, and their duties unceasing, numerous well-conceived presents make up for the one, and frequent treats to the theatre, or some other place of diversion, reward the other. They live on familiarly agreeable terms with madame, who, in truth, considers herself as the head of a large family, whom she manages most successfully by the force of gentleness, punishment being almost unknown in her establishment.

It would be difficult in France for a school to be greatly misconducted, as the government appoints inspectors to keep strict watch over all proceedings. The maire's wife and the préfet's wife visit Madame — never less than once in every month. These ladies are not satisfied with a general view. They examine minutely, open locks, peep here, pry there, taste the provisions, question the servants, the governesses, the young ladies; come at all times, pop in at any hour, and when anything displeases their judgment, they mention their complaint without hesitation, and require an immediate alteration. Monsieur had to open an additional window in a room they did not consider sufficiently airy: nothing escapes them, though our informant assured us, with the pride of warm affection for her old instructress, that they had very seldom any faults to find.

Madame —'s is not by any means the pension of greatest celebrity in the neighbourhood of Paris. There are many others of equal note, and one or two of even superior reputation. The system pursued in all, we believe, however, to be very much the same: the judicious blending of instruction with amusement—resting the mind by a constant variety of employments—providing for the spirits of the young a sufficiency of unconstrained bodily exercise—and encouraging, by affectionate treatment, the development of kindly feelings.

The strict preparation of the teachers for the arduous duties of their calling, seems to us to be an admirable feature in the plan of education so seriously set about, which might be adopted with advantage in the class generally, whether these future superintendents of the young were fitting themselves for assistants in public institutions, or for governesses in private families. It is too much the custom with us to send out into the

world, as a governess, any respectable young person in want of a home, who undertakes this most responsible of all situations without one idea of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of her functions. It has become a fashion too, to waste a world of pity on their miseries, to compassionate their painful labours, to sympathise with their numerous humiliations. But is all this called for by the facts? Were they, as a class, thoroughly educated themselves, for the purpose of worthily assisting in the education of others, they would enter upon this interesting employment with thoughts entirely fixed on the fulfilment of its duties—conscientiously occupied with the one great end in view. They would feel that their place was beside their pupils, with whom their interests were for the time identified; and the affection for their charge, which the very nature of their connexion induces, would soon so lighten their cares, as to make their labours those of love. Another point to be insisted on is, that they should be trained to consider themselves only as assistants. No mother ought to give up the care of her own children. If this were properly understood, there would be an end of humiliations. Were the relative positions of employer and employed more accurately defined among us, much annoyance would be saved to many sensitive natures, which, in these days of increasing good-breeding, have seldom any very painful grievances to suffer under.

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

A SPECIES of ostrich (*Struthio rheu*) abounds in the plains of Northern Patagonia and the united provinces of La Plata. The Guachos assured Mr Darwin that it is the male bird that sits on the nest and hatches the eggs. According to Burchell, the Hottentots affirm the same of the African ostrich. At Bahia Blanca, Mr Darwin saw the eggs in great quantities scattered over the country. When they thus lie scattered singly, they are never hatched. A nest is simply a shallow excavation in the soil, and contains from twenty to forty eggs in each. The natives also affirm that several females lay their eggs in one nest: from four to five hen-birds have been seen to go in the middle of the day, one after the other, to the same nest. As the hen-birds lay a number of eggs at the interval of two or three days, the first eggs would be hatched before the laying was concluded; and this may account for the practice just mentioned. It may also serve as an explanation of the male bird sitting on the nest instead of the female, and thus incubation can be carried on in one nest while others are in progress of being filled with eggs. The solitary eggs so frequently found scattered about, may be those dropped by the hens before they have formed a combination among themselves to make a nest, and 'persuaded an old cock to perform the office of incubation.' A smaller species of ostrich, called *Ardeotis pelisei*, inhabits the southern parts of Patagonia, about the Straits of Magellan. It is a much shyer bird than the other, and does not expand its wings at first starting. Both kinds readily take to the water, and, when pursued, swim across rivers.

11. Among those industrious animals which labour in summer to lay up a winter store of provisions, one of the most interesting is the Pica, or rat hare (*Lepus*), described by Pallas. This little creature lives among the rocky mountains of Asiatic Russia, beyond Lake Baikal, in Siberia. They select elevated spots in the midst of the forests, and hollow out burrows among the rocks. About the middle of August they collect herbs, which they bring near their habitations, and spread out to dry in the sun. In September they collect them into heaps or stacks under the rocks and large trees. They sometimes join together in this labour, or at other times work singly; in the former case, the heaps collected are eight feet in diameter, and five to six feet in height. From their burrows in the ground, a subterranean gallery leads to below the haystack, so that neither frost nor snow interrupts their communication with it. Pallas examined this hay, and found it to consist of the choicest grasses and sweet herbs, intermixed with some of a bitter quality, and perfectly free of ears or blossoms, and all woody fibres. The wandering sable hunters

of the country, less provident than these industrious creatures, seek out their stacks, and rob them of their labours.

111. The Galapagos Islands, situated under the equator, and between five and six hundred miles to the westward of the South American continent, are remarkable as containing animals peculiar to that particular spot. Among others, the common tortoise (*Testudo indius*) is very abundant; and indeed this locality is supposed by some to be the source whence all these reptiles have originated. Dampier says, that here these animals are so numerous, that five or six hundred men might subsist on them for several months without any other sort of provisions; and he adds, they are so extraordinarily large and fat, and so sweet, that no pullet eats more pleasantly. As these islands are now inhabited, and as the tortoise forms a principal article of food, their numbers are of course greatly reduced; but the people yet reckon on two days' hunting supplying food for the rest of the week. It is said, that formerly single vessels have taken away as many as seven hundred of these animals, and that the ship's company of a frigate some years since brought down two hundred to the beach in one day. These animals are found in all the islands of this Archipelago, and it is said that each island has its peculiar variety, which can be known by certain distinctive characteristics. They prefer the high damp parts of those islands, but are also found in the lower arid districts. Some individuals grow to such a size, that it requires six or eight men to lift them from the ground, and individuals have afforded as much as two hundred pounds of meat. The males are larger than the females, and can be distinguished by the greater length of tail. The tortoises which live on those islands where there is no water, or in the lower or arid parts of the others, chiefly feed on the succulent cactus. Those which frequent the higher and damp regions eat the leaves of various trees, a kind of acid berry called *guayaba*, and also a pale green lichen, that hangs in tresses from the boughs of trees.

The tortoise is very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The larger islands alone possess springs, and these are always situated towards the central parts, and at a considerable height. The tortoises, therefore, which frequent the lower districts when thirsty, are obliged to travel from a long distance; hence broad and well-beaten paths radiate off in every direction from the wells, even down to the sea-coast, and thus the Spaniards, by following them up, first discovered the watering-places. 'When I landed at Chatham Island,' says Mr Darwin, 'I could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these great monsters, one set eagerly travelling onwards with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at the spring, quite regardless of any spectator, it buries its head in the water above its eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. The inhabitants say each animal stays three or four days in the neighbourhood of the water, and then returns to the lower country; but they differed in their accounts respecting the frequency of these visits. The animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food which it has consumed. It is, however, certain, that tortoises can subsist even on those islands where there is no other water than what falls during a few rainy days in the year. Nature has provided them with a means of secreting a supply of water in the urinary vesicle. When moving to any definite point, they travel by night and day, and arrive at the end of their journey much sooner than would be expected. The inhabitants, from observations on marked individuals, consider that they can move a distance of about eight miles in two or three days.' One large tortoise which Mr Darwin watched, he found walked at the rate of sixty yards in ten minutes, that is, three hundred and sixty in the hour, or four miles a-day, allowing it also a little time to eat on the road. They are mute, unless during the breeding season, when the male utters a hoarse bellowing sound. The female deposits her white round eggs in the soil, and covers them up with sand; but where the ground is rocky, she drops them indiscriminately in any hollow. The young animals, as soon as they are hatched, fall a prey in great numbers to the buzzard. The old ones seem generally to die from accidents, as from falling down precipices; for the inhabitants say they have never found one dead except from some such cause. These animals appear to be destitute of the sense of hearing. 'I was always amused,' says Mr Darwin, 'when overtaking one of

these great monsters, as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the instant I passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and, uttering a deep hiss, fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. I frequently got on their backs, and then, upon giving a few raps on the under part of the shell, they would rise up and walk away; but I found it very difficult to keep my balance. In order to secure the tortoise, it is not sufficient to turn them on their backs like the turtle, for they are often able to regain their upright position.

The flesh of this animal is eaten both fresh and salted, and from the fat a very clear oil is obtained. When a tortoise is caught, the captor makes a slit in the skin near the tail, so as to see inside his body whether the fat under the dorsal plate is thick. If it is not, the animal is liberated, and it is said to recover soon from this strange operation.

Young tortoises are imported in great numbers into this country as pets—and either unthoughtful favourites they are. Their structure is curious, as showing that unity of plan on which all the vertebrate animals are formed. The shell, which imparts the chief peculiarity of appearance in this class of reptiles, is a superadded contrivance altogether for defence and protection. Below this shell the chain of vertebrae, the bones and joints of the four legs, and the neck and skull, are all visible, though not so perfectly developed as in the higher vertebrate classes. Tortoises have been ascertained to live for a hundred years in a domestic state. They feed only at intervals, sometimes abstaining from all viands for three or four months at a time. They are fond of heat—will nestle among the ashes under the grate, or bask in the summer sun for days. In general they are very inactive, and averse to quick motion; but sometimes they rouse up and stalk abroad, raised high on tiptoe, and assuming a very smart and active air.

iv. Mr C. Darwin, in his passage over the Cordilleras, thus describes a flight of South American locusts:—“We observed to the southward a ragged cloud of a dark reddish-brown colour. For some time we had no doubt but that it was thick smoke, proceeding from some great fire on the plains. Soon afterwards, we found it was a herd of locusts—a species identical or closely resembling the locust of Asia. The insects overtook us, as they were travelling northward, by the aid of a light breeze, at the rate, I should suppose, of ten or fifteen miles an hour. The main body filled the air from a height of twenty feet to that, as it appeared, of two or three thousand above the ground. The noise of their approach was that of a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship. The sky, seen through the advanced guard, appeared like a mezzotint engraving, but the main body was impervious to sight. They were not, however, so thick but that they could escape from a stick moved backward and forward. When they alighted, they were more numerous than the leaves in a field, and changed the green into a reddish colour. The swarm having once alighted, the individuals flew from side to side in every direction. The locusts are not an uncommon pest in this country; already, during the season, several smaller swarms had come up from the sterile plains of the south, where they appear to have been bred, and many trees had been entirely stripped of their leaves. Of course this swarm cannot be compared to those of the eastern world, yet it was sufficient to make the well-known descriptions of their ravages more intelligible. I have omitted, perhaps, the most striking part of the scene—the vain attempts of the poor cottagers to turn the stream aside. Many lighted fires, and with the smoke, with shouts and waving of branches, they endeavoured to avert the attack.”

v. ‘One day,’ writes the same author, ‘I was amused by watching the habits of a diodon, which was caught swimming near the shore. This fish is well known to possess the singular power of distending itself into nearly a spherical form. After having been taken out of the water for a short time, and then again immersed in it, a considerable quantity of both of water and air were absorbed by the mouth, and perhaps likewise by the bronchial apertures. This process is effected by two methods—the air is swallowed, and is then forced into the cavity of the body, its return being prevented by a muscular contraction which is externally visible; but the water, I observed, entered in a stream through the mouth, which was wide open and motionless. This latter action must therefore depend upon suction. The skin about the abdomen is much looser than that of the back; hence, during the inflation, the lower surface becomes far more distended than the upper, and the fish in consequence floats with its back downwards.

Cuvier doubts whether the diodon in this position is able to swim; but not only can it thus move forward in a straight line, but likewise it can turn round to either side. This latter movement is effected solely by the aid of the pectoral fins, the tail being collapsed, and not used. From the body being buoyed up with so much air, the bronchial openings were out of water, but a stream drawn in by the mouth constantly flowed through them. The fish having remained in this distended state for a short time, generally expelled the air and water with considerable force from the bronchial apertures and mouth. It could emit at will a certain portion of the water, and it appears therefore probable that this fluid is taken in partly for the sake of regulating its specific gravity. This diodon possessed several means of defence. It could give a severe bite, and could eject water from its mouth to some distance; at the same time it made a curious noise by the movement of its jaws. By the inflation of its body, the papillae with which the skin was covered became erect and pointed. But the most curious circumstance was, that it emitted from the skin of its belly, when handled, a most beautiful carmine red and fibrous secretion, which permanently stained ivory and paper.”

vi. Though the surface of the earth, as it now exists, appears very stable and immutable, yet how many changes can be traced upon it, even within the periods of authentic history! Herodotus mentions that the Athenians hunted the wild boar in the forests on Mount Lycabettus, whereas now there is scarcely a shrub to be seen growing there. Hymettus, Pentelicon, and Parissus, were also clothed to their summits with fruit-trees, now their sides are bare rugged rocks, with only a few stunted trees and shrubs. The soil must have been gradually washed down to the plains by the action of the elements. As a proof of this, in the plain of Olynthus late discoverers have found the columns of the temple of Jupiter nearly twenty feet below the present surface of the ground.

In the first century of the Christian era, when Britain was invaded by the Romans, the whole central parts of the island were either covered with dense forests, or consisted of lakes and marshes. The clearing and cultivating of the country has not only enhanced the value of the soil, but rendered the climate infinitely more wholesome, and has tended to elevate the general temperature. The same effects have been produced in the vast territories of North America within the last three centuries, by the indefatigable energies of the Anglo-American colonists. Wood, from having been once superabundant, is now actually becoming a scarce commodity in some of the older states. In South America, again, very singular changes are being effected by the agency of natural powers. In the neighbourhood of Lima, Mr Darwin mentions the existence of a plain now dry and barren, but covered with ruins and marks of ancient cultivation. Near it was the dry course of a considerable river, whence the water for irrigation had formerly been conducted. The gravelly channel and water-worn rocks of its former course were distinctly visible, but an eruption of the earth forming an elevated ridge of hills, had crossed its channel, and fairly raised its lower part high above its source. The consequence was, that the flow of water was directed into quite a different channel, and the former fertile valley was left dry and sterile. On the elevated coasts of Peru, the same observant traveller remarked in a bed of shale, which had been raised to the height of eighty-five feet, along with shells and sea-weed, “a bit of cotton thread, plaited rush, and the head of a stalk of Indian corn,” evidently proving that this elevation had taken place since man inhabited this part of Peru.

Similar changes of the relative level of land and sea have also been traced in many situations on the shores of Britain. Marine shells, of the same species as those at present existing in our seas, have been found in strata now elevated several hundred feet above the sea level, evidently showing that such elevations have occurred within the present geological era, and at periods comparatively recent. Thus, while the ever-ebbing and flowing ocean would appear at first view to be continually changing, it is in fact more immutable than the land around which it beats, and on which it is ever making inroads.

vii. The following eloquent passage in Mrs Butler's clover notes on America, forms one of the best incitements to the cultivation of natural science which we have seen:—“The soil, the banks by the roadside, and broken ridges of ravines and water-courses, attracted my attention by the variety and vividness of their colours—the brightest red

and yellow, and then again pale green and rich warm gravel colour. I wished I had been a geologist. How much pleasure of reflection and contemplation is lost to the ignorant, whose outward sense wanders over the objects that surround it, deriving from them but half the delight that they give the wise and well-informed!—even fancy is at fault; for fancy itself scarce devises images more strange, and beautiful, and wonderful, than the reality of things presents to those who understand their properties and natures. We may add to this the remarks of another traveller, Dr W. Cumming, who thus concludes his wanderings in Egypt and other lands:—"My wanderings have now come to a close, and this night I conclude my diary. What have I gained by all my peregrinations abroad? To this question I find no satisfactory answer. One regret has always been uppermost in my mind; namely, that the education of my youth had been—I will not say neglected, but so misdirected. Of what avail were all the days and nights I spent hammering over the Greek language? or if I did derive any benefit, was it commensurate with the time and labour bestowed? Had the many valuable hours thus applied been devoted to the study of natural history, more especially botany, mineralogy, and zoology, I might have added to the stores of useful knowledge already in the possession of my country; whereas, ignorant to a great degree of these subjects, I return as barren, so far as the benefit of others is concerned, as before my departure. I blame no one; it was the fault not of individuals, but of the system which then prevailed. Thanks to the progress of human reason, or rather common sense, things are no longer so! Far be it from me to undervalue the advantages of a classical education, or to deny the refinement and elevation of mind that learning can bestow. But if I had one advice more earnest than another to give to parents, it would be to avoid the indiscriminate teaching of Greek to all their sons, without reference to particular aptitudes, under the belief that they cannot be contented when grown up without a knowledge of this language."

ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

His aptitude for learning languages has rarely been so remarkably demonstrated as in the case of Elihu Burritt, a native of North America, who is at present on a visit to England. Of this extraordinary exemplar of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, the following brief account is given in the Manchester Guardian:—

Elihu was born in Connecticut in 1811, of humble but respectable parents; attended the district school for some months yearly, until the age of sixteen, when, his father dying, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, at which trade he worked until he was twenty-three; and after trying, for a year or two, teaching and other professions, which did not suit his health, he returned to his anvil, at which he still labours when at home, devoting all his leisure hours to literary pursuits. "By dint of hard labour, he has become a proficient in the most difficult languages of Asia, and in many of those languages of Europe which are now nearly disused and obsolete; among them are Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and Tamil! It was meeting, in a public meeting in 1838, by Governor Everett, that Mr Burritt by that time, by his unaided industry alone, had made himself acquainted with fifty languages. Mr Burritt shows no disposition to relax from his labours. He usually devotes eight hours to labour, eight hours to study, and eight hours to physical indulgence and repose; and, by pursuing this course, he enjoys the advantages—vainly coveted by many literary men—those connected with "a sound mind in a healthy body." Nor does he confine his labours to the mere acquisition of literary wealth: he also diffuses it with a liberal hand. He has written many valuable articles for periodicals of high standing; he has delivered many lectures which have been replete with interest and valuable information; and has been repeatedly listened to by large and highly respectable audiences in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, with edification and delight." Mr Burritt is now only

thirty-five years of age, and he is visiting England partly to recruit his strength, and partly, to see the English people with his own eyes, and judge for himself as to their character as developed at home. In one of his recent American publications, Mr Burritt gives the following notice of his intended journey through England:—

"About the 1st of June, we propose, under certain conditions, to take steamer or packet for England. On our arrival, we propose to take a private hickory staff, and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the country, at the rate of about ten miles a day. Passing thus leisurely on foot through the agricultural districts, we anticipated the opportunity of looking through the hedges and into the barn-yards; sometimes into the kitchens of the common people; once in a while into a blacksmith's shop, to smite at the anvil. In fact, we intend to pull at every latch-string that we find outside the door or gate, and study the physiology of turnips, hay-ricks, cabbages, hops, &c. and of all kinds of cattle, sheep, and swine. We propose to avoid the lions of the country, and confine our walks to the low lands of common life; and to have our conversation and communion chiefly with the labouring classes. Perhaps we might get together a knot of them some moonshiny night, and talk to them a little on temperance, peace, and universal brotherhood. During such a pedestrian tour, we think we might see and hear some things which a person could not do while whizzing through the country on the railway at the rate of thirty miles an hour."

Mr Burritt is tall, thin, and of good address; and no one, from his external appearance, would guess him to be a blacksmith. He has a fine intellectual countenance, bright speaking eyes, animated features, and a broad expansive forehead. There is none of that remarkable fulness in the eye which phrenologists usually assign to the organ of language when developed in an extraordinary degree; and he is not by any means a fluent speaker. Elihu Burritt is chiefly known in this country as the great advocate of peace principles in the United States; and he is continually publishing small printed slips called "Olive Leaves," which are printed in incredible quantities, and reprinted in about three hundred American newspapers. He expressed himself much pleased with England and with English hospitality, so far as he has seen the one and enjoyed the other; and was very much struck with what he regarded as the dense population of the country, as seen on the line of railway between Liverpool and Manchester, although this tract of country is generally regarded as sparsely peopled, owing to the mosses and other causes.

SNOW MOULDS.

This is the name given to certain curious fungi belonging to the same division with the mucors, antennarias, and other microscopic kinds of mouldiness. One of these was first discovered, in the north of Ireland, by Hienemann, who has described the genus under the name of *Chimaphora*, but two other species have since occurred in Germany, one in the neighbourhood of Dresden, and in great abundance. It is developed on the snow in clear weather, when the sun has power enough to melt the outer surface of the snow, without the existence of a general thaw. It appears, according to a correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, to spring either from the dung of some animal, or on snow which is impregnated with dung or urine, and soon spreads over the surface of the snow in shining fleecy patches, dotted with red or green fruit, which resembles that of *mucor*. When the snow melts, it is left behind upon the subjacent grass, in the form of a cobweb stratum of great delicacy, which soon vanishes. Strange that the surface of so barren an element as snow should give birth and nourishment to a vegetable of such minute and delicate proportions. More recently, another kind of snow mould, discovered in Germany, has been described by Professor Unger, under the name of *Lanous Nivalis*. Unlike the former, this is developed beneath the snow, and is, in certain seasons extremely destructive to grass and corn. The years in which it is most injurious are those when a deep

snow sets in without any previous frost, when it sometimes destroys whole crops of corn; and this is so well known to the farmer, that in such seasons it is customary in certain districts to plough up the hard frozen surface of the snow occasionally during the winter. The plant is of a very simple structure, consisting merely of branched or jointed threads, the ultimate joints of the small lateral branches of which at length assume a red tinge, and separate at the articulations, producing oblong spores or vessels of fructification. It forms white patches a foot or more in diameter, made up of a number of smaller circular patches; and when the snow melts on the approach of spring, these assume here and there a red tint, as if dusted with red powder, in consequence of the opening of the spores. The snow is scarcely melted, when the whole disappears, leaving behind a withered plot, which, according to the greater or less vigour or duration of the parasite, is either completely barren, or but slowly recovers its verdure. In some years the mould is so abundant that the crops are completely destroyed, and there is no other remedy than to sow them again.

COPY OF A GENUINE LOVE-LETTER.

[The gentleman who sends us the following, states that it was copied, with the greatest exactness, from a letter actually sent to the female relative of a person in business at Glasgow, by a Yorkshire manufacturer, who travelled for orders in his own gig, and who happened to see the lady at her friend's house.]

Glasgow, 16th Nov. 1810.

DA LADY—Since you have been so Highly Recommended to Me, My Heart As been a Stranger to Rest, Which Induces, a Wish to Insinuate, My Self Into your Favour, by Entrusting those Few Lines under the Umbredge of your Abilities, being Modestly Assured of a Favorable Censor from a Lady of Candor and Judgement, we Can so Truly Distinguish and Scan Over the Errors of Things That may Happen in this Nature, but, I know, not whether You Will Praise or Condemn Such Freedom from Me a Stranger, to you—But, Since is no Greater Enemy, then Ignorance I hope Dr Lady youl Excuse My Freedom, and Should I the Good Fortune Share, to have A Little Encouragement Towards, My Perseverance, in Futur to Pay You a Visit, at your Native Place or to Correspond by Letter believe I will do it With a Lacrity, For I know My own Intention, But, a Stranger To yours, But if your Be the Same as Mine and not to Subline For Me, I will Imbrase the Opportunity as quick as Thought, I do Not Mean to Decy you with Such Words as Womun Doe When they Suckel their Children—but what I tell you is a Serious Matter of Fact Now After 19th Ist. if Ever I have the Pleasure of seeing you again which at all Depends, upon your Self, in Answering My Letters, and Should I have the Honour To Pay you a Visit, it will give Me More Pleasure, then a Weeping Hermit, that's Emigrated, From is Cave, Seven Years—He then is Pleas'd With the Sight of the Work, but, the Sight of you Again Dear Lady will Gratify My Humer More Then All the World Beside, So I must Conclude With Unfeign Complements For Fear of being to Troublesome, Yours—Truely, And Effectless, Lover, and Devoted Hble Servant

N.B.—Brille Cutlery, Sadling, Plated Harness, Sign Painting Engraving And Copper-Plate, Printing, &c. Carried on by — At —, Yorkshire, and all its Branches in an Improved Stile, by the Writer Here off Respectfull this Greether Sends With best Respects, to All His Friends, and Thanks Them For Their Favours Past and Hopes Through Merit, Their Friendship, Still will last.

THE ARRACACHA PLANT.

A report was lately read to the Paris Academy, by M. Bousseaingault, in the name of a committee appointed to examine a paper by M. Goudot, on the nature of the plant arracacha, and the possibility of introducing it into Europe. From the report that this plant comes to maturity under the same conditions of climate, in South America as the potato, and therefore M. Goudot infers that it might be cultivated in Europe. In good soil, it produces a root that weighs from four to six pounds; and an acre of land will yield, with good culture, sixteen or seventeen tons, which is half more than the average yield of the potato. The root is said to have a fine flavour, and to be exceedingly nutritious.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

No of ble pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illumine;
No parting glance, no heavy tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way;
No mortal form—no human breast
Cares where the pauper's dust may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer:
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate—
The mongrel dog that shared his crust
Is all that stands beside his dust!

He bends his listening ear, as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no fool—he seeks no home;
But stretched upon the dreariless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claimed by richness more than worth;
But who would mark with undimmed eye,
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

—From the newspapers.

CURRENTS OF THE AIR AND OCEAN.

We are too apt, perhaps, to form our notions of the great atmospheric currents from the character of the winds to which we are exposed upon the surface of the earth; but a little consideration and observation will enable us to correct this prejudice. The lower strata of the inferior currents are perpetually opposed by fixed obstacles—mountains, hills, rocks, forests, and the works even of man—against which they expend most of their force, and by which they are deflected and reflected, and broken into whirls and eddies, producing, by their momentum, fitful rarefactions and expansions, which impress us with their character of unsteadiness and irregularity. But it is not so with the upper strata or with the superior current. Even in stormy weather, the eye can often penetrate through breaks in the canopy of clouds, when it may be observed that the wind aloft is blowing with such steadiness and smoothness, as not to break the form of the lightest cirrus-cloud that floats in its bosom, and indicates the velocity of its course. The passage of balloons invariably indicates the same steadiness of course; and the experience of every aeronaut confirms the fact, that whatever may have been the velocity of his passage, in the upper regions of the air all around him was perfect calm. A conflict indeed appears to take place at times at the junction of two opposing currents; but these are rare exceptions to the general rule. This state of the upper and under surface of the atmosphere is not unaptly represented to us by the state of the two surfaces of the fathomless ocean, only that the situation of their great disturbances is reversed. The currents of the great deep flow in opposite compensating streams, like those of the atmosphere. The hot water of the equatorial regions flows with various deflections towards the poles, and is replaced by an under-stream of cooled water from the polar regions. The disturbing forces which are perpetually acting upon the surface often mask this movement; but they extend not to the lower current, which flows on undisturbed by the most furious storms, and the mighty billows which oscillate above.—*Daniell's Meteorology.*

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SENSE OF WRONGS.

THERE are as great differences amongst men with respect to their sense of injury, as in any other feeling of our nature. It would be trite and tedious to go into detail on this point, but it may be allowable to remind the reader how often we see one man bear that with patience, the twentieth part of which rouses deep and lasting resentment in another; how some may be all but literally trampled upon without greatly exciting their indignation, while others take fire at the slightest approach to an insult. Injustice seems to be written in water in some natures; in others it is the tracing of a hot iron upon the living flesh.

Consult the common moral code of society upon this subject, and you find a surprising diversity of maxim. Sometimes we hear that it is amiable to receive injury and insult with patience; perhaps there may even be a reference to a higher standard, which dictates that the one should be returned with good, while of the other we ought meekly to invite a repetition. At other times we hear much of its being manly to stand up against unjust aggression, of whatever kind. To resent affronts, and repel assaults upon our rights, is said to be only showing a proper spirit. More particularly is this tone assumed with regard to the honour and rights of great bodies of men, such as nations; and accordingly the wars of injured and oppressed peoples have ever been among the most favourite themes of history.

There is, nevertheless, in a keen sensibility to injury, an absolute character which it imports us much to lay down distinctly. Not denying that moderate feelings of resentment have a legitimate use—the appointed defence of the innocent and worthy against the unscrupulous—we ought clearly to see that it is nothing more than useful. Being a feeling which regards self alone, it never can be justly regarded as a moral feeling: that is reserved for sentiments which look primarily to the good of others: there can, therefore, be no true grace about the sense of injury. This is true of sensibility to injustice in all its forms, from an Helen Macgregor crazed with her husband's bankruptcy, to a Lecomte shooting at a venerable prince for being denied some trifling favour. There is hardly need to say more on the absolute nature of the feeling; yet we may remark, as perhaps its worst feature, the tribunal from which it obtains all its judgments. That tribunal is self. The patient ever becomes the judge of his own wrongs, and all he says and does in consequence is of the dangerous character of 'wild justice,' or justice taken at his own hands. Even where legal means are taken to redress injuries, this partial judge is usually at the bottom of the plea, prompting the procedure, exacting the last penalty of the bond, and too often pursuing other and extra-judicial measures to make the

desired end more certain. Such being the real nature of this feeling, we can only suppose that men sympathise with those complaining of injustice when the case touches their own interests, or is of a very gross and outrageous nature. But apart from such instances, it may be remarked that there is a general disposition to slight those who complain loudly and pertinaciously of injuries. Each man's selfhood contemns the selfhood of his neighbour.

And common observation of life will, we think, bear us out in saying that it is the selfish, as a class, who clamour most about their wrongs. Here possible exceptions must of course be allowed for. Yet we would insist that, generally, the person who is noted for complaints of grievances and persecutions is a selfish person. He feels keenly a loss of money, because he is selfishly fond of money. He suffers for years from some casual and perhaps unmeditated affront, because he is full of self-esteem. He takes bitterly to heart a failure in competition, because he secretly thinks there is no one equal to himself, or who has any claim when he is in the field. One never hears from such a person of any injuries suffered by others, although the world is confessedly full of wrong. He feels so exclusively for himself, as to be totally unconscious of the heart-sicknesses borne, perhaps more silently, by his fellow-creatures. Accordingly, a shipwreck might be passing before his windows, and he would fail to see it if some one were at the moment to break one of his panes. To such conduct that of the unselfish man is a complete contrast. He is placable, because, from a comparatively slender selfhood, he feels his own wrongs slightly. He is ready to forgive and forget before even the adversary who has done him the injustice, because he is more alive to what others, than to what himself, may suffer. *Ego* is little developed in him; therefore he is slow to take affronts, quick to overlook them. Even the goods of fortune he feels to be his by so modest a claim, that, when they are wrested from him, his sense of the severance is only superficial, and he sees comparatively little occasion to complain of it to the world. Such men are never seen to be spiteful at the world for their own sufferings in it. Injustice never appears to them a sufficient reason for withdrawing into their own shells, and systematically abstaining from efforts to sweeten society and alleviate human wo. No; they 'suffer long, and are kind.'

We also see the character of a keen sense of wrongs in the impulses to which it immediately leads. Starting as it may appear, all malignant passions, from deadly revenge down to domestic harshness, originate in, and are commensurate with, a sense of suffering in ourselves. The simple principle of vengeance is merely this—to make the other party suffer as much as we do, and till our own suffering ceases, which it generally does when a sufficient amount of retaliation has been

inflicted. Common had temper, again, is only the expression of an inward uneasiness, either resulting from some casual and transient vexation, or resting in an original and unalterable discord of the natural feelings. Suffering—suffering alone—is the root of all the sourness and cruelty that darkens the earth. It follows that any unusual degree of sensibility to injury is extremely liable to be attended by a great and constant display of the malignant passions.

Seeing that the sense of wrong is liable to such associations, we may the more readily become convinced of its deficiency in that dignity and moral grace which the poets have sometimes conferred upon it. The indignant sorrows of heroes and heroines will no doubt affect us powerfully; but so do all displays of earnest feeling, on whatever account. We are excited—we sympathise—but our moral feelings remain dormant. These will stir wonderfully at the recital of woes borne in the manner of a Griselda; but they refuse to move under the vengeful declamations of a Constance.

The lesson here arrived at is, that, while resentment of wrong is often useful and justifiable, it is not a thing to be gloried in, as many do. The keeping up a wrath, for however true a cause, during many long years, is not a proper subject of boasting, as many by their conduct would seem to consider it. It is a self-delusion to expect to exalt ourselves in the eyes of our fellow-creatures by telling them that we received a mortal offence half a lifetime since, and have never since forgot it. Only when men sympathise with each other's selfishnesses, which is what they have never yet done, will they admire and applaud when a keen sense of wrong is displayed before them. The proper feeling regarding such displays is pity. And well may this be entertained on such occasions, since, to tell us that you have kept up a bitterness for a series of years, is only to confess that you have all that time been unhappy. Who could look without compassion on one who is liable by each little rub of life to be deprived of his peace for some large segment of his existence?

There are many, of course, to whom such a preachment as this can be of no use. The selfish will be querulous, the benevolent will be placable and long-suffering, without any regard to speculations on the origin of their feelings. There is, however, a class, and that not a small one, who are ready to act very much as they may be guided by what they are accustomed to see and hear. For their sake, it is well to lay down in this manner the distinction between a dull and a keen sense of wrong. Let it be clearly understood by them, that to be placable is not to be tame or weak, but to act unselfishly, and in the way that tends to promote the good of society; while all manifestation of bitter and long-enduring resentment is only a proclamation of selfishness and of a self-war against the world. Let this be understood, and they will at once see whether it is best to reply with the soft or the hard word; to make a concession for peace's sake, or fight out a perhaps doubtful right; to scatter the ashes of the fire of resentment, and look up in the sunshine a genial, free-hearted, man-loving man, or to heap them together, that they may in time burn ourselves as well as others.

NARRATIVE OF JUAN VAN HALEN.*

ARRESTED BY THE INQUISITION.

DON JUAN VAN HALEN was born in the isle of Leon, in Spain, on the 16th of February 1790. His mother was of an ancient Spanish family; his father was of Belgic origin, and had served in the Spanish navy. Juan was sent at an early age to the naval college, and having completed his studies, was appointed a lieutenant, and fought in the memorable battle of Trafalgar; after which he retired to Madrid, where he resided when

Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Spain. He immediately took up arms in defence of his country, and was wounded in the bloody skirmish which took place between the French and the Spaniards on the Prado, or public walk, at Madrid, on the 2d of May. He was obliged to flee from the city on the same day, in order to avoid sharing the dreadful fate of many of his countrymen, whom Napoleon had commanded to be shot; and hastened to Galicia, where he fought under the command of General Blake.

Soon after this, articles of capitulation were agreed upon between the French and the Spaniards, and Van Halen, hoping to be more useful to his country by remaining at Madrid than by becoming an exile, took the oath of submission to Joseph Bonaparte, who now mounted the throne of Spain. When this king was driven from his new dominion by the rightful possessor of the Spanish crown, Juan, having received great favours from him, followed him to France, and remained for some time in retirement at Bordeaux.

In the year 1813, the Spanish government offered a full pardon to all those who had served under Joseph Bonaparte, and thus Van Halen had liberty to return to his native land. He presented himself to the Spanish general at Barcelona, who, in order to test his fidelity, gave him a dangerous commission. Thus he executed with success, and was immediately appointed aid-de-camp to the general-in-chief, and was mentioned in the Gazette of Madrid as 'a young man who had acted the part of a true patriot, by exposing his life to great danger for the benefit of his country.'

Thus far our hero's life was prosperous; but misfortunes soon overtook him; and, in order to understand these thoroughly, we must take a short review of the state of Spain at that time. Ferdinand VII., who had been driven from his throne by the French, was a weak and irascible prince; he suffered himself to be ruled by those around him, and spent his time in frivolous occupations; he is even said to have embroidered dresses for the various images of the Virgin Mary. His subjects, hoping that he would have profited by his misfortunes, restored him to the throne; but their hopes were vain, for he was perfidious and ungrateful, promising what he never meant to perform, and betraying those whom he had previously flattered. The faithful defenders of their country were punished, religious fanaticism reigned over all, and the beautiful kingdom of Spain was left to the mercy of the Inquisition. This was a tribunal established in the year 1204, by Innocent III. (the same pope who had obliged King John to do homage to him for the crown of England), to judge those who dissented from the Roman Catholic religion. The head of the court was called the Grand Inquisitor, and he acknowledged no superior but the pope; those who were so unfortunate as to fall under his displeasure, were seized, carried into dungeons under ground, and tried in the dead of night. The victims very often did not even know the crime of which they were accused, nor were they allowed to defend themselves. This infamous tribunal possessed more power in Spain than in any other country. It had been established there by Isabella of Castile, a woman so good and so gentle, that, instead of blaming her, we must pity the superstition and religious bigotry which led her to think it right to introduce into her kingdom an institution so contrary to Christianity. The days which the Romish Church ordered to be kept as festivals were in Spain desecrated by the barbarous spectacle of the *auto-da-fe*, or the burning of those poor wretches condemned by the Inquisition. The procession, consisting of the victims, clothed in terrific attire, of the inquisitor-general, richly dressed, riding on a white horse, and of various monks and officers, moved slowly from the prison to the place of execution; the bells tolled mournfully; and a large concourse, including even kings and queens, assembled to witness this fearful spectacle. Some were strangled, and then burned; but most were burned alive, amid the shouts of the mob. Happily, Christianity is, by degrees,

* Translated, with abridgment, from Van Halen's own narrative, published in 1827.

becoming more understood, and such fearful cruelties are in a great measure laid aside.

We must return to Juan Van Halen. He was stationed with his regiment at the city of Jaen, and on the 8th of December 1815, was present at a family festival held by a friend named Parez. Just after the party was seated at dinner, the colonel of the regiment desired to speak to Van Halen, and informed him that he had received an order from the king to arrest him, and to take possession of all his papers. Thinking it a matter of but slight importance, Van Halen made no resistance, and was placed in the guard-room of the barracks, where he remained nineteen days. He was then sent, under a strong escort, to Malaga, where he was met by the governor of the city, from whom he received intelligence that the king had suspected him of plans to overthrow the government, and had therefore ordered that he should be immediately shot. Montijo, governor of the province of Granada, was, despite this command, determined to save Juan, and wrote to the king in his favour. Ferdinand denied that he had ever given such an order; and, after various applications, publicly proclaimed Van Halen's innocence, and promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Our hero now took up his abode in the city of Murcia, and we might expect that he would, in future, be cautious in his words and actions; but this was not the case. One of his most intimate friends was General Torrijos, who, discontented with the state of affairs, had, with some others, formed societies to second a rebellion, which was on the point of breaking out in Catalonia. This officer sent Van Halen to Gibraltar, in order to confer with some friends there; and various meetings were held during the night, at the different towns in which the disaffected persons resided. These were discovered by a servant, who, suspecting some plot, examined his master's papers during his absence, and immediately set out for Madrid to betray what he had found out. On the 21st of September, while Van Halen was absent on a party of pleasure, a body of soldiers surrounded his house, and two men, enveloped in cloaks, knocked for admittance. The servant appeared at the window, threatening to shoot them if they did not withdraw: they answered that they were General Iriberry and the senior inquisitor. The former ordered the soldiers to force the door; and Iriberry entering, searched the house, and took possession of a box of papers. About four in the morning Van Halen returned home, and upon ascending the steps, was seized by the soldiers, Iriberry saying in a haughty tone, 'I arrest you in the name of the king.' The bishop's carriage was then sent for, and Juan was carried to the Inquisition. This building had been in ruins, but was being rebuilt; and as the new prisons were not yet ready for occupation, our hero was ordered to follow the jailer to one of the four cells which yet remained of the old edifice. These dungeons were on a level with the river, which flowed through the town, so that they were very damp, and infested by rats. The light was admitted through narrow loopholes, and a bench of brick constituted the bed of those who were so unhappy as to be immured in these cells. However, the inquisitors endeavoured to make this wretched abode tolerably comfortable for Juan, and furnished him with bedding, a small table, and other necessaries. Among those who were connected with the secret societies we have mentioned, was a young man named Serafin del Rio, a jeweller of the name of Isbry; these were also seized, their papers taken away, and they were confined in two dungeons adjoining that of Van Halen's.

At ten o'clock the following morning General Iriberry entered the prison, accompanied by the jailer, and in a rough manner desired Van Halen to follow him to the great hall of the Inquisition. Here were seated the senior inquisitor and many other officers, who immediately commenced an examination of the prisoner's papers; and having done this, commanded

him to sign an inventory of them. He was then reconducted to his dungeon. During the examination of the documents, Van Halen had contrived to take away one of great importance, and to secrete it, unobserved, in his coat sleeve. On reaching his dungeon, he sought in vain for some method of destroying it, and was at last obliged to swallow it, as the safest means he could devise to prevent its discovery. The jailer visited these dungeons every evening, in order to bring the prisoners a cup of chocolate; and during one of these visits Van Halen, who had received permission to walk for an hour in the gallery into which the cells opened, examined closely the doors and loopholes of the passage. He found the doors of the other cells closed; and being convinced that these were uninhabited, he began singing, and to his great delight was answered by a voice, which he recognised as that of his friend Serafin del Rio. Each related the occurrences which had taken place; and Van Halen found, as he had suspected, that Calvo, the servant, had been his betrayer, and that a box of papers which had been intrusted to his care was now in the hands of government. Several days passed on, during which the incarcerated friends contrived to communicate with one another, till at length the jailer, accompanied by an inquisitor named Castaneda, informed Juan that the new prisons were completed, and that he was to proceed thither immediately.

This new prison could not be called a dungeon. It was situated on the second floor of the building, and was about twenty-four feet square and eighteen feet high. The floor was of brick, and at the top were two large cross-barred windows, looking into the gallery; the bed was upon a large board, fastened with rings to the wall, as was also the table and the bench; at the end of the room, opposite the bed, was a large cross, painted green. We will now make use of the prisoner's own words in describing what occurred during his abode here.

'I waited impatiently for the evening, to see whether I should be allowed my accustomed walk; but the day passed without this indulgence. I heard Serafin's voice singing a hymn, among the verses of which he introduced the number of his prison. On the following day I did not leave my abode, and time passed heavily till the 2d of October, when Castaneda entered my prison, and informed me that I was to start for Madrid the following day. I contrived, after he was gone, to announce, by singing, my intended departure to Serafin. The next day the jailer begged to know my wishes respecting the furniture of my house, which had not been confiscated. I wrote a paper desiring it might be given to Serafin del Rio; thus feigning ignorance of his arrest. The jailer muttered something about Serafin's absence from home, and then retired greatly embarrassed. At one o'clock in the morning I was informed all was ready for my journey, and I was conducted through the streets to the carriage which was prepared for me, and which stood at the gate of a convent. Castaneda here took leave of me, and Iriberry, his adjutant, and myself, entered the carriage. We travelled many leagues without meeting any one, until we arrived the second night at an inn, where were many travellers. Among these I described an old friend of my father's; but as I was closely muffled up, he did not recognise me, and I dared not ask Iriberry's permission to speak with him, though I longed for some intelligence of my family.

'At last we arrived at Madrid, and the carriage stopped at the door of the Inquisition—a splendid building, in a street of the same name. We went in, ascended a handsome staircase, and were conducted to a study, where we found the senior inquisitor seated in an arm-chair. He seemed to know my name; and presently, when the jailer appeared, ordered him to conduct me to a dungeon in the most retired part of the prison. Iriberry shook hands with me, and I followed my conductor down several flights of stairs, until we arrived at the cell, where another jailer was waiting. I entered, and the doors were closed upon me.

The prison in which this unfortunate man was now

confined was built on the same plan as that we formerly mentioned, except that each of the double doors which secured it had a small aperture in the middle. At about six paces from the dungeon, in the short passage leading to it, was another door, which separated this part of the building from the staircase leading to the rest of the cells and to the jailers' apartments. The members of the holy court consisted of a senior inquisitor, two judges, an attorney named Yorilla, and two keepers—Don Juanito Sanchez and Don Marcelino Villa. The last of these two keepers was a middle-aged man, of prepossessing appearance; he had married when young, and having no children, had adopted a girl taken from the Foundling Hospital at Madrid. The other keeper was a young man, who had been brought up from his infancy in the secrets of this infamous tribunal, and, it may be imagined, not desirous of showing kindness towards its unfortunate victims. The treatment which Van Halen experienced here was much severer than that at Murcia; he was forbidden the use of any steel or sharp instruments, and his food was served to him ready cut, with a wooden spoon to eat it with; two jailers cleaned out the dungeon every second or third day.

For a week our hero was left in a wretched state of incertitude as to his fate. He had, before he left Murcia, demanded an audience of the king, and had even written to him to urge this favour more strongly; but no decided answer had been returned to him until the 18th of October, when Don Marcelino, Yorilla, and a third person, enveloped in a large cloak, entered his cell. The latter addressed the prisoner thus:—'His majesty has granted you an audience; remember that it is with the king that you are going to speak, and be open in your communications; to-morrow evening you will see our beloved monarch, and if you do not behave to his majesty's satisfaction, *tremble!* for there is no punishment, however rigorous, that will not be inflicted upon you.'

The next day the jailer desired Van Halen to put on the clean linen and the uniform which he had brought him; and Arellano, the king's messenger and favourite, entered, dressed in a gaudy manner, and commanded Van Halen to follow him to the king's presence. The king was alone when Arellano and his prisoner entered; and upon the latter kneeling to kiss his hand, asked him why he desired an audience?

'Sire,' replied Van Halen, 'because, if your majesty would deign to hear me leisurely, you would dismiss those prejudices which you have formed against me.'

'But you belong to a conspiracy against your king. Who are your accomplices?'

Arellano here pushed a pen and paper to Van Halen, commanding him to write the names of those concerned in the plot.

'I know not one, sire,' answered Don Juan.

'To the Inquisition with him!' cried the favourite; 'that court will extort his secrets by means of the rack.'

The king was displeased at Arellano's violence, and merely added, 'Tell me, by writing, what you have to say.' Van Halen kissed his hand, retired, and was taken back to his dungeon. On being left alone, he commenced immediately writing his petition to the king, which Yorilla sealed, and carried away, in order to send it to the Escorial, a palace about seven leagues from Madrid, where the court had just gone to reside, to celebrate a festival in memory of the obsequies of the former kings of Spain. This absence of the monarch was unfortunate for the prisoner, as he was left for many days in ignorance of the result of his application.

Meanwhile Juan's father, having heard a rumour of his son's arrest at Murcia, became very anxious, and inquired at the Inquisition concerning him, but could gain no information. In fact he seems not to have known that his son was at Madrid until very long after this time, nor did he even learn the origin of

his misfortunes; so secretly was all the business of the holy court transacted.

Some days after Van Halen had despatched his petition to the king, Don Marcelino and two officers entered his dungeon. They cross-examined him very closely, adding that they were the officers commissioned to draw up a verbal process against him; and the next week he was visited by Villar Frontin, the king's secretary, who begged him most earnestly to disclose the names of those concerned in the plot. This he steadily refused to do; and the king, much displeased, gave orders that the whole affair should be placed in the hands of the Inquisition. The prisoner was summoned to appear before this tribunal. We will give his account of the court and its proceedings.

'At seven o'clock in the evening the jailers entered, and having searched me, conducted me to the hall of the tribunal, at the farther extremity of which stood a long table upon a platform, with the seats of the officers near it. A large cross, surmounted by a palm branch and a sword, stood in the middle of the table; and under a canopy, on one side, was the president's chair. I was led to the platform to take my oath, which I did by placing my hand on the cross, and repeating after the senior inquisitor a long creed on the mysteries of the Catholic religion. Yorilla then commenced examining me so skilfully, that my answers were limited to a simple *yes* or *no*. I felt much embarrassed, particularly when I was asked to swear to the signatures of letters from various friends, which they had found among my papers; but I succeeded in defeating the hopes of my judges, who imagined that they would have been able to have extorted much from me. My answers were taken down, and I was desired to sign these without their being read over to me; and after I had done this, I begged permission to have an advocate to plead my defence.

'And who would you have?' said Yorilla, breathless. 'Don Pedro Cano; he lives in Madrid, and has known me several years.'

'It cannot be,' answered he. 'You may choose from the list which will be presented to you when the time arrives; but none but those belonging to the holy office are allowed to plead here.'

'I was then dragged back to my dungeon in excessive agitation of mind, and with a burning thirst, which, owing to my water-jug being left empty, I was not able to quench.'

A second time was Don Juan dragged before the tribunal; various papers were placed before him, and he was asked if that were his signature which was attached to them. He denied having signed these; and a list of five hundred names of persons high in rank and office was presented to him, and he was asked to name those whom he knew. Happily he was acquainted with very few of those mentioned, and he still steadily refused to implicate any of his friends.

'The truth is what we expect to hear from you,' said Yorilla, red with passion; 'be certain that all the crimes of those whom you endeavour to shield will be visited upon you. The tribunal grants you twenty-four hours to choose either your salvation or your ruin. Take him away,' added he, turning to the jailer; and Van Halen was again led to his dungeon.

The excitement of this last examination, and the certainty that some horrible fate awaited him, now brought on a fever, and he begged Yorilla to give him water to quench his thirst. This inhuman man poured some water into the washing-basin, and giving it to the wretched sufferer, said, 'Drink there, like the savages of Africa; you have no more religion than they.'

'About eight o'clock in the evening,' says Van Halen, 'Don Juanito entered my dungeon, followed by four other men, whose faces were concealed by a piece of black cloth, shaped above the head like a cone, and pulling over the shoulders and chest, in the middle of which were two holes for the eyes. I was half asleep, when the noise of the doors opening awoke me; and by the

dim*light of the lantern I perceived these dreadful apparitions. Imagining I was labouring under the effects of a dream, I gazed earnestly on the group, till one of them approached, and pulling me by the leathern strap with which my arms were bound, gave me to understand by signs that I was to rise. Having obeyed, my face was covered with a leathern mask, and I was conducted through various passages, until we entered a room, where I heard Yorilla order the attendants to untie the strap.

"Listen," said he. "You have hitherto been deaf to the commands of this holy tribunal; and as you will not obey, we will extort the truth from you by violence." I was hurried to the farther end of the room, and two high crutches were placed under my arms; my right arm was tied to the crutch, and my left was kept in a horizontal position. They then encased my hand in a wooden glove, which shut very tightly, and from which two iron bars extended to the shoulder. My legs were tied to the crutches, so that I could not move a muscle. Yorilla then demanded "if I did not belong to a society whose object was to overthrow the throne and the Catholic religion?" I denied it; and immediately the glove, which seemed to be resting on the edge of a wheel, began to turn, and I felt acute pain from the hand to the shoulder. A convulsive shudder ran through my frame, and I fainted. When I recovered my senses, I found myself stretched on the floor; my mask was removed; and I saw that Don Juanito and Yorilla were the only persons in the apartment. I was dragged to my bed, and spent the night in a burning fever, which before morning brought on delirium.* He was now attended by Dr Gil, the physician of the prison, who ordered the irons which fastened his arms together to be removed, and poultices were applied to lessen the inflammation. For several days he hovered between life and death; but at length, through the care and attention of his medical attendant—who seems to have felt some pity and kindness towards him—he recovered, though suffering much from weakness.

We now come to a humble heroine—the girl to whom Van Haelen was ultimately indebted for his life and liberty. We have before mentioned that Don Marcelino had adopted an orphan girl from the Foundling Hospital at Madrid. She was about sixteen years of age at the time that Marcelino was appointed governor of the prison, and from that time she had been intrusted with the menial services required in the prisons. The attention with which she performed these duties had gained her the confidence of all the officers, except Don Juanito, who never lost an opportunity of injuring her, hoping thereby to cause her removal. Don Marcelino, however, permitted her to enter all the passages of the prison, without watching or following her; and she had thus many opportunities of showing kindness to the unhappy victims.

"On Easter Sunday," continues our hero, "the prisons were always visited by the officers of the holy court; and this year the curiosity excited about me was so great, that a larger number of inquisitors and familiars than was usual attended. However, I was spared the uncomfortableness of seeing these men; for I heard Yorilla tell them, as they approached my prison-door, that they had seen all the prisoners, and he ordered them to withdraw. I discovered afterwards that he did this in order to prevent my seeing Don Manuel Centurion, chamberlain to the king, and a very old friend of my father's, who had joined the inquisitors that day in the hope of discovering in what condition I was; for Don Juanito had previously told him that I was confined in one of these dungeons. My unhappy family, who had awaited Don Manuel's return from his visit in great anxiety, were overwhelmed with grief at hearing that he had not seen me, particularly my mother, who had already petitioned the king for my forgiveness, but without success. Towards evening I suffered so much from pain in my chest, that I retired to bed; but at the moment I lay down on my mattress, I felt a little lump,

just in the middle. I looked, and found that it was the upper part of an ear-ring. This discovery cheered me, for I had no difficulty in guessing its owner; and I tried to devise some means of answering this sign.* At last, hoping that my dungeon would be swept the next day, I wound some of my hair round the ear-ring, and left it in the same place where I had found it.—(To be concluded in next number.)

INDICATIONS OF VEGETABLE INSTINCT.*

In a previous paper, we gave some account of those singular motions which have been noticed in the organs of certain plants, remarking that it is apparently a mistake to believe spontaneity of motion to be the peculiar attribute of animal organisations. Our attempt, in the present instance, will be to exhibit another aspect of the subject, and to give a few indications which seem to point to the conclusion, that the vegetable world is also in the possession of a species and degree of instinct or sensation.

Until of late, it has been the universal opinion that both these endowments must be denied to vegetables; but with the progressive discovery of the motions alluded to, and of the several facts about to be related, this belief is giving way to what seems a perfectly allowable deduction from these facts—an opinion of precisely the opposite character, however startling it may appear to many who have hitherto regarded plants as only a grade above the inorganic kingdom. A short consideration of the subject, in the following manner, may prepare the way for the admission; and we believe few who will calmly discuss the question, will leave it with a doubt upon the mind. If the evidence can scarcely be considered as conclusive, it is at all events of such a remarkable, plain-speaking character, as to call for a certain amount of credence and attention.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that at what may be called the confines of the zoological kingdom, there exist certain simple forms of animalcules, in which no nerves are, by our present instruments, to be discerned; but we can hardly conceive these creatures to be destitute of them, when we find that they execute movements of a character bearing the most precise analogy to those of higher orders of created beings. Thus they chase their prey through the water; in turn they themselves flee from their enemies: they possess the liveliest powers of locomotion, at the complete control of the creature; are endowed with the power of digestion, and of the perception and discrimination of their appropriate nutriment; which are all functions in nobler creations, dependent upon the existence, if not of centres of sensation, at anyrate of nervous fibres. It is easy, therefore, to believe that in their case nerves, and a stimulative tissue not necessarily identical with ordinary nerves and muscles, do exist, but are imperceptible, owing to our defective and limited powers of investigation. But when these analogical inferences are developed to a point yet further, when they are made to embrace *confervee*, the humblest of vegetable forms, a difficulty arises in the admission of the existence of nerves or muscles, for which no other cause can be adduced than that, in the more complex structures of the same kingdom, such an apparatus is not to be found; physiologists hesitating to admit the existence of other excitable tissues than animal muscle, and of other stimulus-conveying fibres than animal nerves. An assumption like this is not absolutely necessary. It is impossible to say that certain vegetable organs and tissues only discharge one function; it is perfectly conceivable that they may be endowed with two or more, abstractedly. Who, for example, could witness an os-

* To prevent mis-apprehension, it seems necessary for us to state that this and a previous paper are the composition of a naturalist who has forwarded them for our insertion. Believing that the subjects of which they treat are full of novelty and interest, we give them a place, without vouching in any respect for the accuracy of the writer's hypotheses or conclusions.—Ed.

cillatorial filament wriggle itself out of a plate, and move towards the light with an invincible pertinacity, and could feel a doubt that it possessed the instinct that light was good for it; in obedience to which impulse, it was using every effort in its power to reach it? Place by its side a humble animalcule, which, with movements of equal vivacity, dances hither and thither in its native element, and let science put her finger upon the point where sensation ceases on the one side, and some new faculty commences on the other.

Taking a hurried survey of the striking movements enumerated in a former paper. Here are plants folding close their delicate organs from the cold evening air, expanding them again to the genial sunbeam; here are plants shrinking from the drenching rain, or opening to welcome the refreshing shower, as their different constitutions may suggest; here are some casting forcibly off every intruder to the honey cell; here are others, on the contrary, spreading their leafy traps for the capture of such offenders; here are a few abashed and shrinking from the touch; and finally, were St Vitus's Dance a vegetable malady too, here is one—the Desmodium gyrans—which is decidedly a victim to it.

Leaving, however, the discussion to another, and more befitting arena, we would proceed to indicate that, putting aside the question of the amount of sensation involved in the motions referred to, there are other and even more remarkable points of view from which to contemplate the subject.

There is a class of poisons which may be shown to operate purely upon the sensation of animals, causing no chemical or physical disorganisation of their structure; these are opium, belladonna, Prussic acid, nuxvomica, tobacco, &c. If, now, it can be shown that these agents act in a deleterious manner upon plants, we have the presumptive evidence of strong analogy in support of the idea of vegetable sensation. M. Marcet has set the question at rest. From his experiments, it has been found that, even in minute quantities, the poisons specified are destructive to vegetable life. If a leaf of the sensitive plant is cut off, and placed in pure water, it curls up its leaflets, but in a short time they again expand, and retain their irritability for several days, expanding and shrinking up as on the plant itself, when touched with the finger or with a needle; but if another leaf is cut off, and placed upon water, to which a solution of belladonna has been added, the leaflets collapse, and subsequently expand; but after this it seems paralysed—its life is extinct, and even if it is then put into pure water, it no longer can be made to contract. Electricity, extreme cold, mineral poisons, arsenic, &c. are productive of similar consequences. Every one is familiar with that simple experiment, the fumigation of a rose-tree, to destroy the insects which infest it. It affords us an instance of the action of a narcotic poison not only upon the insects, but also upon the plant itself. The little creatures tumble from the branches, stupefied with the tobacco fumes. And at the same time it may be observed that the leaves of the rose droop, some of its youngest and tenderest branches hanging down, and only recovering, after exposure to a purer atmosphere, their former position and healthy aspect. The effect of these poisons obviously indicates that all plants possess an occult principle, having a certain analogy to sensation. It is found, also, that when certain chemical substances in solution are presented to their roots, the foreign matter is carried into the circulating system of the plant, but is almost invariably, if it is unsuitable for its nutrition or for the formation of its secretions, carried down again, and thrown off by the roots. Even in the selection of its proper food by the delicate spongiole of the root, it would seem as if some kind of discerning faculty were in operation, which at any rate may be compared to animal instinct.

The struggle which plants growing in a cellar or darkened room make towards the light, however small the glimmer which may pierce the darkness, and the sedulous manner in which the radicle and plumule of

the germ respectively avoid and seek the same influence, seem to speak in similar language. Every one who has watched the growth of the tendril of the vine, or the stem of the creeping plant, must have observed that neither make any turns until they come into contact with some object around which they can twine; so that, up to a certain point, the stem of the most inveterately-twisting plant remains as straight as possible; but at the point of contact with another body, a revolution immediately commences, and thenceforward it proceeds in a spiral direction around the object held in its embrace. In the case of the briony, simple contact with the object is not sufficient to cause the twisting of the stem. To prove this, the experiment of tying it with a string at a certain point has been made; but the plant made no attempt to twist at that point. A small weight was then attached to the string, and the tendril immediately began to shorten itself by making several spiral turns. This seems to indicate that the tendril of the briony, naturally, will twist only when it has the weight of the stem to support. The writer who records this experiment, and whose striking phraseology is almost indicative of his name, adds, 'it is a hand seeking in the dark, and grasping what it has felt by the action of muscles remote from the sensible point.'

The remarkable manner in which plants search for their food, within certain limits comparable to that of animals, appears to imply the existence of some higher impulse than mere fortuity. The strawberry plant will thrust its 'runners' completely across a garden walk, on to a bed of soil on the opposite side, where it will for the first time, as it were, perceiving its object to be gained, push out roots, and form a new plant. It is not uncommon to find travellers relating the most singular freaks played by trees and plants in quest of nutriment. Trees are sometimes found which have taken root on one side of a deep ravine, and having exhausted the sterile soil on that side, have pushed forth roots completely across the abyss, which have gained its opposite side, and there struck deep into more fertile ground. Plants are often to be found which have rooted in old walls; but soon experiencing the want of soil, extend long roots in the direction of the ground, which they penetrate, and then form radicles. If the roots of a plant are accidentally denuded, and there happens to be some moist substance, as wet moss, in their neighbourhood, they direct themselves towards it, and eventually succeed in reaching it.

A modern and eminent writer narrates, that 'among the noble collection of palm-trees cultivated by the Messrs Loddige of Hackney, near London, was one furnished with hooks near the extremity of the frond, evidently designed for attaching it to the branches of trees for support, when growing in its native forest. The ends of the fronds were all pendent but one, which, being nearest to the rafters of the conservatory, lifted its end several feet to fasten to the rafter: none of the other fronds altered their position, as they could not have reached the rafter had they attempted to do so.' What a striking recognition, in the tree, of an evidently fortuitous circumstance! What but instinct could have directed that vegetable hand to the roof for its support? and what but that, keep pendent the branches which would have sought it in vain? We may conceive a similar impulse to direct the branches of the great banyan-tree, when they can no longer support the ponderous vegetation, to send down roots which shall form at once a support and a source of fresh nutriment to it, extending the giant tree in every direction around the parent trunk.

The pandanus, or screw-pine, so called from the cork-screw-like arrangement of its leaves, commonly found in Madagascar, the Isle of France, and the Indian Archipelago, affords us a most curious example of a self-preservative instinct. The tree has somewhat the appearance as if the earth had been removed from its roots, leaving them dangling in the air. This arises from its sending down long aerial roots for some distance

above the ground. These roots are protected at their extremities by a loose cup-like investment of cellular membrane, which defends the delicate tissue of the tip from any injury until it reaches the soil, where its use is at an end, and the roots then bury themselves in the earth. The trunk of the tree is supported at some distance from the ground by a number of such roots, and as it year by year increases in size and weight, there would be a risk of the downfall of the whole structure, were it not that, to compensate for the increasing ponderosity of the trunk, fresh roots are thrown out, which, reaching the ground, form fresh props to the superstructure, acting also as buttresses against the too great bending of the tree before the wind. But it is worthy of remark, that if the tree leans to one side, endangering its safety during the next storm, it puts out roots, at some distance above all the rest, on the inclining side, which reach the earth, and form supports to the trunk perfectly analogous in their intention and use to the shores and timber-work used by human architects to prop up a building in danger of falling.

Plants, in a few instances, would appear as if endowed with a care for their offspring. Not to enumerate the mechanical contrivances for this end, which do not belong to our subject, the mangrove, for example, retains its berries until they are firmly rooted by its side, when the parental connexion is at an end. This is true also of other plants; while some, whose drooping flowers would drop the ripened seed at the period of its maturation, erect their stems, as if to prevent the seeds falling out.

Vegetable instinct seems also to find an illustration in the adaptability of plants to different climates. It is well known that plants brought from tropical countries, after a little time inure themselves to the altered circumstances of the soil and temperature of temperate latitudes: the most familiar instances are the potato and the dahlia, both natives of tropical climates. Kalin, one of the disciples of Linnaeus, relates that apple-trees sent from this country to New England blossomed for a few years too early for that climate, and bore no fruit, but after that learnt to accommodate themselves to their new situation. It is a fact, that seeds and roots brought from southern latitudes germinate in our country sooner than others brought from more northern ones—although exposed to equal conditions of temperature—owing to their acquired habits; but these in time fall in with the new conditions.

To take a concluding glance at the subject. It is manifestly impossible in this place, as indeed it would also be inappropriate, to do more than collect a few scattered instances of phenomena of daily occurrence in the vegetable world which seem to point to the possession of a certain amount of sensation by them. In an inquiring spirit we may ask the nature and the cause of these, while it would be presumptuous to pronounce a decided opinion upon the question. It is reserved for modern science to link these phenomena together, and refer them to their proper cause; ours is the more humble attempt to awaken an interest, which may stimulate further and deeper research.

But while the present state of our information forbids all dogmatizing upon the subject, we are by no means precluded from the formation of a strong and not unreasonable supposition that some such faculty as sensation, in a low, and often in an obscure degree, appears to exhibit itself in some, if not actually in all the examples detailed. Until the contrary is proved, let us be content with this, which, at all events, is an ennobling and exalting belief: it is one which elevates our conceptions of the great Creator's benevolence in all his operations; and whether we agree or not with Wordsworth—

‘And ’tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes’—

there can be no question that the subject demands considerably more attention and consideration than it has hitherto received.

Were we to indulge in the dreams of poetic imaginings, we might expand our views, and conceive—probably not altogether without truth, even where no more prominent indications of vegetable instinct, and sensation exist than are to be found in the fresh luxuriance of a thriving vegetation—that there is a world of sentient creatures delighting in the balmy rain, gladly welcoming the returning sun, and silently resting during the shades of night; rejoicing in a measure of happiness which, if not strictly comparable with that of higher beings, yet is all good of its kind, and adds its humble voice to the hourly anthem offered by creation to Creative love.

In bringing the subject to a close we may borrow the words of an author before cited, and, while unwilling to express a decided opinion upon the subject, we may still confess our own strong inclination to his belief:—‘If the daisy, the germ struggling for the surface, the tendril searching for support, the root seeking water, the mimosa, and the *hedysarum*, are without metaphysical powers, without sensations of consciousness, whence should the sponge and the alcyonium (recognised members of the zoological family) possess them?’

A TRADITION OF SARK.

THE small island of Sark, or, as it is sometimes called, Serk, is situated in the British Channel, somewhat between, and to the southward of its better-known neighbours, Alderney and Guernsey. In fair weather, it is easily discernible from Port St Peter in the latter island, being distant about seven miles—an hour and a half's sail, under the most favourable conditions, owing to the prevalence of strong currents, which in some cases literally race between the islands. As thus seen, it presents the most singular appearance. To my own mind, there is no simile which seems to picture it more completely than that of conceiving it to be a vast wart stuck in the green waters, with rugged sides and a verdant summit. This will only faintly convey the impression of the precipitous character of the mural ramparts with which the island breasts and defies the Atlantic stream rushing up the Channel. The British seas own scarcely such another island as Sark. It is a natural citadel, shut up on every side, and built, as it were, to defy the entrance of mankind: its perpendicular sides are cleft into deep abysses, which seem to yawn with fearful omen upon all intruders; while every now and then some great wave breaks over their mouths, filling the air with a thunder of the most mournful and depressing character. The surrounding waves bristle with sharp rocks, which assume the most grotesque and hideous forms I ever beheld—huge elephants, giants' heads and arms, pinnacled spires, pyramids, heads of animals—and from the face of one black rock looks forth a gigantic countenance, grinning a grim defiance. These accessories appear as if set by nature as huge sentinels to guard the privacy of the isle. Tradition and history concur in informing us of the fearful shipwrecks which these natural defences have caused; and it is still more melancholy to think that the great caverns, over which the waters idly splash now, have formerly resounded to the drowning shriek of the unhappy seaman.

From an outline so forbidding as this, it may be conjectured that it was long ere Sark was inhabited by man. The gray gull probably held undisputed dominion over it for centuries. It was about the sixth century, if history is to be relied on, before a human being entered the island, at least to dwell there. The first occupant, having a just appreciation of the peculiar appropriateness of the island for seclusion, was, as we are informed, a bishop of Dol, in Brittany, who had in view the conversion of the neighbouring islands to the Christian faith; and, as a preparation for the work, the old gentleman shut himself up in Sark to enjoy a little private meditation. There he built himself a chapel and mo-

nastery. Whether, having once got in, the reverend father found it a hard matter to get out again, and so remained a solitary prisoner to the end of his days, history says not. For a considerable period subsequent to the decease of the bishop, Sark was as desolate an island as the veriest hermit could have desired; but it was a desolation of a peculiar character; for the seas around it, and the nearest islands were, if not filled with life and bustle, at anyrate tolerably busy for quiet times like these; and no doubt many a passing vessel carried a shuddering crew as she ran by the frowning cliffs and roaring caves of Sark.

Of the tradition I am about to relate there are two or three differing accounts. All agree upon the remarkable manner in which the exploit was conducted, but differ with regard to the time and persons engaged therein. A sketch of events in chronological order will give us an outline of both accounts.

The next occupants were a horde of pirates, who, protected by the nature of the coast from all aggression, and possessing themselves of the requisite intimate knowledge of its dangers, were able to pursue their iniquitous trade to an extent which made them the terror of the Channel. The island itself was the destroyer of perhaps more vessels and men than the pirates, as, in stormy weather, they exhibited false lights and beacons, which only too successfully decoyed ships into their power, or caused their ruin upon the iron-bound shores. The havoc committed was so extensive, as to prove a material hindrance and injury to the trade of these parts, and it was determined by the merchants of Rye and Winchelsea, who had probably been among the severest sufferers, to send out an expedition to exterminate the pirates without mercy. If these were really the actors in the succeeding drama, it will tell by what means they accomplished their end.

Sir Walter Raleigh, and some annalists of the Channel Island events, record that, after the expulsion of the pirates, Sark was for some time only more left to its primitive desolation and solitude, until, in fact, the reign of Edward VI. During that monarch's reign, however, it was seized by the French, who performed a work of considerable supererogation in fortifying the island by the erection of two forts thereon; and thus, as Sir Walter Raleigh says, could have held out 'against the grand Turk himself,' there being a sufficient quantity of cultivated ground to support the men necessary for its defence in perpetuity. The French, availing themselves of their invincible position, harassed the English traders, and did serious damage to the Channel traffic, making descents, to the great loss and terror of the inhabitants, also upon the neighbouring islands. No open military efforts appear to have been made to dislodge them from their citadel. If made, they were futile; and, in truth, it was probably perceived that all chance of success by other means than stratagetic was wholly nugatory. In the reign of Mary, some bold Flemings, subjects of Philip her husband, headed by a gentleman from the Netherlands, undertook the work, and immediately set forth on the expedition. Whether the Winchelsea and Rye merchants, or Flemings, have the legitimate claim to the merit of the action, I am unable to determine: either account is sufficient for my purpose in the present place.

A single ship anchored before Sark, having all the appearance of a merchant vessel, which excited an unusual commotion and surprise among the vigilant inhabitants of the island: her sails were hauled down, and preparations were made on board for a temporary stay. There was something particularly alarming in all this; but it was carefully remarked by the look-out on shore, that no weapon of offence was visible on deck, or in the hands of the seamen. There were all sorts of conjectures as to the object of the arrival, and the most sedulous preparations were made by the Sarkese for a vigorous defence in the event of any attack upon the island. Nothing, however, appeared to be further from the minds of the occupants of the ship. A white

flag waved from her top, and every demonstration of a pacific nature was exhibited. But the Sarkese were not without the strongest suspicions of treachery; and when they beheld a boat leave the side of the vessel with a white flag at her bow, and containing only a few sailors, and make for the rocks, which formed the only landing-place, they crowded to meet them with loaded harquebusses and other weapons of offence. The sailors, however, making parade of their defenceless condition, were permitted to approach within earshot of the rocks, and then explained the object of their visit. A comrade, a good son of the Catholic church, had died on board a day or two previously. Their vessel was outward bound; they might not, within a considerable period, touch at any part where there was consecrated ground, and they prayed permission to inter his remains in the little chapel erected by the pious hands of the bishop already mentioned. No weapon should be brought on shore, and, in return for the permission, a present would be made of such commodities as they had on board: their only object was, that the bones of their departed friend might be committed, not to the mercy of the waves, but to a peaceful rest in the holy chapel. Accessible through their religious feelings to this demand, the Sarkese were nevertheless somewhat suspicious; but the seamen acted their parts with so much simple earnestness, and they had already given such a striking evidence of the perfect harmlessness of their intentions, in voluntarily throwing themselves into the power of the others, that permission was at length given, upon the express condition, however, that not so much as a 'pocket-knife' would be allowed to be brought on shore—a condition which obtained the readiest assent from the men, who returned to the ship, concealing their exultation, until beyond the reach of detection, at the partial success of their adventure.

On shipboard that night a goodly-sized coffin, which, in anticipation of the mournful event, had been prepared, was filled, not with the cold remains of their comrade—an individual of fictitious origin altogether—but with a large number of swords, targets, and harquebusses, carefully packed, to provide against any risk of detection by their rattle, over which the coffin lid was secured, but in such a manner as to admit of its ready removal. The next day saw the boat leave the ship with a few more men than on the previous occasion, containing in her centre the coffin, covered by a flag, and having in its interior the pseudo corpse. It was met by the Sarkese at the landing-place—nothing more than a few rude steps cut into the face of the cliff; and each man was permitted to leave the boat only after undergoing a rigid search. All suspicion was at rest with the Sarkese, who, after crossing themselves with devout diligence, proceeded to give assistance to the removal of the coffin. To the invaders this was a particularly anxious time, as it was absolutely necessary that none of the islanders should have any idea of its weight. Long ropes had been provided, as, from the precipitous nature of the place, it was requisite to draw the coffin up the rocks; and the seamen, taking great care that none of the Sarkese should lend a hand to the work, with hearts, as may well be conjectured, full of the most painful excitement, eventually, after the greatest difficulty, and by an amount of exertion the more painful, from the necessity of its concealment, succeeded in effecting its safe landing upon the summit of the rock. The men drew a long breath: one of the most formidable of their difficulties had been overcome, and they began to make arrangements for the completion of the funeral ceremony. The Sarkese despatched a body of men to secure the boat, while the rest accompanied their visitors, who shouldered the coffin with a solemnity becoming the supposed character of the occasion, and, with much of the semblance of unfeigned sorrow, carried the remains towards the burial-place.

Those of the Sarkese who had secured the boat, then

pulled towards the ship in anticipation of the promised commodities, and, without a dream of treachery, on arriving at the vessel, clambered up her sides. As soon as they touched her deck, a number of seamen rushed upon them, disarmed them without a blow, and bound them together and to the deck by heavy manacles. A party then entered the boat, and rowed hard for shore, to the rescue and assistance of their companions engaged in the funereal obsequies.

These, being at the head of the procession, proceeded at a steady pace until within a short distance of the chapel, where they quickened their steps. All had entered before the arrival of the Sarkese, who had followed them. The pregnant coffin was set down, the chapel door closed and fastened, the coffin lid was rapidly removed, its contents drawn forth, the men arming as silently and swiftly as possible, and by the time the Sarkese had arrived at the chapel, there was a company of men armed to the teeth ready to salute them. The chapel door was unfastened; and the Sarkese, to their horror and amazement, received their first intimation of the real object of the mourners in a furious attack, before which they fell like sheep.

The suddenness of the onset took away all power from the men, and they fled with the wildest precipitation from before the murderous weapons of their assailants. A few, of bolder hearts, made a short defence, but were swept down by the swords of their enemies. The rest flew hither and thither; and, rendered almost senseless by surprise, some plunged with mad haste into the yawning abysses around the island. Others, more wisely perceiving all efforts at defence and escape to be alike in vain, surrendered themselves to their victors. In a word, the island was depopulated, and the Channel Islands riddled of one of the most serious and mischievous annoyances to which their trade and security had ever been subject.

The foregoing adventure, however much partaking of the character of a romance, rests upon evidence sufficient to assert its credibility in the most complete manner; and, moral considerations apart, there can be no doubt that the projector and executor of this *coup de main* must have been, in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'a bold and very ingenious gentleman.'

PROPER NAMES IN POETRY.

WHILE perusing the works of the best poets, we often find—apart from all that strictly belongs to the subject—a charm in the proper names and the manner in which they are introduced. The very sound of these names is felt to be beautiful. Beautifully do they blend with the liquid measure; still more beautiful are the associations which they awaken. Word after word meets our eye as we read, recalling the tasks of our schoolboy days, the well-thumbed volume over which we pored wearily, little anticipating the pleasures we were storing up for a future day. Here a name, long buried beneath the accumulating mass of diurnal cares and duties, starts out in relief, and reminds us of our early lessons, when for us all history was true, and our sympathies were all on the side of the world-conquering legions of Rome. We remember many feats of heroic bravery and inflexible virtue, and feel glad when, in after-life, we meet the names of the actors perpetuated in poetry. Sometimes with the recollection of the studies comes the memory of many of the happiest of our youthful days—of visits and journeys in sunny weather, interwoven with achievements of the ancient time. Some of the names we not unfrequently read are connected in our minds with whatever is great and glorious. The orator quotes them when fanning with his eloquence the slumbering fire of patriotism; the statesman and philosopher cite them as noble and enduring specimens of human genius; and the historian records them as examples worthy of our admiration and imitation—

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

The names of places which have been the scene of

great events, of objects linking the present with the past, of countries where thought has shaped itself into matchless forms and immortal deeds, possess the same charm as the names of persons. What a brilliant page of history opens before us on reading Byron's lines!—

'The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might yet be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.'

And further on—

'Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae.'

startles us by the ease with which the accent lends itself to the rhyme, while we recollect the thrill with which we first read of the little devoted band of Spartans contending, in the narrow defile, against the overwhelming hosts of Xerxes. And what a flood of associations, so to speak, rushes upon us with the lines in the splendid apostrophe to the Ocean!—

'Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Ægyptia, Greece, Æthiopia, Carthage, what are they?'

We are carried back to the infancy of society and of empire; to our Biblical lessons; to the Punic wars, Hannibal, Regulus, Marius; to the beautiful in art, the sublime in philosophy, and wondrous in fable.

In another place we feel the almost magical effect of the introduction of the names of persons—

'Oh for one hour of blind old Pandoro!
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.'

evoking from the past the deadly struggle between the haughty Venetian and indomitable Turk. Nor do the names lose any of their charm when connected with the more peaceful and humanising pursuit of literature and science. In one place the poet speaks of the 'starry Galileo,' and presently we read—

'The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienzi! last of Romans!'

And elsewhere—

'Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
'And Livy's pictured page!'

Dryden's writings, among which 'Alexander's Feast' may be instanced, contain numerous examples of the happy introduction of proper names; and the vast and exuberant mind of Milton has heaped them together in his immortal poems, where every word is a picture. How much of Hebrew history lies in these lines from *Paradise Lost*!—

'Reared in Azotus, drenched through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds,
Him followed Rhimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Parphar, lucid streams.'

And of classic memories in stray gleanings from the *Paradise Regained*, where 'Athens' is described as 'the eye of Greece, mother of arts':—

'See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing: there Ilissus rolls
His whistling stream.'

Among our earlier poets, Spenser abounds in beautiful examples of the truth we are attempting to illustrate. It is scarcely possible to turn over the leaves of the *Faery Queen* without confessing the art displayed in the introduction of proper names. But there is one portion of this musical poem which more particularly applies to our present purpose: we refer to the marriage of the Medway and the Thames, where the bard, contemplating his task of enumerating the principal rivers of the world, says—

'Oh, what an endless work have I in hand,
To count the sea's abundant progeny!'

How well he performs his work, let the following passage testify:—

'Great Danes, and immortal Euphrates;
Deep Indus, and Mæander intricate;
Slow Penus, and tempestuous Phasides;
Swift Rhene, and Alphens still immaculate;
Asia's arid for Great Cyrus' fate;
Tiber, renowned for the Romans' fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but known late;
And that huge river which doth bear the name
Of warlike Amazons, which do possess the same.'

In this verse we are carried into each of the four quarters of the world in succession, ending with the then recently-discovered Orinoco and Amazon, whose names are associated with Columbus and the daring adventurers of Spain. But the poet comes back to his own island, and sings—

'Next there came Tyne, along whose stony bank
That Roman monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feeblest Britons strongly flank
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gauls ever they do call;
And Tweed, the limit betwixt Lothian's land
And Albany; and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stained with blood of many a hand
Of Scots and English both, that tined* on his grand.'

Many portions of Drayton's Polydion are of a similar character: the stately metre is well adapted for the display of the famous names which he introduces, while chanting the praises of the Trent—

'She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear—
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derbyshire;
And of those thirty floods that wait the Trent upon,
Both stand without compare, the very pægon.'

And further on, in a comparison with other streams, he says—

'What reck I? Let great Thames, since by his fortune he
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be,
From Isis and old Tame his pedigree derive;
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain spring,
Pinnillimon, whose praise is frequent then and here.'

Not less spirited is one of the same writer's sonnets, in which he trips lightly from flood to flood, combining, within the compass of a few lines, a thousand historical and poetical associations—the haunts of Robin Hood and his merry men, the invasions of the old sea-kings in their swift-rowing galleys, feuds and forays on the borders, ere men had learned that life offered higher duties and pleasures than fighting:—

'Our flood's queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crowned;
And stately Severn for her shore is praised;
The crystal Trent, for fords and fish renowned;
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is raised.
Carteghan Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
York many wonders of her time can tell;
The Trent, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be;
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel.
Cotswold's mountains her Isis to the Thames;
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our western parts extol their Willy's fame;
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.'

Of a different character are the Castle of Indolence of Thomson, and Falconer's Shipwreck; yet they afford many rare instances of the power of verbal association. Nor are the writings of Miss Barrett and Alfred Tennyson devoid of similar beauties; they show us a marvellous plasticity in the apparently most unmetrical words and phrases. Campbell's stirring poem on the battle of Hohenlinden, Collins's Ode to the Passions, and some of Gray's productions, present other varieties of effect, which may be extended through the whole range of poetry. Rogers has some pleasing combinations in the Pleasures of Memory, verifying one of his own poetic truths, that 'kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,' in a few graceful lines—

'And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awoke, and Avon melts the heart.
Aerial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vauluse with love and Laura dwell,
And wail and weep in Eloisa's cell.'

* Were killed.

Burns, again, Scotland's peasant bard, was a master of the verapacular of proper names, which, in his alternating mood, he strung together without any apparent regard to symmetry. Yet how great is their charm, whether found in some of his energetic sarcasms or glowing aspirations! How the effect of his patriotic songs is heightened by the introduction of proper names, let those tell who have sung them on the heath-clad hills of his native country. With what truth does he sing of three brother poets in Coila's address!—

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To palat with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake thy bosom-melting throes,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.'

The writings of Scott abound in picturesque examples of the magic of association; a whole history, the memory of a life, are often conveyed in a single word. We are told that a great portion of Marmion was composed while the author was galloping up and down on the sea-shore at Musselburgh; and, judging from the lively and musical 'cadency' of the poem, we may believe that it was written with but little of what Butler calls 'the drudgery of brains.' We who live in the south, well remember the delight with which we read the lines—

'And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland.'

The latter word brought the whole border country before us, as we had often longed to see it: its rocky shores and ruined castles, broad fells and lofty hills, bright and tortuous streams, Chevy-Chase and the Cheviots, all flashed at once on our mental eye. The same effect would not have been produced in reading prose. It seems that measure and harmony are needed for the effectual working of the spell. We have since walked through the county in its length and breadth, and felt that all the glorious associations connected with the romantic scenery were heightened by having been tuned into poetry.

But to return to Scott. His description of the scene viewed by Marmion from the top of Blackford Hill, affords numerous instances of the beautiful and suggestive effect of names; and again, in reply to the 'royal vaunt,' when the haughty lord declares—

'But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby Hills the paths are steep;
In Onse and Tyne the fords are deep.'

we feel that the true characteristics are preserved, and that, were the names changed or transposed, the whole of the charm would be lost. The same spirit runs through the succeeding cantos. The camp, Lady Heron's song, the 'awful summons' from the cross at Edinburg, the fatal battle of Flodden, acquire new life from the distinctive appellations scattered through them. Neither are the introductions to the cantos deficient in examples of a different character. Who has not felt a genial glow while reading the lines—

'On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung?'

The finest portions of Scotland's magnificent scenery are enshrined by name in the poems of this writer. It would be easy to multiply instances, were it not better that readers should have the pleasure of discovering them for themselves. His ballad poetry, too, is singularly effective, and partakes much of the simple beauty of the old English writers, whose productions were the result of the poetical genius and temperament of a people yet untrammelled by scientific theories and matters of fact. When the bards and skalds of the early ages were the only historians, the names and exploits of their heroes were associated in songs of vivid and eloquent poetry, heightened by the figurative language of a race innocent of all philosophy save the right

of night. Some portion of their spirit has, however, come down to our own times. In the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, by Mr Macaulay, the metrical romances are revived—the ballad poets of the seven-hilled city reappear to chant their measured histories. The sonorous Latin names tell with surprising effect, and adapt themselves beautifully to the flow of the verse. We select a passage from the defence of the bridge by Horatius Cocles and his two brave companions against the three Tuscan chiefs, advancing from the invading ranks of Porsena:—

'Then Oenous of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman three;
And Lancelus of Urge,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volturnum,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosm's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.'

Equally effective is the prayer of Horatius, as he plunges into the river after the fall of the bridge:—

'Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'

In the War of the League, by the same author, many fine effects occur; but perhaps the most interesting is his noble poem on the arrival of the Spanish Armada off the shores of England, recalling many glorious associations; while the native Saxon names fall into the metre not less appropriately than the majestic Latin. The poem opens with the arrival of a merchant ship at Plymouth, the crew of which had seen the Spanish fleet at sunrise off Cape La Hogue, sailing up the channel with

'The richest ports of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.'

Active measures for defence, keeping a look-out on the enemy, and to despatch the news inland, are immediately taken. 'The stout old sheriff' comes with his guard, and plants the royal standard as

'Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.'

The movements consequent on the rapid diffusion of the intelligence by means of beacon fires are finely described:—

'From Eddystone to Berwick beacons, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread;
High on St Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.'

The fisher left his bill to rack on Tamar's chattering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves,
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;

It roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.'

The news reaches London, from whence it speeds without a pause to every quarter of the island. The rapid succession of proper names renders the concluding portion peculiarly effective: county after county comes before the mental vision as we read—

'And onward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;

All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,

Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—

Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lovely height—

Till screamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—

Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Fly's starry fane,

And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain—

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,

And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent—

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Ghaunt's embattled pile,

And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.'

The beauty and effect of these lines are perfect, and

bring the great historical event in full reality before us. Each name, as it occurs, embodies a host of associations, and as the eloquent author, in another place, truly observes—'Its effect is produced not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them.'

BEGINNINGS OF IMPROVEMENT.

At present, as is pretty well known, there is a general move on the subject of improving the ventilation and sewerage of towns, the establishment of public baths, and the erection of salubrious and comfortable dwellings for the operative classes—the necessity for which improvements has been repeatedly shown in the present Journal. The movement, widely as it has spread, cannot be said to have assumed any practical character, except in Liverpool and London, and even there it is yet but feebly developed. There has been much speculation, associations have in different places been formed, and money has been collected; but, in the main, up till this moment little has been actually *done*. Lamenting this tardiness of action, we cannot but feel thankful that the subject, in its various ramifications, has been agitated so widely. If the 'Health of Towns Commission' has done nothing more than issue blue-books and concert bills, it has at least the merit of disseminating information and stimulating thought on matters of vital importance to the community.

During a late excursion in the south, I made a few personal inquiries and examinations as to what is really doing in the way of improving the public health. At Liverpool no improved kind of houses, as far as I could hear of, have yet been got up; and there large masses of the humbler classes still live in cellars. The town has, however, taken a start as to baths and wash-houses at a low charge. The baths are crowded, and the wash-houses at which a family's clothing is cleaned at an insignificant charge, are fully occupied. At the beginning of July an interesting report from the committee of the baths and wash-houses was laid before the town-council, from which we glean the following expressive facts.—The number of baths used during the first year has been, warm baths—men, 14,163; women, 1551. Cold—men, 3065; women, 788; making a total altogether of 20,567. The receipts were £383; being an increase over 1845 of 6763 baths, and £103. In the wash-house department there were 12,977 tubs used, and 21,095 dozens of clothes washed. The total receipts for baths and washing, amounting to £437, 2s. 6d., are greater than those of any former year since the opening of the establishment, and are £101, 6s. 6d. more than in 1845. They exceed the expenditure, which is £428, 9s. 8d., by £8, 12s. 10d. Of the expenses, £78 is for additions and alterations. The receipts from the baths have increased, notwithstanding the reduction in the price of low-class baths, in September last, from 2d. to 1d. for a cold, and from 3d. to 2d. for a warm bath. Mr Time dwelt at some length on the increase in the number of bathers, manifest from the above report, and stated that, during the last four weeks, there had been in each respectively no fewer than 1081, 936, 918, and 822; and the baths being insufficient to accommodate the numerous applicants, upwards of 100 persons had been sent away in one morning without bathing. Seeing, then, the increased demand for the use of these baths made by the public, the council would not only be neglecting their duty by doing anything which may check their efficiency, but also if they did not try every means to increase the accommodation. Nothing appeared to him to present a more legitimate use for the corporation funds than the multiplication of institutions so important to the health and comfort of the inhabitants; and he therefore gave notice that at a future council he should propose a motion for the erection of an additional number of baths, to be conducted on the same principle.'

A clergyman of Liverpool, in a letter to the Times, gives his testimony in favour of all general suppositions on the subject; that the establishment of these baths and wash-houses has been attended with moral as well as physical advantages to the humbler classes; and he expects that, by further extensions of such establishments, a sensible impression will be made on the condition of the population. 'A labourer or mechanic,' he very properly argues, 'accustomed to disregard his personal cleanliness, the tenant of a wretched house, unhealthy and immoral, learns from a fellow-workman of the baths. He is induced to go on the Saturday evening to them, expresses himself delighted and refreshed, and declares that he is fit for another week's work. I need not say that he bathes again: the habit is induced. He then finds his home unsuitable to his newly-acquired taste; his wife, who, if she continue to be slovenly, would drive her husband from home, sees the necessity of a change, and it follows, the family are clean; and they who a little before were filthy, and in rags, and could tell their ministers that this prevented their attendance at the church of the district, can now, on the Sunday, be amongst those who frequent the house of God.'

In London, which is usually more difficult to move than any city of lesser dimensions, several societies have been established with the professed view of improving the public health. One of these, entitled 'The Metropolitan Working-Classes' Association,' has issued two addresses, of which a large number has been dispersed. How interesting is it to hear a handful of working-men addressing their less-instructed companions in the following emphatic language!

'Why is there so much disease among us? Because, in numbers of things, we do just what by our nature we were never meant to do. For example:

'1st, Man is intended to draw in fresh air every time he breathes. Almost all people, when in their houses, and the working-people in their shops, breathe the same air over and over again. To show the necessity of allowing fresh air continually to enter living rooms, and the bad air to escape, it may be stated that every person, during each minute of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself.

'2d, Man ought to breathe pure air at every breath. Our sewers and drains are so bad, that the vapours and foul gases rise, and we breathe them.

'3d, Man was intended to take exercise in the open air every day. Neither his heart, his stomach and bowels, his liver, his skin, his lungs, his kidneys, nor his brain, will act rightly without walking exercise every day. Most of us do not get any walk, or only a very short one, which is scarcely of any use.

'4th, Man is formed to take simple, plain, wholesome food. He eats all sorts of things, which not only do him no good, but do him harm; and he drinks large quantities of beer, spirits, and wine, which hurt his stomach, and take away the proper use of his brain.

'5th, Man ought to wash himself all over with water every day, so as to cleanse the pores of the skin, else they get stopped up: he cannot perspire rightly, and his skin cannot breathe. The majority of the people only wash their hands and faces every day.

'6th, Man should wear clean clothes next to his skin, because the body gives off bad fluids. At present, many people wear the same things day after day for weeks together.

'7th, Man was intended to live in the light. Many, very many, have scarcely any light in their rooms.

'8th, Man in this climate must wear warm clothing. Many have no flannel, and are clad with heavy and useless things.'

Recommendations follow as to how the families of working-men should attempt to live, and these include hints on bathing, washing, ventilation of dwellings, temperance, out-door exercise, and so forth. The necessity for government enforcing better drainage is also strongly insisted on. With respect to bathing, there is one great

difficulty. Where are there baths for many hundreds of thousands of people? London is such an enormous place, that not one of two, but dozens of establishments would be required to make any distinct impression on the population. Everything, however, needs a beginning, and this beginning has fortunately been made. Some time ago an experiment was made on a small scale in East Smithfield, in which the use of two single baths, and two washing-tubs, were offered gratuitously to all applicants. At the expiration of the half year recently concluded, it was found that the two baths had been used 13,538 times, and the two washing-tubs 15,543 times—a fact at least proving that the poor were not, on any general ground, unwilling to resort to a public bath and wash-house. Encouraged by this, as well as other experiments, a society, of which the bishop of London is president, has commenced a very effective-looking establishment in the north-western, but still a central part of the metropolis. This I went to see, and found it to consist of a continuous range of building, of one storey, surrounding a quadrangular space of ground on the Hampstead road. In the centre of the space is a large mound of earth, enclosing a reservoir of water, belonging to the New River Company, from which reservoir the establishment is to be supplied with water at a very small annual cost—the first six months for nothing. The entire range of building, erected on a plain and unexpensive scale, yet neat and comfortable in its arrangements, covers an extent of 14,000 square feet, being altogether 900 feet in length, and 22 feet in width.

Entering by the principal doorway in George Street, Euston Square, I was led through a covered passage to a lobby or receiving-room, from which corridors diverge to the right and left. Going first to the left, we find twenty separate apartments, each entering from the corridor, and containing single baths—cold, warm, or shower—for men. Of these, fourteen will be used at the charge of 1d., and the remaining six, having somewhat better fittings, at 2d. each time. Besides these, there is a range of ten superior baths for men, approached by a separate entrance and gallery, to be charged at the rate of 6d. About sixty gallons of cold fresh water, raised from springs two hundred feet below the surface, will be supplied, together with towels, to each bather. When, however, the same baths are required tepid or warm, the charges will, in each case, be double; namely, 2d., 4d., and 1s. Beyond the single baths, two tepid plunge or swimming baths, which are in the course of erection, will be speedily completed: one of them will be 36 feet by 18, and the other 60 feet by 20. They are to have different means of access, and to be charged respectively at 2d. and 6d. each person. This completes the left wing of the establishment. To the right of the receiving-room, arranged on a similar plan, and to be used on the same terms, are twelve baths for women, five of which are fitted up in a superior style. Another door from the receiving-room conducts, by a separate passage, to five very commodious apartments, each of which, arranged with every attention to neatness and comfort, contains a vapour and shower bath, the charge for which will be 1s. The washing department, occupying the remainder of the right wing of the establishment, has an entrance distinct from that to the baths. It consists of a long washing-room, in which are placed sixty double tubs, and a patent drying machine, a series of hot-air drying closets, an ironing-room, a mangling-room and six mangles, and a waiting-room. Each washing-tub is divided into two unequal parts, the larger one for washing in, whilst in the other linen may be boiled by means of a jet of steam thrown into the hot water at the bottom of the tub. The tubs are separated from one another by wooden partitions, so that the occupant of any tub may continue her labour without being interrupted or overlooked; and each compartment is provided with a shelf and other convenience. After being washed, the clothes are put into a machine, in which they are whirled round at a great

rate, and the water driven out of them. This apparatus, which serves the purpose of wringing, is a patent, and is employed successfully at asylums and other large establishments. The clothes are next hung up in drying-closets, which are supplied with currents of air, economically heated over the large furnace employed in warming the water for the baths and tubs. In situations adjacent to these accommodations are mangling machines, and also an ironing apparatus. For the use of everything, hot irons excepted, for the space of three hours, the charge is 1d., and with irons 2d.—a sum so trifling for the weekly washing and dressing of a family's garments, as not to be beyond the reach of even the most humble individual. In short, for the price of a quarten of gin, any mother may keep herself, her husband, and her children, in a state of cleanliness and comfort.

All this, then, is now in operation, and open daily to the inspection of the public. The only thing I would object to is, that the concern is founded on charitable subscription, which is a wrong basis, only to be in some measure excused from the experimental nature of the institution. There can be no hope of spreading such establishments over the metropolis, and over every other large town, unless they can be shown to pay as commercial undertakings. On this account we shall wait with some anxiety for the first annual report of the association.

In London, from what I could learn, there are two societies for improving the dwellings of the humbler classes—one of which, however, has not got beyond the talking stage. The other, entitled the 'Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes,' under the patronage of the queen and many philanthropic individuals (committee room, 21 Exeter Hall), has advanced so far as to have a lot of buildings in actual operation. These I likewise went to see. The 'model houses,' as they are termed, are erected on a slip of ground between Gray's Inn Road and the Lower Road, Pentonville, near the east end of Guilford Street—rather a low-lying locality, but not insalubrious, and conveniently central. The committee, in their prospectus, make the following statement:—

'In the arrangement of these houses, the object has been to combine every point essential to the health, comfort, and moral habits of the industrious classes and their families, reference being had to the recommendations of the Health of Towns Commission, particularly with respect to ventilation, drainage, and an ample supply of water. The houses are of three different classes, and designed to accommodate in the whole twenty-three families and thirty single persons. 1. Nine of the families occupy each an entire house, with a living-room on the ground-floor, having an enclosed recess or closet large enough to receive beds for the youths of the family; two bed-rooms on the upper floor, and a small yard at the back: these houses are let at a rent of 6s. per week. 2. The remaining fourteen families are distributed in seven houses, each family occupying a floor of two rooms, with all requisite conveniences; and as the apartments on the upper floor are approached through an outer door distinct from that belonging to the lower floor, their respective occupants are thus kept entirely separate, and each floor is virtually a distinct dwelling. The rent paid by each family is 3s. 6d. per week. A wash-house, with drying-ground, is provided for the occasional use of the tenants of these houses at a small charge. 3. The centre building on the east side will accommodate thirty widows or females of advanced age, each having a room, with the use of a wash-house common to them all. The rent paid for each room is 1s. 6d. per week.'

That the houses, great and small, come up to these general explanations, is perhaps true; yet they fall considerably beneath what I had anticipated. They form a short alley of brick houses, consisting of a ground and upper storey; but so slender and Lilliputian in their proportions, that they are, in my opinion, anything but

models of what is desirable for all the operative classes in London. Diminutive, however, as they are in size, and limited as they are as to space, all neat and orderly about them, and I have no doubt they are an advance on the confined and ill-provided habitations of the classes for whom they have been specially designed. The houses for the widows are each single rooms, entered from two long corridors, one below and another above, and the whole shut in by one outer door. A young woman who lived with her mother obligingly showed me their dwelling, which consisted of two of these apartments, for which they paid three shillings weekly—'just half,' she added, 'that she had formerly paid for a single and much worse room elsewhere.' Notwithstanding this cheapness, the committee speak confidently of realising 6 per cent. on the cost of the buildings, and 4½ per cent. on the cost of the land, held on a lease of ninety-nine years. This handsome return, they expect, 'will encourage many benevolent individuals to promote the erection, in their own neighbourhood, of similar dwellings, and thereby conduce to the moral as well as the physical welfare of a large class of their poorer brethren, who at present have not the opportunity of bringing up their families with a due regard even to the decencies of life, and are thus placed in circumstances tending greatly to counteract the influence of all religious instruction.'

We should hope that these expectations will be realised, yet have serious doubts as to the society having adopted the proper means to bring them about. The great object of the movement is to show that the erection of good houses, to be let at moderate rents, will answer as a commercial undertaking; but to have done so with effect, the society should have started on the ordinary principles of trade, and not assumed an eleemosynary footing. From the prospectus before us, it appears that they have been favoured with subscriptions to the extent of £4500, and are promised certain payments annually—a method of raising capital against which no tradesman can compete, and the results of which can furnish no accurate data to encourage individual enterprise. It is not by begged money that the buildings of London are to be regenerated. This good deed must be the work of associations or of individuals proceeding on the plain and sound principles of trade; assisted by a general permissive act of the legislature, giving power to force any proprietor of an old building, which stands in the way of improvement, to sell it at its proper value, on cause being shown to a magistrate. Until such powers are imparted, there can be no hope of seeing anything like a clean sweep of the meaner class of houses, streets, and alleys of the metropolis; and to procure an act communicating these powers, all kinds of improvement associations, all who really wish a regeneration of dwellings for the operative classes, should direct their attention and energies.

THE TCHINGEL GLACIER.

[The writer of this paper introduces it in the following manner:—'I observed, in your number for January, an account of the very difficult ascent of the Wetterhorn, undertaken by Mr Speer. As a narrative of a somewhat similar expedition across one of the most unfrequented glaciers of Switzerland may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, I send you the following abridgement from the notes I made immediately after passing it in the summer of 1844.' He then proceeds:—]

OUR excursion was one that is rarely undertaken, and has, I believe, never before been described. This circumstance, together with the peculiarities of the route, may make the sketch of it bear somewhat the appearance of novelty, albeit it is laid in a country so thoroughly explored and described as Switzerland. The head of the valley of Lauterbrunnen is closed in by a part of the giant chain of Swiss Alps, whose summits are crowned eternally with snow, and whose sides are clad with ice. A pass of great height leads from the valley at right angles to it, and descends upon the village of Kaudersteg through the Gschinen Thal. Higher

up the valley, and leading on from its extremity, but thousand feet above it, lies the great Tchingel Glacier. To visit it, and, if possible, to cross it, was our present object.

A walk of a few hours brought us to our destination for the evening. It led us past the fall of the Stanbach, its waters swept away, as they fell, by distance and the wind, and also past that of the Schmadribach, whose situation makes it the more picturesque of the two. A rude path at first, and soon after none at all, led us more than a thousand feet above the valley; sometimes among fir-trees, and sometimes through little streams, that trickled down to add their mites to the lake of Thun. At this height, on an open piece of turf, a single chalet is erected, to enable a herdsman to tend a few cows while they are at the pastures. Here the brawny Swiss, who was to be our host for the night, braves the weather annually, until the snow obliges him to descend, although he numbers sixty-seven years. A hay-loft above the cows served us for a sleeping apartment, till the dawn of morning warned us that it was time to depart.

But alas! the morning proved most unfavourable to our excursion. A fog had set in, so thick that we could see but a few paces in advance of us. We waited some hours, in hopes that the weather would clear; and this hope failing, we set off in the mist. Had we at that time been able fully to appreciate the danger of the route, we should have decided otherwise; but as the chamois-hunters, who acted as our guides on this occasion, declared themselves willing to proceed, we set off. For some distance our way lay along the side of a steep part of the mountain of the Steinberg, but the precipice was principally hid by the mist. Crossing several streams, which, in consequence of the steepness of the ground, tumbled almost in the manner of cascades, we arrived at a quantity of snow, the remains of an avalanche of considerable size. This we crossed, and then climbed, for the space of a quarter of an hour, a hill formed of the debris brought down by the waters from above. We now arrived at the lower part of the glacier. It was covered in great measure with snow, and formed a gently inclined plane. At the side were some traces of a *moraine*—as the mass of stones which the glacier, in its progress, brings down from the summit of the mountains is called. The last occasion on which the glacier had been crossed was early in the year. A considerable change had, in the meanwhile, taken place. The sloping nature of the ground beneath it had had its usual effect upon the ice. In its advance it had cracked, by reason of its own weight, and large impassable chasms had formed. Small streams of water were running through some of them. By keeping, however, the line of our route, and following the chinks to their head, we evaded those of greatest size. All this time the fog had been closing in, thicker and thicker, and we now held a council, to decide on our future plan. There are two ways of reaching the summit of the glacier: the one, by following its course, and passing under the Gletcher mountain, would have taken us by a sweep into the great plain of snow at the top; the other, by climbing the crags which skirt it, and cutting off the angle, would lead us to the same spot. The density of the fog, and the delay we had made at starting, seemed to require us to hasten our expedition. Having, therefore, sent on one of our party to reconnoitre, and finding that there were no streams, it was finally determined to proceed by this, the more rapid, but more dangerous way, and to climb the precipice, called by the chamois-hunters 'the step of the Tchingel.'

Leaving the glacier, for some time we mounted an acclivity formed by a downfall of shale and mud. It was so steep, that we were obliged to continue the ascent without ceasing, in order to prevent ourselves from sliding backwards. By this, we arrived at a place where Hannibal's expedient of destroying the rock with vinegar seemed necessary to be put into execution. The Tchingel

Schrit, which now lay before us, was apparently as, impassable as any rock that reality or fiction could conjure up. It is a precipice altogether perpendicular; and along the top of it runs a narrow ledge, in face of the upper precipice, where there is bare room for the footing of one person at a time. Below lay the precipitous hill of shale, on which we could only stand with the assistance of our alpenstock. To attempt to descend it again, would have been to court a difficulty much greater than we had already found in its ascent, on account of the softness of the material, which gave no hold to the footing. We saw, therefore, that our only way lay over the rock before us, there being no room for hesitation, had we for a moment doubted. Our position was, in fact, one of considerable danger. The hill on which we stood had gradually grown narrower in the ascent, after the form of a pyramid, till, at the top, it was only a few yards wide. Thus it, in climbing the precipice before us, we should slip, our fall would not be immediately upon the hill, but into the depth below, which continued one immense chasm of many hundred feet. From the face of the rock, here and there pieces of stone jutted out; of these, some were only a few inches in size, affording a very precarious footing. One or two were of more considerable dimensions. In stepping upon one of the latter, the youngest guide, perceiving that it trembled under him, struck it a few times with his foot. It shook, cracked, and gave way. It fell into the abyss below, rattling and echoing whenever it struck against the side of the rock, till the noise it made was lost in distance long before it reached the bottom. We looked in each other's faces, I believe, for an instant, and read in every countenance the expression of our own feelings. If another stone gave way, or if we missed our footing on the ledges, now rendered slippery by the moisture, or should the apprehension of the dizzy height upon us for an instant, we had already had evidence of the road we must follow. But the Rubicon was passed, and we had no choice but to proceed, without incurring a danger similar to that before us. However, the ascent did not seem so terrible at the moment. When I recall the nature of the precipice, and the attending difficulties, they appear far greater than they did at the time. I was too much occupied with attention to my footsteps; indeed the necessity of abstracting the mind from the more disagreeable view of it, acted as a very sufficient sedative. But when some of us were arrived at the top, and we were unable to see the rest in their perilous course, every moment beyond the time which was sufficient for their reappearance seemed to announce a fatal termination to the expedition.

Had it not been for what we had now passed, the farther ascent of the precipice above would have appeared sufficiently difficult. But if retreat had been in a manner dangerous before, it was now nearly cut off. We therefore proceeded with great care, but more alacrity, and soon after gained a greensward. A few sprigs of 'forget-me-not' had found their way to this spot, and were growing in spite of the cold and their proximity to heaven. We gathered some of the flowers, as we had a sort of right to them. They seemed hardly born to bloom for any one else, and were wasting their fragrance on the desert air. We did not long experience the easy travelling afforded by the turf. It soon ceased; and, after climbing over alternate beds of shale and rough rocks, we found ourselves on the snowy remains of another avalanche. It was steep and slippery, so that we had the uttermost difficulty in keeping our footing. Indeed, one of my friends and myself fell; but, with the never-failing assistance of the alpenstock, we stayed our downward slide after we had receded about ten yards. For about half an hour we continued this ascent, till on a sudden we turned into a plain of snow, one dazzling sheet of white. We now found that, had the fog continued, we should not have been able to cross this immense tract; and that, however dangerous our return might be, we should only have had the alternative of

attempting it, or of losing our way in boundless wastes of snow, more than nine thousand feet above the living world. But the fog had nearly disappeared. The prospect was one of the greatest sublimity. In front of us lay an apparently immeasurable tract of snow, on which, as yet, there was the print of no footstep. On the right, the large aiguilles of the Blumli Alp rose with bare crags, too steep to retain any snow on their sides: on the left, the more sloping parts of the same mountain were clad entirely in white. Behind were the heights of the Gletscher, and the summit of the Jungfrau: below were the clouds.

As we stood for a few seconds, impressed with a feeling of the loneliness of the place, where we seemed to have reached the extremity of the earth, and were cut off from existence by the mists which lay between us and the world, we were reminded that even here the Creator has prepared an inhabitant to enjoy the work of his hands. Startled by the unwonted trespass on their haunts, a herd of chamois, fourteen in number, darted up from a hollow close to us, and began to ascend the black aiguilles of the Blumli with an agility which we at present envied. As soon as they had reached a sufficient height to set rifle at defiance, they turned round, and stood to look at us, as if in mockery of our want of ability to follow them; then, having satisfied their own and our curiosity, they darted off again, and were quickly lost amid impenetrable fastnesses.

And now began the real labours of the day. The snow lay many yards thick, covering the glacier. We sank into it ankle-deep, as we dragged our feet through it in silence. The cold was beginning to be felt severely in spite of the exercise. We had stopped a few minutes to take some bread and kirsch-wasser, but the cold warned us to proceed, and our repast was finished in motion. Nothing could be more laborious than our travel through the yielding snow. The more we exerted ourselves, the more we were retarded by the half-hard crispness, which gave way as soon as we trod heavily upon it. In this manner we continued forcing our way for an hour, and yet the summit of the inclined plane was apparently as far off as ever.

The difference between our immediate view of the Swiss Alps, and the appearance they bore at various distances, recurred to my mind, and made the present feel a yet more cutting frost. But it was not in imagination only that we felt the difference. My legs ached, and my feet were benumbed, so that I scarcely knew where I placed them. The higher we ascended the slopes, the more the snow increased in softness, and from ankle became nearly knee-deep. Our sufferings now became intense. Some of us began to feel the effect of the rarity of the atmosphere, occasioned by the great elevation at which we were arrived. Circulation had deserted my feet, and, aided by the nature of the air, the blood rushed to my head. My face became purple, I was deaf, my sight in a great measure failed me, and I plodded on mechanically, scarcely knowing or caring whither I went. As we descended on the other side, these sensations disappeared with all of us about the same place. At the summit, the hail fell with some violence for a while, and it rained the whole way down. Such is the general character of the 'land of mist and snow.' After traversing nine miles of it, we came upon the uncovered glacier. It was still a gently-sloping plane; but now it inclined towards the valley opposite to that by which we had first ascended. Thus the form of the whole glacier resembles a saddle bridging a gorge of the Blumli.

As, however, the inclination was not so great, so neither were the cracks so large, but they were more treacherous, in consequence of being sometimes partially covered with snow; and in one or two instances we felt the edges yielding as we crossed them, where we had supposed we were on firm ice. We were obliged, therefore, to feel our way at every step with our alpenstocks, and by this means escaped all danger. We soon left this part of the glacier, and trod by its side the firm

ledge of rocks which shut it in. After walking for half an hour, we came in full view of that part which empties itself into the valley. Nothing can compare with its beauty. Other glaciers fall infinitely short of it; and from the moment we beheld it, we no longer regretted the labour which brought us to it. I have seen nothing to equal it in the Mer de Glace at Chamonix, in the glaciers of Grindelwald, in the great glacier of the Rhone, or in those that lie in the neighbourhood of the Orteler-Spitz. Masses of ice 'most high,' not, however, 'as green as emerald,' but of as rich an azure as ultramarine could paint them, formed the steep bank closing up the valley into which we were to descend. Here the glacier rose in crags and obelisks, in pinnacles and towers, broken and hurled into every form like a colossal mass of crystallisation.

Being now free from the extreme cold, we sat down on a wild promontory to enjoy the situation. Avalanches fell continually from the glacier and the neighbouring mountains; some thundering loudly near us, and others rumbling and echoing far away.

We had still a considerable journey before us. The descent, however, did not occupy much time. When we reached the valley, we walked for two hours through the very beautiful Gasterenthal, until the gorge suddenly opened into the plain in which stands the cheerful little village of Kandersteg, where we shortly arrived, cold, wet, hungry, and way-worn.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

TOWARDS seven thousand tons of white gravel, says a New York paper, have been shipped from this city to London since the 15th of September last. It is taken from the beach at Long Island, and used to beautify the parks and gardens of London!

A striking instance of economic talent, says a writer in the British Quarterly Review, came to our knowledge in the district of Alost in Moor. From the smoking chimneys of one 'house,' an unrelieved tunnel conveys the smoke to a shaft at a distance from the works, in a waste spot, where no one can complain of it. The gathering matter or 'fume' resulting from the passage of the smoke is annually submitted to a process, by which at that time it yielded enough of lead to pay for the construction of a chimney. A similar tunnel-chimney, three miles in length, has been erected at Allendale. Its funnels will yield thousands of pounds sterling per annum. Truly, here it may be said that smoke does not end in smoke.

Masses of iron and nickel, having all the appearance of aerolites or meteoric stones, have been discovered in Siberia, at a depth of ten metres below the surface of the earth. From the fact, however, that no meteoric stones are found in the secondary and tertiary formations, it would seem to follow that the phenomena of falling stones did not take place till the earth assumed its present conditions.

We have been favoured, says the editor of the Civil Engineers' Journal, with a view of the plans of the Grand Junction Extension Railway, from Aston Chamber to Aston, and also with those for the bridge in connexion therewith, to cross the river Mersey at Rumcorm. Our readers may form some idea of its magnitude, when we state that there are to be five wet arches of 230 feet span, 100 feet above high water mark at spring tides, and one haunched and sixty-eight dry arches of 30 feet span, and 5 feet high, making a total of 2,300 yards of arching, which will be, when completed, the greatest work of the kind in Europe.

In a recent communication in the Newhaven Courier (United States newspaper), respecting some instances of houses being struck by lightning, Professor Silliman states that the lightning-rods cannot be relied upon, unless they reach the earth where it is permanently wet; and that the best security is afforded by carrying the rod, or some good metallic conductor duly connected with it, to the water in the well, or to some other water that never fails. The professor's house, it seems, was struck; but his lightning-rods were not more than two or three inches in the ground, and were therefore virtually of no avail in protecting the house. He states that his confidence in the efficiency of rods is in no degree diminished.

Till within the last twelve or fifteen years, the only

source of the beautiful pigment—ultramarine—was the rare mineral, *lapis lazuli*: now it is manufactured artificially to a very considerable extent on the continent. Formerly, the price of the finest ultramarine was as high as five guineas an ounce; now the same quantity can be purchased for a few shillings.

In the duchy of Luxembourg a well is being sunk, the depth of which surpasses all others of the kind. Its present depth is 2336 feet—nearly 984 feet more than that of La Grenelle, near Paris. It is said that this immense work has been undertaken for working a large stratum of rock-salt.

Some experiments have of late been made with a submarine boat, constructed after the plan of Dr Payenne, and called by him *bateau cloche* (bell-ship). It is made of iron, and to be seen near the Pont Royal at Paris, where it is now moored. On its last experimental trip, eleven persons were on board, and the craft passed (invisibly to the public) through the space between the Pont Royal and La Concorde. None of the passengers, it is said, felt the least inconvenience during the submarine trip.

It appears, from the researches of Professor Miquel, that the 'mammoth' which fell in the province of Van, in Asia Minor, in 1845, consisted of fragments of *Lichen esculentus*. These must have been torn from their roots by a storm, and carried through the air to the places where they fell.

PICTURE OF A MARQUESAN.

Kory-Kory, though the most devoted and best-natured serving-man in the world, was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust, and well made, but of the most extraordinary aspect. His head was carefully shaven, with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns. His beard, plucked out by the roots from every other part of his face, was suffered to drop in hairy pendants, two of which garnished his upper lip, and an equal number hung from the extremity of his chin. Kory-Kory, with a view of improving the handiwork of nature, and perhaps prompted by a desire to add to the engaging expression of his countenance, had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal strips of tattooing, which, like those country roads that go straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, crossed his nasal organ, descended into the hollow of his eyes, and even skirted the borders of his mouth. Each completely spanned his physiognomy; one extending in a line with his eyes, another crossing the face in the vicinity of the nose, and the third sweeping along his lips from ear to ear. His countenance, thus triply hooped, as it were, with tattooing, always reminded me of those unhappy wretches whom I have sometimes observed gazing out sentimentally from behind the grated bars of a prison window; whilst the entire body of my savage valet, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures, suggested to me the idea of a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illustrated 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature.'—*Melville's Residence in the Marquesas.*

PRICE OF LAND IN GERMANY.

The pride of the German peasant is to be a small land-owner. The sacrifices made to gratify this longing are incredible, as is the tenacity with which he clings to his land in all changes of fortune. The price paid for small lots of land in the valley of the Wupper and the adjoining districts would frighten an English farmer. From 500 to 700 dollars per morgen, or £117 to £150 per acre, is no unusual price for arable and meadow land. What interest he gets for his investment seems never to cross a peasant's mind. The rent of small patches adjoining these houses is not proportionately high, although dear enough; ten or twelve dollars per morgen (£2, 10s. or £3 per acre) is constantly paid in situations remote from the influence of towns. Building sites, especially those favourable for trade or manufactures, sell also as high as in England. The sum of 5000 dollars was paid a few years back for about an acre and a half of ground, on which some zinc works now stand, at Duisburg. This was equal to £500 per acre.—*Barfield's Industry of the Rhine.*

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

MATTHEW vi. 28.

SWEET nursings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay:
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing!—in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relies ye are of Eden's bowers;
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and plan!

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show;
The same that won Eve's nation smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet;
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide:
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes;
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant noise,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when he paused and watch'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal hour
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm;
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
'Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares will bring to sight:
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.'

—*The Christian Year.*

MARTINE ENTERPRISE.

Nothing is more remarkable than that wonderful pertinacity in enterprise which maritime pursuits seem to have some peculiar power to generate. Sea-sickness is not so soon forgotten by a young traveller on his first tour, when ordering dinner at Dossin's, as shipwreck, nipping, mosquitoes, the digestion of *tripe de roche* and old shoes, and all the other sad incidents of arctic exploration, by such men as Franklin, Back, and Richardson. In the collection of the College of Surgeons may be seen the fragment of a studding-sail boom, the iron end of which, blunt and cylindrical, once pinned to the deck an unfortunate sailor youth, entering somewhere near the pit of the stomach, making a sort of north-west passage between the heart and the lungs, and issuing at the back into the oak plank below. He was cured, and the interest of the case induced the member of the college who attended it to give him, when convalescent, employment as a servant. Ease and comfort were of no avail, and as little the reminiscence of his accident. He returned to the sea, has since swum ashore from shipwreck, and is, we doubt not, if alive, still a sailor.—*Quarterly Review.*

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VERA FIDE.

THAT men deceive when they have an interest to be served, or an apprehended evil to be avoided, or when a jest can be made by imposing on credulity, is only too notorious. Excepting, however, in certain extraordinary persons, there is no love of deception for its own sake. The talk of men, apart from the motives above enumerated, will be more likely to speak the truth, as far as they can, than to falsify. That is to say, in indifferent matters it is more natural to be faithful than false. The disposition of the human mind as to the reception of intelligence and the interpretation of appearances is in conformity with this view. Men do not instinctively suspect deceit. The child listens with the most perfect good faith to everything that is told it. We only, in mature years, cease to be easy of faith when we have found ourselves often deceived, often wrong in our first apprehensions.

It would not be difficult, we think, to show that the errors and delusions of all times have depended much more upon credulity than deceit; thus proving that the former is a primitive natural condition of the mind, while the latter is a comparatively rare impulse, unless where prompted by such motives as those already stated—this very credulity being one of them. To take one section of knowledge—history. The early historians of all countries—for example, our own monkish chroniclers—are full of fable. But even in those who give us the greatest prodigies, there is seldom a case of proved forgery or use of the imagination. Almost always they have some authority for what they say. They may have foolishly listened to the report of a clown, or some distorted tradition of the vulgar; or a man may have weakly adopted all the childish stories communicated by earlier writers; but scarcely ever can we detect any one in an absolute fiction of his own making. For the real sources of fabulous histories, we must partly go beyond the writers of history—to the early popular voice itself, reporting the dubious recollections of uneducated minds. Partly these errors take their rise in well enough meant efforts of the first writers to make clear the doubtful, to cause gaps to join, and give a sense to what, in the course of time, has lost its original meaning. It is, in short, to imperfections and mistakes of the intellect, not to deliberate falsification, that most of our fabulous histories are owing. The credulity is monstrous. Great blame may be due for the failure to examine and weigh evidence. But each might say, and say truly, though to his own condemnation, 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

M. Salverie's book, *The Philosophy of Magic*, which has recently been translated into English, proceeds upon the general proposition here advanced, that there is more credulity in the world than deceit. It wholly

leads to the conclusion, that in magic, in apparent prodigies, in all the mysteries and delusions of antiquity, and in all the tales which our fathers have sent down to us, there was a principle of good faith at bottom: the very deceivers were themselves, in the first place, partly, or altogether deceived; as they might well be in their imperfect knowledge of the natural circumstances with which they dealt. With regard to the fables of history, M. Salverie shows how they arose, in many instances, from men ignorantly taking up in a literal sense what was originally emblematic or metaphorical. As an example, there are many stories of early Christian saints who were said to have carried away their heads in their hands after being decapitated. This was a gross thing to state; but then remember the faith of the middle-age Christians in continued miracles. And observe how such stories might arise. In those times figured almanacs were used for the instruction of the illiterate. To explain that a saint had perished by decapitation, he was painted as standing, and holding his head in his hands. Here was the actual object presented to their minds. Then, it was common for the friends of a decapitated saint to experience great danger and difficulty in carrying away the body. Suppose this were described as done miraculously, how easy would another generation slip into the error of supposing that the holy man had himself walked away, carrying his head! As another illustration.—Near the burning mountains, north of the Missouri and the river of St Peter, dwell a people who appear to have emigrated from Mexico and the adjacent countries at the time of the Spanish invasion. According to their traditions, they had hidden themselves in the inland country at a time when the sea-coast was continually infested by enormous monsters, vomiting lightning and thunder, and from whose bodies came men who, with unknown instruments, and by magical power, killed the defenceless Indians at immense distances. They observed that these monsters could not reach the land, and in order to escape from their blows, they took refuge in distant mountains. We see here that the vanquished at first doubted whether these advantages were not more to be attributed to better arms than to the power of magic. It is probable that, deceived by appearances, they endowed with life the ships which seemed to move of themselves, and transformed them into monsters; and either this prodigy has from that day been firmly rooted in their minds, or, on the contrary, it was merely a bold metaphor, invented to depict and to perpetuate so novel an event.

In like manner, it is found that many of the apparently fabulous descriptions of old writers are either simple misapprehensions of facts, or actual facts of an extraordinary nature. Some of the early Greek authors speak of a pigmy people, two and a half feet in height; of people constituting whole nations whose eyes were

in their shoulders; of cannibals existing among the northern Scythians; and of a country named Albania, in which were born men whose hair was white in childhood, and whose sight was exceedingly weak during the day, but became very strong in the night. Aulus Gellius treats these narrations as incredible fables; nevertheless, in the descriptions of the two first people, we recognise the Laplanders and the Samoyedes, although the diminutiveness of the one, and the manner in which the heads of the other are surk between their shoulders, have been greatly exaggerated. The northern cannibals may have been certain Tartar tribes whom Marco Polo describes as eating the corpses of malefactors. The men of Albania are evidently Albinoes, the name of the country being formed from the leading peculiarity of the people. So, also, Herodotus was told among the Mougols of a more northern people who slept six months of the year. He disbelieved it; but he was merely told, in an ignorant manner, of a people in the polar regions who had a night of that duration. This author has related many things believably, which others have doubted, but doubted erroneously. We find reference made to one in a *Familiar History of Birds*, by the present bishop of Norwich, and to which M. Salverte also refers. 'Herodotus,' says his lordship, 'asserted that there was a certain small bird which, as often as the crocodiles came on shore from the river Nile, flew fearlessly within their jaws, and relieved them of a peculiar kind of leeches which infested their throats. This ancient historian added, that although other birds invariably avoided the crocodile, it never did this bird any injury. So extraordinary a story was treated as fabulous by the naturalists. It is, notwithstanding, strictly true. M. Geoffroy St Hilaire, an eminent and accurate French naturalist, confirms the fact beyond doubt. The bird alluded to is the Egyptian plover (*Charadrius Egyptianus*), which sometimes enters the mouth of the crocodile, attracted thither, not, according to his account, by leeches, but by a small insect like a gnat, which frequents the banks of the Nile in great quantities. When the crocodile comes on shore to repose, he is assailed by swarms of these gnats, which get into his mouth in such numbers, that his palate—naturally of a bright, yellow colour—appears covered with a blackish-brown crust. Then it is that the little plover, which lives on these insects, comes to the aid of the half-choked crocodile, and relieves him of his tormentors; and this without any risk, as the crocodile, before shutting his mouth, takes care, by a preparatory movement, to warn the bird to be off. This singular process is, moreover, not confined to the crocodiles of Egypt; it has been noticed in those of the West Indies, where, when attacked in a similar manner by small flies called "maringouins," a little bird (*Todus viridis*), which lives chiefly on flies and insects, performs the same kind office.'

Some of the alleged miracles of antiquity were merely natural, though extraordinary and misunderstood events. 'The ignorant,' says M. Salverte, 'have been led to believe that water was metamorphosed into blood, that the heavens rained blood, and that the snow lost its natural colour, and appeared stained with blood.' The explanation is found in an animalcule called the *Oscillatoria rubescens*, which is developed in certain waters, and which M. Ehrenberg has discovered to be the cause of the colour of the Red Sea—and is the development of a humble plant of a red colour (*Protococcus nivalis*) upon the surface of snow. 'In the environs of Padua, in 1819, the polenta prepared with the flour of maize appeared covered with numerous little red spots, which were soon considered, in the eyes of the superstitious, as drops of blood. The phenomenon appeared many successive days; although pious terror sought by fasts, prayers, masses, and even exorcisms, to bring it to a termination. Those feelings, excited to an almost dangerous degree, were at length calmed by a naturalist, who proved that the red spots were but the results of a mould until then unobserved.'

M. Salverte cites various instances of falls of stones from the air, which were supposed to have come miraculously. Jupiter was said to have rained stones upon the enemies of Hercules. The Arabs tell of a similar shower which crushed the Ethiopians while they were profanely besieging the sacred city of Mecca. These were of course *aérolites*—stones which actually fall from the atmosphere, and that so frequently, that their descent might, on various occasions, coincide with the time of a battle or siege. Fifty years ago, however, these stories would have been set down as wholly fabulous, because the fall of *aérolites* was not then believed by men of science. It was a frequent occurrence during all time; yet, never being observed by philosophers, it was held as only a vulgar delusion or imposture, till established by Chladni. It is, by the way, hardly fair of scientific men, when anything is inexplicable by them, to charge it upon the common people as a fable. While writing this paper, we observe two statements in a single newspaper—one referring to a shower of little frogs, the other to a live frog found in a mass of rock eighty feet below the surface. Statements of both kinds are not unfrequently met with. They are always scoffed at by the scientific world. But what is there more wonderful in the fall of showers of young frogs, than in the fall of showers of the *Protococcus nivalis*? Or, if a frog, and certain other animals of low grades be, as we know, capable of reviving after being kept for an indefinite time in a mass of ice, why may not such a reptile have survived from the time it was enclosed (possibly in that state) in the sand from which the rock was formed? The ordinary attempt to account for the phenomenon, by supposing the animal to have fallen into its place through a chink, is purely ridiculous. So is the supposition that every statement of a live frog in stone is a fable. The scientific men are merely ignorant of the natural principles concerned, and have not the magnanimity to admit it.

The real basis of Thaumaturgy, or magic, and of all the impostures of the ancient priesthoods, was, according to M. Salverte, an acquaintance with the secrets of nature. The practitioners had gained some knowledge of physics; and, by parading their experiments, easily deluded the vulgar into a belief of their own supernatural character. 'To work magically, to conjure genii, or so to invoke the gods as to constrain them to apparent obedience, required very extensive preparations; but over the nature and operation of these the veil of mystery was thrown. Plants and animals, collected in secret, were in various ways combined and subjected to the action of fire; and scarcely one step was taken without the assistance of some formula, or the consultation of books, the loss of which was almost equivalent to the loss of all magic power. Such were the sources of the power of the greater number of the Thaumaturgists, who were truly scholars of natural philosophy, and who were forced continually to seek in their sacred volumes the prescriptions, without which they could neither properly work out their charms nor display their delusions. Traces of the existence of these books are found among a people fallen, in the present age, into the most lamentable barbarism, but whose traditions are connected with a very ancient, and probably an advanced state of civilisation. The Bashkirs believe that the *black books*, the text of which they allege originated in hell, give to their possessor, provided he is capable of interpreting them, an absolute empire over nature and demons. These books, together with the power which they conferred, generally descended, by inheritance, to the individual among the pupils of their possessor whom he judged most worthy to succeed him. Sound works on physics and on chemistry, as applied to the arts, might replace with advantage the magic books of the Bashkirs; but we are still not much in the advance of the time, in which certain persons, indifferent as to either the enlightenment or the ignorance of mankind, would have assumed that such works could only emanate from the Principle of Evil.'

It is remarkable that so early a philosopher as Democritus became convinced of this being the true explanation of the works of the magi. 'His philosophy,' says Lucian, 'brought him to this conclusion, that magic was entirely confined to the application and the imitation of the laws and works of nature.' M. Salverte displays an immense number of illustrations of this doctrine, and leaves a general conviction of its truth. If it be true, does it not show an enormous amount of deliberate imposture in the ancient world, and so far tend to annihilate the proposition that deceit is not a conspicuous feature in our natural character? We think not. It appears from M. Salverte's work, that the magicians and priests were themselves deceived men. Such knowledge as they had, was in the form of detached facts respecting the phenomena of nature. They had no methodised view of natural philosophy. Such secrets of nature as they had acquired came to them as mysteries, not as the results of laws established for the government of the world. These secrets were, therefore, necessarily objects of superstitions regard even to the magicians. The silly formalities which accompanied their experiments were thus not necessarily impostures, but might be results of their own self-delusions. The history of a secret of nature in their hands we can imagine to be this. First lighted on by accident, it would appear to the superstitious mind of the discoverer as a special revelation of a divine mystery to himself. The superstitious ceremonies in which he had been engaged at the time would appear to him essential to the result, and would accordingly be handed down, and ever after practised, in connexion with it. The whole stock of the mystics would be but an accumulation of such discoveries, with their attendant mummeries, all regarded as prodigies, and not in any relation to nature as a principle. And all this we may the more readily admit, if we reflect on the obscure and marvellous notions as to nature and its phenomena which have prevailed among philosophers almost down to our own time; for example, in the minds of Tycho and Kepler. Nay, for that matter, are we sure that a just notion of nature and its relation to the Divine Author is yet established among us?

There is something satisfactory in this regarding mankind as more truthful by nature than their practice would sometimes lead us to suppose. It delights our moral sentiments as it is always agreeable to think well of our fellow-creatures, and to find occasion and justification for confiding in them. It also answers well to our notions of final causes, because, constituted as we are, we cannot learn much by personal examination or experience, and must therefore take no small portion of our knowledge from testimony. If man were naturally untruthful, what a limit were imposed on our knowledge! It is only through his being naturally truthful, that we get ninety-nine things in a hundred of what we know. It may be startling to hear testimony spoken of in this manner, for certainly deceptions are frequent. But those who are so startled, would only need to place against the instances of deception, the vast number of occasions we have every day to act according to what we are told, or to put trust in the probity of those connected with us, in order to see that the instances of true testifying and true acting are as thousands to units of those in which wilful deceit has been practised. It is necessary, at the same time, to be cautious in the reception of much that comes before us, for of course imposture is often practised. But it is a sad necessity. In common society, to be cautious and sceptical appears clever, and excites respect. But, in reality, it is a vicious state of mind, to answer a state of vice in others, and only is admired because found practically useful. Apart from the question of utility, the credulous state of mind is one of pure moral beauty in comparison. We too readily despise it, not reflecting that it is the primitive, child-like, innocent state of the mind; the state in which we would all be, but for the existence of deceivers, amongst us, and the liability of the human intellect to

apprehend and report facts incorrectly. Some there are whom nothing pleases more than to make fun of scientific inquirers by misleading them, on merely finding that such persons do not suspect their veracity. Where probable things are told, this is properly so fun at all; for why should probable things be disbelieved when they are communicated by an apparently serious person? Where even improbable things are related, the same may often be said; for are we not forced every day to believe things which we would have previously said were improbable? Amateurs of this kind of amusement do not consider what results from their actions. Why, it is just one of the greatest of all the obstructive agencies in the path of truth, that we are so liable to be deluded by impostors and ill-deserving misinformers. The one proven case of imposture is, in the mass of testimony, like the dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary. By it all previous labour is undone; the whole task is to be renewed. Till it is forgotten, the best accredited truths will only get their passports examined; they will make no real progress. The destruction of a collected audience by a wanton cry of 'fire!' is therefore the type of an imposture in matters of science. In the whole of this system of hoaxing, as it is playfully called, there is even a more special evil: it is teaching the semi-vice of suspicion to a mind which would otherwise remain candid and innocent. Oh, it is unwholy work! and, above all, it is so to children. Alas! are deceptions for an end so few in this world, that even what are called well-meaning persons should think it necessary to do what in them lies to break up that confidence between mind and mind which we bring 'from God, who is our home?'

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.—A TALE.

'STRAWBERRIES—figs ripe straw-ber-ries!' Such is the cry that steals in long cadence down London streets during June and part of July; making the mouths of little errand-boys water, as the fragrant-scented basket passes them, and breaking upon the reveries of those who sit within-doors, in the deep solitudes of quiet streets; bringing Epicurean thoughts to holiday children, and old memories to wiser folk. There it comes—faint at a distance almost sweet when far off—never in its full glory—then gradually dying away in indistinct echoes at the farther end of the street. And here sit we, pondering over the thoughts it leaves behind.

First, we think of Leigh Hunt's Essay on Strawberries—how he lectures on the rich fruit with a love worthy of Pomona! discussing the various merits of strawberries and sugar, strawberries and cream, and strawberries in their native simplicity; diverging to their useful and healthy properties, and alluding to all the writers who have lauded them. Then we think over all his graceful pen has written: we have fancied strawberries have tasted sweeter ever since we read what he says of them. And lastly, we remember the old poem praising this fruit in Italian sweet and luscious as the strawberries themselves.

Finally, our musings become more personal, and bring us, in spite of many years and many miles, to a garden where, once upon a time, we ourselves, and one or two more of whom we need not speak, used to be; and we think of one strawberry-bed in particular, beside which we little elves loved to sit or lie on the ground, tossing about the thick leaves in eager haste for the purple treasures beneath, and never quitting our lowly position, until, as far as the little hands could reach, nothing but leaves were left. And then appear the long line of laburnum-trees, and the two willows growing into one in loving union, and the forbidden bunches of jessamine—precious, because so rarely allowed to our greedy hands—and our special white-currant-tree, which no one intruded upon. But we are thinking of all these, and forgetting the strawberries.

Few whose tables are daily garnished with this delicious fruit, while in season, ever cast a thought as

to whence comes this abundant supply, making the streets of London almost like a strawberry garden with pleasant odours. But let any one drive down the great western outlet of the metropolis, towards Kew, Chiswick, or Twickenham, and he will perceive the air laden with the perfume of strawberries; he will meet innumerable groups of women, laden with baskets which are filled with those anomalous wicker cornucopias entitled *pottles*, in which, like the good things of this world, the finest and ripest of the fruits are temptingly placed at the top, while the smaller and less valuable are carefully hidden from view at the bottom. But alas, and alas! a moraliser could find many things in London to remind him of the strawberry pottle.

And this is the secret of the strawberry deluge. Every year, from Shropshire and from Wales, multitudes of women come to London, as the Irish labourers in harvest, for the strawberry season. The fruit is cultivated in immense gardens, extending from Fulham to Hampton, and many sloping down to the river-side. Here the women congregate to gather the fruit, and dispose it in pottles for sale. You may hear their ringing laughter and songs from behind the thick hedges on a June afternoon; and you are sure to see them patiently carrying their heavy baskets, and trudging along, nor murmuring at the heat. Poor souls! some of them will walk from fifteen to twenty miles a-day—up at daybreak, or before, to gather the fruit—walking six or eight miles to Covent Garden market—back again for another load; and all through dry, dusky, shadowless roads, where are few trees or green lanes. Yet many a pretty and cheerful face peeps from under the basket, which is borne in such a graceful attitude on the head; and many a true and tried woman's heart is among these poor labourers' mothers who come miles from home to toil for six weeks, that they may bring home five or ten pounds to clothe their fatherless children; young girls, who, strong in their innocence, go forth to work for their aged parents, or often to gain a small portion wherewith to begin married life with some country lover. And to such, toil seems light; and humble though they be, there is hope and happiness for the poor strawberry girls.

Not very long ago—when, it matters not—among this band of humble heroines was a girl named Alice Clare. Her father was once the owner of a small farm in Shropshire, at which he and his active wife were the chief labourers; and Alice was their only child. Poor they were, but still not very poor; the hard-working father and thrifty mother always had wherewithal 'to keep the wolf from the door'; and to bid the houseless welcome therein. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' was the wise prayer of a good man in olden days; and in truth such a state is the happiest portion. Alice Clare had a happy childhood, more than her class in life generally experience. She had no rude brothers or cross elder sisters to mar her cheerfulness, and was the delight of her father's heart and home. She was a pretty, gentle child, not strikingly beautiful, as befits a heroine, but yet fair enough to win love, and of sweetness to keep the love thus won. Every one in the village liked pretty Alice Clare; but her best friend was the clergyman's daughter. From her Alice gained an education which raised her a little, but not too much, above her sphere; and learned, at the same time, not to despise her homely parents.

So time passed on, ripening Alice into blooming womanhood, and making her parents' heads grayer each year. A turn came in their fortune. There was the old story—failing crops, burning ricks, and cattle dead; so that the year which had found Matthew Clare a contented farmer, well in the world's eye, and hopeful in his own heart, left him with the cloud of impending poverty hanging over him. January came with its cold dreary days, and his heart sank within him. He had not courage to tell his wife and daughter what he feared. One Sunday they left him to go to the village

church: they returned—the spirit of the husband and father was flown to keep an eternal Sabbath. He was sitting in his chair, the Bible on his knee, in the same position in which they had left him two hours before. Sudden death—that end so dreaded, and yet, in many instances, a blessing, not an evil—had taken him away in a moment. His death revealed all; and that night all was fear, anguish, and ruin in the penniless widow's dwelling.

Alice Clare was now poor, fatherless, almost motherless; for her mother's strong mind was weakened by this heavy blow, and she clung to her child for that support and counsel which the young look to receive from the old. But adversity, which enfeebles a weak character, only shows the hidden resources of a true and strong heart; and Alice's rose in proportion to the sorrows that weighed upon her. She knew that a firm will and patient endurance must bring forth good fruit in the end; and, untried in the world as she was, Alice did not fear. The light-hearted, but feeble girl, clinging to every one for support, was now a woman in thought and deed; but the grief which had caused this change, in spite of her courage, weighed heavily upon her. Her step was slower than before, and her lips were oftener pressed together in anxious thought than dimpling with smiles.

Alice had one honey-drop in this her bitter cup, and that was—love. And yet in her simple and placid spirit this was far from being exalted into that grand passion sung by poets, and supposed to be all-absorbing, all-delighting. Alice's love was a quiet, calm affection, which made her happy in thinking she was the happiness of another. She rested in this thought like a bird in its nest; and it was a refuge in all her troubles to feel and know there was one who would never forsake her—that come what would, she was not alone. There was no sentiment, no affectation, in this love between Alice and Gilbert Millward; it had grown with their youth, unconsciously to themselves, until they discovered that there was no one on earth that they loved better than each other. This mutual affection met with no romantic crosses and trials; no one opposed the union of the farmer's only child and the carpenter's son—steady, good, and well-principled as he was. So Alice and Gilbert were affianced, with the good-will and good wishes of the whole parish, and they were to be married at the end of harvest.

Alice's fallen fortunes could not change the love of Gilbert; but alas! all his exertions could not suffice to procure wherewithal to commence wedded life, now that they were deprived of the assistance which Matthew Clare had promised. Their union was postponed, and this was a double sorrow; for Alice had at first comforted herself with the thought that her mother would not regret her lost home by her daughter's cheerful fireside. But this was not to be at present at least; for Alice and Gilbert were prudent lovers. Still, regrets would come at times.

'Oh, if I could only work to gain something to begin with!' Gilbert would say when their sorrows were a little forgotten, and the bursting spring brought with it hopeful thoughts and future plans; 'if we had only enough to get through the winter, how happy we might all be!'

'Patience and hope,' Alice would answer, as she clung to her lover's strong arm, and looked in his affectionate eyes, and knew that, to such a true heart and active hand, nothing could come amiss, and they must be happy at last. Still, Alice would often anxiously turn over in her mind plan after plan whereby the needful sum might be gained—some vague, some hopeless, all futile, as it seemed.

At last a chance appeared. There was an old friend of Alice's, a widow Austin, to whom she told her troubles, and her wish to gain money.

'There is only one way that I know of,' said the good woman; 'but how you will like it, I cannot tell. You know it is now May. In a few weeks I shall go to

London for the strawberry season, my poor little grandchild can have no schooling this winter. Suppose, Alice, you were to go with me? I generally bring home ten or fifteen pounds—that would do for you; and why should not you try it, my dear?

Great was the opposition from mother and lover; but Alice would go. The idea of gaining fifteen pounds was too precious to be lost. Gilbert's pride revolted at the thought of letting her go; but Alice felt no shame in a good work.

'I am a poor girl now,' she said. 'I must work by the labour of my hands; but that is no disgrace. And you will trust me, Gilbert?'

'God bless you, Alice! I would trust you anywhere; but it is very hard for you to leave us in this way.'

'But then I do not go alone; and when I come back rich—only think, Gilbert; fifteen pounds!'

But Gilbert thought more of parting with his sweet Alice than of the fifteen pounds; and when she had taken farewell of her mother, whom Gilbert promised to cherish as his own until her return, they stood sorrowfully at the end of the lane for the last word and the last kiss. Gilbert watched her with his eyes as she crossed the field with Widow Austin, and then turned with a sad heart to his work.

Alice was now one of the strawberry girls, and none worked harder, or with a more cheerful heart, though her slighter form and fairer face contrasted strongly with her companions—many of them hardy, uncouth, and rough-looking women. But the care of Alice's affectionate friend encircled her as with a shield; and even the rudest of the Welsh mountaineers, and the coarse Wiltshire dames, were gentle towards the reserved and quiet stranger. Alice began to look forward to the end of her labours with hope; and every now and then the good news from home, in Gilbert's half-illegible but affectionate scrawl, cheered her heart, and she did not feel the burning sun, nor the interminable roads, with her basket on her head, and the rude but precious love-treasure in her bosom. One day there came a letter; but, strange to say, the writing was not Gilbert's, though it was evidently dictated by him:—'My poor dear Alice,' it began, 'do not be frightened at a strange hand; but I have had a sore trial. I don't know when I may write to you myself; the doctor says never. God help us both! Alas, poor Gilbert will never see your sweet face any more. I was in that dreadful thunder-storm last week; we were all making hay in your poor father's field, and the lightning struck me. I don't remember anything about it; but I was a long time before I came to myself, and when I did, I could not see. My poor Alice, my dear wife that was to be, I am now quite blind! How shall I work for you and your mother! Oh, Alice, Alice! there is no hope for us! You must not marry a poor, blind, helpless man who can do nothing for you; and the doctor has looked at my eyes, and says there is no hope. My cousin Ned writes this for me. Alice, my own dear Alice! write and pity your unhappy but affectionate lover till death—'

GILBERT MILLWARD.'

When Alice had read to the end of this letter, she did not weep or shriek, but her whole frame grew rigid like stone. She slid noiselessly down on the hard ground, and for the first time in her life she fainted. At Mrs Austin's cries, all the women in the strawberry garden gathered round the unhappy girl, with wondering though kind-hearted inquiries and aid. Alice slowly recovered—the poor have no time to give way to sorrow—and she had that morning to walk into London with her basket. She gathered up her strength, and set forth; but her limbs moved mechanically, and there was a weight like lead at her heart, though her eyes were hot and tearless. Her eyes, too, had a strange wild look, that made Mrs Austin almost afraid to speak to her; and she silently followed the unhappy girl as she fulfilled her duties and returned from London.

They came back when afternoon was fading into evening. It was the day of one of the Chiswick fêtes,

and carriage after carriage dashed by, filled with beautiful and happy creatures—some gay with their wealth, and beauty, and rich attire; others feeling that all this was nothing compared to the one, loved and loving, who sat beside them. But all seemed happy; and none noticed the poor strawberry girl, who crawled along, overwhelmed by the dust of their carriages as they swept past. She was no shadow on their felicity.

Alice came through that green lane by the river-side at Chiswick, which seems made for loving walks and lonely happiness. Old trees overhang the narrow road, making pleasant shadows all the day, and on one hand flows the broad and beautiful Thames, almost at one's very feet. Here and there quaint old houses are seen, and glimpses appear through the trees of the villas of the rich and noble, but for this, the place is one of the deepest solitude. Alice saw not the beauties around her; her eyes were closed to all; her heart only could see, and that beheld nothing but Gilbert—poor Gilbert!—blind, and lonely, and desolate. But woman's love grows stronger in suffering. Gilbert, in his blindness, was far dearer to her than when he was the pride of the neighbourhood, and when she exulted in being the choice of one like him. We once read of a beautiful girl whose lover returned from the wars frightfully shattered and disfigured.

'Surely you will not marry him now?' said a friend.

'I would marry him if he had only enough of mortal frame left to contain his soul,' was her noble and touching reply. And the lovely girl did marry him, wreck as he was; and they were happy, most happy. Take this high-born beauty felt the poor Shropshire girl. She never thought for a moment of giving up her lover, blind as he was. Her only thought was how she could singly maintain her mother and Gilbert, since it was to her alone that both now must look.

Alice reached Kew Bridge, and worn, exhausted, leant against the parapet for rest. The evening breeze came cool from the river, and the waters below looked so clear, and blue, and peaceful—God forgive the poor girl if she thought more than once crossed her mind, what a sweet and calm bed of rest would be there for the heavy-laden with sorrow for which there was no hope!

'Oh, mother! Oh, Gilbert!' cried Alice, while a gush of blessed tears melted the frost of despair from her heart, as she sat down on the bridge beside her strawberry basket, and resting her face on her knees, wept long and bitterly. It was late in the evening, and no one passed, or Alice would not thus have given way. But at last, unseen by her, a passenger crossed the bridge.

He was a very old man, low in stature, and bending; also. Even in youth there could have been no beauty in his face, except his eyes, and they were lovely yet. Our heart warms to such wherever we meet them, in old or young, rich or poor, man or woman. They are deep, lustrous, but not sparkling—truthful and loving—in colour blue or gray, we care not which, so that they bear the expression we love. May such eyes never know tears! The old gentleman—for a gentleman he evidently was—bent these kind eyes of his on the cowering form of Alice Clafé. He longed to ask the cause of such grief, but was too delicate-minded to do so at once.

'I want to buy some strawberries, my good girl,' said he. Alice started up, and the good old man appeared to be examining closely the few remaining pottles, lest she should think he was noticing her confusion. The strawberries were chosen and purchased, while the stranger looked with pity on the deadly paleness of Alice's face.

'You seem tired,' said he in that gentle tone which goes at once to the hearts of the unfortunate; 'have you come very far this hot day?'

'Indeed I have; but I would not mind that, only for—' Alice stopped, and grew crimson with shame at her openness.

'Only for what?' said the old gentleman. 'I can

tell by your tongue that you come from my county—from Salop, are you not?’

‘Yes, sir,’ answered Alice, and her face brightened; ‘from near O—’

‘I know the place well,’ said her companion; and by degrees he succeeded in drawing from Alice her name and her father’s misfortunes, and how she had come to gain money by strawberry-gathering. But of her deeper sorrows Alice did not speak. When she curtseyed to go away, the old gentleman put in her hand a piece of gold.

‘Take this to your mother,’ said he, knowing that in such wise Alice could not refuse the gift; ‘I saw her once when she was a girl, but I daresay she has forgotten me. However, I am coming to live in O—, and I may see her again.’

He watched Alice as she descended the bridge. ‘Poor girl—poor girl!’ he said half aloud; ‘she is not happy. There is something else: I am sure she did not tell me all.’

‘If you please, sir, Alice did not, indeed,’ said the ever-faithful dame Austin, who had silently stood at a little distance, when Alice thought she was alone. And, begging many pardons, the good soul told Alice’s whole story, including the sorrowful news of the morning. The old gentleman patiently listened to the rude tale, made still ruder by the broad Shropshire accent in which it was told. At last he said, ‘Tell Alice not to fear, nor her lover either. I will think of something for them: they shall be married yet. Take that poor girl home as soon as she has earned her money; she is too good and gentle for London. And here is something in case she should not earn enough for her journey also.’

The rough Shropshire woman had a kind heart; she called down blessings innumerable on the friend of the fatherless, and hastened joyfully to cheer poor Alice with the hopeful news.

The strawberry season ended, and Alice was once more at home. Full of sorrowful love was the meeting between her and Gilbert. The mother was all joy at her daughter’s safe return; but when they were all seated once more in the lowly cottage, and begun to talk of future plans, Alice saw the agonized expression of Gilbert’s face. Then her timid love searced merged into the open affection of a wife; she went up to him, and kissed those blind eyes which would behold her no more for ever.

‘I will never, never give you up, Gilbert. I never did love any but you, and I never shall. Come what may, I will be your wife—your own Alice!’

And so Gilbert’s heart was set at rest; and as he went about, led by the fond hand of his early love, he looked about as happy as before this mournful blindness fell upon him.

Alice had not been a week at home when she received a letter. It was from her aged friend at Kew Bridge. He told her that, in the bank of O—, she would find a sum which she must receive as a marriage portion—it amounted to £300!

‘I meant this sum,’ wrote he, ‘as a gift to a clergy in my native place; but I now think that it may be more worthily bestowed in making happy a girl like Alice Clare. Take it, and God bless you and your children after you! May they grow up to be like yourself—humble, God-fearing, and brave in adversity as you have been!’

Alice Clare and Gilbert Millward were married; and the blind husband grew, in course of time, not to grieve for that affliction which had shown forth so plain the devotedness of his Alice’s love. He learned various useful employments, by which he added considerably to the gains of his wife’s tasteful fingers, which, by instruction that she could now obtain, soon became the fabricators of all the caps and bonnets for miles round. The mother lived in that happy home with her children and grandchildren: she attended to the dairy, her great delight; while Gilbert’s chief amusement was in his garden, which he soon learned to cultivate with skill, in

spite of his blindness. And it was often noticed that the portion of ground which won his chief care, and on which his wife’s eyes rested with most delight, was a large, rich, and beautiful bed of strawberries.

D. M. M.

THE USE OF THE CORSET.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER TO A LADY FROM DR
REVELLE-PAÏSE.

ALTHOUGH I have every desire to justify the confidence you honour me with, you must admit, madam, you put me to rather a severe proof. You ask my opinion upon the employment of corsets—whether they are, in fact, as injurious to the health of women as has been said; and whether medical men have not, upon this point, somewhat exaggerated? I well know with what scruples and fears your maternal affection fills you upon this subject. Your daughter, whom I have attended from her infancy, approaches an age at which the desire to please is very natural. But is it possible to please without an elegant form? and can this be attained without a narrow waist?—in other words, without the agency of the corset? These are important questions, not to be decided without care and circumspection. It is long since the subject has been agitated, but always uselessly, the triumph of the corset only becoming the more assured. Rousseau changed the opinions of his contemporaries on many points. By his eloquent declamations he obliged mothers to suckle their offspring; and, more than this, his doctrines and principles have shaken kingdoms, raised nations against kings, and cast down the powerful; society has been moved to its lowest depths, and Europe convulsed for fifty years. But I ask you, what has this philosopher gained against what Jones transformed into corsets? Absolutely nothing. In vain did he say that a woman in a corset was destitute of grace, and seemed cut in two, like a wasp: the witticism obtained currency, but the thing remained. Peter I. humiliates and dissolves his formidable force, the Strelitz, scarcely a murmur being heard; he obliges the Russians to shave their beards, and he is seriously menaced; but what would have become of him had he dared proscribe the Russian ladies the use of whalebone, or had in anyway meddled with their toilet? The Emperor Joseph II. prohibited the use of corsets, and ordained that criminals only condemned to labour should wear them. All this was useless at the end of a few years.

But what, then, is this formidable power which carries the day against kings, philosophers, physicians, reason, and common sense? Who is there that is ignorant of it? Who does not know its imperious decisions, its sentences without appeal? In fact, does not *fashion* govern the world; and, as regards your sex, is it not the only sovereign who reigns and governs? Upon those who violate her decrees she inflicts the chastisement of ridicule, and at once all opposition ceases. Reason may raise her voice, but every ear is closed. Reason advises, fashion acts; so that we may easily guess which will prove victorious.

You see, then, madam, why this subject, so learnedly treated by so many doctors, has as yet furnished such unsatisfactory results. I maintain the principle, however, that we must never weary in preaching the good and the useful. Something always results; and in this manner a great evil may become diminished, and a small one reduced to nothing. How many strange customs, prejudicial to health, have disappeared with time and perseverance in good advice! I might cite the swaddling-clothes and bandages of children, the hairy pig-tails, hair-powder, garters, and buckles of men.

What would you say if some one seriously proposed to you to forcibly compress one of your limbs for a long period? They might indeed tell you that the smaller it became, the more elegant it would be; but you would not fail to resist such torture. Besides the pain, the

compressed part would soon diminish in size, and waste away more or less completely. The pale and thin muscles would no longer enjoy their natural vigour and activity, the vessels would diminish in size, and the part soon lose its strength and beauty. Now, do you not think that this same compression, exerted upon parts of the body which contain the most delicate and important organs, must be attended with yet more disastrous consequences? These organs, pushed, squeezed, agglomerated together, necessarily lose that development which is indispensable for their action and energy. And observe, this pressure is not made upon any isolated point; it embraces an extensive surface, and just that which corresponds to the organs which are the very source of life. Take a large corset, and measure its height and diameters; and afterwards, when it is tightened to the degree fashion requires and suffering permits, compare these measurements with the body of the person who wears it, and you will be astonished at the result.

But where is the use of reasoning or experience for those who are convinced not only that the corset is not injurious, but that it is useful? Who is not aware that a thousand marvellous qualities are attributed to it? It supports the waist, strengthens the body, gives grace to the movements, and so on! As to its inconveniences, these are rarely alluded to, or wholly denied. Far more than this, if the shape is ungainly, the corset will rectify everything; and it even cures a vicious conformation of the spine and chest! No sooner are the fatal words, 'She is all one side,' pronounced respecting a young girl, than every description of corset fit for the reparation, or at all events the disguise of the evil, is sent for; the fact being, that these corsets, so far from relieving the deformity, assist and augment it, by compressing, enfeebling, and wasting the muscles. No matter; the torture continues, as if this fact were not known. The patience of women in this respect is worthy of admiration. Ask any of them if she is not too tight, but never will she allow it, however extreme her suffering.

It must not, however, be believed that this instrument of torture is of modern invention. More than one poet of antiquity has reproached his countrywomen with its employment. The Greek ladies had their *sefidone*, and the Roman matrons their *castula*, a kind of small tunic, which was tightened around the waist. According to Ovid (Fasti iv. 147), the corset would seem to have been in as great request among the Roman girls as among our own. Yet women of other nations reject this article of dress with advantage. Lady W. Montagu observes, that nothing can be more admirable than the forms of the Turkish ladies, who regarded her corset as a machine in which she had been enclosed by her husband, and whence she could not extricate herself. The Spanish women, also so celebrated for the elegant contour of their shapes, do not employ the corset. It was only during the lifetime of Catherine de Medicis that the custom of wearing the tightened corset was introduced into France.

Some women have discontinued this article of dress, whether from fancy or necessity, without sustaining any inconvenience. It is the long habit of wearing it which deceives most. Without it, they do not seem dressed—as if something were wanting. This may be so for the first day or two of the experiment, but at the end of a fortnight the loss would not be perceived; just as in the case of a ring long worn on the finger, or any other object habitually employed. Many young women, obliged to renounce this strange article of the toilet, have quickly found their health improve. The blood has then been allowed free circulation, the lungs full expansion; and the free movements permitted to the body have soon reproduced and preserved that fresh, animated complexion, the principal beauty of the young, but which they so rarely possess in large towns. Surely the preservation of health is of more consequence than the retention of these pieces of whalebone? If a young woman, with the most beautiful form and richest por-

tion, does not possess health, adieu to happiness and pleasure, for her life is strewn with thorns. Exemption from suffering is almost everything in our rapid and short passage through life; but to suffer from one's own fault, because we have desired it—is this not deserving the chastisement which we have braved, but which awaits us?

What is most singular is, that women are aware of the injuriousness of the corset—they instinctively feel that its action is an unnatural and eminently hurtful one. Here is the proof. If, by accident, a lady falls ill in a crowded assembly of any kind, a general cry is raised by the others, 'Cut her lace!' This is done instantly—the compressing machine is opened, air rushes into the lungs, the victim breathes, and recovers; which, however, will not prevent her recommencing the next day, so inexorable and powerful is this malicious demon—fashion.

I am aware that, in appreciating on the one hand these inconveniences of the corset, and on the other wishing to sacrifice to custom, you will ask me if there is not some form of this machine less dangerous than another. It is true that the form and size exert much influence on the results and effects which are produced; so that large, strongly-whaleboned or busked, stiff, inelastic corsets—*canaille corsets*—are more hurtful than small ones; but the degree of constriction exerted is the one simple and essential measure of the degree of mischief occasioned. In fact, the varieties of form are of little consequence. A corset which is exactly adapted to the body, without exerting too much constriction or compression, without impeding development of the growth, or producing any ill effect, does not exist, and this philosopher's stone of a *model corset* will never be discovered, whatever pains be taken. It is impossible to mould the form of a nymph in an apparatus of iron. An evident proof that these machines are hurtful, is derived from the fact, that the endeavour is constantly made to render them as little fatiguing as possible. The material has been varied; they have been constructed in caoutchouc, and transformed into light apparatus permeable to air; and some are capable of instantaneous unlacing. But all this is useless. The grand hygienic problem of a corset without danger, will probably for ever remain unsolved. In all there is this dilemma—either the corset is worn loose, and then where is its utility? or it exerts compression, and is then dangerous. Whenever I see these perilous instruments of torture exposed for sale, I cannot avoid shuddering at thinking of all the evils enclosed within their elegant contours. I can believe that you intend your daughter's corset shall be of a proper form and size, and not worn injuriously tight. But observe, that besides engendering a dangerous habit, the exact point of constriction is difficult to seize. Between the little and the too much there is a mathematical line difficult to be constantly followed. And then experience teaches us that women, and even girls, have a mischievous tendency to tighten themselves more and more, and especially if threatened with becoming somewhat stout.

It is a very unfortunate circumstance, that the inconveniences and diseases—the certain consequences of the abuse of the corset—are never immediate; they are long engendering in the substance of the organs so constantly pressed upon and crushed. The corset does not kill suddenly, like arsenic; therefore it is harmless! Can there be a more dangerous or murderous syllogism? When the physician, who, from long experience, foresees the mischief that will arrive, and informs a woman how injurious is this lacing and girding herself in, she smiles, declares that he is mistaken, for she is not tight, and that habit has rendered her capable of supporting all. She has resisted the effects, and will continue to do so. Her health is good; why should she change her plans? She does not reflect that this condition of pressure is in direct violation of the laws of nature. The most noble organs are deprived of the play and development essential to their functions. Even the very

bones of the trunk and chest suffer under this pernicious influence. To convince yourself of this, have the courage to examine a skeleton, the solid framework of our fragile organisation. On the one hand, you see the spine—the solid yet mobile support of the whole animal structure. A multitude of nerves escape from its lateral openings, giving life to the internal organs, and establishing relations with the brain. This spinal column is covered externally on each side by bundles of muscles—the moving power. Now, I ask you whether a corset, worn habitually tight, must not interfere with, and prevent the action of, these muscles and those of the shoulders? On the other hand, observe that the ribs, forming a kind of bony and movable cage, represent a cone, having its apex above, and its base below. Well, the corset acts in a totally opposite direction. It compresses and binds in this base, whose expansion is indispensable for the play of the lungs and the act of respiration. Can there exist a worse or more fatal practice? We laugh at the Chinese ladies; but the deformed and squeezed-up state of their feet does not at least affect the general health. A mother protects her daughter from the effects of the slightest draught of air, from the least damp, from the rays of a burning sun, and yet exposes her to the dangerous compression of a large corset.

Although all portions of the body suffer, and tend to morbid changes, when submitted to great and more or less prolonged pressure, there are some organs which seem especially destined to endure these evils. Among these are the lungs and heart. It is through their agency that respiration and circulation are accomplished. They are, so to speak, the very roots of life. Now, I ask, what must take place when the cavity containing them is narrowed, and when the extent of their action is limited by the tyrannical exigencies of the corset? The diseases which result are numerous, always serious, and so much the more incurable, as they proceed from a predisposition become constitutional. If you were aware of the fine texture, the delicate network of the lungs, the sensibility of these precious organs, the abundance of blood which penetrates their innermost recesses, there to become revived, you would only be astonished that these diseases were not more frequent still. And yet, will it be believed that women, having the chest thus compressed and narrowed, will read aloud, or engage in singing and declamation? From the most straitened organ the highest amount of action is demanded!

But the chest is not the only organ exposed to this severe compression of the corset. The liver, placed immediately below the ribs at the very point where constriction is greatest, equally suffers. Hence results pain in the side, indigestion, and diseases of the organ, with chronic jaundice. The stomach itself, compressed by the bone of the corset, does not enjoy its natural vigour and extensibility. Hence distaste for food, painful digestion, languor, pallid or pimpled countenance, &c. Soemmering, a celebrated German physician, found a stomach nearly divided into two parts by the excessive and long-continued pressure of a steel-busk. I know well that few women would submit to such torture; but some there are whom no rein or prudent care restrain.

It is for balls, parties, theatres, &c. that interminable preparations for the toilet are especially made, and that the most destructive conspiracy against health is contrived. The lady of elegant form who repairs to these, is girt in every possible manner. Her shoes are as small and narrow as possible; the entire body surrounded by a large and strong corset mercilessly laced; the clasps of her dress maintain the ground already gained; and her girdle exercises no less constriction. We need not mention bracelets, necklaces, &c. which, nevertheless, exert injurious pressure upon the neck and arms; so that every part of the body is encircled with more or less tight ligatures. Thus fettered and bound up, she repairs to the place of assembly, where the air is con-

taminated by a crowded company, while the mirrors are tarnished, and the candles melt, in a temperature equal to that of Seignel. Nevertheless, she will remain here for five or six hours, perhaps dancing, or singing in a more or less loud voice. It is not until she has returned home, and removed the instruments of torture, that she can breathe. By a miracle of nature she has not succumbed to efforts which the most robust man could not support for an hour. And yet this is the feebler sex!

NARRATIVE OF JUAN VAN HALEN.

HIS ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.—CONCLUSION.

We have seen how Van Halen was arrested on a charge of conspiracy, imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and tortured to extort a confession. All this, however, was in vain: he never breathed the name of an accomplice, but steadfastly maintained his innocence of any design to overthrow the throne or subvert the Catholic religion. Under these circumstances he was retained at Madrid, where every hope of release was gradually receding, till his misfortunes excited the interest of the orphan girl who had been adopted by Don Marcelino, the keeper of the prison, and who, it appears, was in the habit of cleaning his cell. Without exchanging a word with Juan, she adopted a truly ingenious mode of communicating that she had it in her power to be of service to him as opportunity might offer. This was by leaving her ear-ring under his pillow—a signal to which he responded by replacing it wound round with a lock of his hair. For three days after this no one entered his cell, nor did the girl make her appearance. On the fourth day, however, I was removed, as usual, to the adjoining dungeon while mine was being cleaned; and on my return thither I hastened to examine the bed; but the ear-ring was not there. I was disappointed; but suddenly I perceived that my watch was gone from the usual place at the head of the bed. I searched, and found it under my pillow—the hand pointing to the wrong hour. I could not understand this sign; but on the following day, just at the hour indicated, I heard a voice saying, "Quick—quick!" I leaped from my bed, and hastening to the door, looked through the slit which I have before mentioned, and saw the girl's face. She addressed me thus—"You are very unfortunate: I wish to be of service to you. Don Juanito is in bed; answer quickly."

"My good girl, can you give me a paper and pencil?"

"Not at present; but," she added, looking back and leaving me for an instant, "here is some."

"Thanks; now give me a pin."

"She thrust her arm through the opening in the door, and I received the pin: she disappeared immediately. I knew not at first to whom to address my note, so fearful was I of implicating any of my friends. At last I remembered a cousin named Murphy, who held a subordinate situation in a government office, and to him I resolved to write. I then drew some blood from my arm, and wrote as follows:—"The ink with which this is written will give you some idea of the state to which I am reduced. I am surrounded with horrors, but no one shall suffer from my want of caution. Endeavour to see Don Facundo Infantes, a friend of mine; show him this paper, and act in concert with him. Farewell."

"I had just concluded these lines, when the jailer entered with my dinner. I hid the note under my pillow; and two days afterwards I found, in the same place, when I returned to my dungeon after it was cleaned, a pencil, some folded paper, and my watch pointing to eleven. I waited impatiently till this hour arrived, when my benefactress appeared.

"Are you better?" said she. "Don Juanito is ill, and Don Marcelino is going out: tell me what I can do for you?"

"Can you go out into the town?"

"Yes; I go every morning to market."

"Take this note then," said I, "to Don Jacobo Murfy, who lives in the street of Alcalá. Show him this watch, on which my name is engraved, and do what he asks you."

"Is he a man of honour?" said she; "for you have many enemies."

"I assured her he was; and then fastened the watch and note to the end of the broom, which she thrust through the aperture in the door. "What is your name?" asked I.

"Ramona. This is my *only* name," her voice changed, and she bade me farewell.

"On the following day I found a note and my watch under my pillow: the darkness unfortunately prevented my reading the former; I therefore spent this night, the last of the year, in fruitless conjectures. At length the 1st of January 1818 dawned, and I read the following note from my cousin:—"Nothing can equal my surprise on receiving your note; I will inform your friends of your situation. Be assured my affection for you will prompt me to strain every nerve for your rescue. Heaven preserve you! Adieu." I read these lines again and again, when the noise of doors opening announced some one's approach; and Don Marcelino entered, attired in his gala dress. I told him that I suffered much from pain in my chest. "Yes; the weather is cold," answered he; "you had better keep in bed;" and then withdrew.

"As soon as he was gone, I wrote a note to Infantes, begging him to write to Murcia and Granada, to assure my friends there that, whatever I might suffer, I would never betray them. I had just finished, when I heard Ramona's voice. She related to me the particulars of her visit to my cousin, adding that she had appointed him to meet her at a place nearer the prison, as he lived at some distance, and she was afraid of being missed by her master. "Have you any more notes for your friend? Don Juanito is ill, and my master is gone to the levee of the inquisitor-general."

"Have you been long in this prison?" said I.

"Ask no questions," said she; "I only wish to alleviate your misfortunes."

"Are there any more prisoners in these dungeons?"

"Yes; only one more, whom my master says will soon be set at liberty."

"What kind of man is he?" asked I, fearing that this might be Calvo, of whose arrest I had heard.

"He is young and handsome: he sings constantly, and has covered the walls with drawings."

"I knew that this could not be my treacherous servant. I asked who kept the keys of my dungeon; to which she answered, that sometimes her master, and at others Don Juanito; but that the former always laid them under his pillow at night; and though he allowed her to enter the passages, he never intrusted her with the keys, not even when she cleaned the dungeon; for he always accompanied her to unlock the door. She now withdrew, and was scarcely gone, when Don Marcelino arrived with some books, which he had brought for my use. On the 5th of January I received another visit from Ramona. She gave me some more paper and a pencil, and then said softly, "Tell me quickly if you want anything else: the prisoner who was confined in the passage above this has been removed to a dungeon close by; Don Juanito has left his room this morning, and is meddling as usual. Put your note under the pillow. Lest he should watch my visits here, it is better that you should write instead of speaking to me."

"Can you read well, for I have much to say? But if you are not willing to grant my request, pray do not raise my expectations."

"I will do all you require; my fears are all on your account."

"Between the paper she gave me I found a note from my friends, begging me to let them know if I would combine with them in devising some plan of escape; and adding that, if my plan failed, they would so far do

violence to their own feelings as to send me the means of self-destruction.

"My first idea was to consult Ramon, as I had but a confused recollection of the passages and staircases of the building; and without her help I dared not attempt to thread these, even should I be so fortunate as to escape beyond the doors of my cell. Dr Gil visited me the evening of this day, and said that no improvement could be expected in my health until I had a fire in my dungeon. He was evidently wearied with attending me, and begged me not to send for him unless I really wanted him.

"At the usual hour the next day Ramona reappeared. "I bring nothing for you to-day," said she; "Don Juanito seldom leaves his room, for he was worse after he went out the other day."

"I am glad to hear it, because I do not think it is safe for us to communicate by writing."

"How?" replied she; "do you think me indiscreet?"

"No," said I; "but will you bring me two pistols and some other things, which my friends will give you?"

"Are you mad?" cried she. "I have often heard my master say that you wished to destroy yourself. While I can serve you, why should you wish to die?"

"I assured her that I wanted these weapons only for my deliverance.

"How will you effect that?"

"Through the door; nothing is easier."

"You do not know the state of the prison," said she. "I will tell you all that occurs; but you shall never have anything from me with which you can hurt yourself. I heard the physician tell my master last night that you were mad. My master said that he would rather have thirty prisoners than the *bird*, for that you had often deprived him of his sleep. The doctor said there was not a single person outside who ever thought of you."

"Ramona related this to show me that I was watched, even during the night. A noise in the passage now obliged her to quit her post. On the following day I received a visit from Don Juanito, who did not fail to behave as insolently as possible. Five days elapsed before I saw my messenger: on the sixth, on returning to my dungeon after it had been cleaned, I found a note from my friends, which I answered, begging them not to undertake any plan for my escape at present, as Ramona had excited my apprehensions respecting the suspicions of my jailers.

"On the night of the 15th, Don Marcelino told me that Castaneda, the senior inquisitor, wished to see me; that he would bring with him a person to whose wishes I cert only would attend. I asked whom. He answered, "Your father: yes, your father is coming to visit you."

"I knew the intention of this visit, which would be very painful to me; but I calmly answered that I should be very glad to see my respected father.

"The next day but one I heard Ramona's voice; she told me that Don Juanito had not left his room, there being no tribunal that day. I then painted to her, in the strongest colours, the situation in which I stood, declaring that I must escape or die.

"She burst into tears. "It is impossible; my master's death would be the consequence of your escape."

"You will go with me?" said I.

"No: I should then dishonour myself. Ask of me anything that will effect your escape; but wait for an opportunity, when the blame may be laid on Don Juanito. I will lose my life to save yours; but neither yours nor my master's blood must be spilled." In this wild manner she talked for some time, until the fear of discovery caused her to leave me.

"On the 19th I wrote a note, begging my friends to procure me the means of leaving Spain. I had meditated this journey without considering the state of weakness to which I was reduced; and had not my friends arranged matters more prudently, my scheme would have failed.

"Several days passed away; my keepers brought me

some more clothes for my bed, and also a brasier to warm the dungeon. At length Sunday arrived; and my jailers, wishing to profit by the holiday, visited me very early, and took away the brasier. Soon after, I heard Ramona.

"Don Juanito is gone out," said she; "but he is more vigilant than ever. Since he was ill, he has never entered the prison till last night, when he stood reading at the top of the first staircase. I have twice followed my master's steps: he does not shut the doors after him; but the whole prison remains in darkness, as, except the light which he gives to the other prisoner, there is not one to be seen. The key of the third door goes badly; it has been made since you came here. I heard him talking with Don Juanito about you. That fool told him that he should read the book he had got, about a *hid* as wicked as you, who escaped from a dungeon in the country of an heretic king, who had no Inquisition, and consequently no good jailers."

"I immediately guessed that this book must be Baron Trenck's memoirs, and related some part of his history to her, and thus endeavoured to engage her in a conversation so interesting to me; but she hastily quitted me; and scarcely two minutes had elapsed, before Don Juanito appeared.

"I found afterwards that Ramona had a little dog, which was so much attached to her, that he followed her wherever she went. She always left him, when she came to visit me, outside the first door of the prison; so that, whenever any one opened it, he ran to his mistress, and thus gave warning of the approach of the person entering, whom it was easy for her to avoid in the darkness of the passages.

"The next day I found under my pillow a plan of the streets in the vicinity of the prison; and I wrote to my friends, saying that I should attempt my escape about the 30th of the month, between seven and eight in the evening; and added a description of the dress which I wore. I laid these under the pillow. I did not see Ramona until the 28th, when she only stayed a few minutes. I grew daily more anxious and restless; and at length, on the Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, Ramona delivered to me a note.

"I have been obliged to assign more than one pretext in order to induce my master to allow me free entrance into the prison this afternoon," said she. "I tremble at what you purpose doing to-morrow."

"Purpose doing!" said I; "I *will* do it."

"Wait till Juanito is ill again," said she. "I formerly feared for my master's life; I fear now for yours. Juanito has never lately missed his nocturnal visit to the prison. You would meet with both, and would be ruined."

"She burst into tears, and leaning her head against the door, sobbed aloud. I begged her to accompany me; but she still firmly refused, adding that she would aid me in all my plans for escape.

"If I remain," said she, "no blame can be attached to me; if I fly, I convict myself at once."

"She then informed me that, when Don Marcelino visited the prison alone, he did not shut any of the doors after him; and that very probably Juanito would not accompany him to-night, or to-morrow either.

"If," said she, "the plate on which Marcelino brings the glass containing your medicine have a border on it, be sure that Don Juanito is watching outside; if it have no border, all is safe."

"She retired, and I read the note she gave me; it assured me that a friend would wait for me every night from seven o'clock outside the doors of the Inquisition; and referring to the plan, informed me of the course I ought to pursue through the streets.

"To-morrow," said I, "I shall be at liberty, or shall die."

"The next day dawned, and Don Marcelino visited me, and ordered me to exchange my tattered jacket for a green surtout, as the time of the intended visit was approaching. This alteration in my dress annoyed me,

as I was afraid that my friends would not recognise me thus. My dungeon was cleaned at noon, and on looking under the pillow, I found a small gold cross, and the same ear-ring which had at first inspired me with hope, both fastened to a hair-chain. I then took a piece of charcoal from the brasier, and wrote in the blank leaf of one of Don Marcelino's books a few lines, stating "that my situation left me no alternative but to seek my liberty by forcible means; and that, should my attempt be fruitless, I begged him to respect my misfortunes, and show me more mercy if I again should be placed under his custody."

"At length the hour for the execution of my plan drew near. I heard the noise of bolts, and presently Don Marcelino entered. Without recollecting the sign agreed upon respecting the plate, and fearing this might be my last opportunity, I extinguished the light, advanced towards my jailer, and pushed him violently to the farther end of the dungeon; then rushing to the door, opened it, closed it quickly, drew the bolt, and stood in the dark passage. I opened the third door, and groped my way through several passages till I reached the staircase, which I ascended. I found myself on the threshold of a kitchen, and went in to seek a hatchet, or some weapon of defence. The first object that met my eyes was Ramona, pale and breathless.

"Where is my master?" said she. "What pistol is that in your hand?"

"I showed her that what she imagined to be a pistol was a key. She drew from her bosom the notes I had previously given her, gave them to me, and pointing to a court which led to the outer door, said, "That is the way to the street. My mistress expects some friends this evening; they will come directly; for Heaven's sake hasten away."

"She pressed my hands, and I hurried to the court.

"It was quite dark, but I contrived, to reach the door. Just as I did so, I heard voices outside. Ramona, who ought to have opened the door, began screaming as if hurt, those outside screamed also; and in this confusion I opened the door, and rushed out, throwing down the person who was entering. I was now in the street, and breathed a second life.

"Following the direction pointed out by my friends, I turned the corner of the building, and saw a tall man muffled up in a cloak, who exclaimed immediately, "Juan Van Halen is it you?"

"Yes," cried I. He then whistled, and several friends joined us. My old cap was exchanged for a laced cocked-hat, and a cloak was thrown over me. We then set forth. My friends gradually dispersed, leaving only two with me. On arriving at the street Tadesco, we stopped at the entrance of a large house, the principal door of which was open. Having entered, we met on the staircase a large masquerading party, who were coming out of the principal rooms. We continued ascending the stairs till we reached the humble attic, which was the asylum prepared for me by my friends."

Meanwhile all was dismay at the prison. Don Marcelino's wife, alarmed at Ramona's screams, and the rough treatment her guest had experienced, hastened, regardless of all danger, and guided by the heroic girl, to the dungeons. As she went along the passages she called her husband's name, and fainted away when she found the door of Van Halen's cell locked. Juanito at this moment entered the prison, and ordered them to force the door of the dungeon, when they found Don Marcelino lying on the floor in a swoon. Intelligence of the escape was immediately carried to the inquisitor-general; and, by a curious coincidence, Van Halen's mother, who had not yet heard of his flight, presented herself a few hours after to plead for her son's pardon. To her astonishment she was told that he had fled.

It was agreed that Van Halen should remain in Madrid until he had recovered his health: he was accordingly placed under the care of the Biscayan woman to whom the secret of his concealment was intrusted. This individual nursed him very kindly, and never in

the least degree attempted to betray him. Meanwhile the report was spread by his friends that he had left Madrid; and to strengthen this idea, he wrote a letter to the inquisitor-general, dated it Bordeaux, and then sent it to a friend at that city, who posted it there. This quite misled the Inquisition.

Van Halen now ventured to go out at night; and one evening, passing before his father's house, he saw his mother and sisters sitting at work near the balcony, whilst several men, wrapped in cloaks, were stationed opposite the windows, and evidently watching their movements. Various adventures befell our hero during these moonlight walks; but he happily escaped all dangers; and when the spring arrived, he determined to leave Madrid for France.

A passport, designating him as a public commissioner, was, after much difficulty, obtained, without exciting suspicion; and Van Halen bade his brothers, who had been made acquainted with the whole affair, adieu, and set out with his faithful friend Polo for the frontier. Nothing remarkable occurred on their journey till they reached the city of Olite, in the kingdom of Navarre. Here, on entering the kitchen of the inn, they found a capuchin friar and a priest, who displayed the hateful badge of the holy office. This was sufficiently alarming; but the evening passed off without any discovery being made. The next morning they started on their journey before the rest of the travellers were astir, and hastened to an inn which was only one day's march from the frontier.

Van Halen's friends had intrusted the landlord of this inn with the secret of his flight, and having given the watchword, they asked for advice respecting the crossing of the Pyrenees. He advised them to travel under the protection of some smugglers who were going, and who would open a path through the snow; he added, that their sudden arrival had excited the suspicions of a notary, who was in the kitchen; on hearing which, Polo went to that room, and taking out his pocket-book, began to look over some papers, dropping, as if accidentally, the passport, and then left the kitchen. The host, who was in the secret, picked it up, and asked the notary to read it aloud, which he did, and this stilled their suspicions. Van Halen dared not trust to the guidance of the smugglers, and he and Polo started alone for the mountains, trusting to chance for their road, and for escaping the queries of the custom-house officers. As they approached the frontier, one of the guards, who was on the look-out, came up and demanded their passport; they delivered it, and dismounting, led their horses as near to the barrier as possible. For fifteen minutes they were kept in suspense, the officers looking suspiciously at them. Polo lighted a cigar, and began a conversation with one, but could obtain only monosyllabic answers.

Meantime they were repeatedly invited to go into the house; but they declined, at the same time taking care to show no signs of alarm. At length the officer came out, saying that their personal appearance so completely agreed with the passport, that he did not require any time to consider; but that he had had an order from the viceroy of Navarre, desiring him not to credit any passport that was not countersigned by his lordship. Van Halen answered that the exalted rank of the minister who had signed his, entitled him to respect. The officer returned the passport, ordered the gates of the barrier to be opened, and bade them farewell. They rode slowly until out of sight of the officers; and being sure that they were safe in the French territory, they alighted and embraced each other. Van Halen then threw off the insignias of his assumed rank of public commissioner, and dropped the name of Manuel Suelto, under which he had travelled through Spain.

The two friends were now transformed into wool merchants, and as such passed the custom-house. It was so customary for merchants to travel armed, that their pistols and swords did not attract any attention. They then hastened to Paris, and thence to Calais,

where they embarked for England, in order to obtain an asylum in that country, which is always open to all in distress. Here, properly, the narrative of Van Halen's adventures ought to end; but he played so important a part in another country some years afterwards, that we cannot resist the temptation of saying a few words more about him. We will first, however, acquaint our readers with the remainder of Ramona's history, as we are sure that they must be interested about so generous a character.

After Van Halen's escape from the Inquisition, both Ramona and Don Marcelino were examined, and placed in separate dungeons: all communication between the latter and his wife was forbidden; and Don Juanito was appointed to the post of seeing these injunctions fulfilled. The tribunal then accused Don Marcelino of not having acted with sufficient strictness towards Van Halen, and Ramona was charged with having opened the door of the prison communicating with the jailers' apartments, her master having declared that he shut them when he carried the medicine to his prisoner. Don Marcelino was condemned to the galleys for ten years, and Ramona to perpetual seclusion in a convent. This girl was, however, for some time in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and bore all her miseries with unshaken fortitude. She remained in the convent till 1820, when the political events in Spain restored her to liberty. She then married a soldier of cuirassiers, to whom she had for many years been attached. She seems to have been very humble and disinterested in her generosity, for she never asked for the slightest reward, either from the government or from any individual; and when Van Halen returned to Spain, he showed her all the kindness which gratitude for her services prompted; but she never sought in any way to raise her condition, and lived a happy and a humble life. Don Marcelino received, some years after, a situation under government; Don Juanito enlisted in a company of grenadiers; and though still wearing the badge of that office which had been overthrown with so much exultation by the people, assumed the uniform of the national militia, and was killed, while forcing an entrance into the king's palace, on the 7th of July 1822. He died expressing sorrow for his misdeeds; and we must hope that his repentance was sincere.

To return to Van Halen. His friend Polo left him as soon as he was safely settled in London, and returned to Spain. Van Halen remained some months in England; and at last, being driven by poverty to find some means of subsistence, determined to enter the army of Russia. He remained in the Russian service until the revolutions of the year 1820 rendered his return to his native country quite free from danger. He then intimated his wish to retire from the army, but the Emperor Alexander—a true despot—being displeased at the attempt made by the Spaniards to throw off the yoke which for six long years had held them in bondage, and reduced them to the same state of degradation as the Russian serfs had sunk into, gave orders that Van Halen should be dismissed from the service, and quit the Russian dominions under an escort, which should be provided for the purpose. And this order was given just after Van Halen had been planting the standard of Russia on the towers of the emperor's enemies in Georgia!

Van Halen journeyed immediately into Austria, thence through Switzerland and France, and arrived in Spain, where, in a few days after, he had the inexpressible joy of being once more in the bosom of his family.

Soon after this he married, and was sent with the far-famed General Mina to quell the rebellion in Catalonia. He shared the fate of this chief after the capitulation of Barcelona, and left Spain for the western world. In 1826 he returned to Europe, and settled in the Netherlands. Here he became acquainted with some of the warmest advocates of Belgic freedom; and being in Brussels during the Revolution of 1830, he placed himself at the head of the people, and led them against the Dutch troops during the fight of the four

days. He was then made inspector of the fortresses, and also lieutenant-general—but here we will leave him, merely mentioning a curious fact; namely, that the steam-packet which brought to England the first intelligence of the Belgian revolution was named the *Ramona*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

TELEGRAPHS on the electric principle are now in rapid construction along all our main lines of railway; in fact, the time is at hand when they will be regarded as indispensable as the rails themselves. Nor is it in Britain alone that this gratifying progress is discernible. France is equally on the alert, and her savans are unremitting in their endeavours to extend the capabilities of these wonderful instruments. The same remark is applicable to Austria and other continental countries, and in particular to the United States, where Professor Morse, the inventor of a new signal apparatus, capable of performing sixty signs a-minute, has been charged with the construction of several lines of telegraph, covering an extent of three hundred leagues. More than this, seas of moderate width will ere long be traversed by those magic wires as effectually as the most sheltered nook of land. We observe that the Admiralty, with a view of testing the practicability of conducting a submarine telegraph across the English Channel, have approved of, and given leave to, the projectors to lay down an experimental wire across Portsmouth harbour, from the admiral's house in the dockyard to the Gosport railway terminus. When this experiment has been sufficiently tested—and there seems to be no doubt whatever of its perfect practicability—then both the English and French governments will give their sanction to the projected line across the Straits of Dover. From Calais it is intended to continue the line to Paris, and from Paris to Marseilles. Upon the completion and success of these projects, a line on a still more gigantic scale, it is stated, will then be attempted by the French government; namely, that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe, thus opening a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria!

All this is highly gratifying, not only on economical, but on moral and social considerations. By and by these lines will be used not merely by railway companies in conveying their own directions, nor by government in transmitting important intelligence, but they will be employed by private individuals, by friends, by members of the same family, as a sort of extraordinary post in cases of emergency. How delightful, for instance, to learn, even by one day's anticipation of the ordinary post, that the long absent friend has safely arrived from abroad! How gratifying to know, morning and evening, the condition of a distressed relative who may be four or five hundred miles distant! In matters of business too, it will be of infinite advantage; the most perfect secrecy being obtainable by making the officials connected with the telegraph transmit certain matters known only to the parties communicating. Moreover, it will afford one of the most thorough means of detection, as has already been proved in several cases of theft. Let a bank robbery be committed in Edinburgh, for example, during the night, and next morning, by ten o'clock, the intelligence, with its particulars, may be communicated to the bankers of Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and every other town between which the telegraphic wires may be suspended. In fact, by means of this and railway and steamboat communication, the escape of culprits, which is every day becoming

less practicable, will soon be rendered next to impossible—a fact which will tend powerfully to lessen the amount of crime; the certainty of detection being one of the most potent means of prevention. And, taking still more general ground, it will be the means of uniting countries in closer friendship and friendly regard—bringing them, in many of their most important transactions, as it were together—placing them, as regards time and distance at least, on the same exchange, and in the same council chamber; and it will develop reciprocal feelings, which have now scarcely existence. Once in the enjoyment of such privileges, it will not be a slight matter that will lead to any disruption; for there is nothing more certain than that the tendency to war becomes always less in proportion to a nation's experience of the advantages of peace. What a wonderful chapter in the world's history may yet be founded on the fact of the instantaneous transmissibility of the electric fluid along a metallic wire!

BATHING AND DROWNING.

Every summer brings its catalogue of 'drowned while bathing,' but we think the present season has been unusually rife in these melancholy casualties. Scarcely a newspaper we take up but contains some such record; 'having gone beyond his depth'—'tuck cramp'—'heroically leapt in to save a drowning companion, but being no swimmer'—or the like, being invariably the reason assigned for the catastrophe. Frequent as these droppings away of human life have become, yet year after year passes by without any really adequate means being taken to prevent them. It is true that, at some of the larger ports, the commissioners or a humane society may have provided a couple of life-buoys; but these ports are seldom the resort of bathers, and we are not aware of any such provision at the little outports and sheltered nooks which usually form the bathing grounds of the country. Useful and necessary as we admit such apparatus to be, yet though every maritime hamlet were provided with them, they would go but a little way in preventing the evil to which we refer. What we require is proper bathing-places—places prepared and set aside for that purpose—of moderate depth, and so sheltered and secured, that a woman or a child would be in no danger of drowning. It will not do to tell us, as is sometimes inconsiderately done, 'Oh, if swimming were more commonly taught and practised, there would be fewer cases of drowning.' The truth is, that, among a people circumstanced as we are, swimming could never be very generally practised, even had we the perpetual summer of the tropics; and far less can it be required, seeing that for nine months in the year the severity of the climate forbids its enjoyment. Fifteen years ago, the writer of this note would have yielded to none in the exercise of swimming; but, from dwelling inland, from the calls of business, and the like, he has had no means of keeping it in practice, and now feels almost as much disqualified as though he never breasted the water. Thousands must feel themselves in the same predicament; not to say anything of those whose inland dwelling prevents them from ever acquiring the art.

All that is aimed at and required by our people—whether maritime or inland—is a few weeks of healthful bathing in the open air; and the question should be, how is this to be obtained with the greatest comfort and safety? Undoubtedly, by the preparation of proper bathing-grounds, whether on our shores or on our inland rivers. Where a corporation exists, this might be done by such a body for the common good; in much-frequented watering-places, the proprietors would find it their interest to provide such accommodation for their visitors; and where none of these means can be secured, it might become a subject of private speculation, as most parties would pay a trifling fee rather than run the risk of discomfort and danger. Public gardens, parks, recreation grounds, and baths, are now quite the rage; why not safe and comfortable situations for one of the most

healthful of all recreations—bathing in the open air? On most of our beaches a shallow space could be netted or railed in at a very small expense, and such netting, being carefully removed after summer, might be made to last for several seasons. Such a space could be subdivided, and even partially protected by an awning, so that parties might, for a trifling charge, enjoy all the seclusion of a private bath. It is true that individuals could not be prevented from taking the open sea; but the generality of females, the aged and infirm, the cautious, and those in charge of children, would assuredly prefer such places of safety. So long as the present system of unconcern prevails, there will be grievous losses and inconveniences; rash and inexperienced youths will venture beyond their depth; and chills, spasms, and cramps will unaccountably seize the most robust and experienced. We would not, by any means, discard the darts and buoys now in use; on the contrary, we would rather multiply than diminish. What we contend for, in addition, is the laying out of proper areas, which would be perfectly safe even for the least experienced, and which, moreover, could be kept more secluded, more cleanly, and more comfortable.

BURNING OF WATER.

It was once remarked by a celebrated chemist, when speaking of the probable exhaustion of our coal-fields, that he had little fear for that event, as long as then the progress of science would have enabled man to support the combustion of water. Extravagant as this opinion may appear to the unscientific, there is nothing more likely. Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen—two gases without which it would be impossible to eliminate a single phenomenon of combustion. Thus, the gas which we burn in our houses is carburetted hydrogen; that is, a compound of carbon and hydrogen, which, on ignition, gives us light and heat only when in a medium containing oxygen—such as the atmosphere. Here, then, hydrogen and oxygen play most important parts; and could we resolve water into its elements, which it is quite possible to do, all that is necessary to produce heat and light is a little carbon. But we are not left to speculate on this matter; the thing has been so far done by M. Jobard; and gas made from water, possessing double the illuminating properties of ordinary coal gas, has been used both in France and in our own country. M. Jobard obtains his hydrogen gas by the decomposition of steam in vertical retorts filled with incandescent coke, and unites this gas, at the moment of formation, with hyper-carburetted gas, produced by the distillation of any hydro-carburet—as oil, tar, naphthalene, and other products at present rejected by our ordinary gas-works. It is of no moment whence his hydro-carburets are produced; indeed the substances which are rendered useless and injurious to the manufacture of the gas, by the present mode of operating, are precisely those which are the richest in illuminating properties. M. Jobard's process and its details have been submitted, since its invention in 1833, to several commissions of inquiry both in Belgium and France, and the reports of these have been uniformly favourable both as to its cheapness and the higher illuminating power of the gas so produced. In a recent number of the 'Bulletin du Musée d'Industrie,' the inventor gives a full account of his process, which is about to become public property; and mentions that it has been used in a manufactory near St Etienne, in Dijon and Strasburg, partially in Lyons and Paris, and by private individuals in Dublin and London. He modestly concludes his paper by observing, that he will not be accused of exaggeration when he states 'that there is some value in a process, the principle of which is to decompose water, a substance of no value, by means of coke, which is of very little value—as under this process one pound of oil, which costs a halfpenny, will supply a burner giving a light equal to ten candles during twenty hours.'

M. Jobard's is certainly a discovery of great interest,

and though not the complete combustion of water predicted by Sir Humphry Davy, is at all events, as every one must admit, an important step in the right direction.

THE LAST NUMBER OF THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY

CONTAINS a fair show of articles, though, it strikes us, less exclusively in reference to foreign matters than formerly. The leading paper is a pleasant and amusing one upon Captain Stokes's Australian voyages. It appears that this expedition has been the means of adding materially to our knowledge of Australian geography, though in many places the progress of scientific discovery has been anticipated by squatter solitary pioneers of civilisation, who have established themselves for years in unexplored regions. Of this kind of population there is a vast quantity in and about Australia, particularly about Bass's Strait. The following is the reviewer's account of

THE STRAITS-MEN.

About the beginning of this century the south coast of Australia was much frequented by sailing vessels, which flocked thither to take advantage of the discoveries of Bass and Flinders, and to ply their profitable but precarious trades on islands, many of which had never before been visited by man; for the natives of Australia and Tasmania never crossed to them—at least to those which did not hold out the promise of a fertile soil. For some time the vessels engaged in sailing made large gains; but the supply did not equal the demand. It is in the nature of this occupation to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Animals sought after only for their skins soon diminish in number. Accordingly, many of the crews of the vessels, becoming attached to the spots they were in the habit of visiting, and finding, too, that it was scarcely worth while, with the small profit they made, to return to a civilised country, determined to remain and establish themselves. In lieu of pay, they generally took a boat and some stores; and, bidding farewell to their comrades, took up their abode in their favourite islands. They soon found it necessary to disperse in small parties; each station only affording subsistence to one or two; and they seem, besides, to have been fond of a comparatively solitary life. Intrepid seamen, they spent their days upon the water, and returned at night to sleep in rude little huts which they erected under the shadow of some eucaly, or in some narrow valley where protection was afforded from the wind.

It was not long before these wild dwellings became invested with all the charms of home. Gardens, well stocked with vegetables, gradually grew up around them; and these rough and uncouth beings delighted, too, in surrounding themselves with the flowers which they remembered to have loved when young. Many a rude imitation of an English homestead grew up, accordingly, in those steam boat isles; and passing ships have beheld, as they were driven along by the fury of a tornado, brief glimpses of cottages that reminded them of the land they had just quitted, with doors and windows shaded by the honeysuckle or the rose.

The above account of the origin of the straits-men is true with reference to many of the older men and their families; but it is well known that the islands of Bass's Strait have afforded a refuge to many of the convicts who from time to time escaped from the gangs of Tasmania. Mingling with the wild and somewhat lawless inhabitants of this region, they easily escape pursuit, and are thus enabled, if they please, to spend the remainder of their days in peace.

It is now time that we should explain the use of the word families, which we have used in reference to these straitsmen. They have all got one or more partners of their existence. Polygamy with them is in high honour. The man who has most wives is held in most respect, because wives and wealth are synonymous terms. The straitsmen have made it their practice to beg, buy, borrow, or steal their better halves from the tribes of the continent in Tasmania. A few seals have often procured as many women; but in cases where no disposition for barter was exhibited, force has been resorted to, and the black-eyed and black-skinned damsels have been appropriated without the consent of their parents and guardians. At

first, the conjunions thus acquired were not treated very gently; but by degrees an affection, based partly on interest, was engendered. It was found that these women might be of great assistance. They caught wallaby; assisted their lords and masters in managing their boats; in short, made themselves generally useful. Some of the straitmen were actually enabled to dispense entirely with the assistance of white companions, and lived alone with their harems, on separate islands, in solitary grandeur.

The new population thus created, which appears destined at a future period to overcome and occupy the whole of the islands, is exceedingly curious. They are, without exception, vigorous and clean-limbed, with a dark ruddy complexion, and very fine eyes and teeth. They excel in all the qualifications of their fathers, make excellent headmen in whalers, and will, probably, constitute a splendid nursery for seamen, in case any maritime power should rise in the Southern hemisphere. Even already they prove of great service to shipping, furnishing vessels with supernumerary hands, and filling up places left vacant by accident or desertion.

It is very pleasing to find that their children are not allowed to run entirely wild. Their fathers give them a rude but useful education; many can read and write; and we are told that the elementary principles of Christianity are early infused into their minds. But when our author alleges that none of the native superstitions, which might interfere with the purity of their belief, are transmitted to them, we confess our inability to believe so strange a statement without further inquiry. The paramount influence of the mother in moulding the mind of her child is notorious. No education, sinks so deeply, or abides so indelibly, as that which is unconsciously imbibed with a mother's milk. Now, these Tasmanian women, in spite of the influence of their husbands, all retain a firm hold of many of the extraordinary notions prevalent among their people. The most remarkable of these is the doctrine of the transmutations of aboriginal souls into the bodies of white men. Nothing will induce them to abandon this idea. They cherish it fondly, and resist tenaciously any endeavour to deprive them of it, as an incumbrance upon their happiness.

Our reviewer also presents one or two curious traits of the population at Sydney. The following cannot fail to amuse our readers:—

THE 'GOVERNMENT CLASS' AT SYDNEY.

It may be worth while here, suppressing names and dates, to give an instance of the feeling which exists among what are called the "free," in opposition to the "government" classes, now emancipated, and possessing the same political rights and privileges with the others. Several attempts have been made to conclude a treaty of alliance between them, but in vain. All endeavours hitherto have failed before the invincible prejudices of hereditary virtue; and there seems every possibility of the permanent existence of a class which thanks God it is not as its neighbours are—sons and daughters of publicans and sinners. The prejudices entertained against the black natives have been partially overcome, by a matrimonial alliance at Swan River. It was thought, therefore, that if a marriage between persons of a distinguished position, one of them being of convict descent, were brought about, a great step would have been taken. A couple answering this description existed. The accomplished and beautiful daughter of a man of wealth, who had been one of the compulsory founders of the state, was betrothed to a young man glorying in all the pride of honest blood. The marriage took place; the bride was given away by the governor of the colony. The public looked on in seeming approval; and as soon as the reluctance of the young wife to appear in public was overcome, she entered, leaning on the arm of her husband, a ball-room, with all the rank and fashion of Sydney. A titter was heard; there was shaking of fans, and rustling of gowns, and exchanging of glances, and tossing of heads, and whisperings. Suddenly every kind and charitable lady rose from her seat, the dance was broken up, and in a few minutes all the rank and fashion of Sydney had disappeared, and even the hostess, who had magnanimously issued the invitation, awed by this expression of public opinion, dared scarcely advance to console the confounded and weeping cause of all this confusion!

Another instance will exhibit the state of feeling among the republicates themselves. They have been taught to caricature the feelings of the free. Because these will

not associate with the descendants of rogues, those will not associate with any who are not descendants of rogues. A public dinner was given by this class, to which the doctor who took care of their bodily health was invited. Great was the joviality among these sinners, and toasts of all kinds were drunk. Our medical friend got on his legs, to answer for his profession; when suddenly a man arose, whose claims to Newgate descent were undoubted, and insisted that, because the son of *Æsculapius* was a *white sheep*, he could not be heard. No sooner was this hint given, than divers significant glances were cast on the worthy doctor, who stood almost overwhelmed by the imputation. At length, mustering courage, he repelled the charge "of his honourable friend," denied the purity of his descent, and, for fear of falling a victim to the "exclusive dealing" system, actually proved, by a long genealogical deduction, his relationship with some notorious

SELF-CULTURE.

[The following paper is an abridgement of Channing's essay on the same subject—lightly simplified in language, and with one new passage, marked by brackets. The public will be more satisfied with it on learning that it was put into its present form by a young married lady of the county of Sussex, with a view to circulation amongst the labourers on her husband's estate.]

I am going to address those who gain a livelihood by the labour of their hands, from whose industry and skill I derive almost all the comforts of life. I wish to express my sense of obligation to them, and my sympathy with this large portion of my fellow-creatures; and I wish to encourage them to the duty of self-culture—a duty which every man owes to himself. I will first explain what I mean by self-culture. To cultivate a plant is to make it grow. Nothing admits of culture except that which has life in it. He who unfolds all the power of his mind, and all the good feelings of his heart, so as to become a wise and good being, practises self-culture. Another word for self-culture is self-education.

I am aware that there is a common notion that the mass of the people need no other education than is necessary to fit them for their various trades and occupations. But a man is to be educated because he is a man; not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins, or because he has to labour in the fields. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being; for his mind cannot be shut up in it, his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. Men of all conditions are placed in circumstances which give rise to the highest virtues, and demand great powers of mind. The labourer is not a mere labourer: he has close, tender, responsible connexions with God and his fellow-creatures; he is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian; he belongs to a home, a country, a church, and a race. And is such a man to be educated *only* for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for the great work of improving himself? Is not the greatest work on earth, the education of his children, committed to him by God? In these remarks I do not mean to recommend to the labourer indifference to his outward lot. Undoubtedly a man is to perfect himself in his trade, for by it he is to earn his bread. But bread is not his highest good; for if it were, his lot would be harder than that of the brutes, whom nature feeds and clothes without any care of their own. If a man knows no higher use of his mind than to drudge for his body, his case is desperate as far as education is concerned.

Still, I hold it important that every man, in every class, should possess the means of health, of comfort in food and clothing, and of occasional retirement and leisure. These are good in themselves; they are to be sought for their own sakes; and, still more, they are important means of self-education. A clean, comfortable dwelling, with wholesome meals, is no small assistance to the improvement of the morals and the understanding. A man living in a damp, cold, or dirty dwelling, and striving, without success, to appease his hunger on scanty and unwholesome food, is in danger of falling into in-

difference and recklessness. Multiply comforts, then, as much as you can by honourable means—only do not sacrifice for them better and greater things.

Labour may be one great means of education, and this every man may find in his condition or occupation, be it what it may. If he strive to do his whole work faithfully—to be honest, not because 'honesty is the best policy,' but for the sake of justice, and that he may do good to others—he is making his daily labour a means of improving and perfecting his nature. It is strange that labouring men do not think more of the vast usefulness of their toils, and take a benevolent pleasure in them on this account. A man, to support himself, must serve others: he must do or produce something for their comfort or gratification. Now, this usefulness ought to be an end in his labour, as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own, and in so doing, in despatching his sweat and toil, to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive makes the commonest pursuit holy. It is by thus interweaving goodness with common labours that we give virtue strength, and make it a habit of the soul.

One of the chief means of self-education is the course with superior minds; and this we can enjoy chiefly through books. In the best books, we may talk to us, God be thanked for books! They are the voice of the distant and the dead. They give to all who will use them, the society of the best and the wisest of our race.

To make this means of education effectual, a man must choose good books; such as have been written by great minded and strong-minded men; and these works must not only be skimming over for amusement, but read with attention. In choosing books, we may be assisted by those who have studied more than ourselves, but our choice must depend upon our natural tastes.

I know how hard it is to come upon (especially to those who spend much time in fattening bodily labour) to live cheerfully on books. Let them strive to overcome this difficulty by choosing subjects of deep interest, or by reading in company with those whom they love. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are the only things comparisons in solitude, though it is true, let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.

But I would be asked, how can the labouring classes afford to be reading? I answer, that in earnest purpose finds time, or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns larger fragments of leisure to good account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command; and it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that they who have most time at their disposal profit by it least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of an interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge. Then winter brings leisure to the husbandman, and winter evenings to many labourers in the city. Above all, in Christian countries, the seventh day is released from toil. The seventh part of the year—no small portion of existence—may be given by almost every one to the cultivation of the mind.

But some will say, 'Be it granted that the working-classes may find some leisure; should they not be allowed to spend it in amusement? Is it not cruel to summon them from toils of the hand to toils of the mind? They have earned pleasure by the day's toil, and ought to partake it.' Yes, let them have pleasure. Far be it from me to prevent them refreshing themselves after life's labours. But I maintain that reading multiplies and increases their pleasures; that it creates new capacities of enjoyment; that it saves their leisure

from being, what it too often is, dull and wearisome; that it saves them from rushing for excitement to indulgences destructive to body and soul. It is one of the great benefits of self-improvement that it raises a people above the enjoyments of the brute, to give them pleasures worthy of men. In consequence of the present intellectual culture of our country, a vast mass of enjoyment is given to men, women, and children of all ranks by books; an enjoyment unknown in former times. At this moment numbers of skilled writers are employed in multiplying entertaining works. Sir Walter Scott, a name well known among the greatest of his day, has given us tales of fiction which have taken their place among the delights of all civilised nations. How many millions have been chained to his pages! How many melancholy spirits has he stooped in forgetfulness of their cares and sorrows! What multitudes, wearied by the day's work, have owed some bright evening hours and pleased sleep to his delightful stories! And not only do fictions give pleasure. In proportion as the mind is cultivated, it takes delight in history, in descriptions of nature, in travels, in poetry, and even graver works. Is the labourer, then, deprived of pleasure by education? Let me only add, that in proportion as education spreads among a people, the cheapest and commonest of all pleasures—conversation—increases in delight. This, after all, is the great amusement of life—cheering us round our hearths, and often cheering our work. This source of pleasure is often lost to men of all classes for want of knowledge, activity of mind, and refinement of feeling. And do we deprive the labourer of his pleasure by recommending to him improvements which will place the daily, hourly blessings of conversation within his reach?

As I wish to raise no unreasonable hopes, I must make one remark on the subject of education. Though, by faithfully endeavouring to strengthen his mind by thought and reading, every man, of whatever age, will be richly rewarded, he must not expect to enjoy the fruits of his labours so thoroughly, if his early education has not prepared his mind for future improvement. They whose childhood has been neglected, though they may make progress in future life, can hardly repair the loss of their first years. I say this that we may be all excited to save our children from this loss, and that we may prepare them, as far as is in our power, for an effectual use of all the means of self-education which a ripe age may bring with it. [Do not neglect to send your children to school, for the sake of any weekly addition to your earnings which their labour might produce. They have been committed to your charge by God, and you will have one day to answer at his judgment seat if you have in any way neglected the improvement of their hearts and minds.]

I conclude with recalling to you the happiest feature of our age; and that is, the progress of the mass of the people in intelligence, self-respect, and all the comforts of life. What a contrast does the present form with past times! Let us thank God for what has been gained, but let us feel that we have only started in the race. How much remains to be done! What a vast amount of ignorance, drunkenness, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is lost! When we think that every house might be cheered by intelligence, unselfishness, and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation! How few understand that, to raise the depressed, by a wise education, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the social state! Shame on us that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt! I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities. I would say to them, Your nature is too great to be crushed; you were not created merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the brutes. If you will, you can

rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition, can depress you and keep you down in knowledge, power, and virtue, but by your own consent. Awake!—resolve earnestly on self-education. Make yourselves worthy of your country and your religion, and strengthen them by your intelligence and your virtues!

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. 'I was thinking,' answered Park, 'how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface.' It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life—a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it: a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mohammedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped that thunder-storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St Andrew's castle; and if Mr Grenville had not carried, in 1746, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging 'certain stamp duties' on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the Faery Queen in his mother's parlour; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Oates, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd-boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he went that way.—*Audic Journal*, 1846.

MICE IN GERMANY.

A plague peculiar to the dry districts along the Rhine is found in the mice, which, in a fine season, swarm in such myriads, that whole fields are devastated where no energetic means are adopted for destroying them. It is true that the winter frosts and spring floods cleanse the fields, to all appearance, thoroughly of this nuisance; yet, if the month of May be fine, they appear in August with undiminished force. In various villages, the remedies attempted are different. Sometimes a reward in money is offered per one hundred skins, and the youthful population is encouraged to exert its skill and passion for the chase on the modern hydra. All such efforts prove, however, ineffectual to keep down the numbers of the general foe, whose paths across a corn field are nearly as broad as those trodden by single foot-passengers, while the hoard abstracted from his crop is estimated by the farmer from the number of straws nibbled off at a short distance from the ground, the ears from which have disappeared within the subterranean labyrinths, that often repay the labour of digging up. In the neighbourhood of Jülich a mode of smothering out the mice has been introduced from Belgium. An iron pan, two feet high, has at bottom a grating supported by a pin. On the grating some charcoal is laid, and the pan, when filled with rags, leather, and sulphur, is fastened with an air-tight cover, which has a small tube, into which a small hose, connected with a bellows, is inserted. The pan is held by an upper and a side handle. The night before it is used the field is surveyed, and all open mouse-holes are trodden close. In the morning, such as are opened indicate those which are tenanted, and being selected, the lower part of the pan is pressed against it, and the bellows being set to work, the smoke issues from the orifice near the grating, and penetrates into the runs and galleries that connect the holes. A number of assistants are required to tread the crevices close through which the smoke is seen to escape; and if

all due precautions be taken, great numbers of these diminutive enemies may be slaughtered, and at the same time buried, in their subterranean holds.—*Benjfield's Industry of the Rhine*.

THE POETRY OF RAILWAYS.

[A specimen of 'Voices from the Crowd,' by Charles Mackay, LL.D.: London: Orr and Co. This may be called a volume of political poetry—the poetry of the movement party, and especially the party of the intellectual movement. It is bold and energetic—perhaps too much so—full of fine thoughts and generous aspirations. We particularly sympathise in it, anti-war spirit. About a third portion of the pieces have appeared in the *Daily News*.]

No poetry in Railways!—foolish thought
Of a dull brain, to no fine music wrought.
By mummion dazzled, though the people prize
The gold alone, yet shall not we dispute
The triumphs of our time, or fail to see
Of pregnant mind the fruitful progeny,
Fishing the daylight of the world's new dawn.
Look up, ye doubters, be no more forlorn!
Smooth your rough brows, ye little wise; rejoice,
Ye who despond; and with exulting voice
Salute, ye earnest spirit of our time,
The young improvement ripening to her prime;
Who, in the fulness of her genial youth,
Prepares the way for Liberty and Truth,
And breaks the barriers that, since earth began,
Have made mankind the enemy of man.

Lay down your rails, ye nations near and far;
Take your full trains to Steam's triumphant car;
Link town to town; unite in iron bands
The long-estranged and oft-embattled lands.
Peace, mild-eyed seraph—Knowledge, light divine,
Shall send their messengers by every line.
Men, joined in unity, shall wonder long
That Hate had power to lead their fathers wrong;
Or that false Glory lured their hearts away,
And made it virtuous and sublime to slay.

Blessings on Science! When the earth seemed old,
When Faith grew dotting, and the Reason cold,
'Twas she discovered that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue;
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new.

Blessings on Science! In her dawning hour
Faith knit her brow, alarmed for ancient power;
Then looked again upon her face sincere,
Held out her hand, and hailed her—Sister dear:
And Reason, free as eagle on the wind,
Swooped o'er the fallow meadows of the mind,
And, clear of vision, saw what seed would grow
On the hill slopes or in the vales below;
What in the sunny South or rippling North,
And from her talons dropped it as she soared.

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream;
And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed, or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.

POLISH HONEY.

Poland is perhaps the greatest honey-producing country in Europe. In the provinces of Podolia, Ukraine, and Volhynia in particular, the cultivation of the honey-bee has long formed an object of national importance; and in these her-gardens are not only very numerous and extensive, but they are also common in other parts of the kingdom. There are cottages in Poland, with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives. There are some farmers who collect annually more than 200 barrels of fine honey, each barrel weighing from 400 to 500 lbs., exclusive of the wax. A tenant is often in this way enabled to pay his rent and taxes, to defray other domestic expenses, and often to accumulate handsome dowries for his daughters.—*Journal of Agriculture*.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE.

WHEN lately in England, I found time to perform what I had long had in expectation, a pilgrimage to the tomb of that most amiable and industrious naturalist, Gilbert White of Selborne. Pilgrimages in the present day are happily less fatiguing and dangerous than they were in the days of Thomas à Becket. For the ancient and prescriptive staff and scrip, we substitute a travelling-bag and railway-carriage, or, what is still better, a postchaise; and with these conveniences, I had, on the present occasion, so little to complain of, that my pilgrimage did not, from first to last, produce a single adventure. The thing, indeed, is perhaps too easily done. You have only to take the railway from Nine Elms to a station about forty miles distant on the line, and then get across the country in a southerly direction to Alton, whence it is a drive or walk of a few miles to Selborne. Circumstances led me to make a wider stretch. I had been on a trip to Portsmouth, and instead of returning to town by rail, proceeded across the country by Petersfield, so as to strike on the line at the proper distance from London.

Accommodated with a vehicle at Petersfield, our little party approached Selborne from the south-west, our way being by a country road full of all sorts of crooks and bends, ups and downs, every turn disclosing some new object of rural interest. Now we would be brought right up in front of a bank overhung with dog-roses in full blossom; then we would turn round on a little haunt with a slip of green before it, on which were merrily scampering two or three Hampshire pigs; next we would have to give room on the narrow pathway for the passage of a loaded wain, driven by a sturdy peasant in his smock-frock, who would politely—who says the English are not courteous?—touch his round white hat as he came under the fire of bright eyes from the carriage window. Having emancipated ourselves from the winding efflorescent alleys, we at length came to a kind of open but irregular-shaped valley, surrounded by woody heights, and in the centre of which was the object of our excursion—the far-famed village of Selborne.

The word village, however, is scarcely a proper designation for this interesting place. There is no exactly regular street, neither is there much continuity of houses. The dwellings of the ordinary English rural character are pitched about here and there, some on the tops of banks, others low down; one class brisk and forward, coming perking out to the edge of the roadway, another more modestly retiring; and the whole a good deal mixed up with trees, gardens, ricks, barns, and other country things. Rather more than half-way through the village—to call it by that name—you arrive, on the right hand or south side, at the principal inn, a

mansion of two storeys, with a projecting sign over the doorway. The establishment is quite the species of hostelry which I like best to be set down at. Instead of a rush of waiters with white towels, the sudden stoppage of the wheels brings to the door a little flaxen-haired maiden, who curtsies, and waits till her mother, the mistress of the mansion, and her father, the red-faced, good-natured Boniface, arrive—the said Boniface being no way rubicund from ongoings at the tap, far from it, but from fair out-door labour, as is proved from his being without his coat, and his hands fresh from a bit of work in the sort of half-garden half-orchard with which the house is two-thirds environed.

The arrival of a party of ladies and gentlemen in a carriage at the inn of Selborne is of course not an everyday event; at the same time it does not make any extraordinary fracas, and, with suitable hospitality and composure, you are invited to step in and walk up stairs. No, no; we will just sit down a moment in the parlour, if you please, in order to get a little local knowledge from our host, who is obligingly ready to give ample directions as to what we should do and see. He has it all at his finger-ends, and can fortify everything he says with a long old edition of White, which he drags from a cupboard, and lays before us on the parlour table. But we have brought with us a little handy edition,* which, with much new information, and a map to boot, is a far better book, and this rather disconcerts Boniface. But he rallies, and kindly offers to conduct us to Gilbert's shrine: we cruelly decline this too, at which he is again a trifle unphrased; but we put him in the best possible humour by ordering dinner, and telling him we shall be back at three, after a pretty long walk round the village, as far as the Hanger in the one direction, and the Priory in the other.

So this is all settled. The ladies leave their shawls, for the weather has become rather warm; but they say they will take their parasols, not so much on account of the sun, as of a heavy blackish cloud which is suspiciously peeping over the edge of the Hanger, and almost as good as threatening something mischievous to a couple of new bonnets.

Contrary to the fashion of most cities, the 'west end' of Selborne is in the east; and proceeding in that direction, we arrive immediately in front of the house once occupied by the Whites, but altered somewhat from what it was when inhabited by the naturalist. It is a substantial edifice of two storeys, the walls of faded brick, slightly time-worn; and being dignified with a flower-plot in front, it possesses a decided dash of aristocracy, so far as outward appearances are concerned. Latterly,

* White's Natural History of Selborne; a new edition with notes. By Edward Blyth. London: W. S. Orr and Co. Paternoster Row, 1836.

the mansion has been acquired by a new resident, and the grounds behind, so often spoken of by Gilbert, are in the course of considerable improvement; for one thing, the lawn now seems to extend from the house all the way to the foot of the Hanger, and this imparts additional beauties to a spot which had always been elegant and pleasing in its features.

Gilbert White, who made this locality so famous, was the eldest son of John White, a gentleman of small fortune in Selborne, and was born in 1720. After receiving his school education at Basingstoke, he was admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1739; in 1746 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts; and in 1752, became one of the senior proctors of the university. Contented with these scholarly honours, Mr White retired to Selborne, where, on his moderate patrimony, he proposed to devote his life to the study of nature and general literary occupation. It is commonly imagined that he became the ecclesiastical incumbent of the parish; but this is a mistake. Gilbert White was a country gentleman, who spent his existence in his native village only from choice, not in the exercise of any professional duty.

About 1768, he commenced the remarkable series of letters to Thomas Pennant and the Hon. Daines Barrington on subjects of natural history, which form the popular work known as the 'Natural History of Selborne.' These letters are matchless for their minute yet graphic and entertaining notices of the soil, climate, vegetable productions, animals, social characteristics, &c. peculiar to the parish. Out of what would be called the most dull and uninteresting materials, he has elaborated a most amusing and instructive narrative. The charm of the book is its exceeding naïveté. Every appearance, every fact, everything in the least degree bearing on the great object he had in view, is related with an apparent unconsciousness of its forming a contribution to the body of human knowledge.

The following may be taken as examples:—

Talking of bats, he observes—'I was much entertained last summer with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon, seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion that bats, when down on a flat surface, cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more despatch than I was aware of, but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner.'

One day, in walking in the fields, he sees a mouse of a remarkable species, which attracts his attention. It was the *Mus musculus*; and making inquiries into the habits of this pretty little creature, he writes as follows to Pennant on the subject:—'These mice never enter into houses, are carried into ricks and barns with the sheaves, abound in harvest, and build their nests amidst the straws of the corn above the ground, and sometimes in thistles. They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat. One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball; with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind. As this nest was perfectly full, how could the dam come at her litter respectively, so as to administer a teat to each? Perhaps she opens different places for that purpose, adjusting

them again when the business is over; but she could not possibly be contained herself in the ball with her young, which, moreover, would be daily increasing in bulk. This wonderful procumbent cradle, and elegant instance of the efforts of instinct, was found in a wheat-field, suspended in the head of a thistle.' Recurring afterwards to these mice, he says, 'Two of them, in a scale, weighed down just one copper halfpenny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois, so that I suppose they are the smallest quadrupeds in this island.'

So on he alludes to and describes the habits and appearance of numerous insects, reptiles, and other living things. Among other pets, he domesticated a small land tortoise, which he called Timothy. The habits of this poor little foreigner seem to have attracted much of his attention, and been the subject of numerous harmless experiments. Timothy lived thirty years at Selborne, and, to appearance, was contented with this long captivity; but on one occasion he made his escape, and was brought back in disgrace. As an instance of the playful humour of the naturalist, I present the following supposititious letter of Timothy to a Lady, giving an account of himself and his sorrows. It was found among Mr White's papers after his decease.

'MOST RESPECTED LADY—Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little, and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short. Know, then, that I am an American, and was born in the year 1734, in the province of Virginia, in the midst of a savannah that lay between a large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relations with much satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who attained to great ages without any interruption from distempers. Longevity is so general among our species, that a funeral is quite a rare occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age. Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate and the society of my friends, had not a sea-boy, who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprised me as I was sunning myself under a bank, and whipping me into his wallet, carried me aboard his ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worthy of recital; I only remember that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to soothe my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor on the coast of England, in the harbour of Chichester. In that city my kidnapper sold me for half-a-crown to a country gentleman who came up to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a basket, and carried, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles, and as I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy with my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after showing me to some of his neighbours, and giving me the name of Timothy, took little further notice of me, so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers. With this gentleman I remained almost forty years, living in a little walled-in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet, and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society, which I often languished after. Last the good old lady died at a very advanced age, such as even a tortoise would call a great age, and I then became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and packing me in a deal box, jumbled me eighty miles in a postchaise to my present abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation I enjoy many advantages, such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney-beans, and many other palubrious and delectable

herbs and plants, and especially with a great choice of delicate gooseberries! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition; for you must know that my present master is what men call a naturalist, and much visited by people of that turn, who often put him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, &c. and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed, that it may be seen how much I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting during summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I sprawl about, to the great diversion of the shopkeeper's children. * * These are some of my grievances; but they sit very light on me in comparison of what remains behind. Know, then, tender-hearted lady, that my great misfortune, and what I have never divulged to any one before, is the want of society with my own kind. It was in the month of May last that I resolved to clope from my place of confinement; for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoisers of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill, or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadow, both of which I could discern from the terrace. One sunny morning I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of the gardener, and escaped into the ramble-foin, which began to be in bloom, and thence to the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wilderness of sweets, and exploring the meadow at times. But my pains were all to no purpose; I could find no society such as I sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth in eight, and surrendered myself up to Thomas, who had been incessant in my absence. Thus, madam, have I given you a faithful account of my satisfactions and sorrows, the latter of which are most suppetmost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility; let me, therefore, make my case your own in the following manner, and then you will judge of my feelings:—Suppose you were to be kidnapped away to-morrow, in the bloom of your life, to a land of tortoisers, and were never to see again a human face for fifty years! Think on this, dear lady, and pity your sorrowful reptile.—*FINIS.*

Passing Mr White's residence, we went towards the church, in front of which is an open space of ground called the *Pléyslow*, or *Pléstor* [*locus habet*], the place of village festivities), having on one side the vicarage, a new and handsome edifice. The churchyard, which we enter freely by a wicket, is a plain but neat enclosure, dotted over with tombstones, one of which, with the simple inscription, 'G. W., 26th June 1793,' marks the lowly and scarcely distinguishable grave of the naturalist, and the date of his decease. Near the entrance to the church still stands an old yew of great size, to which Mr White thus alludes in one of his most pleasing letters:—'It seems to have seen several centuries, and is probably coeval with the church, and therefore may be deemed an antiquity. The body is squat, short, and thick, and measures twenty-three feet in the girth, supporting a head of suitable extent to its bulk. This is a male tree, which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina. As far as we have been able to observe, the males of this species become much larger than the females, and it has so fallen out that most of the yew-trees in the churchyards of this neighbourhood are males; but this must have been matter of mere accident, since men, when they first planted yews, little dreamed that there were sexes in trees.'

The church is a heavy Gothic edifice, of the reign, it is believed, of Henry VII., and remarkable for nothing inside but a painting over the communion-table, in the style of Holbein. Near this antique work of art is a marble tablet in the wall, with a Latin inscription commemorative of the virtues of Gilbert White. To the archaeologist, White's very minute history of the church and parish of Selborne is doubtless full of interest. It

was more in my way, however, to inquire into the social characteristics of the district; and what so likely to throw light on this branch of affairs as the church register? Having, accordingly, inquired for this important record, which is kept in the vestry, I found that, in 1845, there took place eleven marriages, and that of the twenty-two persons united in holy wedlock, only seven could sign their name! It is a fact; fifteen subscribed with a mark, and so likewise did some of the witnesses. Oh national disgrace! England, art thou not ashamed of thyself, thus to rear thy sons and daughters in ignorance of letters! The clerk, who was our conductor, was at any rate ashamed; but he eagerly took refuge in the fact, that, by means of a school recently set up in the parish, the young ones would most likely be able to read a bit, and to sign their name when they grew up. I hope the visitor of Selborne, twenty years hence, will find the good clerk's prognostication verified.

Having done with the church and churchyard, we next crossed a field, and ascended the Hanger. This hill, which is often mentioned by White, is finely covered with beeches, which, at the time of our visit, were in full leaf. The ascent is rendered comparatively easy by a zig-zag pathway, leading to the top, on which is an open down, or sheep-walk, described as 'a pleasing park-like spot, putting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water.' The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs, by Guild-down near Guildford, and by the downs round Dorking and Ryegate, in Surrey, to the north-east, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.

From the Hanger, we returned by a winding lane, and pursuing our way through the village, got into the valley of the Bourne, on the opposite side. Here we had a charming rural walk, for about a mile, to the Priory. Of this place White presents an ample and interesting account. Here, it seems, was founded a priory in 1232, by Peter de la Roche, bishop of Winchester, on his return from the Holy Land. This establishment, in virtue of royal and other grants, rose to considerable local importance, and continued as a conventual foundation till 1468, when it was suppressed by its ecclesiastical superiors, and its revenues and privileges united to Magdalene College, Oxford. For a time, a chaplain, and one or two other functionaries, were maintained within the defunct priory, but at length even this small establishment was withdrawn; the buildings were left to go to ruin; and finally the very ruins were cleared away; so that latterly there was not a vestige remaining of the ancient religious settlement. In the present day, the site is occupied by a farm-house, in the garden of which, laid within an alcove, we found a few encaustic tiles—the only relics left to point out the abode of the learned churchman, Peter de la Roche.

● From this secluded spot we rambled to other scenes mentioned by White, everywhere having occasion to admire the fidelity of his descriptions. I need hardly say, it is impossible to make these rounds without giving all honour to the man who, by his laborious exertions, has clothed the place with so many delightful associations—made so much out of little—framed so instructive and eloquent a book out of rambles over a few fields noway remarkable for their features. The country appears so little changed, that we can almost fancy the fine old figure of Gilbert stalking about, cane in hand, peering into holes and corners in quest of beetles, casting his eye upwards watching the flight of swallows, or mounting a stile in quest of a trout hedgehog. It is undesirable that all should be naturalists, like this amiable enthusiast; but every one of us may take a lesson from his lifelong labours, and try to be useful in our generation. Whether we reside in villa or cot, we can occupy many idle hours in the

pursuit and enjoyment, and even in the spread of knowledge. If so unfortunate as to possess no taste for investigating the works of nature, perhaps we have a fancy for matters of social concern. If we can add nothing to natural history, we can surely extend a helping hand to some beneficial institution in the neighbourhood. Where so much ignorance and prejudice has to be cleared away—so much has to be done by parish libraries, temperance societies, insurance associations, and other aids—who need spend his life in worthless indolence—who shall do nothing in return for the gifts which have been showered upon him by a gracious Providence?

It was now nearly three o'clock, and time to retrace our steps to the inn, where, on our arrival, we found dinner set out in the upper apartment overlooking the winding dell through which we had lately been strolling. I need hardly say that, by the united exertions of the household, a capital meal was prepared and put before us. And so well appetised were we from our long walk, that the little fair-haired girl, who acted as waiter, was kept on the trot, supplying us with dishes of hot chops as each, successively disappeared. I only add, that if the reader wants to enjoy a country walk and a country dinner, he knows where to go. About five o'clock, sending the ladies in the chaise round to Alton, we crossed the fields on foot, climbing perhaps as many as a dozen wooden stiles by the way, and zig-zagging to view points of scenery or geological features of the country mentioned by White, whose book was in constant requisition. Pretty well tired by this post-prandial feat of pedestrianism, we at length reached Alton, got a fresh chaise to the railway station at Winchfield, whence we were in little more than an hour conveyed to Nine Elms. And so terminated my long-wished-for and much-enjoyed pilgrimage to Selborne.

SCIPIO CRACKLES.

A NARRATIVE OF AMERICAN NEGRO LIFE.*

I HAPPENED, on one of my journeys on the upper waters of the Trinity River, to lose my way—a by no means unfrequent occurrence with the traveller in the American wilds. On this occasion I was so far distant from the boat by which I passed from place to place, that I had no choice but to camp out in the forest for the night, or find some shelter. Preferring the latter, if practicable, I made a circuit through the forest in the hope of falling upon a trail. For some time I searched in vain, but at length reached an open glade, where a beaten path rewarded my exertions. Stepping out firmly, I had not proceeded far when I heard the sound of human footsteps in advance, and seizing my rifle, in case of any awkward result, shouted loudly for the man in advance to pause.

'I wait, massa,' was the reply, proclaiming the stranger to be a negro.

Making as rapid progress as possible, I soon came up with the black, who was calmly seated on a log awaiting my approach. Used as I was to the severe, servile laws of Texas, the man's appearance somewhat surprised, and for a moment alarmed me, as a negro maroon was not likely to be alone. Clad in a trapper's garb—fat, sleek, and happy-looking—the negro was further armed with musket and knife, against the practice of the country, which denies to slaves the use of arms. A couple of huge wild turkeys showed that he had been on no unsuccessful hunt, while there was something so thoroughly honest in his look, that my most injurious suspicion flew away ere hardly it had existed. Our

greeting was friendly; for, much to the horror of many of my American friends, I always treated negroes as I would have done a white man of the same class, which, in a country where it was illegal for a free black to reside, made me often somewhat obnoxious.

'Well, friend,' said I, 'I am glad to meet you, for I have lost my way, and am both hungry and weary. I suppose I can find both food and shelter at your master's house?'

'Ees, massa,' said the sturdy black with a broad grin; 'I 'xpect I show you war you find 'em.'

I thanked him, and, as we advanced, pursued the conversation. I saw that the black looked surprised, and I speedily informed him that I was an Englishman, who regarded not the colour of the skin, but looked with the same satisfaction on an honest negro as on an honest white man. The dorkie, though scarcely able to credit me, was delighted, and entered with spirit into the questions which I asked him. I found him intelligent, lively, and with a singular degree of independence, that puzzled, while it gratified me. At length we emerged from the forest; and just as I discovered a rude log-hut, a field of corn, a few stray pigs and fowls, breaking agreeably the late monotony of timber, my companion exclaimed with pride, 'Dere, massa—dere my house, and me very glad to see you.'

I was much surprised. A negro squatter was a novelty which I had never before seen, and I began to hope a valuable discovery in my new friend. Preceding me with rapid step, the black gained the door of his habitation, where a sable girl, of about three-and-twenty, and three diminutive specimens of dark humanity, stood awaiting his approach. I followed, and being heartily invited to enter, found myself in a neat log-hut, furnished with all the usual conveniences of a frontier dwelling. All was clean and sweet, while to the right of the fireplace were two chambers apportioned off as sleeping apartments. I had, while on my way, explained that I was hungry, and the black girl at once, on her husband's mentioning this fact, busied herself in preparing a savoury meal. It was soon ready, and smoking on the pine board. I advanced to the table, and saw that but one knife and platter had been laid. 'My friends,' said I with a smile, 'are you not going to eat with me? When I seek hospitality, I never turn the master from his meal.'

The negroes looked puzzled. For a white man to consent to sit down to the same meal with blacks, was to them a novelty of a startling character, and it was with difficulty I could make them join me. When, however, they did, it was with no small animation and delight. After we had discussed a very hearty meal, the negro produced a keg of spruce beer, and, placing a couple of mugs on the table, prepared, over this harmless beverage, to satisfy a curiosity I had not sought to conceal from him.

It appeared that Scipio Crackles—for by this unenviable name was he known—was born upon the estate of one Colonel Ephraim Jones, in one of the Carolinas; I do not think proper to mention which. At a very early age he had succeeded in gaining the affections of a fellow-slave, Judith by name, a young negro girl, in whose shining ebony skin, white teeth, and merry eyes, he could see more beauty than is found by many a European lover in the mistress of his heart. Their master making no objection to the match, they were speedily married. Colonel Ephraim was a just and righteous man, who, deploring his being born a slave-owner, knew not how to remedy the evil. He was merciful, however, to both man and beast; and his blacks enjoyed as much happiness as can ever be found in a state of physical bondage, and consequent moral degradation. Many of the negroes are happy: the happiness, however, too much of animals, unconscious of the blessings which their false position deprives them of. Perhaps this state of existence was never more benign than with our young couple, who were looking forward to the supreme satisfaction of being parents, when the colonel died. Great was the

* The facts of this narrative were communicated to the writer in manuscript, by a friend who resided many years in Texas, and whose words have, as much as possible, been preserved.

grief of all his blacks, mourning one who had lightened their anomalous and peculiar position as far as possible; but greater was their consternation, when it was announced that the heir-at-law, a merchant in a non-slaveholding state, had ordered the property to be sold by auction in various lots, the blacks of course to be included in the arrangement. The heir was a zealous abolitionist, and so abhorred the idea of owning a man, even for a day, that he hurried on the sale as fast as possible, having no objection to possess the value of his human cattle.* To none was this intelligence more disastrous than to Scipio Crackles and his dusky little wife; for they well knew how likely it was they should be purchased by different masters, when they might be separated without mercy, and perhaps never meet again; for, though united by a minister of religion, the law made no provision for keeping sacred the marriage tie. There was one law for the free, another for those in bondage.

The day of sale approached, and the arrivals from all parts were numerous, while Judith in the meantime became a mother. It was on a Monday morning when the sale began. It were useless, as it would be most painful, to follow all its details; suffice that, about dusk, Scipio was made to ascend a platform, and there, exposed to the whole audience, was put up to auction to the highest bidder; a scene which, though it may be glossed over, as it has been by many writers, can awaken but one sensation in every justly-constituted mind. A man exposed for sale by man! Scipio was a likely youth—he was tall, robust, and well-made, and he found many candidates for the honour of possessing him. At length he was knocked down to one Jabez Minton, a blacksmith, who saw in the slave, or rather in his thews and sinews, a very proper pupil for the forge and sledge-hammer. A deadly sickness overcame the young negro; for he knew Jabez Minton to be one who was little likely to enumber himself with poor Judith and his week-old infant.

Judith was now put up, and on her the auctioneer lavished all his eloquence, pointing out, as temptations to give a high price, her youth, her comeliness, and all the many charms which had won the susceptible heart of poor Scipio. The auctioneer was a bit of a wag, and loved a joke; accordingly, he dilated on the sable attractions of the young mother, who, cowering on the platform, with her infant in her arms, gazed wistfully at the husband from whom it seemed she was likely to be severed. The auctioneer meanwhile proceeded. He called her the 'yaller flower of the forest'; dilated on her youth, and the healthy babe she carried; on the excellent qualities which she must possess as a domestic servant; nor were his least encomiums lavished on her beauty. In truth, she was the prettiest negro girl that could be found in all the Carolinas. The seller of human flesh was successful in attaining his object. The bidding started high, and was rapid. Several entered into competition, but none more strenuously than the young Squire Archer of the Crow Ferry. Poor Scipio—whose position is common wherever the curse of slavery exists—sat the image of despair, his heart sinking within him, and his whole soul pervaded by a feeling of hopelessness. The scene was one, indeed, to which no pen or pencil could do justice. It lays naked, however, in its full deformity, the scourge of bondage. In vain the husband looked imploringly at Jabez; that worthy was whittling a stick, and calculating the weekly profit of his purchase. Still the sale continued. The bidding was at seven hundred dollars, the highest market value of a female slave. 'One hundred for the pickaninny,' said one bidder, 'and that's eight hundred dollars.'

'A thousand for the lot,' replied Squire Archer fiercely—and they were his. A general titter followed; for in offering two hundred dollars above the utmost value,

the young man had betrayed that the good looks of the negro girl had weighed not a little with him—a matter which, amongst the slave-owners, was regarded as a very good joke. With a sensation which may be imagined, poor Scipio saw her become the property of the unscrupulous young squire, who by this purchase became her sole master, with scarcely any limitation but that of taking her life, which, had he done, would have probably cost him a fine of some five hundred dollars.

Jabez Minton, the blacksmith, dwelt about half a mile from the estate of Squire Archer, and to his dwelling the unfortunate Scipio was taken that very night. The blacksmith lived in the largest house in the village, which is the less surprising, as it served the purpose of inn, alehouse, and farriery. Scipio was at once put into harness. He was told to officiate as waiter to the numerous guests brought together by the sale, and, amongst others, on the squire, who had sent Judith home to his house. As they were not separated, therefore, by any very great distance, Scipio was not without hope that their several masters might permit them still to continue to be united and dwell in a hut of their own, as was often done by considerate slave-owners, the chief stumbling-block being the question of where pauperly the children were. Watching, therefore, for opportunity, Crackles placed himself in the squire's way, and with a very humble obedience begged a word with him. 'Well, darkie, what is it?' said the squire, who had his good points; 'is it a pleasure to drink my health?'

'No, massa,' replied Scipio, with a slight tinge of pride in his tone; 'but him Scipio ask a berry great favour.'

'Speak out, boy; I am in a hurry.'

'Well, massa,' continued the negro, 'you buy him negga wife and pickaninny, and Scipio he want to run it squire 'bout to Scipio have a hut, whar him his wid him wife, and go when his work done.'

'Why, you black vermin,' said the squire wrathfully, 'I have a great mind to horsewhip you. What have you to do with Judith now? I bought her, not you; and if I catch you only speaking to one of my slaves, I will have you whipped at a cart's tail.' With these words the planter re-entered the parlour of the village alehouse, followed by the disappointed Crackles, who, however, never said a word, but continued to perform the duty assigned him without a murmur.

About midnight, Crow Ferry, as the squire's house was called, from its proximity to a ford of that name, was wrapped in gloomy darkness. The clouds sailed darkly overhead; not a star even was visible. A light, however, burned in a window, which overlooked a kind of lawn. The window was open, and through it could be seen the planter walking up and down, as if reflecting upon some purpose, from which even his somewhat hardened nature shrank. At length he muttered, 'Pshaw! he is only a negro; why should I acknowledge his claim? I am not bound to buy the husband with the wife, and his sale destroys their union. What have I to do with the whining of my slaves? It must be.'

'What must be, massa?' said Scipio, stepping through the open window, and standing before the astounded planter, armed with a cutlass and musket. His men were proud and threatening, and the consciousness, that he stood there by a sacred right to claim his babe and its mother, gave him an air of solemn firmness, which made the tyrannical slave-owner tremble. 'Scipio is come for him wife and him pickaninny, massa. Don't call, or him finger hab to use de sword. Him offer fair enough be fore, and I now him hab no choice.'

The planter was so surprised at this unexpected act of courage in one of a class usually so abject, and who generally suffered oppression without a murmur—save when some fearful tragedy showed on what a volcano men were sleeping securely—that he suffered himself to be prostrated, and bound hand and foot, without a struggle. Recovering himself, however, he spoke.

* If human cattle is a harsh word; but slaves in America are really no other, as the leading incident of this narrative will abundantly testify.

'Scipio,' he said: 'Idiot, do you know what you are about? Your life will not be half forfeiture enough.'

'So him 'spect, massa; but him not act widout tink. Scipio don't mean show him black face in dese parts again for a long 'chalk. But where 'un wife?' The planter made no reply, relapsing into a sullen silence, during which he was dwelling with acute satisfaction on the punishment—signal and condign—which should be the price of the negro's audacity. Scipio, however, assumed so threatening an attitude, that Mr Archer thought it wise to inform him where the young negress slept, taking care, however, that his information should not be correct. Scipio guessed as much, but took no notice of what the other said, proceeding, with singular calmness, to gag the prostrate planter. He then laid his musket and cutlery beside him, and armed only with a pistol, left the room.

Advancing rapidly across the corridor, Scipio, with instinctive sagacity, and with a calculation which afterwards surprised him, found the hall where the servants were accustomed to meet. Here, as he expected, he found a negro asleep on the floor, awaiting the planter's retiring to rest ere he sought his bed. Awakening him with a shake, after putting out the light, Scipio said, 'Ha, gilly! what you sleep for? Massa want to speak to Miss Judith. War her room, you old nigger?'

'Well, I 'spect you wake Job out ob 'lightful dream. Fetch Judith yourself out of der,' pointing to a door which opened out of the hall. Scipio replied not, but suffering Job to relapse into the enjoyment of his much-loved slumbers, reached the door, and entered. On a rude pallet lay Judith, sleeping with her infant babe. The negro paused to look on her by the moon's pale light, as lovely, indeed, to his eyes, she rested in a slumber as soft as that of an infant. With regret he awoke her, and giving her no time for speech, took the child in his arms, and bade her follow him. In the hall, whither Judith, half bewildered, hurried with her husband, they found no watch; and in a few words explaining all, Scipio resumed his arms, and left the house.

Near the ford were two horses belonging to the squire, which Scipio had captured, and intended leaving for him to recover ere he left the state. The negro had fully made up his mind to risk all the dreadful penalties of a runaway slave—imprisonment, branding, and perhaps the loss of ears, any thing to him was preferable to seeing the young wife of his bosom torn from him by a white master. Crossing the river by swimming the horses, without waking the ferryman, Scipio, followed by his faithful and delighted wife, travelled hard all that night, halting only at dawn. Now begun that series of tactics which the negro was compelled to follow in order to evade capture. He was well aware that, before a week was over, every newspaper in the slave states would contain a full description of his person, with a large reward for his capture, and that his only hope was to travel at night, and lie scrupulously hid all day. Scipio had therefore taken precautions; and leaving his wife and child in the centre of a thicket with the horses, he sallied forth in search of food. A truant pig supplied this day the wants of nature, which, having cooked at a distance, he brought to his camp, where he remained all day with his wife, planning the details of their escape to Texas, where alone there was hope of safety. At nightfall they started, and next day the same arrangements were followed. For three weeks, guided only by the sun and moon, and the friendly directions of some negro on whom they lighted, did the fugitives proceed, until at length they reached the banks of a great river, which could not be crossed except by a boat, and where it was determined to leave the horses. The dilemma was a serious one, as no doubt their story was by this time in everybody's mouth. Still Scipio did not despair. The forest grew down to the very banks of the river, and in order to watch their opportunity, the devoted couple had camped close to the ferry. Their object was to cross at dusk, and to travel

all night; and accordingly, about sundown, they were more particular in their examination of the position of affairs. The ferry-house was close at hand; above it, on the bank, was an alehouse, in front of which were seated two most suspicious-looking characters. Their broad-brimmed hats, shabby, and covered with crape, their cow-hide whips, their coarse and brutal jests, their whole demeanour and air, proclaimed them slave-hunters; and, after a careful examination of their faces, Scipio saw that they were tracked. His only remaining hope was to get across the river, which, in the face of these two worthies, was no easy matter. After a few moments' consideration, the negro decided on a bold and daring act, which, while it risked all, gave also every reason to hope for complete success.

Tying his clothes on his head, and placing his arms over all, the negro plunged into the river, far above the ferry, and leaving his wife, swam across. A few minutes elapsed, and then a negro voice was heard from the opposite landing shouting loudly, 'Hollo, you old Sambo!'—the ferryman was a negro—'him and bring ober my massa, Colmael Jenkins, and him lady.' At the same moment Judith emerged from the turning which led from a neighbouring village, sauntering along the road towards the ferry. 'What 'un say,' said she, 'Massa Jenkins and him lady? Why dat my massa and massa. Take a nigger girl across?'

'Berry fine,' said the old negro, showing his white teeth. 'Colmael Jenkins hab to pay for four den?' Judith making no objections to this, the ferryman unmoored his boat, and was about to depart.

'Hollo!' cried one of the slave-hunters; 'who is that girl?'

'All right, Massa Sencomin; dis gal Cubana Jenkins's nuss;' the old ferryman unwittingly assisting the deceit.

No opposition being offered, the boatman pulled across, and was met on the bank by Scipio with a pistol in his hand. He told the astounded negro at once who he was; and learned that, as he supposed, the two, seedy-looking individuals drinking at the alehouse were in search of him. Scipio told him to inform them that Squire Archer's horses were in the copse, and that he returned them with pleasure to the owner's agents. The trembling ferryman promised obedience, and would have wended his way back; but Scipio arrested his progress, by inquiring if there were any other boats near at hand. Learning that there was not one, he pushed the ferry-boat violently out into the current, in the hope that it would not reach the shore for some miles; and after showing the sable Charon that, consistent with his own safety, he could have done nothing else, the fugitive, now on foot, and with his babe in his arms, continued his perilous journey.

Nearly three months elapsed ere, after traversing the most unfrequented parts of the states, Scipio and his wife reached Texas. Their sufferings, often from fatigue and hunger, were intense; their powder being more than once exhausted, and only renewed by the contrivance of some poor cottager, to whom they dared to unfold their tale, being never once—to the honour of the rude settlers be it said—betrayed or harmed. Love and hope, and the sweets of liberty, alone sustained them; and at length, from indications which had been pointed out, they felt certain they had reached Texas. Resting for a few days, they then looked around, and after careful examination, hit upon the spot where I fell in with them, which they had occupied three years when I met them. By supplying boats with provisions, and a stray steamer with wood, and by accommodating the few travellers who came that way, they contrived at last to collect around them the rude comforts which are all that are necessary in the wilds; and rich in the knowledge of the evils they had escaped, dwelt happy and contented, dispensing cheerfully hospitality when required, and deeply grateful for any trifle added to their store.

He parted early next morning, and for a long time

heard no more of them. At length, however, it came to my ears that a free black, dwelling on the upper waters of the Trinity, had removed with his family to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, apprehensive that the annexation of Texas to the union of the states might militate against his liberty. I made no remark at the time, but I knew well they spoke of Scipio Crackles.

THE POETIC INSTINCT.

We have already endeavoured to present a concise and intelligible view of the essential nature of poetry,* forming our judgment, such as it may be, from the productions of those original thinkers who wrote from the inspiration of their own hearts—in whom genius was 'born, not made'—rather than of that more numerous host who have striven, with various degrees of success, to follow in their footsteps. However apposite 'the average' may have been in judging of statisticians, it has led men widely astray in forming an estimation of poetry. Here, as in morality, the highest conceivable standard is that by which all must be judged. We cannot learn the nature of sterling gold by examining a piece of pinchbeck, however similar they may appear to a superficial observer, nor can we judge worthily of poetry from that which is at best but a clever imitation. We now purpose extending our remarks to a consideration of the mental operations which are absolutely necessary to the development or discernment of truth, when we shall be better able to distinguish that which is essentially the poetic element, the poetic endowment of all great poets, of all profound and original thinkers.

There are three distinct modes, or mental operations, by which truth is discovered; namely, observation, logical perception, and what may be called inductive education; and these operations are all indispensable to the development of a sound universal truth. That observation alone is not sufficient for this purpose, is evident from the fact that all human observation must necessarily be limited. We may by observation ascertain a general rule; but it would require universal observation to ascertain of itself, a universal law. This fact is too evident to need any further illustration: it will be equally evident, with a little consideration, that the addition of logical perception, or the mere faculty of reasoning, would not enable the mind to perform the required function. All reasoning is confessedly based upon the principle developed by Aristotle, that 'whatever is predicated (that is, affirmed or denied) universally of any class of things, may be predicated in like manner (namely, affirmed or denied) of anything comprehended in that class.' It is clear, then, that the first requisite to any argument must be to know what may be predicated universally, that is to say, without exception, of the given class. Having ascertained this, we may then 'infer' that such predicate belongs to any particular individual of that class—the inference, let it be noted, being previously expressed in the universal predicate, technically called the major premiss. But it will be observed that this major premiss is just the universal truth which we have to discover; and yet every act of reasoning requires that this shall be fully established before a single step can be taken. How, then, do we arrive at such a truth? In some instances, it is true, the major premiss may be established by simple observation: for instance, we may ascertain by observation, that *all* the words in a given page are English, and then infer, from that proposition, that any particular word in that page is English. This would be a perfectly sound argument, but it would be utterly puerile; because the particular truth inferred must necessarily have been ascertained while establishing the general truth. And this must be the case with all arguments whose major premises are established by mere observation.

That the process of reasoning is unable to develop, from the mere results of observation, any new truth; that is, any truth not already contained in the premises, is distinctly admitted by Dr Whately in his admirable 'Elements of Logic'; and yet he has an imperfect statement of this matter, which, like a ravelled thread, becomes a web of entanglement to many of his remarks on 'the discovery of truth.' In order to trace distinctly the abstract process of reasoning, he substitutes (as in algebra) certain arbitrary unmeaning symbols for the significant terms generally used; thus, 'every B is A; C is B; therefore C is A.' Upon this he remarks—'Viewing, then, the syllogism thus expressed, it appears clearly that "A stands for anything whatever that is affirmed of a certain entire class" (namely, of every B), "which class comprehends or contains in it something else," namely, C (of which B is, in the second premiss, affirmed); and that, consequently, the first term (A) is, in the conclusion, predicated of the third C.'

Now, if C really is B, as is affirmed (not merely equal to it), how can it be 'something else?' Such an expression evidently involves a positive contradiction. The following, then, seems to be a more correct and intelligible statement of the case:—A stands for anything whatever that is affirmed of a certain entire class; namely, of every B, which class comprehends certain particulars; namely, certain Bs. C is B; that is, is one of those particulars. But every B is A; consequently C, the given particular, is A.

Dr Whately proceeds—'Now, to assert the validity of this process now before us, is to state the very dictum we are treating of; namely, Aristotle's, already quoted, with hardly even a verbal alteration; namely—

1. Anything whatever predicated of a whole class.
2. Under which class something else is contained.
3. May be predicated of that which is so contained.'

If the preceding observations are correct, this statement should evidently be as follows:—

1. Anything whatever predicated of a whole class.
2. Under which class certain particulars are contained.
3. May be predicated of any particular so contained.

This may perhaps appear to some of our readers rather too abstract an inquiry to afford them much interest; but we must attract their patient attention to this point, for the truth of our subsequent remarks will mainly depend upon the correctness of the position now taken; and surely it must be a matter of some interest to every thoughtful mind to trace to their source ideas constituting our peculiar inheritance as intelligent and progressive beings? If, as Dr Whately expresses it, the 'whole class' indicated in the major premiss may contain or comprehend 'something else'; that is to say, something not absolutely expressed in the general term indicative of that class, then we may imagine that this 'something' involves some new truth, which we may by reasoning, in some unknown way, elicit from mere sensorious impressions. This, however, would be virtually asserting that we know nothing concerning the nature of a logical sequence. But, on the other hand, if we see clearly that the 'whole class' is merely a technical term, signifying an aggregate of perfectly similar particulars (having no reference, so far as the given argument is concerned, to anything else), and that a 'logical deduction' is merely the assertion of the truth, that whatever is predicated of all the particulars may be, or rather actually is, predicated of any one of them, we shall then see that reasoning, with the assistance of observation merely, cannot be productive of a single idea. If these were the only means we possessed of acquiring ideas, the process of reasoning would evidently be useless, since it could lead to nothing that was not previously ascertained by observation, and confirm nothing that observation had not already confirmed. In fact, observation would be our only means of investigating truth, and reasoning, the boast of the logician, so long regarded as infallible, would dwindle to the mere echo of a truth.

We are thus brought unavoidably to the conclusion,

* See p. 118 of this Journal.

that the process of reasoning of itself adds nothing to observation; And yet we know that reasoning, when properly employed, is *not* a mere puerility. We know that it does produce conviction in the mind; in short, we know that it is indispensable. And more than this, we know that the higher order of truths are widely different from the facts made known to us by mere observation. How, then, did they originally come? Not from without assuredly; nor by mere reasoning upon outward facts, as we have shown; the answer, then, is unavoidable—they are a revelation from within. This brings us to a consideration of the third mental operation; namely, instinctive education. In developing this idea, we shall also have an opportunity of ascertaining the real use or function of the reasoning process.

In the first place, let us clearly understand that, without observation, we could have no ideas whatever. This is evident, for all our ideas must be respecting somewhat; they must have reference to some object; and the mind can only become cognisant of objects, either by its own observation, or from report of the observation of others. We could not even imagine an object having no relation to anything we have either seen or heard of; the most that we can do in this respect is to modify, to separate, or recombine. But, on the other hand, a mere impression on the senses does not constitute an idea: a person might see an object distinctly enough, and yet be unable to form a single idea respecting it. What idea could an uncultivated savage form of many of the contrivances and customs of civilised life? The nearest approach he could make to a definite idea, would be the negative one of their apparent uselessness; or else his mind would be occupied with a feeling of vague wonder: but his ideas would necessarily be circumscribed within the limits of his own experience. The only way by which he could be brought to form an intelligent conception of any such contrivance, &c. would be to show it to him in operation, and thus explain to him its purpose; but even then he would not be able to realise the conception, unless it answered to and awakened some desire or ability in his own mind. If, for instance, he should be a warrior, he would, in all probability, readily comprehend the purpose and nature of a warlike instrument; if, again, he should be of industrious, peaceful habits, an agricultural or domestic contrivance would be more intelligible. Thus his idea of the instrument or contrivance would depend on two conditions; namely, the accuracy of his observation, and the distinctness with which he *felt its use*. It is in the nature and various development of these desires and instincts that the several human races differ from each other; they, in fact, give character to the mind. The savage is often as acute in observing, and as shrewd in deducing logical conclusions, within the limits of his experience and wants, as the more cultivated European; but he can never realise the same intellectual conceptions, without first awakening in his own mind the feelings and aspirations which called them into being. This illustration may serve to show the distinction between a mere sensuous impression and an intellectual conception of any given object. The one is but an unmeaning image; the other has become a practical reality—a living idea: the dust of the ground is enkindled with the breath of life.

There is a similar distinction between the 'dry facts' of science and those vital principles by which they are rendered intelligible, and thereby actually converted into a portion of our mental constitution. The recognition of the law, upon the truth of which all our researches and actions depend—namely, the uniformity of nature's operations—is as clearly a matter of instinct as the perception of distances, or the regulation of muscular force, or even as the perception of beauty or sublimity. These instincts are not anything independently of the objects to which they refer: they all require to be awakened and developed; and they may all be quickened by cultivation, and by the conscious aid

of the judgment; but we can no more prevent their development when their respective objects are presented, than we can, by a simple effort of the will, cease to live.

It would not come within the scope of the present article to attempt an enumeration of the principal instincts of the human mind; nor perhaps would it be necessary, if men—ay, and women too, for they are not shut out from the circle of conscious life, however ill-adapted they may be for logical encounters—would but observe the tendencies and actions of their own minds, unmythified by the controversies of the metaphysical schools. There is, however, one instinct of such general service, that we cannot do better than venture a few words in its elucidation, more especially as by so doing we shall develop the mode by which all the others operate: we allude to the tendency of all minds, from the child to the cultivated philosopher, to judge of that which is unknown or obscure from that which is familiar or self-evident. Truisms as the proposition may appear when stated, its importance has been strangely overlooked; it expresses, indeed, the surety of exhaustless originality, the means of acquiring every new idea. It is this power which connects the soul with the outward universe; without this, the mind would be utterly unconscious, a mere aimless impulse, an active force without direction; in fact, it could not exist, and external nature, although present to our senses, would be to us but an unmeaning blank.

In order to judge adequately of the universality and importance of this power, it will be necessary for us to see what that is which can be strictly termed self-evident. Now, it must be clear to all who reflect upon the subject, that this term properly and only includes our whole conscious life—not merely the consciousness of existence, but the entire experience of our own hearts: that which is self-evident, is simply our own feelings; in other words, our own intuitive perceptions. If we feel the sensation of hunger, we do not require either logical or inductive evidence to prove to ourselves that we are hungry; we *feel* it, and the evidence is complete. The case is similar with any other feeling. We like one thing, and we dislike another, often without knowing why; yet the feeling is as self-evident as our own existence—it, in fact, constitutes a portion of our individual consciousness. But, as before remarked, a feeling does not constitute an idea; nor can we be conscious of its nature, perhaps not even of its existence, except in reference to its appropriate object. All our ideas seem to arise from this union; in some cases, however, the object simply calls forth the feeling or innate perception; in others, the feeling gives purpose and meaning to the object. Here, then, are two distinct classes of ideas; the one intuitive or self-evident, the other apparent or evident to the senses. These two orders of truth constitute the source and basis of all that we can know or imagine, the poetry and prose of human experience—instinct, or education; and observation, or induction. Their respective natures are clearly seen in geometry: the one order consisting of 'axioms,' the other of 'definitions'; in other words, of universal truths and of special facts.

We are now in a position to see clearly the use and importance of 'reasoning.' Every universal truth must be perceived by education; either immediately, or else derivatively, from a higher truth; while, on the other hand, every special fact must be discerned by observation. Now, the purpose of reasoning is evidently to connect the two; to refer the lower to the higher for illumination, and thus to discern an additional truth respecting it. This additional truth may, and indeed should, be really a 'new truth'; that is to say, a truth not before recognised. It is neither obtained directly by education, as an axiom, nor directly by observation, as a definition; but mediately from both, by reasoning or logical perception. For instance, it is a logical truth that the angles of an equilateral triangle are equal to each other. We might suppose this to be the case, and

by measuring we might find that it really was so in all the instances we had tried; but we could not, without the aid of reasoning, see that it must necessarily be so in all instances. Thus logical perception, instead of being an idle toy or a mischievous delusion, as some have imagined, is seen to be an instrument of inestimable value in groping our way from darkness into light. It enables the mind to discern, by successive advances, that which it could not discern by a single glance.

Let us now return to a consideration of what we have regarded as the fundamental law, by which all instinctive intelligence is developed. That we judge of unfamiliar objects by comparing them with those objects which are familiar, is a well-known fact; but the law we speak of involves far more than this. We have already seen that that which is self-evident is, strictly speaking, our own innate perceptions. Now, it is only by these perceptions that we can form any idea of those properties of an object which are not evident to the senses. The infant, at the first dawning of intelligence, conveys to its mouth everything that is put in its way. The reason evidently is, that its most distinct perceptions are those connected with nutrition; and it is by these perceptions that it estimates all objects discerned by its senses. This may be regarded as its first distant approach to any intelligible idea. After a time, as the social feelings become developed, its impressions of surrounding objects gradually change. Its first limited impression is corrected by experience, and it now becomes conscious of wider and more varied sympathies; yet still it obeys the same law of its mental constitution. The child still refers its own innate perceptions to the objects around; at first without discrimination, imagining, so far as it forms an idea of the matter, that every object is possessed of similar consciousness, similar feelings, and similar thoughts with itself. This is evident from the sympathising conduct and prattle of children when amusing themselves with their little toys, and thus manifesting in freedom the impulses and impressions of their young hearts. And this is probably the only way in which a child could form an intelligible idea of any object. The case is similar with nations of primitive or childlike habits. Thus they judge of that which would otherwise be obscure, from their own conscious knowledge. This power has, moreover, been the characteristic of the poet in all ages. Let us not be mistaken: we speak not of those dainty amateurs who know poetry merely as an 'imitative art'; who, when they have fulfilled the technical requirements of their respective schools, imagine, forsooth, that they have produced genuine poetry; but of those marvellous spirits with whom the poetic impulse has been an unconquerable reality—men whose hearts have been touched with the living fire of inspiration. It is from such men that we have learned to honour the name of the poet; and it is of such a poet that we now speak. Endowed with sympathies too earnest and truthful to permit him to gaze with vacant eye upon the wonders of creation, he also has walked in the footsteps of the child, and illumined every object in his path by the light kindled in his own soul. Nor is this light a mere fantastic delusion; the gravest philosopher can do no more than discriminate its rays. In truth, all nature is a reflex of humanity. The laws which govern the universe, and those by which the mind is developed, have a distinct and immutable relation to each other; else would nature be altogether incomprehensible—a vast accumulation of unmeaning facts. What ideas could we form of attraction or repulsion, of equality, of dependence, of connexion, of immutability, and of a host of kindred recondite properties, essential to a philosophical idea, unless we judged from our own instinctive conceptions? Whatever may be the subject, we must have something known by which it may be judged, or we could evidently form no idea respecting it. If sensuous impressions constituted the only source of intelligence, we should never be able to rise

above them: we could not form a rational idea; we could not understand any object; we should merely be conscious of it as a sensuous impression. But if, as we maintain, our instinctive perceptions constitute the living germs of every genuine idea; and if the senses only serve to connect the mind with external objects, it must be evident that we cannot assign the limit beyond which the human mind is incapable of rising, until we have ascertained the extent and altitude of its whole instinctive nature. We may, to some extent, measure its past achievements, or its present manifestations, but we cannot prescribe limits to its future capabilities.

What folly, then, is implied in the intellectual prostration of modern science! Nothing but induction, 'rigid induction,' is the scientific cant of the day. Men seem to make it a point of conscience, and sometimes of pitiful pride, to keep their minds for ever creeping on the earth—communing but little with their own souls, they have expected ideas to spring up out of the facts they so industriously collected. As well might they hope to see the stones of the ground put forth leaves and branches, and become fruit-bearing trees! Were such men as Galileo and Newton mere observers of outward objects? Did they bring nothing from the laboratories of their own souls to the accomplishment of their wondrous tasks? Did the father of induction himself bring nothing to his labours but a willing pen and an observing eye? On the contrary, it is his highest praise that he so clearly described what had yet to become an outward fact. He, assuredly, more than most men, wrote from his own instinctive perceptions. He felt that men were wasting their energies upon idle mystifications of words—words with which no appreciable ideas were connected; and in order to turn their talents to more profitable account, he taught them to leave their scholastic quibbles, and turn to tangible things; to look not to the combinations of unmeaning terms, but to the properties of real objects. In so doing, he unquestionably rendered mankind a most signal service, the sterling value of which we are not even now in a condition fully to estimate. Indeed, his reputed followers seem disposed to thwart the good he did, by listening only to his precepts, and refusing to take a lesson from his yet more important example. If there was a need, in the time of Bacon, to call men's attention from mere words to objects, there is an equal necessity now for us to render those objects intelligible by illumination from within. The present age, teeming as it is with important and interesting facts, is yet strangely barren in all that contributes to the actual growth of a noble and living philosophy.

No philosophy can possibly be merely inductive, for, as we have seen, its very existence depends on the connection of our instinctive perceptions with external objects. We may continue to accumulate facts, we may pile stone upon stone, until the ungainly heap, like the pyramids of Egypt, bear imperishable witness to our futile assiduity; but we can never erect a noble and useful structure, unless an exalted and harmonious conception be embodied in the work. The vast accumulations of modern industry (whether of capital or of scientific facts) can only become servicable to the great brotherhood of humanity, in the proportion that the industry is ennobled by an earnest and truthful spirit. This spirit is the poetic element of our existence, the very mode of instinctive consciousness. It is mainly by the progressive development of this instinctive nature, that mankind have advanced in intelligence, morality, and social enjoyment. By an 'original mind,' we do not mean one that has been actively employed in accumulating facts, however necessary this labour may be, but one that has developed new ideas; in other words, one whose instinctive perception is not overwhelmed by conventionalities, or by mere induction. If this freshness and originality of mind (commonly spoken of as 'genius') be manifested in reference to life and human passions, we call a man so gifted 'a poet;' but if the same originality be shown in explaining the un-

seen operations of nature, we then speak of 'a philosopher': in either case, the ground of originality is the same; namely, poetic instinct, or instinctive education.

If, then, instinctive education constitutes so important a power in the development of truth, it presents a question of great practical value for our consideration. How can it be best cultivated and rendered serviceable? The answer is simple and evident: if it really is truth that we desire, we must seek it with a true-hearted affection, with a singleness and integrity of purpose. It is more folly to flatter ourselves that we can really and honestly seek after truth, while our own private aggrandisement ranks foremost in our minds. Is it not clear, that whilst self-interest is the leading motive of our lives, we shall always be seeking to favour and confirm our own opinions, even although truth should suffer? We must learn to love truth because it is true: not because it is our own opinion, or because it is the opinion of some individual whose genius or whose virtues we may respect. Truth should be felt as something sacred and immutable; altogether above mere personal favour or selfish predilection. We are all too apt to value truth less for its own intrinsic worth, than because we have identified it with ourselves. Add to this the well-known fact, that we are ever too ready to adopt those errors which sanction or encourage our own corrupt inclinations; and we may discern in these two principles the source and stronghold of the various delusions which have blinded or perverted the human intellect. Seeing, then, that the mind is so cunning to its own overthrow and abasement, it is well for us that we have been provided with some less mutable standard of truth, to which we may refer each other, and which may serve as a test of its intrinsic reality. This test is to be found in its use or power of beneficial application. In reference to philosophy, whatever tends best to explain the wonders of creation, and to elevate our thoughts to a just conception of its divine Author, is, by the very terms of the case, the nearest approximation to the truth; and the same, in reference to morality, of whatever will best promote the happiness of the whole human family. To form an adequate judgment of this requires the co-operation of our whole conscious or intellectual nature, generally spoken of under the comprehensive term 'reason.' This term we have now endeavoured to render somewhat more intelligible than it has hitherto been; and although feeling strongly the disparity between the success of the attempt and the importance of the subject, we yet venture to hope that we may not have written altogether in vain.

LIFE AT THE WATER CURE.*

THIS is a remarkable and highly amusing book, somewhat like the celebrated *Babbles from the Beacons of Nassau*, and likely, if we are not much mistaken, to do more for the advancement of hydropathy than any previous publication;† so great is the power of *realableness*. The author is a well-known artist in the department of Photography, the brother of the Mr Lane who has written so successfully on Egypt. It is a capital example of a class of books—written by men of general talents, but whose exertions have been in fields apart from literature—which, from their freshness of thought and expression, often throw the writings of professed literary men into the shade. Mr Lane tells us that, from overbleeding in youth, and the effects of severe professional application during twenty-five subsequent years, he had reached a state of bad health imminently threatening. He had severe neuralgic pains, and felt

the approaches of paralysis. In this condition he was induced, in May last year, to commence a month's attendance at Dr Wilson's hydropathic establishment at Malvern. The book is mainly a journal of the proceedings of that period, which ended in the banishment of most of the disagreeable symptoms by which the author had been visited.

Ask a common doctor about the water cure, and he tells you it is a dangerous quackery, which you ought not to countenance in any way. Possibly, he adds a description of the 'miserable patients,' and cites an array of fatal cases. Look into Mr Lane's book, and you find descriptions of the most cheerful possible life, mingled with accounts of the most wonderful, as well as *real* cures. Dr Wilson he describes as placed by private fortune above all mercenary motives—a sagacious, kind-natured man, proud to be the oracle and minister of nature in what he believes to be one of her appointed means of restoring to health and vigour the human frame. What a strange contrariety of opinion! There is this, however, to be said in favour of the water people, that they approve from knowledge and experience, while the doctors condemn upon presumption. One thing we can tell ordinary medical men, that a system so dubious, and in many of its features so abominable as theirs, has but a poor chance, in the eyes of reflecting persons, against any more natural-looking and practically more pleasant system, which is supported by such testimony as we find in this volume. This we say, treating the question of the water cure quite hypothetically.

Mr Lane, who was accompanied by his son Ned, a youth of fifteen, took at once kindly to the treatment and life at Malvern. The neighbouring hills form a delightful walking ground, refreshed every here and there with charming springs of the purest water. The style of living at the house, though still temperate, was not without relish; the company extremely agreeable. He began with the shallow bath, then proceeded to 'packing' in the wet sheet, and finally, when strengthened, to the 'douche,' or cascade bath, using the sitz and foot baths at least once each day. On the third morning we find him saying—'A sense of present happiness, of joyous spirits, of confidence in my proceedings, possessed me.' On the fifth—'Every habit, every temper of mind induced by this system, presents to the mind salutary and thankful thoughts.' The cheerfulness here spoken of is fully evidenced as a general feature of the water cure, by the pleasantness—we could almost say frolics—which went on throughout the whole period of Mr Lane's stay. The men and women were as boys and girls engaged in the sports of vacation time. As an example—

'After dinner I begged to be enlightened respecting some displays of discipline and subordination that I had remarked during the meal; and found that a section of the patients, who happened to be personal friends (with liberty to add to their numbers), had adopted the fagging system after the manner of public schools, with this refreshing peculiarity—the ladies were in every case the masters. The result of this seemed to me a never-failing merriment, not only among those who held office, but the less favoured of us, and impressed me with a happy anticipation of the month to be passed in such company. Wishing them all well, I yet hoped that none might be so very well as to go away during my stay.

'I found that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton originated the idea about a month ago, and moved the address; the senior lady, Mrs Delmour, seconded the motion, and, when the measure was discussed in committee, proposed an amendment, suggested by the presumption of Mr Hope, her destined fag, who asked whether he was to be "single-handed," and if so, who was to do the dirty work?—to get gingerbread, for instance, from the pastry-cook's, at a moment's notice, reckless of rain or mud. An animated debate ensued, and it was conceded that, in certain cases, when a lady was disposed to be *paragonate*, her fag should have "a boy under him." Sir

* *Life at the Water Cure, or a Month at Malvern: a Diary.* By Richard J. Lane. With numerous illustrations. London: Longman and Co. 1848. Pp. 336.

† Since we noticed Mr Wright's book, *Six Months at Graefenberg*, another work on this new regimen has fallen into our hands—'Results of Hydropathy,' by Edward Johnson, M.D. It is strictly of a professional character, and details many cases which it may be of advantage to invalids to consult.

Edward having, on the instant, applied for this place under Mr Hope, "only just" wished to know what were the perquisites; and was answered that, as the ladies' means were limited, they would give no stated salary the first month, during which time the fag must consider himself "on trial." To this stroke of policy many loudly objected, until Mrs Delmour's soft persuasive voice stilled the clamour. She urged upon their notice that the office of fag must be profitable as mental discipline; that her fag would be expected to walk with, not after, her (great applause); that he need not appear in livery until dinner-time (immense applause); and that he would incur no expense for beer, or tea and sugar. So, for a happy home, and to be treated as one of the family, the ladies would expect that all talk of perquisites would be dropped.

"The men then conferred aside for a few minutes, and it was refreshing to see one, who had been loudest in his opposition, step forward, and state for himself and his friends, that, upon the broad principle of "wages no object," they had resolved to abide by the rules made and provided; that, if found fault with, no fag would presume to answer, on no account; that, in case of extra work, each would help the others—make himself generally useful; and that they had no doubt of giving the greatest of satisfactions."

The sketches of the patients are delightful, from a Quaker, Bradley, who is earnest and worthy, to Miss Asplin, who smuggles in clandestine eatables, and has a warning-pain collared by the doctor on its way up to her bedroom. The author's favourite is a fine kind-hearted reflecting young fellow, whom he calls Sterling. They take their long morning walks together. One morning—"Sterling remarked, as we went along the grassy path to the wells, that we might reachably fancy ourselves pacing the pasturage of the lower range of the Alps. He owes the doctor a "dodge" for an unlucky remark which he made in the fulness of sincerity. The doctor passed some compliment upon Sterling's manners, and added, "Do you know, I at first thought you rather lackadaisical." Sterling mentioned this to me as a thing scarcely credible, and appealed to me inquiringly, as if to demand an equal show of indignation on my part. The more he allowed his mind to dwell on the subject, the more angry he became, and he eventually vowed vengeance. Lackadaisical! He would buy a shilling's worth of tarts, and give them to the ladies under the doctor's very nose! Alarmed at this most awful threat, I felt it my duty to try to soften the matter. It was perfectly right to punish the doctor. I quite agreed to that; "but when he spoke to me about you, he gave quite a different opinion." Sterling's curiosity was thus excited, and I told him that the doctor had conceived him to be "a medical student in disguise; come less as a patient than to see the establishment." I had put my foot in it. Already inflammable, I had applied a match—in my innocent desire to soothe, if not smother the flame. "A medical student! medical! Why medical?" I ventured to suggest his long hair. This was the first personal allusion that I had made to my new friend, and it made him thoughtful. "Bardon talks of my hair too," said he. [Bardon was the attendant, who assists in the ablutions.] "Yesterday, after douche, he said, when I conceived myself quite ready to start off, 'You haven't done your hair, sir.' This morning, after the bath, he held me a little hand-glass that I might look at my hair." He again threatened the tarts; and as I saw no chance of altogether diverting him from his purpose, I proposed that he should moderate himself down to gingerbread, and that I would join him so far. He objected that gingerbread was scarcely wrong, and would give no promise: his then feeling was, that he would buy the tarts, and shirk his sitz! I begged that we might drop the subject for the present; and, as we went along, Sterling lectured me about driving, which, from the cramped position and inactivity, he pronounced scarcely better than sitting at home. As we had walked full six miles at that time, I was in a state to agree

with him, being in a glorious glow, and as active as a dancer. I had reason to be sure, as we entered the house, that Sterling held his purpose as to the tarts.

"How we enjoyed our breakfast, earned by seven miles' walk! We were to *douche* at twelve. At half-past eleven, Sterling, having deliberately carried out his vindictive purpose, walked into the room with his cargo of tarts, and with a grace—as if there was no harm in it—handed them to the ladies, and all partook, except himself. We then started together to the douche baths, and he was better. Having douched, I heard a laugh in the next dressing-room, and was afterwards told that Bardon had been as sollicitous as before with the looking-glass, comb, and brush. I had worked an hour before the douche; and we now started off like giants refreshed. Mounting the hill, we saw some boys playing with hoops, and Sterling wanted to make one. After the manner of dear old Mathews, he so successfully adapted himself to their sport, first, by his talk, and then by taking a good run with the biggest boy's hoop, that when I put the finishing touch by saying to one, "He's a tummy fellow, isn't he?" a perfect understanding and companionship was established between them, and he was in all respects the big boy of the party. There was one of us, a very small pale boy, who had no hoop, and yet he ran and jumped and romped with the rest; and another little boy lent him his hoop for a turn. It occurred to me to put him on a footing with the rest, and after a little chat, finding that he hoped some day to possess a hoop, I settled the point with a bright sixpence, and so made him quite happy."

"I delight to think how Providence has, with children, tempered their capacities for enjoyment to the circumstances that surround them, and to watch their little wants. There was a child who had come in for a fortune unexpectedly—who had only looked to a sixpence as a distant possibility. As they grow and get tainted with the world, the degrees of evil are too evident in its advances. The big boy of this party (not Sterling), hearing my inquiries as to the price of a hoop, interposed, "A hoop for that boy will cost a shilling, sir;" but he was at once put down by the little one."

A gentleman who came unannounced, and in *extreme*, died, as Dr Wilson expected; the only incident of the kind in his experience. It was proposed by the relations to take away the body, or have the funeral in the morning; but the doctor insisted on all being done openly, and in the usual form. The whole proceeding redounded, says the author, to the doctor's generosity of nature, showing his indifference to false rumours.

Many stray pleasantnesses enliven the journal, some few of them not quite new, but all appetitely brought in. As an artist, Mr Lane is entitled to speak to the following point:—"When a lady desires to compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering a room, say, "beson," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wish to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say, "brush," the result of which is infallible."

"A lady friend more than once *douched* at the Niagara Falls. Close to the terrific rush of the chief torrent she has sought a baby-fall of about sixty feet, and received the rushing water amid the din of the whole cataract. Well might we add a native's remark to the father of our heroine, while contemplating the tremendous scene. "I say, stranger, that's an almighty water privilege!—sneekles mother ocean a deal! You couldn't show us anything so handsome as that in your country."

A gentleman comes to the water cure, suffering from two irreconcilable medicines, self-administered; whereon Mr Lane remarks, that even things congenial, and actually made to meet, often produce distressing results, if not brought together in moderation. Illustration of the remark—"On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch

was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. (This luxurious potentate, when he heard of the invention of musical clocks, had caused an apartment to be furnished with fifty of those ingenious instruments; and, with taste truly regal, sat in the midst while they were all set to play together. But of the Scidlitz powders.)

'A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers, and having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded; and, in his agonies, screamed, "Hold me down!"—then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spurring like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death: a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.'

The anecdotes of the water treatment introduced into this book are numerous. It were tiresome to enter largely into the subject; but there is one case so striking, that we cannot resist quoting it. 'I had begged to be introduced to a lady whose recovery seems to me miraculous, that I might receive her own report of her cure. She had been for nine years paralysed from the waist downwards, her limbs altogether useless. She had been pale and emaciated; and coming to Malvern, had no idea of recovering the use of her limbs, but of attaining bodily health. In five months she had become ruddy and full of health, and then her perseverance in being "packed" twice every day was rewarded. The returning muscular power was in three weeks advanced to perfect recovery of the free use of her limbs. She grew stout and strong, and now walks ten miles daily, being in rude health.' Against this, what is it to a rational human creature that medical men ridicule or condemn that of which perhaps they know nothing?

Mr Lane continues at home the water treatment, and, as far as possible, the Malvern habits. After his morning bathings, he starts from his house near the Regent's Canal on a walk across the Park to Primrose Hill. 'It is melancholy,' he says, 'that the want of a slight effort to break through a bad habit should deprive so many thousands of the luxury of the early morning's walk. The new habit, once formed, is always persisted in, and, to a Londoner, it gives a daily taste of the country.'

'The smoke and filth of the atmosphere have been swept away by the night wind; and before the impurities arise which are engendered by a dense population, we leave the town, and taste untainted air; and while our renewed energies are intent upon the blessings of the new day, in the very enjoyment they are reproduced, as if every object responded to the happy and wholesome excitement.'

'No bad weather deprives me of this walk; nor do I stop to quarrel with the north-east wind, "which, when it bites and blows upon my body," I take thankfully, and ask no questions. I have much to think of in these early walks, and therefore do not seek variety beyond that which ever-changing nature presents. . . . As I advance, I rise high above the houses; and the top of the hill is a mark which completes the half of my walk. If the distance be obscured by mists, I yet am refreshed by the sight of green fields and trees, beautiful even in their winter nakedness; and the sun seldom fails at that early hour to show some sign of greeting, while in the most sultry season it is ever cool and refreshing. In fact, I am prepared to deny, on the faith of a water drinker, that there is such a thing as bad weather for the early walk. Suppose that I look forth in the morn-

ing, and confess that it pours, I am immediately sure that it will abate before I have had my bath, that I may be out to see it clear up; and in the meantime I know that the rain is doing some good.'

'When I get out, I have double enjoyment of the raised gravel-walk and the double-soled boots. The "pelt" is not "pitiless," and I anticipate the treat of retorting upon those who, cold and lazy, come to me and say, "What a wretched morning!" that it is an unqualified and atrocious falsehood. Bad weather!—why, when you have been ten minutes in the air, the glow on the surface makes a light rain delicious, and I take off my hat to it. I see some few riding round the Park, and occasionally one or two driving, but so be-comforted, and greateated, and chin deep in neckcloth, that I pity their wretched substitute for the healthy glow of exercise. Rely upon it, that walking is the best exercise, riding second, and driving last; and as to weather before breakfast, any weather is not only endurable, it is enjoyable: we may be fastidious at noon. It is, however, the bath that renders the early walk supremely delightful: without it, there is much of effort in the enjoyment, at least with those who are not used to it.'

Mr Lane breakfasts at eight—works till one—drinks and walks—dines at two—rests half an hour—then works till six, when he goes out again for a walk. Sups at eight, and goes to bed before eleven. So living, he is a healthy, happy man.

THE NORTH POLE.

THE possibility of reaching the north pole is an idea which has long occupied the minds of enterprising and scientific navigators. Several attempts have been made, and though unsuccessful, the object appears not yet to be given up. Sir J. Parry, in a recent letter to Sir John Barrow, proposes that the intended exploring expedition should winter in Spitzbergen, and then, in the month of April, set out from Hakluyt's Headland, which is six hundred geographical miles from the pole, and endeavour to reach this point by travelling over the yet unbroken-up ice, and, after a short stay, returning again by the end of May, ere yet the summer sun had melted and broken up the ice. Sir John Barrow proposes another plan, founded on the supposition that the polar region is open sea, and free of ice during the summer. He suggests that two small vessels, similar to those sent to the southern or antarctic seas, should be sent to Spitzbergen in early spring, so as to take the opportunity of the polar sea being open, and about the middle of August sail directly for the pole. A month's sailing, at the rate even of twenty miles in the twenty-four hours, would thus be sufficient to reach the point of destination; while a month's stay there, and another month to return, might all be accomplished before the commencement of next winter's frost. That enterprising sailor, Captain Weddell, in a pamphlet published several years ago, demonstrated pretty clearly the probability of an open sea around both the north and south poles, and more recent observations all tend to encourage this idea. The continued presence of the sun above the horizon for six months would afford sufficient heat to melt the accumulated ice of the previous long winter; and if no high land exists in the regions north of Spitzbergen, the probability is, that not more than one season's snow and ice remain or accumulate.

But many may be disposed to ask, What would be the use of such an exploration? To these a reply may be made in the words of an old navigator:—'The north pole is the only thing in the world about which we know nothing, and that want of all knowledge ought to operate as a spur to adopt the means of wiping away that stain of ignorance from this enlightened age.' It would be an achievement, certainly, to put one's foot on the very point of the axis around which this mighty globe turns—to look around a horizon above which the summer sun appears to move round and round in its

daily circle without ever ascending or descending, where there is uninterrupted day, and twelve o'clock at midnight is exactly the same in all respects as twelve at noon. At first view, a very erroneous idea might suggest itself—that at this point or pivot the earth's motion would be more perceptibly rapid than at any other point of its surface; that we should, in fact, see the earth spinning round like a wheel or a top. Now the fact is exactly the reverse. The space passed over at the earth's axis is shorter than in any other point of its circumference, and consequently the apparent motion is slower. If you look at the axis of the hour-hand of a watch, no motion is perceptible; but by watching for some time the extremity of the same index, you may observe a perceptible portion of space travelled over in the course of a few minutes.

Perhaps, on reaching the pole, not an inch of land would be found on which to rest. This would increase the difficulties of the visit. For were it all sea, and probably a deep sea, there would be no place of anchorage, and no means of remaining steadily at rest till observations could be made. Besides, by the moving about of the vessel, the reckoning would be unavoidably lost; for the sun, pursuing a uniform line along the horizon, there would be no meridian, and consequently no means of calculating the course in which to steer for home. From this circumstance, it is evident also that the time of day, or rather of the twenty-four hours, would no longer be ascertained by the rising, the noon-day altitude, or setting of the sun; for to an observer at the pole no such changes would take place, except to the small amount of the daily change of declination. Thus not only to the eye, but also for the practical purpose of obtaining the time by astronomical observation, the sun would appear throughout the twenty-four hours neither to rise nor fall, but to describe a circle round the heavens parallel to the horizon. This common method of obtaining the time would entirely fail. Indeed, however startling the fact may seem, it may be asserted with truth that there would be no longer any such thing, strictly speaking, as apparent time in the heavens at all. This will be evident, by reflecting that what is called apparent time refers only to the particular line or meridian on which an observer is placed, and is marked by the approach to, and recession of, the sun from that meridian. An observer at the pole being on no one meridian, but at the point where all meridians meet, apparent time would have to him no longer existence or meaning. In ascertaining any particular position, the compass, it is true, might still be of use. From the discovery of Captain James Ross, it is known that the magnetic pole does not coincide with the true pole of the earth, but that the situation of the former lies in a lower latitude. Now, as it is highly probable that at the pole even the compass would still act freely, the dip of the needle not being so complete as to prevent the horizontal motion still to take place, the pointing of the north pole of the needle to the magnetic pole would be a means of ascertaining the homeward course. The chronometer, too, under a certain modification, would enable the voyagers to ascertain a given meridian. A common watch or chronometer would be useless, because the dial-plate being guarded with only twelve hours, when the hour-hand pointed to twelve o'clock, there would be no knowing whether it was twelve at noon or twelve at midnight that was indicated, the sun being equally visible at both. To obviate this, chronometers have been constructed with dial-plates of twenty-four hours, and the hour-hand making only one revolution in that period. Thus, whenever such chronometers indicated apparent noon at Greenwich, the sun would be exactly over the meridian of that place, and so of any other place of known longitude; as, for instance, the harbour where the voyagers had left their ship, and to which they desired to return.

As scientific objects of pursuit, Sir J. Barrow suggests, among others, the measurement of a degree of the meridian, commencing at the pole itself, in order to

decide the actual degree of *flattening* of the spherical form of the globe which takes place at the poles. Observations on the tides, too, as far as practicable, the winds, oceanic currents, magnetism, the aurora borealis, would all be interesting to science; and indeed it is not possible to say what matters of interest of of practical use might not present themselves to observation on visiting a part of the globe on which the foot of man has never yet trodden.

In the event of finding land, however small the portion around the pole, all these observations would of course be greatly facilitated. It may be presumed that any such land will not be monotonous, as no icebergs are ever sent down from that quarter; these masses having been ascertained to be the production of glaciers on the sides and valleys of high mountains, such as those in Spitzbergen and Greenland. On such land the pendulum could be swung, and the rise, fall, and direction of the tides observed—the land itself could be examined, and the nature of the soil—its organic productions, either of a past or present era, ascertained—and thus a polar flora and fauna be presented to the scientific world.

UNEARNED MONEY.

HOWEVER common may be the desire of sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, nor so pleasantly and judiciously spent, as when hard-earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural abatement of labour and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality.

Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without an effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in acquiring it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so greatly to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action, and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labour and activity; it leads to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allows to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labour of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition of life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which *must* be done, will be the safest and best.

And yet how often do foolish parents debar themselves of almost the necessities of life, and drudge on to the latest moment of existence, to send out into the world some pet son with a good supply of this unearned money! How often, in order to secure to one member of a family the coveted title of a 'gentleman,' the greatest liberality and injustice are exercised towards the rest! Not unfrequently, however, does it happen that these 'gentlemen' turn out the most ungentle of their family; and the poor, unprovided members, who had nothing but their own energy and industry to look to, rise to a level of respectability and usefulness far superior to the ready-made gentility of their envied relation.

In glancing over the glittering list of those who have made the greatest achievements, whether in art, science, or literature, how few of them, we find, were possessed of unearned money! They were for the most part men of single purpose and patient perseverance; and this was their only wealth. Their genius was nursed in the cradle of toil; and we may safely assert that, with respect to the most of them, had they been born in the enervating lap of independence and abundance, the flame of their genius would have been either dimmed

or extinguished, and the works of a Haydn, a Burns, and a Rembrandt, might have been lost to the world.

Among business men this thirst for unearned money often produces the most disastrous consequences. A bubble company makes out a plausible statement of certain profits, to an amount double or triple those which the plodding tradesman obtains from his ordinary business, and he consequently despises those gains which have enabled him to bring up a family in sufficiency and respectability. Business is neglected, customers are offended: his thoughts and energies are bent in a new direction; and, too late, he wakes from his dream of affluence, to find his business gone, his hope a bubble, and his prospects ruined.

Even when speculations are successful, how seldom is the unearned money acquired by them a real blessing! The mind becomes restless and unsettled; habits of gambling are formed; with the increase of money comes an increase of ambition; and generally the spirit of speculation so grows by what it feeds on, that the speculations become more rash and more hazardous, till the hundredth one, proving disastrous, dissipates in an hour the gain of the ninety-nine preceding fortunate ones. Or if the speculator has that rare command over himself to stop at a given point, satisfied with his success, how seldom does his prosperity prove an increase to his respectability, comfort, or usefulness! Too often does the history of such men furnish a striking illustration of the sentiment of Coleridge—

'Sudden wealth, full well I know,
Did never happiness bestow.
That wealth to which we were not born,
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn.'

Seldom is money so obtained spent wisely, and not unfrequently in some absurd manner, that only provokes the contempt and ridicule of all right-thinking men, endued with better taste and sentiments of greater propriety.

In the disposition of property much harm is often done by thoughtless and ill-judging persons, in leaving a mass of unearned money to one individual, for the foolish gratification of keeping it together, or the selfish one of preventing it from going out of the family. How much more judicious, and, in many cases, more just, would it be to consider the claims of poorer relations, to whom a small sum would be so great an assistance, rather than surround some one individual with what too often proves a temptation and a provocative to idleness and dissipation! As long as we can help others to help themselves, our help is a blessing; but when we help them in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of their own exertion, we injure them morally more than we assist them substantially.

There is also a satisfaction and relish, so to speak, about money hardly-earned, which can never be found in unearned money. The wealthy merchant, whose income has scarcely a limit, will sometimes look back with something like a sigh on the time when he was an apprentice, and felt less pleasure in a hundred-pound note than he then derived from the bright silver sixpence which he had earned with such difficulty. How it was holed at again and again; how carefully it was deposited in a place of security; and how, ever and anon, it was anxiously visited, to see that it had not by any strange means escaped from its snuggerly! And then the innumerable anxieties as to the most desirable way of spending it—the book, the cake, the present—how many resolves and re-resolves were taken before the important point was satisfactorily settled! Oh, the possession of that hardly-earned sixpence produced far greater pleasure than any hundred-pound note since! Such a fresh sweetness is there about the 'wholesome air of poverty,' for which the luxurious atmosphere of independence and competence is a poor substitute; and the period of life when money was hardly-earned, will generally be found, in the retrospect, the purest and the faintest of existence.

Undoubtedly the prevalence of unearned money in old countries is one principal reason of the greater amount of profligacy, luxury, and effeminacy of character found in them than in newer ones; and is also, consequently, one great hastener of their downfall. In young countries, men have to earn before they can spend, and the habits of daily toil give a robustness to the body, and independence to the character, and an elevation to the mind, highly beneficial to the whole community. In old countries, however, where there are always numerous individuals who are above the necessity of toil, and who live only to spend, habits of luxury are insensibly formed, dissipation fills up the unoccupied hours, and society becomes listless and enervated. Such are the effects, both on men and nations, of unearned money.

Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body, as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and baneful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untolled for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and cherishes the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

Column for the Curious.

THE MINUTE.

Much skill and perseverance have been displayed by the ingenious in all ages in the construction of miniature objects—the purposes to be gained being minuteness of proportions with delicacy of finish. Veritable watches have been set in finger-rings; a dinner-set, with all its appurtenances, placed in a hazel-nut; and a coach and four enclosed in a cherry-stone. Many of these might well be regarded as the result of ingenious trifling, were it not that every exercise of mechanical skill and clever manipulation, though not of itself applicable to any practical purpose, is yet furthering the progress of art, by training the hand to perfection, and leading the mind to new, and, it may be, more useful conceptions. Under this impression, we mean to present our young friends with a few illustrations of tiny mechanism, contrasting them with the infinitely more minute and wonderful organisations of the natural world. If the former can stimulate to imitative skill and industry, the latter may excite wonder and reflection, and thus lead to the study of one of the most interesting and instructive departments of creation.

Among the ancients, the ingenious seem to have attained a wonderful degree of expertise at this species of fabrication. Cicero, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole *Iliad* of Homer written in so fine a character that it could be contained in a nut-shell; and *Ælian* speaks of one *Myrmecides*, a *Milesian*, and of *Callierates*, a *Lacedæmonian*, the first of whom made an ivory chariot so small and so delicately framed, that a fly with its wing could at the same time cover it and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small, that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished with the naked eye. He states also, in the same place, that one of those artists wrote a distich, in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

The tomb of *Confucius*, a miniature model of Chinese workmanship, is considered as the most elaborate, costly, and beautiful specimen of Oriental ingenuity ever imported into Europe. It is chiefly composed of the precious metals and Japan work, and adorned with a profusion of gems; but its chief value consists in the labour expended on its execution. Its landscapes, dragons, angels, animals, and human figures, would require several pages of description, which, after all, would, without a view of the model, prove tedious and unintelligible. The late Mr Cox of London declared it to be one of the most extraordinary productions

of as he ever beheld, and that he could not undertake to make one like it for less than £1500.

Among the many curious works of art produced by the metal and mms of ecclesiastical establishments, none have been so much admired as their fountains, real and in model. Of these were often lavished vast sums, and all the ingenuity which the sculptor, carver, or worker in metal could command. The font of Raphael has long been known and admired; that executed by Acavala in 1562, and presented by an emperor of Germany to Philip II. of Spain, may be considered, however, as the most elaborate of such performances. The model is contained in a case of wrought gold, and is itself of box-wood. The general design may be regarded as architectural, embellished with several compartments of sculpture or carving, consisting of various groups of figures in alto and basso relievos. These display different events in the life of Christ, from the Annunciation to his Crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The groups are disposed in panels and niches on the outside, and in different recesses within. Some of the figures are less than a quarter of an inch in height; but though thus minute, are all finished with the greatest precision and skill; and yet renders this execution still more curious and admirable, is the delicacy and beauty with which the back and front figures and objects are executed. Though only twelve inches in height, and from half an inch to four inches in diameter, it is adorned with various architectural ornaments, in the richest style of Gothic, and also figures of the Virgin and child, a pelican with its young, six boys in different attitudes, several inscriptions, and thirteen compositions in basso and alto relievos. The work is said to be of univalued merit and beauty, and will bear the most microscopic inspection. It was offered for sale in England about thirty years ago; but we are ignorant of its actual destination.

In the Annual Register for 1761, it is stated that W. Arnold, a watchmaker in London, had the honour to present his majesty, George III., with a curious repetition watch of his own construction, set in a ring. Its size was something less than a silver two-pence, but contained one hundred and twenty-five different parts, and weighed altogether no more than five pennyweights and seven grains. This species of mechanism, however, is by no means uncommon; the emperor Charles V., as well as James I. of England, are said to have had similar ornaments in the jewels of their rings; and watches, a little larger perhaps, are not infrequently set in ladies' bracelets. In Kirby's 'Wonderful Mechanism,' notice is taken of an exhibition at the house of one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand (1745), at which were shown, among other things, the following curiosities:—1st, The furniture of a dining room, with two persons seated at dinner, and a footman in waiting; the whole capable of being enclosed in a cherry box; 2d, a landau in ivory, with four persons inside, two positions, a driver, and six horses; the whole fully painted and habited, and drawn by a flea; and 3d, a four wheel open chaise, equally perfect, and weighing only one ounce. Another London exhibitor, about the same time, constructed of ivory a tea table, fully equipped, with urn, teapot, cups, saucers, &c.—the whole being contained in a batonian filbert-shell.

In 1828, a mechanic of Plymouth completed a miniature cannon and carriage, the whole of which only weighed the twenty-ninth part of a grain. The cannon had bore and touch-hole complete; the gun was of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver. The workmanship was said to be beautiful, but could only be seen to advantage through a powerful magnifying glass. In the *Mechanics' Magazine* for 1845, mention is made of a high-pressure steam-engine—the production of a watchmaker who occupies a stand at the Polytechnic Institution—so small, that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare! 'It is,' says our authority, 'the most curious specimen of minute workmanship ever seen, each part being made according to scale, and the whole occupying so small a space, that, with the exception of the fly-wheel, it might be covered with a thimble. It is not simply a model outwardly; it works with the greatest activity by means of atmospheric pressure (in lieu of steam); and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen labouring and heaving under the influence, is indescribably curious and beautiful.'

These, and many more which might be added, are, however, of rude and colossal magnitude compared with the delicate organisations of the vegetable and animal world. In the former, we have structures so fine, that they only

become visible to the naked eye when growing in myriads; in the latter, animals, less so minute, that a microscope of high power is required to detect them. Let us take, for example, the *Alveo-purificans*, whose soft silky threads may sometimes be seen adhering to the surface of gold-fishes, and covering them, as it were, with a whitish slime. This appearance is generally looked upon as a species of decay or consumption in the animal itself, and not as an external clothing of parasitic plants. It is, however, a true vegetable growth, each individual consisting of a single stalk, with a minute pear-shaped ball on the top, containing numerous grains, which are the seeds or oöloges of future plants. Dr Unger describes this tiny organism, when at its full growth, as consisting of transparent threads of extreme fineness, packed together as closely as the pile of velvet, and much resembling in general appearance certain fungi of mouldiness. When placed under the microscope, for the unaided eye can perceive nothing of its true constitution, each thread is terminated by the pear-shaped ball already alluded to, which is about 1-1000th of an inch in diameter, and consists of a single cell filled with a milky fluid, in which float the formative granules. The contents of this cell are seen to be in constant motion from the earliest stage of their existence; but as they advance to maturity, the milky fluid disappears, and then the motion of the granules becomes so rapid and violent, till ultimately they burst their way through the cell, and are then forced to the water, in order to perform their cycle of being, and to give birth to new races of parasite. All this takes place with such amazing rapidity, that we are assured an hour or two suffices for the complete development and escape of the spores; so that we need not wonder, when we are told that, once established, the *Alveo-purificans* will often occupy the destruction of a healthy gold-fish in less than twelve hours. Here, then, we have a little organism, and it is only one among a thousand which might be named, composed of parts or attachment, for growth, for support, and for reproduction, each in its kind as perfect and as marvellous in its working, though viewed only to the microscope, as the most complex of the celestial. Ask the most ingenious machine to fashion one of its filaments in a ball with all its cells, one of its reproductive balls with its thousand points, and, waving altogether the attributes of life, he could no more produce such a complexity of parts than he could his own eye or brain.

Faith to pass now to the animal world, where the intricacy of the mechanism is still more wonderful in such cases as on this visible only through a powerful microscope are employed with organs for locomotion, organs of sense and defensive organs, for digestion, reproduction, and the other functions of the animal economy. And these organs, be it observed, not simple, but complex; composed of parts, joined and articulated, and these parts each furnished with extremes for contraction and expansion. The minutest part of the most delicate mechanism ever fashioned by human hands must have dimensions appreciable to the eye or hand. But what shall we say of the enormous parts of animals when the entire creature can only be discerned through the lens of the microscope? Upon looking, says Dr Mantell, through an instrument magnifying forty-thousand times in superficial dimensions, we find a drop or two of pond water swarming with animals of various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the fluid with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more minute than themselves. Many are attached to the bottom of the vessel by long, delicate threads; several have their bodies enclosed in a transparent case from one end of which the animal gently protrudes, and then retracts; while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case. The minutest kinds—the Monads—many of which are so small, that millions might be contained in a single drop of water, appear like mere animated globules, red, smoky, and of various colours, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearls or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres, that are in constant oscillation. Some of these are attached by filaments to the bottom of the vessel, and others are free, appearing like a bunch of Charitææ; others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a flat or spherical membrane, each for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive; while many are permanently clustered together and die if separated from the parent mass. No

organs of progressive motion similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose." The *Monas termo*, for example, has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and so numerous does this animalcule sometimes appear in putrid infusions, that not fewer than ten thousand millions must be contained in a cubic inch—a number of living and active organised beings greater than the number of human inhabitants upon the whole surface of the globe!

THE SAHARA AND ITS TRIBES.

To form a correct conception of the Sahara, our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached, from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region, where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving horsemen of the desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilisation expire long before the traveller arrives at Negroland and the savage communities of the interior, the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offshoots, more civilised, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilisation, than the homeless Arabs of the Tell [the mountains tract lying between the Great Desert and the sea]—cultivating the date-tree with application and industry, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin—carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their caravans. Each of the oases of the Sahara—which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle—presents an animated group of towns and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards, as much by the grace of its form, as by the value of its productions; and the pomegranate, the fig tree, and the apricot, cluster around its lofty stem. The lions, and other beasts of prey, with which poetry has peopled the African wilds, are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell—never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Tuarehs frequent the southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these oases and the real desert; but in the Sahara itself, communications, carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure. War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighbouring tribes, either for the possession of disputed territories, or the revenge of supposed injuries; but all that is yet known of these singular communities, shows them to be living in a completely constituted state of civil society—eminently adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit—governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people—and fulfilling, with energy and intelligence, the strange vocation of their life.—*Edinburgh Review*.

ARAB SCHOOL IN ALGIERS.

It was a building adjoining the principal mosque. We saw about twenty children seated confusedly on mats, studying and repeating aloud the lessons they had been set to learn. They repeated these lessons in a sort of singing tone, accompanied by a continued movement of the body. In the midst of all this stunning noise the Arab schoolmaster communicated his instructions. He was a poor marabout or priest, whose only source of subsistence was the emolument he derived from his little class, together with the payment he received from some sheiks for chanting the Koran. No regular method of teaching was observed in the Arab school. Each scholar was furnished with a little piece of varnished wood, on which the master traced a few letters of the alphabet. When the lesson was learned, the master rubbed the piece of board with a wet rag, and having obliterated the old lesson, he traced a new one. The instruction was not collective: the master successively called up each pupil, showed him his lesson, and then sent him back to his place to learn it. In front of the

little building in which the marabout had established his school, there was inscribed the following appropriate passage from the Koran:—"During the first seven years of life, let the child play; during the next seven years, instruct and correct him; during the seven following years, send him forth into the world, so that he may acquire and adopt its usages—the man will then be perfect!"—*Psal to Algeria*.

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

'Not to myself alone,'
The little opening flower transported cries—
'Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping, every eve and morn,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
'Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's curtain of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host:
A friendly beam at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The heavy laden bee doth murmuring hum—
'Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man the luscious food I pluck
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The sewing bird with lusty union sings—
'Not to myself alone I raise the song:
I cheer the mourning with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my purple wings;
I bid the hymnless chum my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the warbling from his dress to turn,
And sing and soar.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
'Not to myself alone I sparkle glad:
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ry gay;
I sang unto the common, bleak and bare,
My glad-some tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June.'

'Not to myself alone,'
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honoured priest—
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

S. W. P.

ROUTINE EDUCATION.

It is related by Miss Edgeworth, that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was; she answered, rather hesitatingly, 'In the yard with the poultry!'

OPINIONS.

Beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues.—*Sir J. Mackintosh*.

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NOVEL-WRITING MADE EASY.

It is not a new, but it is still a striking remark, that seven musical notes represent, or may be made to represent, the whole range of human sensations. Perhaps it was this idea which suggested to a certain abbé of a former age a singular instrument for the combination of liquors. A row of bottles, filled with different fluids, some sweet, some sour, some bitter, or tasteless, or spirituous, or odorous, was attached to a key-board resembling that of a pianoforte, each bottle being connected to its corresponding key by means of small levers and stop-cocks. Such was the arrangement, that, when chords were played, a most agreeable compound was presented to the bibulous performer: while, on the contrary, discords produced an association not more offensive to the taste than false harmony is in music. Keeping this whimsical invention in view, let us remember how often the human heart has been likened to a musical instrument. Hamlet's pipe was an allegory of this nature. We also hear perpetually of the *strings* of the heart; how woman has one more than man, while she has a cell less in her head, and so forth. Verily, taking this piece of our organisation as an instrument, there have been grand and noble overtures played by the skillful men of ancient times upon it. Glorious harmonies have ascended from it. It has wrought many peaceful, gentle, soul-subduing melodies; it may yet give forth louder, nobler, holier orisons. Meanwhile, there can be no doubt it is also obliged to play much homely music, such as may gratify street tastes, and keep commonplace companies in good-humour. Thus have I been led to suggest to those who are obliged to grind on this instrument for their bread a peculiar kind of music, of which I am now to give some account. It is wholly designed for entertainment.

This, like all other music, is of course based upon a gamut or scale. The gamut represents the requisite series of passions, each of which, again, is an abstraction of a certain form of human character necessary as an ingredient in the desired result; the whole being as follows:—

- A. Hope; otherwise Augustus Nobraces.
- B. Fear; a discord with A and C.
- C. Love; otherwise Clarissa Dulcetia Herbert.
- D. Anger; ... Roderick Red-hot Herbert, Esq. of Blazy Hall.
- E. Pity; ... Mrs Herbert.
- F. Jealousy; ... Melanchol Greenhuc.
- G. Revenge; ... Bill Scowlen.

Then there are certain technical terms required. *Lachrimoso* signifies melancholy; *Vivace*, cheerfulness; *Allegro*, a sparkling style; *Maestivo* alludes to Grosvenor Square; *Bravura*, Italian bandit scenes; *Innocente*, rural simplicity; *Amoroso*, milk-and-water passages; *Con furia*, an angry papa; *Agitato*, a tender mamma; *Crescendo*,

the winding-up; *Giga*, the customary end. Sometimes the passage called *Fuga* occurs in the piece: it means Gretna Green. Hope and Love are chords; Fear and Jealousy, Anger and Revenge, Love and Pity, are also concordant. The discords are particularly shocking; they are introduced for effect. Hope or Love and Fear are discords of very common occurrence; they are characterised by intense vibrations, gloomy forebodings, castles in the air, and other feats of performance. Revenge and Love are found in passages of the intensest alarm; Anger and Pity are perpetually jarring; Jealousy is universally discordant.

It is of great consequence to pay particular attention to time. 'Very slow' is equivalent to nine hundred odd octavo pages, or to three volumes; 'moderate' to six hundred, or two volumes; 'very quick' only extends to a few sheets of letter-paper. It is true there are a few solemn tunes of ancient date, in which time is still slower than here mentioned; the celebrated tune of Sir Charles Grandison, amounting to several thousand pages, is a case in point. This measure is rapidly becoming obsolete.

Such is my scheme; novel writing, as it were, made easy. Before giving directions for the practice of the art, we must be detained by a few preliminary observations upon the members of our gamut.

A, or Augustus Nobraces, is a youth commonly recognised as 'our hero,' whose existence is a sad mixture of concord and discord. The passions Hope and Fear are in endless conflict within his heart, and both impel him to feats and expressions of the wildest extravagance. Shakes are exhibited to illustrate some portions of his history, and are very suitable for catastrophes in general. This is the great gem of the concern; he has to do all the heavy business; and it is quite incredible into how many difficulties he may be plunged, and come Scot free out of them all. I have known him knocked down and awfully wounded three or four times, and get well again in no time; or he may be found rushing into fires, or plunging into rivers and lakes, or a-down terrific precipices, or into cannons' mouths, and turn up as cool as new again after all. Particular care must be taken that his wounds are conveniently planted. Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel; now-a-days the arm and leg are more favourite limbs, or the treacherous dagger may graze the ribs without serious results. No vital organ must be endangered. Taking off a left arm in extreme cases is perhaps allowable; the legs must be kept intact; it would be absurd to have a wooden-legged hero. The hero must be abysed in love; this is even more essential than entangling him in any other dreadful peril whatever. He is also peculiarly *au fait* at nipping his time. It seems sometimes as if he were hid in a bush, quietly waiting until his lady's

throat was just on the point of being bisected, when he rushes in and shoots the villain dead in a moment. Occasionally, Clarissa may be put on a runaway horse for the express purpose of developing this peculiar feature of 'our hero'; the horse rushes to the brow of a cliff, Clarissa screaming, and our hero waiting his time with great coolness. He leaps up; Clarissa shrieks, and faints, and falls into his arms, and the noble animal leaps into the gulf. This forms a capital conclusion to the first volume, if three-volume time is performed. A few other adventures, marked by a similar felicitous chronometry, are to be judiciously interspersed throughout the piece. Sundry plots and schemes to put poor young Nobranes in imminent peril of his life are also to be made use of.

C, or Love, alias Clarissa Herbert, forms a delightful chord to A; the discord B, or Fear, only enhancing the covibration of A and C. Clarissa is to be recognised as 'our heroine.' No particular reference is necessary here to her exceeding loveliness. It is wonderful how tastes disagree in this particular. Seven-eighths of the second chapter of the first volume may be legally occupied with her face and hair—which should always be of the 'flowing' style—while the remaining eighth is divisible into two sixteenths, one descriptive of her apparel and ornaments—a locket must never be omitted—the other of her feet and—intellectual endowments. The changes to be performed upon this member of the scale must be of a sudden and startling nature. She may be made, with astounding effect, to leap out of a castle window, hundreds of feet in height, from the pursuit of Mr Scowlem, the G of the gamut. Her neck must not, however, get broken by the fall; stunning, and loss of consciousness for a few days, are the only legitimate consequences of this fearful action. On awaking, she may be made to ask, with great propriety, 'where she is?' It would be tedious to illustrate the many variations which are capable of being performed upon 'our heroine.' Mr Colburn and Mr Bentley, who are great publishers of these melodies, can afford the inquiring student the richest information upon the subject. The heroine must have her fair share of trials and difficulties, and in her deepest calamities may always be consoled by a meeting by moonlight—a light which is particularly suitable for regarding the youthful lovers in. The conclusion of the piece must almost invariably consist of a long chord, in which A and C are united, to the tune of the marrow-bones and cleavers—I beg pardon, to 'campanular music.'

D, or Anger; that is, Roderick Redhot Herbert, Esq., is a very essential feature of the piece. This old gentleman must fly into the most furious ecstasies of passion which the performer is able to portray. He may kick young Nobranes once out of his hall-door, and feed unhappy Clarissa upon anathemas and bread and water. He may jar with Mrs Herbert, or E, every day of his excited life. He may plot with miscreant Melanchol Greenhuc, or F, to get Augustus 'disposed of'—this phraseology is peculiarly in favour. In effect, he altogether is a tremendous character. He flounders about amongst the others, kicking up daily dusts, and making everybody else wonder what will turn up next. He must be a shockingly mercenary individual too. He must call poor Augustus a penniless scoundrel, and favour Mr Greenhuc on the score of his 'family acres'—which, by rights, don't belong to him at all. He may be either killed before the conclusion, or he may be suddenly converted into the mildest of all mild men, by Augustus's dropping into his rightful estate. Mr

Greenhuc is then saluted after the same manner as the heretofore penniless Augustus.

E, or Pity, or Mrs Herbert, is chiefly a passive individual; her passivity is, however, subject to severe exercise. She has to sustain, day by day, the towering passions of her tyrant husband, and to undergo hourly blowings-up, because she is understood to sympathise with the young people. She generally melts into tears in the last chapter; at this crisis she falls upon Mr Herbert's shoulder, if he is alive. A great sensation may be produced by saying that at this juncture that stern old man was observed to blow his nose with immense vehemence; an expression having great depth of implication.

F, or Jealousy, is a disappointed suitor; he may be well named Melanchol Greenhuc. He is of a gloomy, unhappy frame of mind, and must be of a dark and jaundiced complexion; black eyes and hair are very appropriate. His principal occupation appears to be to stalk about the woods and glens surrounding Blazy Hall. As no pity need be exhibited for him, he may be allowed to fall into sloughs, or to entangle himself in man-traps at pleasure. He is conveniently killed, by being murdered in mistake for Augustus Nobranes, by the hand of the next character.

G, the last individual of the novelist gamut, being characterised by a revengeful spirit of the most malignant description, may be aptly denominated Bill Scowlem. Augustus Nobranes must be acquainted with just enough of this individual's history to give him the power of hanging him, or getting him hung if he so desires; the inevitable consequence of which must be, that Mr Scowlem is uncommonly anxious to get rid of such an intelligent friend. He may twice attempt to assassinate Augustus—the wounds being disposed as before said—and leave him as good as dead on the wayside; these attempts must be unsuccessful. The third time, great interest may be excited by making him dip his dagger in prussic acid, and setting him to stalk about Blazy Hall, in anticipation of the arrival of the unsuspecting Augustus. Moonlight arrives; an individual is seen to steal his way through bush and brake; that is Scowlem. Another is seen, with gloomy tread, to wander down and about, down and about: that is ——. It is inconceivable what interest lies in these blanks. Scowlem rushes up, draws forth the poisoned weapon, and plunges it into ———'s heart: it is unfortunate Greenhuc! Scowlem tears open his shirt, finds two moles on his neck—it is his own son! Scowlem swallows the prussic acid, bottle and all.

See, then, reader, the essential characters of our scale. See the elements of this celebrated art. Behold the revelation of the principles upon which that great instrument we spoke of is now strummed. The variations of style are next to infinite. You may take Lachrimoso, for example, as the general character of the performance; and it is instantly suggestive of all sorts of murders, robberies, funerals, and unfortunate occurrences. Augustus and Clarissa may drink tobacco juice, and be found lifeless in each other's arms. It is amazing what floods of tears this style draws forth. The circulating library people might tell you of hundreds of half-washed-out pages. Or you may select the Basso style, which was astoundingly fashionable a little time since. Augustus is a highwayman, or a house-breaker; Clarissa, any dowazel you please. This style is very effective too. The police magistrates can tell strange tales about the gusto with which even little boys of nine years old peruse these performances, emulating the hero frequently in the most lifelike manner conceivable. And so on; you have but to turn the kaleidoscope, and, behold, a new series of positions and

phases and hues present themselves. The number and character of the elementary pieces remain the same.

This paper clears up a mysterious phenomenon of the present day. It reveals to us that which otherwise seems quite inexplicable—the possibility of one author flooding the country with fiction. Nothing is easier, then, by means of this gamut, than to compose all sorts of tales and romances; 'tis as easy as performing upon the piano—when one knows how. A celebrated Irishman, asked by one whether he could play the violin, replied he had no doubt he could, but he had not yet tried. Reader, do you try to play by this scale; you are as sure of success as he was at any rate. Set to, and play off a few extempore tunes; you will find every effect you can desire produced. Be sure of this the more rigidly you observe the directions here humbly submitted to your notice, the more closely will the tune you produce correspond to those which a thousand performers are every day playing off.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

BRUGES—THE TOUR DES HALLES—BELFRIES—CANALS—ORIGIN OF MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS—THE BURGHE—HOSPITAL OF ST JOHN—THE BURGH OF ST PIERRE—HELMING—NOET-DAM—FOUNDS OF CHARLES THE BOLD AND MARY OF BURGUNDY.

PASSING through Louvain and Malines, we arrived in Bruges, where we made up our minds to stay some time, there being a charm about this queer old town which wins upon our associations, and forbids its being thrown aside lightly. Bruges was from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century one of the most flourishing cities in Europe. The grass may be now seen growing in its principal squares; its streets are not thronged with busy passengers, or disturbed by the noise of carriages or the tramp of horses; its canals flow noiselessly along their quays and underneath their narrow bridges, bearing neither barge, nor boat, nor any other description of vessel on their surface. Still the town retains its feudal aspect. The sanguinary Goths of the French Revolution may have torn down the statues and armorial bearings from the niches which once adorned the façade of the Hôtel de Ville—the Market Hall may, in its interior appointments, have undergone many derogatory changes; but the square before it, with the surrounding old houses, remains almost intact as when tilts and tournaments were held before the Dukes of Burgundy, and knights in their emblazoned surcoats and shining helmets, mounted on their richly-caparisoned steeds, gallantly encountered knights in the presence of high-born ladies and gaily-attired damsels, who, to witness the spectacle, crowded the windows, over which waved the banners of the noble cavaliers who perilled their honour, or it may be their lives, in the arena before them. The Palace of Justice, too, with its wonderfully-carved oak mantel-piece, which is monumental of the history of Flanders, still retains the narrow and gloomy chambers which were used alternately as halls of torture and as prisons during the Duke of Alva's wicked administration; and connected with this ancient edifice is the chapel of the holy blood, the façade of which is an exquisite architectural gem. These, and other as interesting monuments, are surrounded by old and stately mansions, many of which are highly decorated, and visibly in accordance with the manners and style of the middle ages. In passing through the squares and streets we met with few passengers, and these frequently in the Flemish costume. For young women this dress is extremely picturesque, consisting of a long cloak of fine black cloth or silk, with a hood covering the head, under which many a half-hidden pretty face may be detected; for while Brussels was celebrated for its nobility, Antwerp for its wealth, Louvain for its learning, Bruges enjoyed a reputation above all other cities in Belgium for its pretty girls—*Formosa Burgu puella*; and we confess that, from our casual observation, we do not think

it has lost its claim to this pre-eminence. There is no outward appearance of any description of business being here carried on with spirit. The shops are unobtrusive, and seemingly little frequented; in their doorways, however, and sometimes through their windows, may be seen women occupied in making the very fine thread for which Brabant and Namant are celebrated, or netting lace, upon which humble remnant of a once flourishing trade many poor families now support themselves.

The most conspicuous object in approaching or in perambulating the town, is the lofty octagonal brick tower in the market-place, called the Tour des Halles, which commands from its top an extensive view of the surrounding country. It was originally isolated from the buildings which now are connected with it, being one of those belfries which, in the thirteenth century, every town in the Netherlands claimed as a right, not only for the custody of its archives and public records, but for the purpose of enabling the municipal guard to watch over the safety of the inhabitants. They were therefore provided with enormous bells, which were duly christened and honoured with sponsors, who, like other godfathers, found they had little control over the objects of their adoption when they, under the mandates of the popular will, sounded the tocsin of rebellion. The ringing of these ponderous bells, on all occasions summoned the citizens to meet together; but it was customary in Bruges for the night-patrols on duty at the top of the tower to blow a trumpet every hour, as a security for their not slumbering upon their post. The public records and the great town-seal (*Zegel Van Scriban*) were here safely kept in an immense coffer, which was secured by ten different locks, one key of which was assigned to the corporation of the college of burgomasters, while the other nine were confided to the nine deacons of the principal trades. The civic authorities, therefore, could not complete any treaties for the levy of money, or make any other contracts affecting the interests of the people, without the college convoking the heads of these trades to obtain their respective keys, for the purpose of procuring the impression of the town-seal, without which all such documents were null and void. The wardens of the town still keep their night watch on the top of this tower, and give the alarm in case of any fire occurring in Bruges, or any of the surrounding villages. It also contains one of the sweetest-toned carillons in Belgium. The old edifice which this belfry originally surmounted, and which was replaced by the present Market Hall in the thirteenth century, was called the Water Hall, because it was constructed over a canal which permitted the boats of merchants to pass under the vaulted arches, and land their goods under its galleries.

Here, it should be observed, that one of the peculiarities of these towns is the number of canals flowing through them in different directions; and which do not suggest the idea of stagnant or unhealthy collections of water, but rather of streams, winding between lofty houses, which are reflected in their depths, now rippling under walls mantled with ivy, and now spreading into wider expanse before gardens, which often appear ornamentally planted, with willow and acacia boughs gracefully drooping over their embankments. While such scenes contribute in many places to the picturesque appearance of Bruges, we should not forget that to these very canals the Netherlands owes all its former commercial pre-eminence; for, being so flat a country, its navigable rivers were easily extended, and these channels, which carry off the drainage water which would otherwise inundate the land, were without difficulty so constructed as to constitute an intricate system of water carriage, by which the most distant places are connected together. Accordingly, after the towns of Italy and those on the coast of the Baltic, the towns of the Netherlands were found most available for the importation and exportation of goods; and Bruges was for this reason selected as one of the depôts of the French

League, which was a memorable combination, entered into by some eighty principal cities in Europe for the protection of commerce; and so influential became this confederation, that kings and princes were obliged to recognise and observe its laws. The spirit with which every branch of industry was conducted, and the feeling of independence which the Flemish burghers, who were a proud and haughty race, soon acquired, prompted them to emancipate themselves from the authority of their feudal lords. And having, partly by the wealth they already possessed, and partly by the sale of lands, purchased their freedom, they divided themselves, according to their vocations, into different fraternities or guilds, from which they elected a certain number of bailiffs or *échevins*, who were, as magistrates, empowered to act upon their behalf, and represent their collective interests. Thus municipal corporations were first organised in the Netherlands, and the belfries just described were erected as trophies, and at the same time temples for the safeguard of their liberties. To such energetic people commerce was, as might be anticipated, indebted for many suggestions and discoveries. The first Bourse, or building of Exchange, was established at Bruges; and was so called from merchants having been in the habit of meeting to discuss their speculations near the house of a family named *De Bourse*, over whose doorway, fixed into the wall, was their escutcheon, sculptured in stone, representing three *bourses* or purses. The family appears to have been of ancient lineage in Flanders; and the word *bourse* became afterwards so universally applied to all such buildings, that when Queen Elizabeth wished to give a different name to the Bourse of London, the force of habit, says Guicciardini, was so strong, that notwithstanding her royal ordinances, people continued to use the word of Flemish origin. Here also the practice of marine insurance was first adopted, so that the principle upon which Lloyd's great establishment is founded, was discovered by speculators on the Exchange of Bruges.

We may easily imagine that a town which is invested with so many associations which are connected with its prosperity in those halcyon days, when it was proudly described as being the Tyre of Europe, will possess many rare and exquisite gems connected with the fine arts. It is so; and we scarcely know which, among so many objects that excite admiration, is entitled to precedence. In the gallery of the Hospital of St John, which is a charitable and religious institution for the reception of the sick, are many admirable pictures by Hemling, Van Eyck, Van Oost, Schellink, &c.; but its principal treasure, which is preserved under a glass-case, in the middle of the room, upon a table which moves round upon a pivot, is the shrine of St Ursula. It is in the shape of a small Gothic edifice, which is divided into compartments, upon which are depicted, in the most exquisite miniature painting, the embarkation and martyrdom of the eleven thousand virgins, whose bones were diligently collected, and are still faithfully preserved in the church which is dedicated to this saint at Cologne. We remember being much struck, upon our entrance into this church, with the curious taste displayed in the arrangement of some of these bones against the wall—those which were long being made to radiate, as it were, from others which were irregularly small, which reminded us of the fanciful way gunlocks, ramrods, sword-pikes, and other deadly weapons are generally arranged in the armoury of a castle. But the greater number of these bones, brown and crumbling into dust, are heaped promiscuously together in recesses closed in by lattice-work, which go completely round the walls of the church. There is, however, a room set apart, which is called 'the Golden Chamber,' upon the shelves of which are ranged, partially encased in gilt, the skulls of the virgin martyrs, who were, it seems, somewhat more fortunate than their sister companions, as they here enjoy, indefinitely, something like a posthumous reputation; for, it remains having been identified, as we

were informed by an intelligent young priest, by the tombs out of which they were disinterred, their names are respectively inscribed upon their busts, upon which we observed those of St Florentina, St Marguerite, St Artimia, St Sophia, and St Julia. We grieve to add, however, that these distinctions are highly apocryphal; for many of these skulls are indisputably of a masculine type, and bear the marks of deep sabre cuts, and fractures, and contusions, which would justify the supposition that they are from a very different source than the sacred one assigned them. To return, however, to the shrine. The compartments, three in number on one side, represent the immaculate companions of St Ursula taking their departure from Cologne; and the same number of compartments on the other, their cruel massacre. The different boats are crowded with innumerable figures, which are individualised with admirable precision and accuracy, each countenance conveying a different expression, the minutest features of which are finished with infinite delicacy. This wonderful work of art is the production of Hemling, who was a soldier, and is described to have been an idle and profligate fellow, who accompanied the army of Charles the Bold to Nancy, at the siege of which he was severely wounded, and being a native of Bruges, and consequently entitled to the benefit of this charitable endowment, obtained admission into this hospital. Here, during his lingering cure, he developed his genius as an artist; and the merit and beauty of his pictures being immediately recognised, he was allowed to remain in the establishment after he had recovered, giving his paintings to the institution by way of a consideration for the expense of his maintenance. Hence he introduced into many of his pictures the portraits of the attendants and persons connected with the hospital. In the same gallery is a remarkably fine picture by him, representing the mystic marriage of St Catherine, which is so charming in all its details, that the spectator may sit, as it were, entranced before it, discovering every instant new beauties. Indeed, one of the greatest wonders connected with the painting upon the shrine of St Ursula, and this and other pictures, not only by Hemling, but other artists of the same age, is that they retain in so much perfection all the brilliancy of their colouring, although they were executed nearly four hundred years ago.

Near to the Hospital of St John is the ancient church of Notre-Dame, which contains some fine pictures—a group of the Virgin and Child in white marble, said to be by Michael Angelo; and in a small side chapel, near the choir, called the Chapel of Lanchals—from the name of Peter Lanchals, who suffered death upon the scaffold on account of his being supposed to have favoured the interests of the Emperor Maximilian, and to whose memory it was dedicated—will be found the tombs of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary of Burgundy, two of the most interesting monuments in Bruges. The most remarkable incident in the life of this impetuous prince, was his detention of Louis XI. in the fortress of Peronne, when that crafty monarch hazarded a visit to his 'fair cousin of Burgundy,' in the hope of disarming his hostility, and acquiring other political advantages by an outward semblance of brotherly confidence and friendship, while at the same time he was surreptitiously employing his secret emissaries to excite the people of Liège to rebel against his authority. Few characters in the history of Europe are so detestable as that of Louis XI. Hypocrisy, treachery, cruelty—the very worst attributes of humanity—were the elements of his moral nature, in the midst of which he sought refuge from his iniquities by prostrating himself before the images of saints and the altar of his own abject superstitions. His adversary, Charles the Bold, was of a very opposite disposition and temperament. Hasty and impetuous, he could brook no disguise of thought or feeling; a branch of holly, with the motto, 'Who touches it, pricks himself!' was his befitting crest. He was, in truth, a hero in an age of heroes; but, unhap-

pily, as imprudent as he was brave. His reverses in Switzerland, the defection of his officers, the desertion of his troops, the rebellion of his subjects, so recoiled upon his mind, that he fell into a state of moody melancholy, in which, renouncing all intercourse with the world, and conversation even with persons around him, he allowed his hair to remain unshorn, his nails uncut, and his beard unshaven; and from this self-inflicted penance of disappointed ambition and despair, he awakened only to rush headlong upon his own destruction. In the excitement of reaction, thirsting for vengeance, and determining at all risks to retrieve the honour of the house of Burgundy, he led his army once more into the field, and, in opposition to the advice and remonstrances of the generals who still fought nobly under his banners, besieged the town of Nancy. The winter was unusually severe; the snow lay heavy on the ground; many of his troops perished from the direct effects of the bitter weather; others from disease; while the garrison of the town held gallantly out until the Duke René of Lorraine arrived to the relief of the inhabitants, whose supplies having been cut off for three weeks were reduced to the necessity of subsisting on the flesh of mules, dogs, cats, and whatever else they could find, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The enthusiasm and joy of the troops and people upon the arrival of the duke knew no bounds; and when, the next morning, he led them into action, the Swiss soldiers prayed that Heaven would give them the victory, and kneeling down, kissed the snow upon the earth. The camp of the Duke of Burgundy presented a less animated and glowing scene; and as it has been said that heroes going into action sometimes receive certain presentiments of their disastrous fate, so happened it with Charles; for while adjusting his armour to mount his noble charger—a magnificent black horse named *Morcu*, the little gilt lion which surmounted his casque fell to the ground, upon which he observed, with despondency, '*Hec est signum Dei.*' The battle which now ensued was severe, but of short duration, for the army of the Duke of Burgundy was routed in every direction, and cut to pieces; few escaped being taken prisoners or put to death; and the defeated Burgundians were pursued for two hours after nightfall. The victorious Duke of Lorraine now returned triumphantly into Nancy; great were the rejoicings; but nobody could inform him what had become of the Duke of Burgundy, whether he had escaped, or had been taken prisoner, or had perished on the field. At length, under the guidance of a poor woman—a *blanchisseuse* in the palace of Lorraine, who reported that she had, in passing through the field of battle, observed a ring on the finger of one of the slain—a page of the late duke, and some others, were conducted to the spot, where the person of the Duke of Burgundy was recognised, lying naked in a ditch, surrounded by several dead bodies in the same state, all of which were mangled by the wolves. Hereupon his physician, his chaplain, his chamberlain, and many other persons, clearly identified his remains, which were carried into Nancy, and having been washed with warm wine and water, were laid in state. The body was enshrouded with a vesture of white satin, which extended to the feet; the ducal coronet was encircled round his forehead; a rich mantle was placed around him; and a pair of scarlet boots were drawn upon his feet, to which were attached the badge of that most noble order of chivalry, the Golden Spur. His head was made to repose on a black velvet pillow; and upon the table on which the body was thus laid out, were, at the four corners, large lighted tapers, with the crucifix and holy water at his feet. When all had been so arranged, the Duke of Lorraine came into the room, dressed in deep mourning, wearing a golden beard, which descended to his girdle, and taking one of the hands of the deceased from under the velvet pall which was thrown over him, he said aloud, in the hearing of all present, 'God would that you should die: you have done us many injuries and vexations!' He then kissed the hand, sprinkled

the body with holy water, and kneeling down, remained a quarter of an hour in prayer. The funeral ceremony was afterwards conducted with great pomp; the Duke of Lorraine following upon foot, and wearing the golden beard, as a sign of his having won the victory over the deceased, in imitation of the ancient *proux*, who themselves derived it from the Romans. Such were the curious customs and manners of an age, in which the gloom of barbarism was often strangely blended with the kindlier manifestations of humanity. The body of Charles the Bold, having been thus honourably interred, remained in the church of St George's at Nancy until his great-grandson, the Emperor Charles V., obtained permission from the dowager Duchess of Lorraine to transport it to Bruges, where his son, Philip II., ordered the erection of the present monument to his memory.

Near to the mausoleum of Charles the Bold is that of his daughter—the offspring of his marriage with Isabel of Bourbon—Mary of Burgundy; a monument of exquisite workmanship, and of earlier date, having been executed immediately after her death. The history of this youthful princess—her early accession to the distracted dominions of her father through his untimely death; the dangers which beset her inexperienced age; and the treachery of Louis XI., her godfather, which led to the torture and execution of her two faithful ministers, Lymbereourt and Hugonot; the noble and generous enthusiasm with which, regardless of her own safety, she rushed through the armed multitude, and ascending the scaffold, threw herself upon her knees, imploring, with frantic gestures and impassioned accents, that their lives might be spared; her marriage with the Archduke Maximilian, which annexed the Netherlands to Austria—these, and other events as interesting, we can hardly touch upon without entering into details which would far exceed our limits. Unhappily, the reign of this amiable princess was of short duration. Upon returning from a tour she had made in Hainault and in Valenciennes, she went out one morning with a party of pleasure, in the neighbourhood of Bruges, heron-hunting—one of her favourite amusements. In pursuing the sport, her horse, in leaping over a fallen tree, burst the girths of the saddle, which immediately rolling round, precipitated her with great force to the ground. Upon being taken up, and carried to the palace, it was supposed that, although hurt, she was not dangerously wounded; but dangerous symptoms soon supervened, and after lingering for three weeks with the greatest patience and resignation, she expired, to the universal regret of her subjects.

The monument which was raised to the memory of this princess consists of a tomb, the sides of which are richly enamelled with the branches and foliage of a tree, in the midst of which are seen numerous emblems, designating the duchies, and counties, and sovereignties which were by her marriage brought under the dominion of the house of Austria, and which supports a full-length recumbent statue, which is considered to be an exact resemblance of the deceased. It is in copper-gilt, and beautifully executed. Her forehead appears, as in her portrait, to be somewhat high; and the features of her countenance are small, with lips in some degree, especially the lower one, thick and projecting, which is a physiological defect which has been since remarked to be peculiar to the princes of Austria, and which is indeed familiarly known as the Austrian lip. Her head rests upon a cushion, and is covered with a small velvet cap, supposed to be studded with precious stones, which conceals her hair, which she was in the habit of wearing plain against the temples, and drawn up behind, much in accordance with the present fashion. Her hands rest, palm to palm, upraised upon her chest; and a mantle over her robe hangs on each side, richly embroidered. The minutest details of her features and costume are exquisitely finished; and her feet rest against two small dogs, the emblems of fidelity. A massive, and nearly square tablet, is affixed against one end of the tomb, upon which her epitaph is inscribed in Gothic characters, which, after

enumerating her many august titles, concludes with this simple and affecting eulogy—'For five years she reigned as the lady of the Low Countries; four years and nine months of which period were passed in marriage, virtuously and in love and great affection with the prince her husband. She died lamented, deplored, and wept by her subjects, and by all who knew her, as was never princess before. Pray God for her soul. Amen.'

Here I may appropriately conclude these rambling recollections of the Netherlands.

HEALTH AND PLENTY.

PROFESSOR GUY, of King's College, shows* that, in one million of inhabitants of large towns in England, there are 7773 deaths per annum more than in the same number of inhabitants of the country. The general annual mortality in England is 22 in the 1000, or 1 in 45; but in Manchester it is 32, and in Liverpool 35, in the 1000. From such facts, it may be safely inferred that, as a general rule, our towns are unhealthy in comparison with the country.

It is found, however, that all parts of towns are not equally unhealthy. In certain districts of London, where there is an allowance of 202 square yards of space for every inhabitant, there is a mortality of 1 in 49; which is less than even the country mortality. In other districts, where there are only 102 square yards of space for each person, the annual deaths are 1 in 41. In a third class of districts, where the allowance of space is only 32 square yards, the deaths are 1 in 36! Thus it is seen that mortality increases in the ratio of crowding—a condition usually attended by others unfavourable to health, as severe toils, insufficient food, intemperance, general ignorance. 'Need I tell you,' says Professor Guy, 'that these crowded districts are the abodes of the labouring-classes and of the poor—the districts of narrow lanes, blind courts, and dark cellars—the chosen resorts of filth and fever, of every physical and moral abomination, of all the barbarism that hides itself in the midst of the splendours and triumphs of civilisation.' A description of the worst of these places could not fail to excite emotions of disgust and horror. They combine, in a frightful degree, all that is most offensive to the senses, most revolting to the feelings, most injurious to health, most fatal to morals. Few can be prepared to hear of such a fearful sacrifice and curtailment of life as have been shown to exist among the class inhabiting these districts. Thus, to take a single metropolitan parish—that of St Giles' and St George's, Bloomsbury: while the gentry, who inhabit the open squares and broad streets, live on an average forty years, the working-class, who inhabit narrow lanes, blind courts, and dark cellars, live only seventeen years; that is to say, they lose, one with another, just twenty-three years of their lives. In Shoreditch the loss amounts to twenty-eight years.'

It is believed by medical men that one of the leading causes of unhealthiness of towns is defective cleansing and drainage. The Rev. Mr Clay of Preston divided his town into districts, which were in degrees of comparison as to cleansing and draining. In the streets well conditioned in this respect, he found that, of infants under one year old, 15 in the 100 died; in the streets moderately-conditioned, there died 21 in 100; in ill-conditioned streets, 38 in 100; and in the worst-conditioned, the mortality of infants was 44 in 100; that is to say, the poor mothers living in the worst streets lose three times more of their nurslings than the mothers in the best streets! Here, of course, other circumstances besides bad drainage were in operation. But that drainage is a material element in the case, there are plenty of proofs. For example—Mr Holland of Manchester

states that in twenty streets in Chorlton-on-Medlock, the mortality fell from 110 to 89 per annum, after, and no doubt principally in consequence of, the streets being properly paved and drained. Mr Gardiner and Mr Noble have confirmed this result, by showing that in certain streets in St George's district, Manchester, the deaths in 1838-9 amounted to 495; but that in 1841-2, after the streets were paved and sewered, the deaths were only 432, being a diminution of sixty-three, or about one-eighth. In a district in Ancoats, a diminution of forty deaths out of 270, or about one-seventh, followed a similar improvement.

It is painful to consider how much evil is thus submitted to which might be extinguished by the mere removal of noxious matters from the streets. But the supineness of society in this particular is the less to be excused, when we consider that this very refuse, so destructive to life in present arrangements, is capable, under a proper application, of producing vast additions to the means of sustaining life. Professor Guy almost needlessly shows its fertilising powers. 'There can be no reasonable doubt,' he says, 'that, taking one crop with another, for every inhabitant of a large town there is at present thrown into our rivers, and carried out to sea [or, may we not add, left to fester within the towns themselves], fertilising matter sufficient to crown an acre of land with plenty.'

As an illustration, Mr Guy adverts to a well-known tract of ground stretching between the inferior part of Edinburgh and the sea, which is irrigated by the sewers of the city, and has been consequently raised to a surprising degree of fertility. We can add our own testimony to the change thus wrought in what was in our school-days a sandy waste, bearing furze, and not worth above 2s. 6d. an acre. It is now a rich green domain, bearing several crops of heavy grass per annum, and renting at from £15 to £20 an acre. A different portion of this irrigated tract has yielded as high a rent as £57 per acre. Now, from its nearness to the city, this irrigated district is, to a great extent, a public nuisance; but that consideration does not in the least interfere with the fact of the fertilising consequences of the irrigation. It is entirely an accident in the case. Were the lands only more remote from the city, the simplicity of such an application of manure, and its admirable effects, would be a subject of unmixed congratulation.

It has been proposed to deal with the drainage of towns in such a way as would accomplish this object. 'If,' says Professor Guy, 'after removing the lighter substances which float on the surface, the heavier matters held in suspension are allowed to subside, which they do in the space of four or five hours, the supernatant liquid, though still containing the most valuable elements of plants, will be nearly as clear as the waters of the Thames, and will admit of being dealt with as if it were common water. Now we all know, from the experience of water companies, how easily and economically large quantities of water can be transmitted to great distances by machinery, and it is quite obvious that sewer water admits of being so conveyed. If this plan were adopted, it is laid down by high authority that while the cost of cartage would amount, under the most favourable circumstances, to 4s. per ton, the cost of conveyance by machinery would be only 2½d. a ton. According to another high authority, while the distribution in the solid form costs about £3, that in the liquid form costs only 6s. It has also been experimentally proved that the sewer water admits not merely of being conveyed to the land thus economically, but that it can be easily and cheaply distributed over the land by means of a hose—a plan originally suggested by Mr John Martin, put to the test of experiment by Mr Smith of Deanston, and now, as I understand, in actual use on a large farm in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.'

'One might almost,' adds Mr Guy, 'imagine that, under the guise of a fable, the wisdom of antiquity had designed to shadow forth the excellent uses and surprising efficacy of water as a scavenger. The strength

* On the Health of Towns, &c. A Lecture delivered at the Russell Institution May 6, 1846. By W. A. Guy, M.B., Q.M., Professor of Forensic Medicine, King's College. London: Henry Rees & Co.

of a Hercules could not contend successfully with the filth of the neglected stable till he has called into his assistance the irresistible might of water. So, in our heroic days, that which an army of scavengers cannot effect, rivers of water, conducted by the strong arm of machinery, shall accomplish with ease. The worse than Augean filth of our large towns shall be swept away, and with it the pestilence which lurks in scenes of filth; and, as if to make amends for the fearful evils which it has inflicted, the cruel parent of disease shall become the source of overflowing plenty, thus affording to future generations a tardy compensation for the evils inflicted on the past.

Mr Guy calculates the value of the manure now wasted at several millions per annum, and the loss incurred by disease and death through its misapplication at a like large sum. We can hardly follow him in this part of his speculations; but we thoroughly believe that the loss must be something far beyond what the public has any conception of.

MR DIXON'S COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH POEMS AND SONGS.

THIS is one of the volumes printed for the Percy Society—a body, we believe, which employs itself in thus preserving the old poetry of England, of which it has already brought out upwards of sixty publications. In the present, there are popular elements entitling it to some notice at our hands. The pieces are partly of the nature of moral poems, smacking strongly of the pious taste of the seventeenth century; partly rustic ballads and songs, of doubtful antiquity, but going far to disprove the notion that the English commonalty are not the poetical or singing people which the Scotch have long been acknowledged to be. Mr Dixon supplies notes, stating all that is known respecting the history of the various pieces, and giving whatever other illustration is now attainable.

The popular moral poetry of the century before the last is always readily distinguishable, in consequence of the stern unflattering views which it gives of our mortal state. The worthy yeomen and cottagers of that age loved to have blackletter broadside pasted on their window-shutters, or over their fireplaces, containing perhaps the *Dialogues between Death and the Rich Man*, or the *Life and Age of Alan*; the latter a piece so melancholy, that Robert Burns's grandchild, as we learn from the poet's biography, could never see it without tears. Fine character came out of the English mind in those rigorous days: let us hope that better will not be wanting as a result of the milder discipline of the present age. We commence with a specimen from one of these moral ditties—one which reminds us much of the strain of the well-known *Soul's Errand*, long supposed to be by Sir Walter Raleigh, but now ascertained to be a production of Joshua Sylvester, who died in 1618. James Montgomery remarks the condensed thought and felicitous language of this piece—

Look on the brightest eye,
Nor teach it to be proud;
But view the clearest sky,
And thou shalt find a cloud;
Nor call each face ye meet
An angel's, 'cause it's fair,
But look beneath your feet,
And think of what ye are.

Who thinks that love doth live
In beauty's tempting show,
Shall find his hopes ungive,
And melt in reason's thaw;
Who thinks that pleasure lies
In every fairy bower,
Shall oft, to his surprise,
Find poison in the flower. * *

Doubt doubt my warning song?
Then doubt the sun gives light,
Doubt truth to teach thee wrong,
And wrong alone as right;

And live as lives the knave,
Intrigue's deceiving guest;
Be tyrant, or be slave,
As suits thy ends the best.

Or pause amid thy toils,
For vision's won and lost,
And count the fancied spoils,
If e'er they quit the cost;
And if they still possess
Thy mind, as worthy things,
Pick straws with Balaam's asses,
And call them diamond rings.

The poem entitled *The Messenger of Mortality* details a conversation between Death and a gay lady, whom he has come to summon home. It opens strikingly:—

DEATH.

Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride,
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight—
I'm come to summon you away this night!

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? Pray, let me know
From whence you come, and whither I must go?
Must I, who am a lady, stoop or bow
To such a pale-faced visage? Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well, I tell thee, then,
It's I that conquer all the sons of men!
No pitch of honour from my dart is free;
My name is Death! Have you not heard of me?

LADY.

Yes, I have heard of thee three time after time,
But, being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you would have called so soon.
Why can't my morning sun go down at noon?

It closes with four lines of general remark, which the editor tells us are found inscribed on village tombstones in England. We give them, however, in what appears to us a much superior version, taken from a headstone in the north of Scotland (transcribed from the recollection of a friend).—

Life is a city of many a street,
And Death the market-place, where all men meet;
If he wags a thumb, a man's pride could not buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die.

We pass from these solemn subjects to the ballad department of Mr Dixon's volume. One, entitled *The Death of Gary Reed*, seems worthy of the Border Minstrelsy, and we doubt not that Scott would have praised it at it. Reed was lust of Troughend, in Fife-shire, probably in the latter part of the sixteenth century. In the execution of his duty as an officer appointed to suppress thieving on the Borders, he had incurred the hate of a family named Croser, by bringing some of them to justice. This led to his being barbarously murdered by them while hunting. —

* To the humming-bird, said Percy Reed,
* The morning sun is on the east
The water has been true of the hills
We'll lead the dais to the quarry true!

* To the humming-bird, said Percy Reed,
* To the humming-bird, said Percy Reed,
And the three times that of Gipsies held
Among we thought has the dais held.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and barrow;
They chased a hawk in the forest deep,
And blew the horn at the dais deep.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They chased the hawk in the forest deep;
With music sweet of the dais deep,
They merry made in the dais deep.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted up, they hunted down,
Until the day was past the game,
And it was late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in the forest deep,
When, as the sun was sinking low,
Says Percy Reed, "Call off the dog,
We'll bare our swords, and homeward go."

They lighted high in the forest deep,
At a croon the brown and dais green;
They had but rested a little while,
Till Percy Reed was sleeping sound.

'There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,
But him that risks to get a fa';
There's nane may in a traitor trust,
And traitors black were every Ha'.

'They've stown the bridle off his steed,
And they've put water in his lang gun;
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.

'Awaken ye, waken ye, Percy Reed,
Or by your enemies be ta'en;
For yonder are the five Crossers
A-couling owre the Hingin'-stone.'

'If they be five, and we be four,
See that ye stand along wi' me;
Then every man ye will take one,
And only leave but two to me:
We will then meet as brave men ought,
And ma'e o' them either tight or flee.'

'We may na stand, we canna stand,
We daun na stand along wi' thee;
The Crossers hand thee at a feud,
And they'wad kill baith thee and we.' * *

He had but time to cross himself—
A prayer he hadna time to say—
Till round him came the Crossers keen,
All siding graithed, and in array.

'Weel met, weel met, now Percy Reed,
'Thou art the very man we sought;
Owre lang hae we been in yon debt,
Now a'll we pay ye as we ought.

We'll pay thee at the nearest free,
Where we shall hang thee like a hound;
Brace Percy, raised his fankit sword,
And felled the foreman to the ground.

Alike, and was for Percy Reed—
Alike, he was an unarmed man:
Four weapons pierced him all at once,
As they assailed him there and than.

They fell upon him all at once,
They mangled him most cruelly;
The slightest wound might caused his deid,
And they hae gien him thirty-three.
They hacked off his hands and feet,
And left him lying on the lee.

Peace to the names of Percy! Few of the ballads are of so romantic a cast. Some, on the contrary, are highly jocular and familiar. There is one, for instance, called *Saddle to Rags*, said to be a great favourite in the dales of Yorkshire. It relates to a highwayman who met

— a silly old man,
That was going to pay his rent.

A conversation takes place—

'I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half-year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

But my landlord's not been at hame—
I've not seen him twelve month or more;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore.'

'You 'mud not have told anybody,
For 'nerves they are gaing many;
If they were to light upon you,
'They would rob you of every penny.'

'Oh, never mind,' says the old man,
'Thieve, I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bag,
In the saddle on which I ride.'

'They were a-riding along,
And riding a-down a phyll,
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

'The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many;
He flung his old saddle o'er the hedge,
And said, 'Fetch it, if thou'll have any.'

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride,
He set the thief's horse in a gallop—
You need not bid the old man ride!

This thief he was not content,
He thought there must be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man galloped and rode,
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

He opened this rogue's portmanteau,
It was glorious for to behold;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other two hundred in gold.

Many of the songs are relative to country life—some praising the occupations of the farmer and ploughman, others celebrating the hay-season, harvest-home, and other rustic festivals. It is curious, at a time when class interests have been clashing so seriously on the subject of agriculture, to hear its supremacy asserted on such a simple ground as the following:—

Behold the wealthy merchant, that trades in foreign seas,
And brings home gold and treasure for those who live at ease;
With fine silks and spices, and fruits also too,
They are brought from the Indies by virtue of the plough.

Yes, the man that brings them will own to what is true;
He cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough!
For they must have a bread, biscuit, rice-pudding, flour, and peas,
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail o'er the seas.

I hope there's none offend'd at me for singing this,
For it is not intended for anything unis;
If you consider rightly, you'll find what I say is true,
For all that you can mention depends upon the plough.

Mr Dixon tells us—'In some of the more remote dales of Craven it is customary, at the close of the hay-harvest, for the farmers to give an entertainment to their men; this is called the churn supper. The masters and their families attend the entertainment, and share in this general mirth. The men on these occasions mask themselves, and dress in a grotesque manner, and are allowed the privilege of playing harmless practical jokes on their employers,' &c. The song for this occasion opens with the initial line of a beautiful Christmas carol:—

God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Be not moved at my strain,
For nothing staidy shall my brain
But for to make you laugh:
For I came here to this feast
For to laugh, garous, and jest,
And welcome shall be every guest
To drink his cup and can.

* Chorus. Be frolic some every one,
Melancholy none;
Drink about!
See it out,
And then we'll all go home,
And then we'll all go home.

We conclude with a song which we have seen elsewhere, but whose arch-humour would reconcile even a teetotalter to read it a second time:—

God above, who rules all things,
Monks and abbots, and beggars and kings,
The ships that in the sea do swim,
The earth, and all that is therein;
Not forgetting the old cow's hide,
And everything else in the world beside:
And I wish his soul in heaven may dwell
Who first invented this leathern bottle!

Oh what do you say to the glasser fine?
Oh they shall have no praise of mine;
Suppose a gentleman sends his man
To fill them with liquor as fast as he can;
The man he falls in coming away,
And sheds the liquor so fine and gay;
But had it been in the leathern bottle,
And the stopper been in, 'twould all have been well!

Oh what do you say to the tankard fine?
Oh it shall have no praise of mine;
Suppose a man and his wife fall out—
And such things happen sometimes no doubt—
They pull and they haul; in the midst of the fray
They shed the liquor so fine and gay;
But had it been in the leathern bottle,
And the stopper been in, 'twould all have been well!

Now, when this bottle is worn out,
Out of its sides you may cut a clout;
This you may hang upon a pin—
'Twill serve to put odd trifles in;
Ink and soap, and candle-ends,
For young beginners have need of such friends.
And I wish his soul in heaven may dwell
Who first invented the leathern bottle!

THE MARTYRDOM OF GIVING.

THERE are some persons in the world whose nature is composed of such mean and sordid elements, that they seem to have little idea of opening their hand except for the purposes of getting and grasping. They move, not in obedience to the centrifugal law of love, which throws everything off from the centre, but to the centripetal law of self, which draws everything towards it. *L. s. d.* may be said to be their whole alphabet, and No. 1 the limit of their calculations. They have a horror of collection sermons, and 'boxing-day' is their abhorrence. They cannot endure the sight of a poor relation; and such is their sensibility of pocket, that they can infallibly distinguish the knock of any one who comes on a begging errand. Public dinners they scrupulously avoid, because of those 'annoying collections,' and at any time they would as soon lose some of the blood which circulates in their body, as part with any of that more valued blood which circulates in their pocket. Those who know them, appeal to their generosity with a hopeless shrug, knowing that 'Can't afford it,' 'Bad times,' &c. will be the almost certain response. The vital tide of money, intended to circulate freely through the arteries and veins of society, conglobates in their purse; and that which was given for life and health, produces, by stagnating, nothing but moral disease and corruption.

There are some so entirely possessed by these feelings, that it is an agony and a martyrdom to them to pay even the strict demands of justice. They can scarcely be persuaded to regard a creditor as a being of the same nature as a debtor. It is a part of their system to postpone payment as long as possible; and we have known men, of substance and standing in society, from whom nothing could wring payment of their debts but the iron hand of the law. Such men give a world of unnecessary trouble, besides causing much vexation and annoyance. If, after twenty 'Not at home's,' 'Call again's,' &c. you obtain a settlement, you may deem yourself fortunate; if, however, double that number of journeys be inflicted on you, you must not be surprised.

There are others, again, who scrupulously respect the claims of justice—men of honour and integrity, who would not cheat you of a farthing, yet to whom giving is such a martyrdom, that you can scarcely draw a mite of money from them for the most clamant case of distress or the most useful public object. They seldom buy the smallest article without cheapening it; they must have the greatest possible amount of work for the least possible remuneration; and the little they do give, is done with a grudging reluctance, that shows what mental agony it costs them to part with their gold.

It is often curious to observe how some of those who feel most acutely the martyrdom of giving, yet awkwardly endeavour to hide it by an occasional effort at liberal things. How often, for instance, the most sordid man in the neighbourhood will be among the first to put his name to a subscription list, or yield to the offer of the chair at a public meeting, which has been made as an oblation to his vanity, though he knows that the honour must cost him a five-pound note! How he will contrive to worm his name among the gold-lettered list

of benefactors that hangs up in the parish church, as though he had been one of the Oberliases or Howards of the human family! How often do such men seek to atone for a life of avarice and oppression by leaving an immense sum to some religious or benevolent society! If one action could make a character, if a princely legacy could atone for a sordid life, such a deed might be called munificent; but the immense sums frequently left by such men only serve to prove how keenly they felt in their lifetime the martyrdom of giving; as men of more liberal spirit would have chosen rather to be their own executors, and not have allowed the first act of their liberality to be the last one of their life.

It is interesting also to notice what little things will sometimes develop this feeling of mental martyrdom in connexion with giving. How the pretty and refined belle of the party, who never speaks of money but with indifference and contempt, and who sat down to the card-table with the greatest good temper and cheerfulness, strangely frowns and sulenly looks as she empties her purse to pay the envied winner! How the miserly master, who has for many a tedious month promised his faithful servant some token of his approbation, sends at last for him with all solemnity into the drawing-room, and presents him with a magnificent crown-piece, reminding him that it must not be considered as a precedent! How the fastidious, sensitive trifler, who hates nothing so much as the sight of poverty, except it be its appeal, beset by the clamorous beggar, at last, to get rid of the annoyance, angrily flings him a halfpenny into the kennel! How the attentive hearer, who had apparently hung with the deepest interest upon the lips of the preacher, will rise, immediately he discovers that the sermon is to be illustrated with 'plates,' and that the last appeal is the *argumentum ad crumenam*; and, wriggling his difficult way from the farther end of the crowded pew, hurriedly makes for the door, in the eyes of the whole congregation, in order to save his endangered shilling!

It is refreshing, however, to turn from the contemplation of such pictures of selfishness to others of liberality and disinterestedness, and which, we have faith enough in human nature to believe, are not so few nor so difficult to find as some imagine. In paying visits to the poor, I have often been agreeably surprised at the liberality and kindness displayed by the humbler orders towards each other. An instance or two may not be irrelevant. I was inquiring in a wretched alley one evening after two children, when, observing a very poor-looking man, I accosted him, and inquired if he knew what had become of them. He replied that they were in the union; that they had suddenly lost both their parents; that they had no friends to care for them, and that he had himself kept them for several weeks; but that he himself was very poor, and his own family large, and therefore he was at last compelled, unwillingly, to consign them to public charity. On another occasion I paid a visit to a poor man who, with his wife and family, occupied merely a garret, and procured a miserable living by working up tin culinary utensils, and selling them in the street. I was leaving the room, when a wretched-looking girl, crouching by the fire, attracted my attention, and I asked the man if she were his daughter? 'No, sir,' said he; 'we know nothing of her, except that my wife found her sitting at a door one evening, and learning that she had been deserted by her parents, we took pity on her, and brought her here, and she has been with us several weeks, and we have succeeded also in getting her into a school.' Such instances of kindness and liberality do honour to human nature, and prove that, if giving be a martyrdom to some who have ample means, and exercise great influence, yet, on the other hand, the most noble sentiments may be suited to the most ignoble condition, and those who have the least to give, may be the most liberal in disposing of it. Honour to the open-handed and liberal-

hearted, who feel the truth of that Heaven-descended saying, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and who, in their conduct, have the happy reflection that they are in this respect imitating Him who 'openeth his hand,' and is emphatically styled 'the Great Giver!'

THE FACCIOSOS IN ZARAGOZA.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 5th of March 1838, the inhabitants of the heroic city of Zaragoza were awakened from their slumbers by the sound of the *gacera*, of drums beating to arms. It was pitch-dark. The National Guards, composed of the most respectable citizens of all classes, and who had repeatedly given noble proofs of their devotedness to the queen of Spain's cause, clad themselves in their uniforms as quickly as possible, seized their arms, and rushed from their respective dwellings towards the points designated for their assemblage in case of alarm. The spot to which the greater number repaired was the handsome street called El Coso, where the principal or main-guard is always posted at the palace of the captain-general of the province, and where many of the more remarkable public edifices are situated. The best shops and coffee-houses are also in the Coso, which, besides being upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, is very wide. At one end of it two narrow sloping streets branch off, leading to the Plaza del Mercado, or market-place, and it is approached on each side by several long narrow streets.

As the National Guards, in breathless haste, approached the Coso, one by one, or in small parties, they were challenged by sentinels stationed at the *boras-calles*, or street entrances. The summons of 'Quien vive?' ('Who goes there?') was answered, as usual, by 'Nacionales.'

'Advance, Nacionales!' cried the sentinels; and the civic soldiers, thinking that the invitation proceeded either from their own comrades, who might have assembled in the Coso in obedience to the same call which they were hastening to respond to, or from the troops of the slender garrison of Zaragoza, instantly advanced, and found themselves in the midst of a large body of Facciosos, or Carlist troops! They were instantly disarmed, and made prisoners.

But how did this alarming state of things occur? How was it that one-half of the loyal city of Zaragoza, which had successfully resisted the attack of thirty thousand of Napoleon's best troops, commanded by his most distinguished generals, was now in possession of the factions hands of Don Carlos the Pretender? Alas! treachery had crept in amongst them.

The Carlist chief, Cabanero, had formed a plan for surprising Zaragoza at a moment when its defence was almost entirely left in the hands of its National Guards, the bulk of the regular forces being required in the field. Cabanero, who was an Aragonese, and a landed proprietor, was well acquainted with the city; and the force under his command consisted of four battalions of infantry, and about 300 cavalry—all Aragonese, and devoted to their leader. At about nine o'clock on the previous night—it was a Sunday night—some twenty Facciosos stealthily escalated one of the city gates called La Puerta del Carmen, by means of ladders, which had been secreted by confederates within the city, and spots outside the walls agreed upon beforehand. The small body of Nacionales to whom the guard of the gate was confided were taken completely by surprise, and were at once disarmed and captured. The gate was then quietly opened, and three companies of Cabanero's picked men instantly passed through it, and entered the city unperceived. They formed, without a word being spoken, at the entrance of a small square hard by, called La Plazuela del Carmen.

It is a remarkable fact, which transpired afterwards, that, at about eleven o'clock on the same Sunday night, a covered vehicle, called a *tartana*, drawn by one horse, was seen traversing the street called Del Carmen, in the direction of the gate of that name; but although this was an unusual occurrence at that hour, when all the city gates were invariably closed for the night (the *tartanas* being generally used for country excursions), it did not create suspicion in the breasts of the few persons who were passing through the streets at the time. There can be little doubt, however, that some confederates were proceeding in the *tartana* to communicate personally with the invaders, who, in pursuance of preconcerted plans, had already posted their vanguard within the city.

Let us, however, recur to the proceedings of the Facciosos. The three picked companies having established themselves within the gate of El Carmen, the next important object was to ascertain whether all was quiet in the interior of the city; for it was of the utmost consequence to the Carlists that the main force, which was on a forced night-march from Lérida, a town about thirty miles from Zaragoza, should enter immediately on its arrival, without the alarm being given. For this purpose three men disguised as *paysanos*, or private individuals, wearing ample brown cloaks over jackets of the same colour, and conical Aragonese hats, left the guardhouse of the Puerta del Carmen, to go the round of the city. One of them had a violin, another a *bandurria*, which is a small stringed instrument made of a single piece of wood hollowed out, and covered with parchment. It is played upon with the fingers, and produces a very sharp sound; the effect, however, is agreeable when the *bandurria* is played in concert with other instruments. The third had a guitar. These Facciosos in disguise were Aragonese, and played skillfully. When they had advanced as far as the Coso, they tuned their instruments, and struck up the national Aragonese air called La Iota, accompanying it with their well-modulated voices. They sang of love, its charms and its pains; of the chivalry of the Aragonese, and the glories of Zaragoza. Serenades of this description are to this day constantly performed in Spanish cities, towns, and villages, as in the olden time, and I have frequently listened to them with delight. In this way the unsuspected trio perambled the greater portion of the city, and returned, between three and four o'clock in the morning, to the Puerta del Carmen, and reported to their superiors that the worthy inhabitants of Zaragoza were buried in profound repose. The Carlist forces had just arrived, and the 2500 infantry passed through the gate at once, and marched direct to the Coso, of which, and the entrances from the numerous streets leading into it, they took instant possession. The cavalry, 300 men, remained outside, patrolling round the city walls. Parties were detached without delay to different quarters of the city, for the purpose of arresting some of the principal inhabitants who were well known to be firmly attached to the cause of the constitutional queen of Spain, as well as some of the most distinguished officers of the National Guard.

And now, it being still dark, the stratagem of beating the *gacera* was resorted to, in order to entrap the Nacionales; and it succeeded to a certain extent, as already stated. This brings us to the point at which we had arrived, before entering upon this needful description of the antecedents to the attack.

When day dawned, the inmates of the houses in the Coso perceived, with dismay, that it was occupied by the enemy. The Carlist troops had a rough, brigand-like appearance. Most of them wore dark-green boyans, or Busque caps, and their matted hair fell in wild meshes over their temples and ears. Fringed blankets, of variegated colours, hung lengthwise, and doubled to half their breadth, from their athletic shoulders, forming a primitive, yet graceful drapery; and their cananas, or ammunition-belts, were strapped around their loins, the cartridges being lodged in front, in triple rows of

ten tubes. Some of these Voluntarios, as they were called, wore the peaked Aragonese felt hat, ornamented with tinsel of various colours, and dark, velvet-lined jackets, with several rows of closely-set bell-buttons down the front. In lieu of muskets, these men were armed with trabucos, or blunderbusses; and the sandaled feet of the whole of the Carlist troops showed, by the dust with which they were covered, that they had performed a march of considerable length.

The boyos of the officers were varied in colour—green, red, and white—and, together with the loose, wide-sleeved, collarless black sheepskin zamarra, or spencer, and ample trousers of velvet, or other stout material, formed an appropriate costume for chiefs of the sturdy bands who had followed them into the very centre of so determined a population as that of Zaragoza, and who were panting to pounce upon their prey.

The bayoneted muskets, which were bristling on the shoulders of the Facciosos, glittered in the rays of the morning sun slanting across the Coso; and as the astounded inmates appeared at the windows of their dwellings, the officers advanced, crying—“Viva Carlos quinto! Viva Don Juan Cabanero! Vivan los Zaragozanos! We are all Aragonese! Let us be friends! The Nacionales are all sold! The castle is ours! Nacionales! give up your arms and uniforms, and let us embrace each other as good subjects of the legitimate king!” “And defenders of our holy religion!” cried some curas and friars who stepped forth from the Carlist ranks. They were veritable types of the church-militant; for uncouth sabres were pendent from their rusty cassocks and serge frocks, and old-fashioned horse-pistols were stuck in their girdles.

These appeals were not responded to; on the contrary, the windows were quickly closed by those who had been looking out of them, chiefly women. The rebels now changed their tone: “Surrender, or death! We give you five minutes to decide: if you resist, your houses will be broken into, and no quarter given.” These menaces were re-echoed by between two and three thousand hoarse voices from one end of the Coso to the other, accompanied by brandishing of swords, and levelling of muskets and blunderbusses at the windows by the excited Facciosos, who howled and gesticulated with a vehemence and ferocity frightful to hear and behold.

Before the expiration of the critical five minutes several windows were thrown back, and some Nacionales stepped into the balconies, and instantly fired upon the Carlists: then hastily closing the shuttered windows again, they took shelter behind them whilst reloading their muskets.

This maddened the rebels. Roaring with rage, some fired at the windows, and others battered at the doors with the butt-ends of their muskets. But the gallant Nacionales continued firing at intervals from the rapidly opened and closed upper windows, and from those on the ground-floors, which were protected by bars of iron. Many of the Facciosos who were thundering at the doors, were killed by shots from the ground-floors. Soon isolated parties of Nacionales came rushing to the point of danger, under no other direction than their own patriotism and bravery. They attacked the Carlists from the streets leading to the Coso, shot the sentinels placed at their entrances, advanced boldly into the Coso itself, and there, without any shelter—for the houses were, as we have seen, all closed—they fought hand to hand with the infuriated Facciosos.

Whilst this was going on in the Coso, a battalion, the choicest of the Carlist force, had obtained possession of the Carrio, or district of San Pablo, in another part of the city. But they did not remain long unmolested. Another body of Nacionales hastened to the spot, and commenced a vigorous attack; they recoiled, too, that there was a howitzer in a barrack hard by, and it was dragged by the civic soldiers, with astonishing rapidity, to a favourable point, and canister-shot fired rapidly from it, with fatal effect, upon the pent-up bat-

talion. To crown all, the women, and even children, threw down tiles upon them from the roofs of the houses; and with that heroism which the Zaragozanos have ever displayed, the mothers, sisters, and wives of those who were combating so gallantly in the streets against the ferocious rebels, who were howling for their fancied prey, performed their noble part in defence of their homes, and of the cause which they had all honestly espoused.

In Zaragoza, as well as in the other cities and large towns in Spain, a considerable portion of the population live in separate flats or floors; and now, from every house and apartment were cast, with unerring aim, heavy tables, strong earthen jars, brazen mortars called *almirreses*, for pounding salt, spices, &c. with which no dwelling in Spain is unprovided; massive wooden stools, chests of drawers, thick earthenware dishes, iron bars, bucketsful of boiling water, and all kinds of damage-doing missiles. Great numbers were killed and wounded, and an unconquerable panic took possession of the Carlist ranks. The remainder of the battalion fled amidst these heterogeneous volleys from the commanding batteries of the heroines of Zaragoza.

The Facciosos took refuge in the large old church of San Pablo, the entrance whereto is by a descent of several steps. Scarcely had the gates been closed and barricaded, ere a large force of Nacionales arrived. After thinning the ranks of the enemy in some places by their isolated but well-directed and sustained attacks, the civic militia had at length been able to form themselves into different bodies, and hasten to the rescue of those who were exposed to attacks in other parts of the city. The church was instantly surrounded, and the Faccioso battalion, which was considerably reduced by the numbers who had fallen in the streets, was blockaded. The women performed the same courageous and efficient part in the Coso and other parts of the city; and the Carlists, who so lately were drawn up in menacing array, were now glad to retire in search of some strong positions, where they could act upon the defensive. Thus they did with bent knees and lowered heads, creeping under the balconies like sportsmen in search of game, as far as attitude was concerned, but they themselves were the prey which the valiant people of Zaragoza were hunting down.

They were followed up vigorously by the brave Nacionales, and driven from post to post with great loss. Upwards of fifty of those belonging to the battalion which was blockaded in the church fled towards one of the city gates called La Puerta del Portillo, and were hotly pursued by a party of Nacionales. When the breathless Carlists arrived at the gate, they found it closed! The Nacionales fell upon them with ungovernable fury, and every man was killed. The gate of the Portillo was barricaded by more than fifty dead bodies! The fight now became general. Cabanero, who was so certain of gaining possession of the capital of Aragon, that it was said he had caused his dinner to be ordered at the fonda or hotel, rode off with the remnant of his cavalry, and did not halt until he arrived at Torrero, about a league from Zaragoza. He was followed by as many of the infantry as could make their escape from the bullets of the Nacionales, and the avalanches of pestles and mortars, and all sorts of domestic utensils and household goods. Great numbers were laid low during this precipitate retreat.

The battalion which had taken sanctuary in the church of San Pablo surrendered at discretion; as did about one hundred men who had fled to the church of Santa Lucia. And to the honour of the brave citizens of Zaragoza be it recorded, that they treated their prisoners with the utmost humanity. The wounded were carefully removed to the hospitals, and experienced the kindest treatment, and the dead were decently buried. Nearly two hundred Carlists were killed, and several hundreds wounded. The Nacionales had only eight killed, but great numbers were wounded, some very severely. The Carlists carried off forty Nacionales

whom they took prisoners during the first moments of surprise; but these were speedily exchanged. It would be altogether unjust not to record that the garrison of Zaragoza, insignificant in point of numbers as it was, did its part to the uttermost in gallantly co-operating with the Nacionales and inhabitants on this eventful morning.

It is a remarkable fact, that Brigadier-General Esteller, who, in the absence of the captain-general, commanded in Zaragoza and its province, was not seen until after the rebels had been driven beyond the gates of the city by the spontaneous gallantry of the inhabitants—Nacionales, women, and children—and of the very small body of regular troops who, of their own accord, joined in the defence wherever they could. After the expulsion of the Carlist forces, he mingled with the citizens, and joined in the universal congratulations. But he was coldly received; not only so, he was hotly reproached as a traitor; he was hustled, and with great difficulty made his way to his residence, declaring that he was willing and ready to give up his command, if such should be the people's will.

In the afternoon the attitude of the population became so menacing, that the Nacionales who were on guard at the residence of the general, being anxious to save his life, conveyed him, under the escort of fourteen decided men, to the jail as a prisoner, preparatory to his being brought to trial for neglect of duty.

The report was current among the people that the general was informed, at nine on the Sunday evening, that Cabanero's force was approaching, and that he left the inhabitants in total ignorance of their danger, and did not take any steps to guard against a surprise. It is very difficult to form a correct judgment as to the conduct of responsible officers in cases of this nature. The more charitable supposition is, that when the general saw the Coso occupied by an imposing Carlist force, he became paralysed by the influence of fear. But however he may be absolved from the charge of connivance at the enemy's proceedings, he was, it is to be feared, deficient in the vigilance and activity requisite for the efficient discharge of the highly responsible duty of securing against a surprise so important a city as Zaragoza, situated in immediate proximity to a numerous armed rebel force, which was well organised, and commanded by astute and active leaders.

The humane precautions of the Nacionales were of no avail: the murmurs of the people were not thus to be quelled. From every corner of the ancient city the population surged and surged towards the Inquisition, the name of the prison-house—formerly that of the dread tribunal whose title it bears—to which the unhappy General Esteller had been conveyed, with the most generous intentions, by the Nacionales. 'Abajo el traidor!'—(Down with the traitor!)—was the universal cry. The tide of people became enormously swollen as it approached the prison. Some arrests had taken place, and several delinquencies had been proved; the carpenter who had furnished the ladders was found out, and condemned to death, together with some others who were accused of treachery.

The Aragonese are a determined race of people. If there be time for those whom they respect to remonstrate with them when in a state of exasperation, they will generally listen to the voice of reason; but if they congregate in sufficient numbers to go on their way without effective opposition, they act without remorse when they have been outraged, or believe that they have been betrayed. This mass of excited people, flushed with their recent victory over the Carlists, and burning with thirst for the blood of those whom they believed to be traitors, presented themselves in horrible array in front of the prison. 'Esteller! Esteller!—the traitor Esteller!' they cried. There was a guard of Nacionales at the prison-gate. These brave men stood to their arms, and remonstrated with the frantic populace; but they could not make any effectual resistance. The unfortunate general was dragged

from the prison, and forced along towards the place of execution; but before the awful assemblage arrived there, he was no longer a living man. The crowd reached the Plaza del Sepulcro just as the volley was fired which terminated the existence of the convicted traitors.

Such are the appalling effects produced by that most dreadful of all national calamities—civil war. We in England are now happily exempt from such distressing scenes, but the pages of the past history of our own country supply proofs that, in a state of political transition analogous to that of poor Spain at the present day, the English people were not less fatally excitable than the Spaniards, for whom sufficient allowance is not generally made by other nations who have long ago accomplished their own revolutions. On the following day, the bodies of the eight Nacionales who had gloriously fallen whilst defending their city and their homes, were interred with military honours. They were followed to their graves by the greater portion of the population. Zaragoza was immediately restored to its usually tranquil state. The gates, however, were guarded with additional vigilance, and no attempt was thenceforth made, either from without or within, to deliver the city into the hands of the enemy.

It was my fortune to be in Zaragoza at the next celebration of the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pilar, on the 12th of October. The striking scenes then presented to my eyes are worthy of description, as at once singular in themselves, and bearing a strong impress from the affair of the Facciosos. This anniversary, which is always celebrated with enthusiasm, had been looked forward to by all classes with peculiar interest, inasmuch as they attributed their salvation, on the memorable 5th of March, to the miraculous agency of our Lady of the Pilar, the vigilant guardian of the ancient and heroic city. From a very early hour the country people flocked into Zaragoza through every one of its gates, and the loyal inhabitants were actively engaged in preparations for celebrating the festival. The day was remarkably fine; the large square called La Plaza del Pilar, was by eleven o'clock thronged with men—a large proportion of whom were in their handsome uniforms as Nacionales—women, and children all in their gayest dresses, and on their way to the cathedral of Nuestra Señora del Pilar, whose multiplied domes, incrustated with variegated porcelain tiles, glittered in the sun. The magnificent church was already crowded, and high-mass was being celebrated at the grand altar, which is formed of alabaster, elaborately sculptured, and on this great occasion was illuminated by hundreds of massive wax candles.

So great was the concourse, that a long line of people, on their knees, extended through the open portal as far as several yards across the plaza. It was a singular, a most interesting scene. The brave Aragonese kneeling in a stream of light, the men barcheaded, though the heat of the sun was intense; the solemn notes of the organ, the aromatic odour of the incense, the pomp of the service of the Roman Catholic church, the deep-toned voices of the canons as they chanted in the choir, the mothers leading their children to the massive silver balustrade of the Virgin's chapel, and there kneeling with them, and offering heartfelt thanksgivings for their escape from the horrors of a nocturnal assault—all was, beyond description, affecting.

When the service of the mass was concluded, one of the canons, well known for his energetic patriotism, and who had, when a youth, performed his part in the noble defence of his native city against the French besiegers, ascended the pulpit, and, amidst the deepest silence on the part of the thousands who listened attentively to his words, preached a sermon, in which he referred to the special divine protection which had ever been bestowed upon Zaragoza; its heroic resistance to the conqueror of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Jena; and finally the triumph of the preceding 5th of March.

The most patriotic sentiments pervaded this remarkable and opportune discourse, in which the worthy canon pointed out the hypocrisy of those who, under the mask of religion, were stirring up strife, causing bloodshed, and betraying their fellow-countrymen. He earnestly recommended all to unite firmly in defence of the solid principles of the Christian faith, of the throne of their queen, Isabel II., and of the constitution; finishing by the following appeal:—"Bless us all, oh our Mother of the Pillar, and give us peace in this land of so many miseries, and hereafter eternal peace in glory!" After the blessing, a low hum of approbation arose from the congregation, who gradually retired. Not a single individual, however, left the cathedral without offering a prayer before the image of Our Lady of the Pillar, in the small but beautiful chapel dedicated to her worship. This image—which, according to a tradition firmly believed by the Zaragozanos and inhabitants of other parts of Spain, was, together with the pillar or column which it surmounts, brought from Jerusalem by the living Virgin Mary herself, attended by a choir of angels—stands in a niche over the smaller of the three altars in the chapel, which is of oval form. The *glory*—of pure gold—by which the head is surrounded is very large, and the quantity of rich jewels with which it is inlaid prevents the face from being seen; so blinding to the perception of any other object is the glitter of a profusion of large diamonds and precious stones of great value. The legend of the miraculous image states that the face is made of a wood unknown in the created globe. None but ecclesiastics are permitted to pass within the silver balustrade which separates the chapel from the other portion of the interior of the cathedral. At the back of the chapel, in a dark recess in one of the spacious aisles, there is a jasper slab set into the wall; it corresponds exactly to the spot where the pillar and image stand in the chapel; and the faithful, after praying before those objects of their veneration, repair to the jasper slab, and kiss it. There is a hollow in the stone, about the size of the human mouth, worn by the pressure of millions of lips against it during many ages.

When the ceremonies of the church were concluded, the inhabitants and strangers retired to their homes, and to the various places where refreshments were to be procured, to partake of the usual mid-day meal; and in about two hours afterwards the out-door diversions of the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pilar commenced. The gigantes, or giants, performed a prominent part on this occasion. Drawn up in a row in due form and ceremony, in the Plaza del Pilar, and in front of the cathedral, were four gigantes, fully nine feet in height. One was a Moor, with tawny face and large staring black eyes; a turban encircled his head, and a long partly-coloured robe covered what represented his body, but which was nothing more than a lathen frame, sheltering some ordinarily-sized mortal, who in due time was to set in motion the formidable gigante, who had bare, brown, bulky arms, and whose right hand grasped an immense wooden scimitar. By his side was a giantess, whose very long visage was illuminated by a pair of great blue eyes, while her colossal arms were gently folded across her ample bosom. The next giant represented an old serious-looking man, with flaxen hair peeping from beneath a cotton handkerchief of many colours, folded in the form of a band or fillet which encircled his head. His partner was a giantess, whose face and arms were of a fine bronze colour. She was habited in a whitish gown, rather short in the waist, which was encircled by a broad band made of brick-dust-coloured leather, fastened behind with an enormous brass buckle. Presently the giants advanced towards the outlets from the plaza with solemn pace. Now and then they performed a slow dance with a gravity not much exceeding what is often assumed by common-sized living people at balls and assemblies. They were followed by a great concourse of happily-disposed grown-up folks, and by hundreds of boys and

girls; and thus joyously accompanied, the giants perambulated the heroic city.

In the afternoon there was a bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros, a fine amphitheatre attached to the Hospicio de la Misericordia, which is an excellent charitable establishment. Its revenues are partly derived from the profits of the corridas de toros, or bull-fights, which take place on the anniversaries of the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pilar. How the amphitheatre was thronged on this memorable occasion! The robust picadores, the gaily-attired and agile chulos and banderilleros, the scientific matadores—all displayed wondrous courage and activity; and it was dark before the last toro was despatched. It must be on another occasion that I express my feelings regarding this favourite amusement of Spain.

That night the Coso, the theatre, and the beautiful public promenades of Zaragoza were thronged with gay company, and the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pilar ended as happily as it began.

VEGETABLE MIMICRY.

It is an interesting amusement to be able to trace in the productions and forms of the vegetable world a certain resemblance, a somewhat of a family likeness, to animated beings, and in fact not only to these, but a resemblance also to various inanimate objects of familiar acquaintance. The subject has often occupied our thoughts, and its consideration in this place may be an occupation not altogether of an uninteresting nature, impressed upon our notice as it is by the luxuriant display of the summer flowers which at this season put forward their most gay and fantastic decorations.

Although, to our recollection at least, the subject has not received a formal notice on any previous occasion,* the resemblance of flowers to other objects could not escape recognition, and the multitude which have received their titles from these similarities abundantly testifies to that effect. The enumeration of a few of these well-known names will immediately remind the reader of the circumstance. The Turk's cap, from a fancied resemblance to that portion of the apparel; the snap-dragon, from its similitude to a dragon's mouth; the monk's hood, the bell-flower (*Campanula*), the trumpet-flower, or *Hymenæa*, the star-worts, the cock's-combs, prince's feathers, heart's-ease, lion's tail, satin flower, and many others, the pride of every cottage garden. These all wear some resemblance to the objects from whence they derive their title, and are to that extent vegetable mimics. But it would be to waste our time to enter into further detail upon things of such common occurrence; the reader, if he pleases, can extend the list at his will, and make his own comments. We shall therefore consider principally the rarer and more striking instances of the display of this mimic faculty to be found in the vegetable world; and the singularities thus presented to our notice are well deserving of a little close attention.

We may premise, however, and in this the reader will probably anticipate us, that instances are of most familiar occurrence in which man has imitated the works of nature, which should not be confounded with our present subject. Thus portions of the orders of architecture, and an infinity of the decorations, utensils, weapons, &c. of all ages, find their originals in the productions of the forest and field. It would be absurd to call these cases 'vegetable mimics.' Again, let not the term under which we have chosen to collect these curiosities be mistaken; it is not, of course, taken to signify that flowers, &c. have the power of conforming themselves to the shape or appearance of other objects; it is intended simply to convey the singular fact, that nature repeats in them some of the forms she has ascribed to

*The ingenious author of this paper is to be informed that this subject was once before partially treated in the Journal (old series, No. 521), in a paper entitled *Contestations of Nature*.

other members of her great family—any correspondence between other forms and appearances, and the works of man, being in many cases a mere coincidence, and in more not a copy, but a text.

Every one has heard of the columbine—not the stage character, but the homely flower of our gardens. It has received its name from a Latin word, *columba*, a pigeon, from the fancied resemblance of a part of its flower to the neck and body of that bird, while the lateral petals represent its wings; a cluster of such flowers being conceived to present something of the appearance of a brood of young pigeons fluttering around their nest. The larkspur are as well known as the columbine. The bee-larkspur, botanically the *Delphinium elatum*, has the appearance of a bee busily seeking its food in the centre of the flower—a contrivance which no doubt acts the part of a scarecrow; the mimicry being so perfect, as to deter the winged robber from his prey, by the appearance of its being preoccupied. The side-saddle flower tells its own tale. A variety of the tulip tribe, called the parrot tulip, has its petals broken up into shreds, and folded so as to resemble the crest of a parrot. A greenhouse-tree well known in the vicinity of the metropolis, when in flower, has the very peculiar appearance of there being smooth pieces of red coral stuck over its branches, upwards of an inch in length; it is hence called the vegetable coral-tree. It is a species of *Erythrina*: it is only upon a close scrutiny that the cheat is discovered; and we find that the appearance is produced by the folded scarlet flowers of the plant. Another species of the same tribe bears a flower which in colour and form strongly resembles a cock's comb. Then my fair readers will not be much puzzled to declare what article of their adornments the drooping flowers of the fuchsia resemble. The little wild convolvulus, which twists round the hedge-spray in its brilliant pink and white streaks, reminds us of the pretty shells which sparkle our sea-shores: while the sunflower lifts up his golden face, an apt emblem of his burning prototype; and the *Calceolaria* bring to our remembrance the good old leathern purses of an ancestral generation: and the centre of the impudent jonquil perpetuates the memory of the old-fashioned teacups devoid of handles. Then the sweet pea, and many another *Papilionaceus* flower, bears the image of the painted butterfly, which, from the slenderness of the stalk, seems to be on the wing. *Papilio* is the Latin word for this insect. And the *Tropæolum tricolor* has a flower which seems as if it had originally suggested the idea of the cornucopia.

But the *Tropæolum canariense* or *peregrinum*, the canary-bird creeper, is the favourite mimic of the day. This plant is a native of South America, and was supposed on this account to require the careful treatment of a tropical or greenhouse plant. It was discovered, however, near London, that it would bear the exposure of our climate; and since that period, it has been successfully cultivated in the open air, and is rapidly becoming as common in every cottage window and plot as the convolvulus or any of the ordinary creepers. The first few plants acquired publicity at the gates of the Kensington Gardens, where they were displayed, and still are, in the greatest luxuriance. At a certain stage in the expansion of this pretty flower, the image of a canary is almost as perfect as if it had just left the mother's hand: the head is partly bent down, and is supported upon a delicate little neck, which joins the body of the bird, while the fringed petals admirably mimic the feathers of the canary, and the canary-yellow colour considerably heightens the resemblance. When the flower is further expanded, the similarity in a great measure disappears.

Some of the *Proteaceous* plants have beautiful flowers resembling tinted feathers, others have leaves fringed with long hairs, so as to resemble the plumes of birds. The leaves of some *Magnolia* trees are strikingly like the back of a peacock. The waist, arms, and tail being all figured. Many other leaves resemble adders'

tongues, harts' tongues, spears, stags' horns, hearts, hair, &c.

But of all mimic plants, none surpass the orchid race, of which Dr Lindley thus writes:—'Some of these plants are so different from others, as to make one almost doubt whether they belong to the vegetable world. If the Brahmins had been botanists, one might have fancied they took their doctrine of *metempsychosis* from these productions. In the genus *Ochromia* and *Drymola*, Pythagoras would have found a living evidence of animals transmuted into plants.' The reader will find, in a future paper, some singular mimics by this extraordinary race; but the half is not told there concerning them. Even these minute orchids which require the use of the microscope for their development, wonderful to relate, agree with the larger ones in the possession of this strange attribute.

Our own country possesses some of these plants, which are well known for their mimic powers. The fly-orchis and the bee-orchis both represent those insects. In the latter case, the resemblance is quite marvellous: there is to all appearance a little yellowish flower, upon which a bee seems resting, and plunging his long proboscis into its centre; the legs and wings of the insect are faithfully delineated, and the fidelity of the imitation is enhanced by the bee being of a different colour to the rest of the flower. A cluster of such flowers looks just as if a swarm of bees had alighted one on each flower. One of the *Ochromia* genus is called the man-orchis, or the *Anthrophophora*, from its close resemblance to the original. The 'butterfly plants' bear flowers which wear the form of that giddy insect. And, last of the European orchids, the lizard-orchis is the most strange of all. Few persons can form an adequate idea of this curious flower who have not seen it: it represents the neck and head of a lizard; it portrays the long under-jaw, the gaping mouth, the marked head, and even the eye of the reptile, which seems projecting his hideous head and neck from the centre of the flower.

Among the orchids of other lands there exists the greatest diversity of forms, many of which have been previously memorialised. Mr Drummond, in some recent researches in the Swan River colony, among other singularities mentions a plant which is named the *Drahea classica*, and bears a single flower, poised upon the extremity of a very slender stem, which is from a foot to eighteen inches in length: the flower remarkably resembles an insect fluttering in the air, its graceful support being scarcely perceptible at a little distance. A tree, called the coffee mamma, thickly planted in Surinam, to give shelter and shade to the coffee-trees, among which it is placed, is said by Mr Lance to form the support for numerous orchids, and among them for a plant of great beauty, whose flowers have a pretty faithful resemblance to a spread eagle. 'The inside of the hollow base of one of the *Stanhopeas*,' writes the authority before cited, 'is covered with numerous tubercles, of different colours, which give it the singular appearance of a grotto lined with purple and yellow spar.' Some of the flowers of the orchids seem dotted all over with blood; and one strangely beautiful air-plant has a flower which looks as if five bleeding wounds had been made in it—a circumstance which has given it the name of the *Quince vulneris*. Hernandez, an old author, mentions a curious flower, one of the same tribe, which he calls the lynx flower, from the circumstance that it is marked in a similar manner to the skin of that creature. The column and anther of a flower named the bird's bill, are united to form the appearance of a duck's head and neck, the head being of a reddish colour, and the bill yellow. Some of the *Saccolabii*, when in flower, are like groups of pretty golden-coloured birds upon the wing. An orchis named the *Itanifera*, has the disagreeable appearance of a toad squatting upon the flower, blotched and swollen; another has the ornament of a long beard; and a third has flowers, each of which is protected by a monk's

cowl. Some of the *Cataretunes* and other genera have extraordinary flowers of the most startling appearance, realising the wildest conceptions of a Fuseli's brain, and exhibiting spectre heads, faces, and forms as fantastic as frightful. An orchidium called the *Pretorale*, for a reason which will immediately appear, bears a flower which displays the most unearthly resemblance to a human thorax. It may appear scarcely conceivable, but it is not the less true, that the breast-bone, ribs, collar-bone, neck, and truncated arms are painted with horrid fidelity by this extraordinary flower, which has, in addition, somewhat of the rounded form of the chest. There is a plant called the *Cypripedium*, which represents a large brown spider on its flower. It is an American species, and the spider whose form it portrays is said by Linnaeus to be capable of destroying insects, and even small humming-birds.

One of the flowers of a strange-looking orchid reminds us, though the simile may appear a little exaggerated, of the portraits of Punch standing astride the individual who is blowing his trumpet, as displayed on the page of that well-known periodical.

Lastly, among these plants we may mention the spotted swan plant, of which Dr Landley thus writes, apparently surprised out of the grave tone which befits a scientific work:—"Surely it is one of the most curious productions of nature in her wildest mood? Did any one ever see such a flower before? Which is the top, which the bottom? What are we to call that long club, which is cloven too? And what the crooked fingers, daggled with blood, which spread from the middle of one of the leaves, as if about to clutch at something? And what, moreover, can they all be for?" We may well re-echo the question, what indeed!

Evelyn, in his discourses concerning earth, mentions among other plants which he conceives to be injurious to the vegetation around them, what he terms the 'Seythian lamb.' Sir Hans Sloane, then Dr Sloane, in one of the old numbers of the Philosophical Transactions, gives us an account of this 'Seythian or Tartarian lamb,' and in some editions of Evelyn's *Terra*, his editor, Dr Hunter, gives a plate of this curiosity. Darwin also, in his poem, the 'Loves of the Plants,' gives another representation of it, and seems highly tickled with the idea of what he calls a 'vegetable lamb.' Sir Hans Sloane describes it to be a species of fern called the *Polypodium biconvex*; the stem is decumbent, lying horizontally upon the ground, and is covered with a thick, soft, and intensely yellow wool; it is sometimes pushed up from the ground by some of the inferior branches of the root, and then it has a resemblance to a lamb standing on four legs: to render the simile more singular still, it is said to destroy all plants in its vicinity, as if it possessed a vegetable appetite for them. Some travellers, who have made diligent search for the curiosity, have never succeeded in discovering it, and the Tartars themselves treat the whole thing as a fable. This may perhaps be going too far: it is easy to conceive that a poetic or credulous conception has exaggerated the case, by transforming a hairy procumbent fern, or bog of wood covered with yellow moss, into the similitude of a lamb or sheep. The lunner in Darwin's work seems to have been delighted with the idea, and has drawn us a most capital likeness of a real lamb, even to its eyes, ears, and mouth. This is evidently an exaggeration.

An account in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, however, speaks of a somewhat kindred mimicry—the 'vegetable flannel.' This curious substance was washed on the shores of the river Trent in large quantities; it so closely resembles the production of the loom, that, until it was submitted to a microscopical examination, it was declared to be a manufactured material. Upon examination, it was found to consist of thousands of minute thread-like tubes of vegetable tissue, woven together in inextricable confusion. We can scarcely conceive of a closer imitation of man's handicraft than this production of nature.

The cactus family contains one or two singular efforts

at imitation. One of these is the echinocactus, or hedgehog thistle, from its hirsute appearance; another is called most appropriately the old-man cactus, from its resemblance to an aged head covered with long silvery hairs; while a third bears a tolerable similitude to a Turk's cap, with a yellow tassel at the top. Many of our readers must have noticed, in the Chinese exhibition in the metropolis, the remarkable fruit, of which many good models exist there, called the Chinese 'fluger fruit'; the resemblance here to a human hand and fingers is little less than marvellous. The vegetable world also mimics the artificial productions of man and animals. Thus there is the bread-fruit tree, the milk or cow-tree, the butter-tree, the fallow-tree, the custard-apple, the gingerbread plum, &c. And in utensils, we have the flagon of the nepenthis tribe, the Florence flask-like bottle gourd, the great fans and chandeliers of the palm-trees, and many more not here demanding particular enumeration.

Some other instances of the resemblance between flowers and objects in the inanimate world could be mentioned, but the preceding will suffice to draw attention to the subject, which, thus succinctly treated, may afford a field of interesting meditation to our readers.

A SCOTCH HERRING-FISHING STATION.

THE following graphic account of a herring-fishing station on the western coast of the Highlands is given in a late number of the *Ayr Observer*—a newspaper highly creditable to our Scottish provincial press:—

A winter traveller by sea, along the western coasts of Scotland, will meet with little save gloom and desolation. Villages are few, small towns rarer; and as for anything larger than small towns, the latitude is not favourable for their growth. Broken into a thousand fragments, the western coast is a compound of comparatively barren islands, long, wild, and dismal salt-water lochs and straits, and rocky repulsive shores. Let the winter voyager, pursued by a relentless wind and a white-manned sea, run for safety into any of these watery indentations, he may find smoother water, but nothing wearing the indications of human presence. High and dark mountains, swaddled in mist, and mantled by keen and cutting winds, gird the vision, save where the line of foam rises from which the voyager has just escaped. Broken rocks stand the shore, against which the waters swell with hoarse and melancholy voice; storm-pent birds fly wildly hither and thither, uttering shrill calls; while the lonely bark in which the voyager has his home rides complacently at her anchor, without companion. And there must she remain; there is no dock, no friendly piers behind or between which lies security. It may be that, after minute examination, the walls of some comparatively rude cottage is distinguished. Its gables, its front and rear, of rough stone, picked up on the beach, and unskillfully put together—its roof uneven, and far from comfort-promising. Gloom and desolation reign undisturbed. Strike the scene with the fairy's wand, however—let the winter and its wildness depart, and summer and its gentleness visit these lonely shades, and then comes a change indeed. The watery mist has vanished from the hills where the fern is green; the war between the sea and the rocks is forgotten—they dwell in peace; the waters are alive with fowl, and with silver fish; the shore is covered with busy men; and a thousand snacks are unborn by the sea: it is the herring season. A fishing village may be seen in all its glory and disorder at any and all times; a herring-fishing station is only to be met with during the summer months. As soon as the earliest indications of the presence of the herring shoals are distinguished in the north, they are trumpeted abroad, and every available vessel is drawn from its hiding place, masted, rigged, and got ready for active service; for the herring shoal is a mine of wealth, for a share of which every-body thinks himself at liberty to scramble.

Herring, it is well known, always follow one track. Every season finds the great shoal coming forth from the north, splitting into two great divisions, and following respectively the east and west coasts. Through the numerous island-channels of the latter, again, one seems peculiar to the fish, until, doubling the Mull of Cantire, a section finds its way northwards by the Sound of Kilbrannan, to Loch Fyne, and the other lochs and creeks jutting from

the Clyde. On the east coast, no genuine herring-fishing stations are to be met with. There it is to the fishermen but a chance from one employment to another—it is no change from the village to the lonely loch side. The fleet that assembles at Dunbar may give an idea of the magnitude of the fishing, but not of the romance. The thousands that congregate at Wick, at Lybster, and all the villages of the Caithness and Sutherland coasts, may bear testimony to the inestimable value of the British fisheries; but Wick, Lybster, and Dunbar are all decided fishing towns—they are not creations of the month, the temporary resting-places of wandering men, peopled but for a few days, and left in unbroken solitude for the greater period of the year. Herring-fishing stations are only to be seen on the western coast; for there the want of accommodation for the fishermen is amply made up by the superior quality of the fish.

Nothing will more surprise a stranger, unaware or unmindful of the herring season, when voyaging among the Highland Isles, than the spectacle which suddenly breaks upon him in the middle, apparently, of most young-world solitude. For days may his yacht have been ploughing the green waves without sighting ship; for days may untenanted creek after creek have opened itself—showing nothing of life but a solitary wild swan; for days may he have been dreaming of his being from all the world apart, when suddenly confused sounds reach his ears. Upon his lee-bow lies a Highland loch, which his vessel is rapidly nearing. Gradually the near-shore recedes, and gradually the far-shore advances; object after object is disclosed, until the whole reality of a Highland herring-station is revealed. First lies at anchor, at the entrance of the loch, the small but spotlessly clean revenue tender, with her bright copper and her black wooden sides, boldly contrasting with the blue water—her long masts and spars, her solitary gun, and the red streaming pennant of her authority fluttering from the truck. Farther in shore lie some half-dozen sailing vessels, snacks, sloops, schooners, and brigs; some, by means of their boats, discharging cargoes of salt; some sending barrel-staves ashore by the thousand; some disgorging provisions; some curing and barrelling herrings—and all making the utmost endeavour to get away with the produce of the fishery to the great markets of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, or Dublin. Next, at anchor, hauled upon the shore, or, if the tide be out, aground in long files, lie not one, two, or three hundred, but ten, twelve, or perhaps fourteen hundred herring-boats of one description and another. If the visitor lights upon the scene in the morning, after a breezy night, it may well be called unique. Apparently in a mass of confusion, the whole fleet is winding their way shorewards, grinding the salt waves beneath their prows, their large barked sails filled with the brisk wind. If the tide be full, then the shore is covered by boats run aground upon it. The nets are got out, to be taken to the drying ground; and as fast as the shining fish can be shaken from the meshes—in which, in thousands, they are entangled—they are carried away by the assistants of the curers; some of the boats being hired by the season, but the majority disposing of their cargoes at a fluctuating rate per cran. Then comes the labour of the purchaser. If a steamer makes a call at this station, boxes of fresh herring are piled upon her decks in hundreds. If no steamer calls, then are the fish assorted in layers in the barrels, in a manner so compact, as to be matter of mystery to the uninitiated how they can be so crammed—over every layer salt, to preserve from taint, being cast in a liberal manner. When the barrel is full, then comes the hammering of the cooper, who adjusts the lid, fits additional hoops, and puts the finishing hand to the cask of salt herring. Now the ship's boats are in requisition, the waiting vessel is crammed full of heavy barrels, her sails are sheeted home to the yards, and the fish that swam at daybreak are by mid-day on their way, under human pilotage, to feed the needy masses of the huge towns.

Paying no regard to the particular stages in the salt-herring-making process, but casting the glance of a chance passer on the whole scene, it cannot but be looked upon as a curious one. The loch in which this immense fleet has gathered makes a small and winding one; high hills, or rather rugged mountains, bound it on all sides, excepting the narrow chance seaward. The hills are covered with the purple bloom of the flowering heather, the green sward-like leaves of the fern, and here and there patches of dwarfed wood. A short and dangerous road may show

its crooked lines winding among knolls; and a little stream may pour its diminutive waters down the broken ravine, stealing past a lonely burial-place, with its few and rude tombstones overgrown and shadowed by briars, and the white and red blossoms of wild roses—past the cairn, monumental of some daring or bloody deed of the olden time—past the houses of the living, removed but a step from the houses of the dead, as life is itself but a step distant from death. And these houses of the living—what are they?hovels in which he to whom rent for them is paid would shudder to lodge his dog. From them emerge stunted, gray-visaged, mop-headed little rogues of lads, and little smiling, healthy-checked girls, followed by a dog or two, and a legion of hens, with a few red-combed cocks. The superiors of the dwelling—the owners of the children, the dogs, and the hens—are not there; they, too, have deserted the kail-patch, and the hedgeless field or two, showing a scanty beard of corn, for the more profitable employment of the hour. On the shore of the loch has a line of poles been erected, with supports here and there, forming something resembling the rude frame of a tent; and here come the crews of the herring boats, with miles of nets piled upon handbarrows, to be extended over these poles, and dried to prevent rotting. The silence is broken by blows, not given in anger, but in the legitimate pursuit of money. Under the roof of an old baronial castle that still stands by the margin of the waters, a colony of most industrious coopers have established themselves. Alack the use that palaces may come to! The roof tree that erst rang with the whisperings of ladies fair, now hears the jests of rough-bearded, hard-working men; where sounded the harp of the minstrel and the voice of the baron, now sounds the unmusical blows of the mallet; and against the walls, where hung old portraits of illustrious men in armour, and deadly implements of war, now hang bundles of hoop-wood, and the less deadly, though as effective in their way, steel implements of noisy industry. In the courtyard, and on the green sward by the walls, tents are pitched. Again, alack! they are not those of knight and squire, hoping at a single sound to pummel each other well for glory and the sake of bright eyes—these cotton tents are the sleeping apartments of a host of fish-curers. The glory is indeed departed! We have come to the age of iron—the reign of utilitarianism. Ashore and afloat there is but one scene of industry. The value of many thousands of gold ounces is there; while smiling above all is the bright sun of heaven, approving, as it were by its brightness, the labours of the sons of men. Shut your eyes, visitor: the scene has again changed. Summer and the shal are away. Winter is here. The hills are bleak, and the stream red with rain and white with chaffin; the shores are sullen and storm-lashed—the old castle robed in mist—the loch without a floating thing, save the old wild swan and the mussel covered mud of some castaway ship. The shore and the sea have returned to their pristine solitude.

ITALIAN WOMEN PERSIST TIGHT-LACING.

It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion. That a small waist is, and, *per necessitate*, must be beautiful. Why, myny an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavour to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.—*Letters from Italy.*

STATION.

Station cannot confer honour on any person, unless his character reflect honour on the station.

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HISTORY OF A NATIONAL MISTAKE.

NATIONS, like individuals, are subject to paroxysms of passion and delusion, in which all judgment is lost sight of. We accordingly find that nearly the whole mass of a people may view a particular measure with reprobation, expecting from it little short of national ruin, and yet the event will show that the small minority of disregarded voices was in the right. It is instructive to keep this in view, and instances which prove it are valuable.

The union of England and Scotland is such a case. Regarded at the time in the latter country with horror and indignation—for fifty years after, so unpopular as to be the leading cause of sanguinary insurrections—this measure has, nevertheless, turned out in the highest degree beneficial to both states; and it would now be impossible in Scotland to find a single voice against it. The public opinion of 1707 is therefore entirely a mistake: speeches, pamphlets, poems, votes, rebellions, prove to have been wholly in the wrong. How strange—a whole people judging erroneously for half a century, and doing wild deeds under the influence of the error! Two generations pass away in a delusion, out of which only a third awakes! Let us make a hasty review of these singular circumstances.

The incorporation of Scotland with England was effected by the Whig party, for the immediate purpose of securing the Hanover succession. 'It was thought highly dangerous,' says Swift, 'to leave that part of the island, inhabited by a poor, fierce, northern people, at liberty to put themselves under a different king;* the different king particularly dreaded at this time being the Romish son of James II. In reality, Scotland had made herself somewhat formidable to her neighbour; for, stung by ill usage, she had determined, by an act of her own parliament, not to accept the same sovereign with England, unless certain equalities were ceded to her. England, again, had resented this by an act of her own, declaring that the Scots should be held by them as aliens, unless they agreed to the Hanover succession within a year. It was in the midst of the mutual wrath thus expressed, while actually arming against each other—indeed, to save impending war—that the union was entered upon. It was carried through—there is no need to mince the matter—by means of corruption, amidst the tears and groans of an enraged people. Tumults marked every stage of the measure. Mobs filled the streets of Edinburgh with outrages against it. The royal commissioner was pelted. Private threats of assassination were sent to him.† Riots took place in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dumfries.

Armed risings were concerted. In short, there was everything short of an entire insurrection of the people presented in opposition to this alliance. A woman forced into marriage with her hands and feet bound, and a pistol held to her head, would have been a type of the affair.

The Jacobite party had an obvious interest in withstanding the union, as it was designed for the better excluding of their idol, the Chevalier. But parties of an entirely different kind were equally opposed to the measure. The feeling was indeed a national one; though, when we have done our best to analyse it, we can see little besides certain whims respecting the independence of Scotland, the possession of a distinct capital and parliament, and so forth. There was no thought about better or worse government, but a great deal about the preservation of the ancient regalia of the country. Few considered whether their industry would have freer play and better rewards under the new system; but all felt it as a dreadful thing to put an end to the ideal individuality of a thousand years, though it had only been productive of incessant wars. In fact, the opposition to the union was mainly of a childish nature—somewhat like the feelings which animate the Young England party amongst us. It was a thing most appropriately to be expressed in poetry, which was the form that much of it actually took. Yet these feelings were enough to give the Parliament House the appearance of a Polish diet—the discussion resembling less the strife of tongues than the clash of swords. Nor did the spirit of that period subside for many a day.

Not one public demonstration of satisfaction followed in Scotland. On the contrary, there was a general celebration of the Pretender's birthday instead of the Queen's. It had been agreed that a large sum should be sent to Scotland, to be devoted to certain purposes, by way of an equivalent for the increase of taxation which the country was to submit to. The stipulated time having passed, a number of gentlemen came to the cross of Edinburgh, and took occasion from this circumstance to protest against the conclusiveness of the treaty.* When the equivalent did come, the people pelted the guard, and even the horses which drew it. It was held as the price of the national honour. Unfortunately, the English government did anything but soothe the offended feelings of the Scotch. It almost appeared, from their acts during the next few years, as if they considered Scotland in the light of a purchased slave, whom they were entitled to use or abuse as they pleased. The consequence was, that the antipathy to the union became even a more decided feeling than it had been before, and several of those who formerly supported it were now joined to its

* Public Spirit of the Whigs.

† Defoe's History of the Union, p. 366.

* Defoe's History of the Union, p. 537.

enemies. The year after it had passed saw nearly the whole of Scotland ready to receive the Pretender with open arms; even the more extreme Presbyterians joined in this feeling. 'God might convert him,' they said, 'or he may have Protestant children; but the union can never be good.' This crisis passed over; but the national feeling remained unaltered. So high did it run in 1713, that a determined effort was then made to procure an abolition of the treaty. The leader in the movement was a most appropriate person, the very Earl of Seafeld who, as chancellor of Scotland, had been conspicuous in carrying through the measure, and who said, as he directed the regalia to be taken away at the last adjournment, 'There's the end of an auld sang;' which, by the way, Sir Walter Scott interprets into a piece of brutal levity, though it might equally imply a mournful feeling on the earl's part at the termination of a political system which he regarded with a lingering affection. It was this earl's pleasure, six years after the union, to move its dissolution in the House of Lords, alleging as reasons certain practical grievances to which Scotland had been subjected in consequence of the treaty. The Duke of Argyle, who, as commissioner to the Scottish parliament of 1705, had superintended the first steps towards the union, supported this motion, and touched on its more real cause in speaking of the insolence with which the Scottish people and their representatives were treated by the English. If the Earls of Marr and London had remained true to their friends, this motion must have been carried, whatever might be its subsequent fate in the lower house. As it was, it was lost by a majority of *only four votes*. So near were we to forfeiting the benefits since derived from the union at that crisis.

The Hanover dynasty commenced next year, and the next again saw a rebellion break out in Scotland in behalf of the Stuarts, an event which many think would have never taken place but for the union. 'No Union!' was the conspicuous inscription on the insurgents' banner. James told the people 'he came to relieve his subjects of Scotland from the hardships they groaned under from the *late unhappy union*, and to restore the kingdom to its *ancient free and happy state*.' These words would not have been used, if they had not been expected to find an echo in many bosoms. The government put down the rebellion, and punished it; but the popular feeling remained the same. Swords made about this period are found inscribed with 'Prosperity to Scotland, and *no union!*' Allan Ramsay employed his verse to bewail the desolation brought upon Edinburgh by the departure of the native parliament—a point we believe to have been the theme of much exaggeration. Years rolled on, and brought the rebellion of 1745, which was also largely owing to the detested union. The Stuart manifesto on this occasion said, 'We see a nation always famous for its valour, and highly esteemed by the greatest of foreign potentates, *reduced to the condition of a province, under the specious pretence of a union with a more powerful neighbour*. In consequence of this pretended union, grievous and unprecedented taxes have been laid on, and levied with severity, in spite of all the representations that could be made to the contrary; and thus have not failed to produce that poverty and decay of trade which were easily foreseen to be the necessary consequences of such oppressive measures.'

It was now nearly forty years since the abhorred alliance had been effected, yet the disgust of Scotland had experienced hardly any abatement. Of the strength of the feeling, we have a remarkable illustration in Mr Home's History of the Rebellion. He tells us that, as Prince Charles was entering Holyrood palace, a respectable-looking old gentleman stepped out from the crowd, drew his sword, and marshalled Charles Edward along the wall, and so up stairs into his apartments. It was the burn of Keith, a perfect model of an intelligent simplicity, and honour, whose only reason for joining was rising against the government was the burn-

scise he had of the wrongs and degradation inflicted upon his country by the union!

This rebellion was also quelled: we know from the poet how hapless Caledonia mourned her 'banished peace and laurels torn.' It certainly was not likely that the terrors inflicted on Culloden heath, at Carlisle, and on Towerhill, should dissolve the objections of Scotland to the treaty of 1707. Neither had any such substantial benefits yet accrued from the incorporation with England, to serve in reconciling the discontented Scots. The fact is, the *very hatred of the union tended to justify itself, by forbidding the natural benefits of the measure to be realised*. Into so fiercely-disposed a country as Scotland then was, English capital could not come. Absorbed in a sense of her wrongs, she was little disposed to turn her thoughts either to agriculture or commerce. Partly from anger at her wrathful attitude, partly from the selfish and unenlightened policy common to commercial men in that age, the English did all they could to repress her trading energies. Even the concern which the Scots were under to make good their convictions as to national wrong and ruin, would help to check all advantage from their new situation. They might have exclaimed, as in the well-known exemplification of their national grammar, 'I will fall, and nobody shall help me.' Mr Malcolm Laing, a very acute writer, admits that the nation was 'certainly far less progressive for half a century than if no union had ever been contracted'—a result which we only can attribute to an actual bad effect from the union itself in indisposing the two nations, or one or other of them, from seeking to realise its proper advantages. The present writer was once intrusted with the temporary possession of a document which he regrets he did not copy, as it would have strongly illustrated the jealousy which divided Scot and Englishman so lately as the middle of the last century. It was a regularly-formed bond, drawn up and largely subscribed by the tradesmen of Edinburgh, agreeing, for sundry good and sufficient reasons, to abstain from transacting business in the smallest extent with the men called *English Riders*; that is, commercial travellers from England! Such were the feelings of our country nearly fifty years after its junction with England had been effected. We may here recall a story of Walter Scott as to his grandfather hearing an old Scotch clergyman confess 'he never could bring his sermon, upon whatever subject, to a conclusion, without having what he called a *bloud*, that is, a slap, at the union.'

This national mistake of fifty years—this faith, in which a whole generation had gone down to death, not without its martyrs of sword and gallows—this delusion which had for so long worked to its own realisation—was at last dispelled. Men gradually ceased to distress themselves so much about national honour and independence, and began to think more about the ordinary economics of life. The spirit of resistance to the British government was broken by the sad consequences of the last rebellion. A milder and juster aspect being assumed by the government itself towards Scotland, the people at length became better affected to it. Then there really were natural powers and capabilities in our country and its inhabitants which it only required fair circumstances to elude. A change becomes visible about the time when George III. ascended the throne. With a new monarch seemed to come oblivion for past grievances, and new hopes for the future. This, accordingly, is the era of that course of improvement which Scotland has steadily pursued ever since, and which is in itself so remarkable. The native historians, as we have already had occasion to remark, usually close their narratives at 1707, saying that henceforth the country has no separate history. There certainly could not be a greater mistake. It might more justly be said that the only portion of Scottish history possessing any interest on

* History of Scotland, II. 461.

† Tales of a Grandfather, edition 1840, II. 192.

other grounds than those of curiosity, is what commences about 1750; the history of it is no less than this—the transition of a nation under law and liberty from poverty and semi-barbarism into comparative affluence and refinement. It is extremely interesting to watch the rising symptoms of improvement; the linen manufacture advancing from L.445,321 in 1753, to L.634,411 in 1770—the colonial trade rising to importance at Glasgow—two note-issuing banks commenced there in 1750, one at Dumfries in 1766—Leith getting up whaling companies—the business of sea-insurance commenced in 1749—an academy erected for mathematics, natural history, drawing, &c. at Perth—the New Town of Edinburgh commenced—a society for the encouragement of arts and sciences set on foot in the '55, and soon after distributing a hundred and twenty premiums—the Forth and Clyde Canal commenced (1768)—about this time nineteen hundred head of Scotch black cattle counted passing Berwick bridge in one day—a penny-post set up in Edinburgh (1773).^{*} One circumstance is especially worthy of notice, as it marks a decline of national prejudice in the higher circles: the establishment of a select society in Edinburgh (1761) to cultivate English pronunciation, and to introduce English teachers into Scotland. The Blairs and Robertsons were at the head of it. These men had already studied themselves into a pure English style of composition; and Hume, Robertson, and Smith had distinguished themselves by writings such as there could have been no reason to anticipate at the time of the union. Meanwhile, under Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Kames, and some other enlightened persons, the first movements had been made towards that improved tillage which has since given Scotland such *relief* in the eyes of all Europe. Manners, too, were softening. The bitter polemical spirit of the preceding century was sinking into flocks and corners; and political divisions had lost all their former acrimony.

To come down to the present time, and contrast the Scotland of our day with that of 1707, gives such an idea of change for the better, as it is hardly possible to believe real. It is nothing to say that the population has advanced from one to two and a half millions, for we know that the numbers may increase, 'and not the joy.' But in this time the wealth, and all that the comfort of a people depends upon, have increased in a much higher proportion. Take the circulating medium as a criterion. The native coin called in at the union was under a million, and there was no other money worth speaking of: now, of native bank-issues alone there are upwards of three millions. Or look to the taxes. Of these the government drew, after the union, a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, which was looked upon as atrociously oppressive: now it takes from us five millions without a murmur. The increase of revenue from English taxation in the interval (speaking roughly) has been as from 1 to 8: that from Scottish taxation has been as from 1 to 30! The Scottish customs were, in 1707, farmed at thirty thousand pounds; now the single port of Leith produces six hundred thousand! Of the total value of real property in 1707 we have no estimate; but it is sufficiently instructive to learn, from one of Mr Charles Maclaren's intelligent abstracts of public papers in the *Scotsman*, that real property increased between 1815 and 1843 to the extent of *fifty-one millions*, or at the rate of about L.1,820,000 per annum. There was at the first period but one banking-office, that of the Bank of Scotland, in Edinburgh: branches had been tried unsuccessfully in Glasgow and Aberdeen. Now there are between three and four hundred banking-offices throughout the country, scarcely a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants being without one. In the same period, Edinburgh has advanced from a small, huddled, though picturesque town, to a city of unexampled beauty, and Glasgow from twelve thousand to three

hundred thousand inhabitants. In short, if any one desired to see an example of what one people may be in two different sets of circumstances—first under unfavourable, and secondly under favourable circumstances—he has only to visit Scotland, and compare 1707 with 1846. The general felicity of its position for many years has been shown in the contentedness of its people, and the little trouble they give to the central government. It is seldom there are more than a thousand military in Scotland; sometimes not so many. It has, within the last twenty years, seen its Board of Excise withdrawn to London, and several other public establishments centralised in like manner, without any grumbling. Men do not seem to feel as if their interests depended in any appreciable degree on a few particular incomes being spent amongst them. Such events hardly excite a remark in the public journals.

A question may remain, as to how far all this is owing to the act of 1707. Assuredly it would be wrong to ascribe the whole to this cause. Scotland was fortunate at the revolution in having the religion of the majority of the people made the religion of the state. She was fortunate in her laws, and many of the arrangements for their administration, particularly the provincial courts under sheriffs and their substitutes—men equivalent to a stipendiary magistracy, but with a happy connexion with the supreme courts of law. The provisions for the education of the people have also been of a superior character to those existing contemporaneously in most other countries. To all these causes much of the blessings we now enjoy may no doubt be ascribed. Yet when every deduction has been made, a vast proportion of the beneficial change of the last hundred years is to be ascribed negatively and positively to the union. In consequence of that act, the energies of the Scotch in manufactures and commerce were admitted to equal rewards with the English; a free passage was at the same time opened to the admission of a superior civilisation into these northern regions: all causes for dispute and contention on political subjects were taken away, and a unity of feeling on these points substituted. England may be said to have benefited Scotland in the way in which all nations ought to benefit each other; namely, by being friends instead of enemies to each other, by sharing instead of appropriating advantages; and, with the natural results of this policy, in a reflective benefit to itself. It is only a larger following out of the maxim to do to others as we would have them to do to us. The very idea of bewailing the absence of the usual marks of individuality as a nation seems now to be extinguished in the Scottish mind. We look with interest on Holyrood palace and the regalia as memorials of the past; we feel a romantic glow over the graceful pages of Mr Tytler; but these are holiday feelings. Rationality sanctions what our living eyes behold, and in this we rest satisfied. In our case, at least, centralisation has had none of its dreaded bad effects. It has rather done good, in removing from us those courtly influences which tend so much to corruptionward. Perhaps, if there were a committee of parliament seated in Edinburgh for private bill business, it would be an improvement; but beyond this, certainly nothing is needed to complete the happy administration of public affairs amongst us. How strange to reflect that, a hundred years ago, men were frantically execrating and even drawing their swords against what has produced such remarkable benefits! How humiliating to human judgment that such blessings should have flowed from what was then looked on as a bane! What would the clergyman who never preached without a hit at the detested union think if he were now to awake from the grave and see the bonny leas and braes of Scotland bearing such crops of grain, Edinburgh a city of palaces, the very remotest Highlands penetrated by good roads, every firch and sea whitened with the broad sails of commerce, and the whole land occupied by a free, industrious, and contented people?

There is surely a lesson of general utility to be de-

^{*} *Scots Magazine, passim.*

rived from this review of a great national misjudgment? Does it not show that a beneficial measure may be for an age neutralised by the very erroneous way in which it is judged of, and yet realised after all? Does it not demand that passionate national judgments of all kinds should give way to sober and rational considerations? And does it not give to the most hapless nations a hope that, through wise laws, and the fruits of well-directed energy, the greatest blessings may be attained?

REMINISCENCES OF A WEST INDIA VOYAGE.

A West India voyage, in a fine vessel, commanded by a skilful and amiable man, aided by good officers and a smart, well-conducted crew, is delightful, especially when the passengers chime in together, promoting every means of rational enjoyment, and making light of the inconveniences and privations which it may be their lot to encounter.

Such were the circumstances under which, some years ago, I voyaged to the island of Barbadoes. We had a fine run from the Land's End to Madeira; and in three days after taking our departure from Funchal Bay we got into the trade-winds. Impelled by a constantly favourable breeze over a sea whose waves were only sufficiently agitated to give a refreshing animation to the scene, the noble vessel pursued her course. Every stitch of canvas was set; and for three weeks there was scarcely any alteration made beyond running in the light studding-sails at night. Flocks of the flying-fish were continually rising from the crests of the waves, pursued by the cunning dolphin. After fluttering for a few moments some feet above the surface of the water, their long, transparent, finny wings and silvery backs glittering in the sun, they would plunge again into their natural element; and the dolphin was at fault. During the night, a few of these beautiful fish would now and then fall on the ship's deck, having struck against the shrouds or bulwarks in their precipitate flight. One day we caught a dolphin. It is a handsome animal,* not much like those portraits which represent it with broad head and lips resting on the waters, spouting graceful streams from its nostrils, and a lively serpentine tail disporting gaily in the air. When first hauled on board, its colour was a brilliant green, spotted with black; the fin on the back was a beautiful blue with black spots, and when the creature was at its last gasp, the body changed to a bright gold colour.

The stealthy and ferocious shark frequently prowled about the rudder, which moved almost imperceptibly in the verdant and translucent water. For several days the black dorsal-fin of a shark had at intervals been observed emerging from the sea, close to the ship, and we resolved to catch him if possible. A bait, consisting of a piece of salt pork weighing about four pounds, was affixed to an iron barbed hook, rivetted to a strong chain about a yard in length; and this chain was attached to a

long rose—or, in nautical parlance, a line—made fast to the stern taffrail. This done, the bait was thrown out astern. Every incident of this kind in a sea-voyage is fraught with the liveliest interest. We watched and watched, until we saw the tiger of the deep make a plunge at the bait; but he recoiled ere he reached it, and the black fin again sullenly arose from the creamy sea in the ship's wake.

One morning the shark seemed bolder than usual. Swimming round or a-head of him were a number of small black fish, which the sailors call pilot-fish, because the shark seems to steer his course under their guidance. Dashing at the bait, the hungry creature turned on his back, and opening his capacious jaw, snapped up the luscious morsel, and plunged with it into the deep. The ship was in a commotion—the hook had taken effect! More of the tightened and vibrating line was let out, so that the shark might partially exhaust itself by ineffectual efforts to get rid of his fatally-acquired prey; and then he was hauled upwards, writhing, and plunging, and struggling to escape, but only fixing the hook more and more firmly into his gowl. How the sailors rejoiced at the capture! All seamen bear a mortal enmity towards sharks; many of the toughest yarns are spun on the fore-castle about shipmates and others who had been bitten in half by them whilst bathing; of their hovering about vessels, watching for dead bodies when thrown overboard; and of the diseases which they superstitiously imagine are sure to break out in a ship in whose track the sharks are seen for several days.

At length the detested enemy was hauled alongside, and up the vessel's side; not without difficulty, however, for he hung down with all his weight, and shook his big head from side to side, like a half-strangled bull-dog. But the iron fangs of the barbed hook remained fast in his gullet, and he was quickly brought in and flung on deck, where he was awaited by several sailors armed with hatchets and handspikes; for it was well known that Jack Shark, as they called him, would not die without a desperate struggle.

The men formed a respectful, but not an inactive circle around the shark; they manœuvred to get a cut or a blow at the desperate enemy with hatchet or handspike, and at the same time dodged, in order to escape a blow from his tail, reputed to be sufficiently strong to fracture a limb. At length one of the hatchet-men slashed the fish close to the shoulder; but the formidable tail still thundered on the deck. 'Stand clear!' cried a stalwart seaman, at the same time brandishing a handspike. With this weapon he dealt a stunning blow upon the head of the—I could almost say gallant—fish, which turned upon his back, helpless, and in the agony of death. Until it was well ascertained that life was extinct, no one durst approach within reach of the tail; for it is a tradition among seamen that many a leg has been broken by a sudden and last stroke, when it was supposed that the animal was dead. Jack Shark was about four feet in length. Two little sucking-fish (*Remora*) clung to him until the last, and died with him. The sailors made short work of cutting up the fish into large slices, which served them for a fresh mess for several days. The prime pieces were voluntarily set apart for the cabin table; but, by general consent, a dish of such fresh fish was gratefully declined.

I remember that, on the day after the shark hunt, we had, amongst other things, a couple of roasted fowls for dinner. Although we had really a good table daily, sauce was not one of the ordinary accompaniments, so that the appearance of a sauce-tureen created rather a sensation amongst the party. I ought to mention that our excellent captain's sense of smell was very defective. When the lid of the tureen was taken off, a strong fishy odour assailed our olfactory organs.

'Permit me to give you a little sauce with your fowl, Mr A——,' said the captain, taking some up with the ladle.

'Not any, not any, I thank you,' was the hasty reply.

* We substitute this word for fish, which is the one employed by our contributor. The latter term is no doubt sanctioned by popular use, as it is also in the case of the whale; but in this place it might mislead those who are not aware that the dolphin is, in reality, a mammiferous, air-breathing animal, although living in the sea. The misapprehension as to the natural character of the dolphin has, by the way, led to a mistake on the part of the Roman Catholic church, by whom the flesh of the animal is allowed to be eaten on fast-days and in Lent, as being supposed to be fish. So also our continental neighbours used to be allowed the use of barnacle geese on those occasions, it being a common belief in the middle ages that these birds were only transformed shell-fish!—E.

The captain, after having helped another of the party to a wing from the plumpiest of the two fowls, was in the act of lading out some of the sauce, which had now filled the cabin with its odour, when the alarmed guest, lifting up both his hands in a deprecatory manner, cried out, 'No, captain—no fish-sauce! Thank you; no fish-sauce!'

This was too much. We all burst into loud laughter. The captain opened wide his eyes with apparent wonder, whilst his honest features bore the stamp of something like displeasure; but the next minute he joined in the cachinnation most heartily. The gentleman for whom the wing was intended held his plate as far off as possible, and the captain, having approached his investigatory nasal organ more closely to the tureen, pushed it from him with the cry of 'Fish-sauce with a vengeance!' whilst 'No fish-sauce, I thank you!' was re-echoed as rapidly as our increasing laughter would permit. As for me, I was almost convulsed. I never had such a pain in my sides from their being shaken with laughter, and I have had many a pain of that sort, as on that memorable occasion.

'No fish!' I cried. I could not get so far as the sauce. 'No fish—'

The steward and the cabin-boy were leaning against the open door, writhing with stifled laughter; and one of the passengers, who sat on the locker opposite the door, threw himself back in a sort of ecstasy, and pointing to them, exclaimed, 'Look there! No fish-sauce!'

This apostrophe in some measure restored the captain's gravity. 'Steward,' he said in almost his usual tone, 'send for the cook.' The steward vanished. Presently the cook appeared, red-hot from the smoky caboose, and with his greasy party-coloured woollen cap in his hand. In humble attitude he drew up, like a culprit, close to the door; but the arch cabin-boy gave him a poke in the short ribs as he stood grinning behind, and the poor cook made a forced plunge into the cabin, his head pitching exactly in the direction of the mysterious tureen.

'Cook,' said the captain, 'what is this sauce made of? The passengers all decline partaking of it.'

We were at this moment in various stages of recovery, and anxious for explanation. The cook turned his unctuous cap several times in his hands, scratched his poll just behind one ear, and at last said, with faltering voice, 'It's made of different things, sir: flour—and water, sir; and spice—pepper—salt—and—'

'Well, but what gives it this dark-brown colour?'

'Ah! the brown colour—the brown!' we all cried; 'the rich brown—what's that?' And we relapsed into laughter, though it was not so violent as before. The captain in vain tried to keep his countenance; the cook looked very queer, and at last he caught the infection.

'The—the—brown, sir, is—is from the shark's liver—chopped up—and left to simmer, till melted: that makes the sauce so brown and so rich, sir.'

'Take it away—take it away,' cried the captain.

The cook grasped the tureen, and made his escape, saluted by renewed peals, and cries of 'Rich! rich indeed! Shark's liver! why, it's train-oil!'

'We'll try a sauce of my own preparing,' said our excellent captain, who enjoyed the scene as heartily as we did; 'no fish-sauce, I'll warrant. Steward, bring a bottle of that old West India Madeira directly: you know which. I believe there are only a dozen bottles left. It has made three voyages to the West Indies, gentlemen.'

No sooner said than done.

'Gentlemen, a glass of Madeira-sauce all round, if you please!'

We hobbled and nobbed, and kept our countenances until we had quaffed the delicious wine, and then finished our dinner, which was seasoned by that best of all sauces, a good appetite, with the additional choice condiments of good-humour and good-fellowship.

But the grand event of the voyage was crossing the

tropical line. This is, or was at the time I am speaking of, the sailors' holiday—the romance of the deep; and it is looked forward to with anxiety by all on board. Great preparations are secretly made by the men for weeks previously for celebrating the festival, and it is an understood thing that the crew are to be allowed to manage everything in their own way. It is very pleasant to see those who, with rare exceptions, faithfully and courageously perform the arduous duties of seamen, enjoying such occasional relaxation of discipline as can consistently be granted. One such day as I am about to describe is, perhaps, sufficient in one voyage; but there are other recreations which they might more frequently enjoy, and which would both cheer them and improve their moral condition.

But to my story. Through the first or second mate, or some other officer, the crew managed to ascertain that, on the following day, the ship would be in north latitude $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, which is the line of the tropic of Cancer, and the limit of the sun's northern deviation from the equator; and accordingly, shortly after twelve at noon, when the captain and officers had taken their solar observation, and the latitude of 23 degrees 30 minutes north, proving that the vessel had just crossed the tropical line, had been declared, a hoarse voice was heard hailing the ship. 'Ship a-hoy!' roared the voice in rather an imperative manner. The captain, who was on the quarter-deck with his speaking-trumpet under his arm, seemed surprised, took his telescope and looked out in all directions, apparently extending his investigation to the very verge of the horizon; and no sail being in sight, he, with stentorian voice, increased to twenty-lung power by its passing through the speaking-trumpet, cried, 'Who hails the ship?' Upon this there appeared, as though emerging from the sea, and entering the vessel over the bows, a most singular figure, wearing a capacious wig made of oakum—in imitation of sea-weed—falling over his shoulders, and almost covering his face, which was bedaubed with red, yellow, and black paint. His brawny arms were bare, and also painted with oil-paint, as was his ample chest. Around his waist, and reaching below the knees, was a sort of kilt made of oakum. His bare legs were painted in divers colours, and in his right hand he held a three-pronged weapon called grains, used for striking and catching porpoises. This was a very good imitation of a trident. Slung across his shoulder by a piece of twine was a pouch formed of the upper leather and part of the sole of an old shoe, sticking out of which was a scroll of dirty writing-paper. This grotesque personage was intended to represent Neptune. He was followed by another figure, also bedaubed with paint, and somewhat similarly disguised, who was called his constable.* Striking the deck with his trident, Neptune demanded of the captain, with an air of royal authority, the name of the vessel, whence she came, and whither bound. To all which questions the captain replied with brevity and simplicity. Then appeared four queer-looking attendants, with oil-painted faces, oakum wigs powdered with flour, and aiguillettes, in imitation of those worn by English footmen, but in this case made of roughly-plated oakum; and Neptune having seated himself on a gun-carriage, from which the cannon had been removed, was drawn by his four sea-horses—who in a twinkling harnessed themselves with ropes—to the after-part of the ship, where the captain, mates, and passengers were standing. I ought to have said that Neptune's state-carriage was preceded by his constable bearing the British ensign, and waving it with indescribable grace.

* We feel somewhat surprised that no one has ever pointed out the resemblance of this sailors' holiday in all its dresses, decorations, and proceedings, to the masques of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The era of the first distant voyages by English ships is that of the prevalence of masques. Hence it becomes more likely that these rough froles of our seamen are surviving debased examples of this particular class of entertainments, once the favourite pleasure of monarchs and their nobility—Ed.

'How d'ye do, captain?' said Neptune.

'Very well, thank ye, Mr Neptune. How are you?'

'Why, so, so. Rather dull, captain. Very few of my children have voyaged this way lately. Besides, my wife Amphitrite scolded me last night for sitting up to keep watch for you; and I can't say that she is in a very good humour this morning.'

'I'm sorry for that,' said the captain.

'Oh, we shall soon make it up,' replied Neptune; and drawing forth from the shoe-pouch a wet and crumpled paper, he called the constable to him, and said, in a commanding style, handing him the paper at the same time, 'Read over the list of my children, Mr Constable.'

That important functionary then unfolded the wet paper, and putting on his nose what he called his spectacles—namely, two large round rings, formed of thick iron wire, and joined together with a piece of twine—he began to read with a gruff voice the names of such passengers and sailors as had not previously crossed the tropic of Cancer: this information had been carefully collected during the voyage. These were his children, and, by usage from time immemorial, were liable to undergo the operation of being shaved, or to pay a fine.

'Now, Mr Barber,' said Neptune; 'now, if you please, begin your work.'

I had caused it to be made known that I should be most happy to pay the exemption-fee, in the shape of two or three bottles of rum, or the price thereof towards a can or more of grog for the crew. This was a matter well understood; still there was a certain ceremony to be gone through by the whole of Neptune's children. So, when my name was called by the constable, and gaily answered to by me, the said amphibious-looking officer politely banded me towards the centre of the vessel—a mid-ships, in nautical language—where the boats are secured during a voyage. The largest of them—that is, the launch—was more than half filled with sea-water, and on one of the seats there was a small barrel, placed on end. By the side of the launch was a ladder, up which I was courteously, yet firmly, invited to step; and when I got to the boat's edge, I was told to seat myself on the round top of the little barrel. Neptune, the constable, and the barber—the latter bare-armed, oakum-wigged, and wearing an apron made of a piece of old tarpaulin—followed. Neptune, trident in hand, and his constable, stood each on a seat of the boat, the constable of course behind his sovereign; and the barber (the identical cook who made the shark's-liver sauce) placed himself on that immediately in front of me, having in his right hand a piece of rusty iron hoop, more than a foot in length, and jagged at one edge like a saw. By his side was a bucket, filled with a composition, as I afterwards found, of tar, grease, and rubbish, and a large painter's brush sticking in it. At first I did not much like these preparations; however, I put the best face on the matter, feeling assured that no mischief was intended; for I had reason to think that I was rather a favourite with the crew.

'Now, Mr Barber,' said Neptune, 'lather Mr — with some of the best scented soap, and mind you shave him tenderly.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the barber; and seizing a little earthen pot which stood on the top of the adhesive contents of the bucket, he scooped out of it, with his forefinger, a whitish greasy stuff; it was, in fact, what the sailors call slush, being the skimming of the caldron in which the fat pork was boiled for the men's dinner. This was the best scented soap; and the barber dabbed on each side of my upper lip, and then, with the blunt part of the iron-hoop—not the saw-like side—he gently scraped it off, saying, 'That will do, sir; I hope I have shaved your honour to your satisfaction.'

'Perfectly so,' said I; 'and I am very much obliged to you.'

Neptune and the constable then kissed me, as one of

the sea-god's children; and I made the best of my way to the deck, and to the after-part of the ship. The other passengers went through a similar ceremony; but when it came to the turn of those of the crew who had not before crossed the tropical line, the case was very different. No sooner was the 'child' seated on the little tottering cask, than a portion of the contents of the bucket was scrubbed into his face by the barber with the bristly painting-brush, and then scraped off with the serrated side of the rusty iron hoop. It fetched blood; and whilst smarting under the effect of this rough operation, the barrel was slyly knocked from under the 'child,' who fell sprawling into the water, in which, in spite of his struggles, he was kept down for a time by the constable and barber; and when, having escaped from their clutches, he was stepping down the ladder, a briny deluge fell upon him from aloft, where some of the old hands were stationed with buckets filled with sea-water, which they emptied upon the devoted heads of the shaven and shorn novices.

All, however, was taken in good part; and in the evening the crew, having had their supper, and enjoyed their grog, danced reels and hornpipes on deck to the sound of a fife played by one of the men. Later in the evening, one of the sailors, a well-spoken man, came aft, and respectfully invited the passengers to visit them in their parlour, as he said. We readily accepted the invitation, and were duly introduced into the fore-castle. Most of the ship's company were seated on chests and coils of rope, and after apologising for the modest accommodation they could afford us, they made seats for us in the most commodious places, and then presented us with some grog in tin cups. We took a little of it, after wishing health to those good-hearted seamen, to whose diligence, watchfulness, and courage we were in a great measure indebted for our safe passage over the fathomless ocean: they drank to our healths in return.

But where was Neptune? Alas! he was coiled up in a corner like a great hempen cable, his enormous oakum wig almost covering his whole shortened and twisted body. He had had too much exertion and too much grog in his regal capacity, and had first fallen down from being top-heavy, and afterwards had fallen asleep.

The next day, and for the remainder of the voyage, all went on again in the usual routine. The crew had enjoyed their holiday, and resumed their ordinary course of duties with cheerfulness and alacrity.

POPULAR LECTURING.

THE rapid increase of population in this country, and its collection in large towns, which have been created by the sudden development of our manufacturing system, have given birth to many new social relations, and led to the establishment of various institutions, altogether peculiar to the present age. The inhabitants of our large manufacturing towns, whose education must embrace modern rather than ancient things, and be directed to the living languages rather than to the dead, are obliged, in many instances, to pass by our old colleges and schools, most of which possess little power of expansion or modification, and establish others more in harmony with modern wants. Accordingly, in these towns have been founded many societies for the acquisition and diffusion of useful knowledge, which, though wanting the permanence and stability derived from charters and endowments, are yet, to a certain extent, supplying popular wants, and have been very instrumental in diffusing information in places and among men whom it would not, perhaps, have otherwise reached.

In all these societies public lectures have been chosen as one of the means for diffusing knowledge. This mode of conveying instruction is nearly as old as instruction itself. All great truths have been made public in this

manner, and in all colleges the lecturing system has been adopted. Its efficiency is manifest from its age. But when it was adopted by recent institutions, its tendency was entirely changed. In colleges, where the audience consists of students who wish to become complete masters of the subject, the lectures are continued in succession over a long period of time, until knowledge of the particular branch of study has been exhausted; in popular institutions, where the audience in general wish to obtain nothing more than an outline of the subject, the lectures are few in number, and of a kind calculated to awaken further inquiry, and create the desire for more extended knowledge.

The information communicated in popular lectures must therefore be superficial; it is impossible that it can be profound. The knowledge acquired by the study and research of six years cannot be conveyed, even by the cleverest and least discursive man, in six lectures; and it would be unreasonable to suppose that a member of a popular institution, who had attended its lectures regularly for a few years, will have acquired a competent knowledge of the circle of the sciences. Such results are not expected; but by the popular lecturing system, as it has hitherto been pursued, much miscellaneous information has been diffused among the ignorant; and its beneficial effects are to be estimated not so much by the knowledge actually imparted, as by the efforts to which that knowledge has given rise. There are cases, well known in many institutions, where young men have acquired distinction by following up in private the information obtained in the lecture-room.

The nature of the public institutions in which lectures are delivered, renders it necessary that the lectures on each subject should be few in number, and the variety of the subjects great. With the public of the present day, 'brevity' is not only 'the soul of wit,' but apparently the soul of every other thing. 'Long-winded' discourses are no longer fashionable; the public will listen only to those that are brief. Long courses of lectures are never well attended; people who have not a direct interest in the subject soon tire of the same theme, and therefore the extent of each course is very limited. Popular lecturing must, in a great measure, be adapted to popular taste, and without entirely yielding to its influence, endeavour to give it a better direction. It is interesting to observe the manner in which these institutions adapt themselves to the public mind. A few cases may be cited from large English towns. Sixty-seven lectures were delivered at the Manchester Athenæum during the year 1844 on eighteen different subjects; twenty-seven at the Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society of Leeds on six different subjects; eighteen at the Preston Institution for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge on thirteen different subjects; and during the year 1845, eighty-seven lectures on twenty-one different subjects were delivered in the Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool. The information conveyed in these lectures must necessarily have been great, but diffuse, and unless a member chose to absent himself intentionally from some courses, the constant change from one subject to another must have interrupted, if it did not destroy, the trains of thought that the hearing of some of them would awaken. If all these lectures, however varied in subject, had a systematic bearing on each other, they would have a stronger educational influence; but neither the taste of the public, nor the arrangements of lecturers, render it possible for any institution to adopt such a plan. Indeed, considering that a regular supply of lectures must be made for

each year, it is surprising to find such excellent lists in the reports of these institutions. The variety of the subjects may be illustrated by a few cases chosen at random. In Liverpool, courses succeeded each other on monastic institutions, the progress of the lyric drama, astronomy, and the men and times of the Commonwealth: in Manchester, the subjects presented in succession at the beginning of 1844 were optics, oratorical readings, natural history, civil history, Athens and Ancient Greece, painting, America, education, and readings from Shakspeare. At provincial institutions, it does not often happen that one course of lectures is commenced before another is finished; in London, however, this often occurs. For example, at the London Mechanics' Institution, in the autumn of last year, a lecture on comets was delivered between two on natural magic; the 'early history of steam power' was interrupted by a 'selection of old English melodies;' and four 'on the natural history of plants yielding food,' alternated with lectures on a 'new atmospheric power,' geology, and 'the popular songs of the present century.' This peculiarity in the London institutions is accounted for by the circumstance that the majority of professional lecturers live in London, and larger intervals may therefore, without inconvenience to them, elapse between the delivery of their several lectures. These lecture arrangements are quite in harmony with the intellectual demands of our age. All men do not wish, and do not require, to be profound students. People do not, and cannot know everything; but so long as the present state of public taste exists, so long will the public expect from popular lectures a little information about many things.

The popularity of lectures varies according to the subject. The experience of every institution shows that science is *least* and music *most* popular with general audiences. It is certainly matter of regret that the most useful lectures are not the most popular, yet it need not excite surprise. The life of nearly all classes in our manufacturing and commercial towns is so harassing and full of excitement, that it requires to be varied by some pleasing amusement, by some soothing influence, such as music possesses. Quiet men of thought love and appreciate scientific lectures, but bustling commercial men are more indifferent to them. A scientific lecture is a relief from private study, and so a musical concert is a relief from anxious business. Literary lectures rank next to musical in popularity. Poetical readings, if by a well-known man, are very attractive; and literary criticism, if it embraces much narrative, and introduces many illustrative anecdotes, is highly popular. Scientific lectures, with experiments, are tolerably well attended; but the experiments seem, with a large portion of the audience, to be the main attraction.

But the popularity of lectures depends nearly as much upon the lecturer as upon the subject. An inferior course from a man who has acquired a reputation, will perhaps be better attended than a superior course from who has yet a reputation to acquire. The public are, however, very acute judges of a popular lecturer, and a man of talent is certain to be quickly and properly appreciated. The Shakspearian readings of Charles Kemble are always better attended than any others. When Dr Lardner, in the height of his popularity, lectured on scientific subjects, his audiences were always large; and no lectures on the fine arts were better attended than those by the late lamented B. R. Haydon.

What has been said applies generally to manufacturing towns; public taste in all is usually in the same direction. In other towns, where the population contains a greater proportion of the well-educated classes, there is a greater relish for lectures embodying more thought and research. With an educated audience, a lecturer does not require to resort to any of the small devices necessary to fix and keep attention.

The lecturers engaged at these institutions are a

numerous and varied class. They may be divided into the amateur and the professional. The former are found in all towns; the latter are chiefly resident in London. All the amateur lecturers are men of good education, who have had their minds directed to some particular study, or who have considerable leisure time, and devote a portion of it to promote popular education in this manner. They are usually connected with the institutions as members, or associated in their management, and embrace clergymen of all denominations, teachers, bankers, lawyers, physicians, and others. Several master-manufacturers, employing large numbers of work-people, have delivered lectures at these institutions; and members of parliament have likewise assisted popular education in this manner. In the lists of lectures delivered at the Wakefield Institution, the name of R. M. Milnes, Esq. M.P. appears; and 'the health of towns' was made the subject of a lecture at the Mechanics' Institution of Plymouth, by Viscount Ebrington, M.P. In Yorkshire, where there are many such institutions, the majority of the lectures delivered are gratuitous. Their subjects are in some cases peculiar, and worthy of notice. One gentleman delivered six lectures descriptive of his own travels through the East; at another institution, the well-known Dr Wolff delivered one lecture 'on his journey to Bokhara, Balkh, Afghanistan, and Kashmir.' The following also appear among the subjects chosen:— 'On Wakefield Old Church, from foundation-stone to spire top'; 'On the spirit of the student, and the combination of amusement with study in mechanics' institutions'; 'On the attainability of literature by the working-classes'; 'On the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge under difficulties'; and in one institution a lecture was delivered on the historical works contained in its library.

Professional lecturers have generally permanent engagements for a portion of the year at the many educational establishments in London, and usually devote their holidays to lecturing in provincial towns. It is only from such men that complete and correct popular scientific courses of lectures can be obtained. Each has selected a subject, or class of subjects, of which he makes it his business to obtain a thorough knowledge, and to acquire a ready and pleasing mode of conveying his knowledge to others. Many of those who lecture on scientific subjects possess very extensive suites of apparatus, which illustrate their subjects far more powerfully than words can possibly do. This apparatus is both delicate and expensive; and so anxious are they to make their lectures as perfect as possible, that they will often exhibit some important scientific instrument that may be the first and only one of the kind. Their lectures are always abreast with the progress of invention and discovery. Nay, before the electric telegraph had come into general use, its construction and mode of working had been explained by popular lecturers. They have made the population of the principal towns in England acquainted with the principle of atmospheric railways; and a description of Lord Rosse's telescope, and of the wonders it has revealed, has already been given to a large audience from a lecturer's platform. Every discovery becomes registered, not only in official records or printed publications, but also in the habits of the professional lecturer, and is by him explained to hundreds and thousands in a clearer and more satisfactory manner than is possible in written language.

Professional lecturing, like most other intellectual pursuits, is not very lucrative. We seldom hear of lecturers dying rich. Those resident in London receive generally from two to four guineas each lecture, and they are usually paid five guineas per lecture at provincial institutions. Their terms are, however, varied according to the nature of the subject, the number of lectures, and the simultaneous engagements which they may obtain in the same neighbourhood. The number of those entirely dependent on occasional engagements

at institutions is very small, and the others are generally young men of talent and ability, who have yet to make their way in the world, and to whom popular lecturing serves the double purpose of obtaining money and of making for themselves a reputation.

GRISELDA.

SUCH power has the poet of giving to his ideal characters a living place in our hearts, that there are few who do not associate the name of Griselda with all that is meekly enduring and lovely in woman. The Italian scholar recalls the stories of Petrarch and Boccaccio; the student of our earlier English literature thinks of the clerk's legend in the immortal *Canterbury Tales*; and those who have been repelled by the obsolete phraseology of Chaucer from studying his works, may be familiar with modern paraphrases of them. Many of our readers must be acquainted with Mr Saunders's *Tales from Chaucer*, in Knight's Weekly Volume; and we have recently met with a modern version of the same story. A contrast between the two will not, we hope, be without interest.

As Chaucer's tale is generally known, we need only advert to its leading features. We are introduced to a young marquis living in Lombardy, in feudal state, among a people to whom his will was law. The only complaint they made was, that he remained unmarried; for they feared that his race would become extinct. He is moved by their urgent remonstrances; and whilst he declines their kind offer to select a wife for him, he promises to wed by a certain day, on condition that they would honour, without a murmur, whomsoever he might choose. To this they readily assent.

The marquis had seen, in hunting, a young maiden, within whose tender breast 'there was enclosed sad and ripe courage,' and who cherished her aged father, a poor shepherd, with all reverence and diligence. The day for the nuptials arrives; no bride seems forthcoming, and the faithful lieges are disappointed and alarmed; and yet the young lord rides in pomp, as one who was about to bring home his lady. He stops near the cottage of Griselda, who was looking on the show. He addresses her.

With sad countenance she kneeleth still,
Till she had heard what was the lord's will.

At his desire she calls her father, and, after a short conversation with him, he thus makes his offer:—

'Be ye ready, with good heart,
To all my list [pleasure], and that I freely may,
As one best thinketh, do you laugh or snarl,
And never ye to grutchen [murmur], night nor day,
And eke when I say Yea, ye say not Nay,
Neither by word nor frowning countenance?
Swear this, and here I swear our alliance.'

Few women in the present day, we apprehend, would choose to agree to such a demand. Griselda, however, thinks it no more than is due to her feudal lord and master, vows assent, and, what is more, does it with the most perfect sincerity. The marquis makes her his bride: she is splendidly attired; and her grace and beauty, her dignity, wisdom, and goodness, which prove her to be fully equal to her new station, not only reconcile the people to the match their lord has made, but lead them to applaud his discretion. He soon shows, however, that he has no taste for a tranquil happiness, of which he is not worthy. He is seized by an inordinate longing to test her steadfastness to him. He goes to her, reminds her of her humble lineage, and pretends that the people, since the birth of her infant daughter, have murmured at her low origin, and that he is therefore resolved, with her consent, to make away with it. She meekly replies that she and the child are both his, to do according to his pleasure. He then sends a cruel servant to take it away, who adds a fresh wound to her feelings, by not even promising to bury the little body, where neither beasts nor birds may tear it. By his lord's command he carries it secretly to his sister,

the Countess of Pavia. Grisilde never mentions the child, but seems to her husband

As glad, as humble, as busy in service,
And oke in love as she was wont to be.

Six years elapse, and there is a little son, two years old. The old hankering gnaws the marquis, and the former scene is repeated; but nothing can impair the ready submission of the dutiful wife.

'Not grieveth me at all,
Though that my daughter and my son be slain
At your commandment; that is to sain,
I have not had no part of children twain,
But first sickness, and after we and pain.
Ye be my lord, dooth with your own thing
Right as you list; asketh no redde [advice] of me:
For as I left at home all my clothing
When I came first to you, right so,' quoth she,
'Left I my will and all my liberty,
And took your clothing; wherefore I you pray,
Do your plesance, I will your list obey.'

Five years more elapse. The marquis desires to see his children again, but he cannot resist the temptation of giving his wife's endurance a final trial. He now pretends that his people require him to wed a lady of rank, that he may have noble heirs, and that Grisilde must return to her home. To put her to the uttermost proof of her courage, he gives his sentence 'full boisterously, in open audience,' praising her good qualities, but mockingly desiring her to take with her, to her father's house, the dower she brought him. She answers with unrudded meekness, she never held herself lady or mistress, but humble servant to his worthiness. The mention of her dower reminds her of her wedding-day—

'Oh, good God! how gentle and how kind
Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
The day that maketh was our marriage!
But woe is said, algate [always] I find it true—
For in effect it proved is on me—
Love is not old as when that it is new;
But certes, Lord, for no adversity,
To dien in this case, it shall not be
That over in word or work I shall repent
That I you gave my heart in whole intent'

And so, stripped to her smock, with tearless eye, whilst 'the folk her followen, weepen on their way,' she returns to her aged father, who curses the day of his birth. But she shows no repining after her high estate; because, in the midst of it, she had been 'discreet and pridelless.'

The expected bride at length draws near; and, as a last trial, the marquis orders Grisilde to return to the castle, to superintend his servants in making ready for her successor. She still shows a perfect forgetfulness of self, and that it is her first desire to do everything to serve and please him. She receives the lady and her brother with the utmost grace, unabashed by her rude attire; and in answer to the question of the marquis, how she likes his bride, she praises her beauty, and wishes her prosperity: wisely adding—

'One thing beseech I you, and warn alsó,
That ye no pricke with no tormenting
This tender maiden as ye have done me [me];
For she is fostered in her nourishing
More tenderly, and to my supposing
She mighte not adversity endure
As could a poore fostered creature.'

When the 'sturdy marquis' perceived her cheerful patience, and contrasted his offences to her with her innocence and constancy, he took her in his arms, and kissed her—desiring her to be no more aghast, for he had tried her faith and benignity. She heard him not for wonder, but seemed like one starting out of sleep. Then he tells her that the fair lady and her brother are her own children, and she swoons 'for piteous joy,' and afterwards calls them to her; and all her motherly affection breaks forth unrestrained. She cares not now when she dies, since her lord hath saved her children dear, and she stands in his love and grace. And now sorrow and trial have passed, and all is rejoicing and delight.

Although the reader is carried away by the power of the poet, and the tale abounds in 'the most beautiful touches, we feel the necessity of his quaint and antique diction to recall us to times far distant from our own. Grisilde's love is of a nature that we should not approve now. It is idolatry. She will see no fault in her lord, and indirectly encourages his selfishness and pride. We give unqualified admiration to her when she returns so meekly to her cottage; whilst we wonder that she could maintain such intense affection for one who was treating her with such wanton ignominy; for even had his people constrained him to dismiss her, he need not have sent her home in so woful a plight. But we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the calm manner in which she accedes to the murder of her children. What she should have said appears to be, 'If your vassals disapprove your choice, slay not your innocent child, but banish me with it; for I am the cause of their complaint.' We feel that she is a perfect wife, according to the ideal of the times; but that ideal is not ours. She is a loving slave, not the partner of his life. Moreover, it requires some philosophising to account for the caprice of the husband, which comes on at intervals of five or six years; and though the story has such a happy conclusion, we cannot resist the private foreboding, that another fit of this intermittent fever may seize on him again; and the hardness of heart which could reconcile him to such a prolonged absence from his children, and such a constant sense of his wife's loneliness, does not promise much for their future felicity.

We admire Chaucer's Grisilde as the creation of a chivalric age, and as the impersonation of what we deem a mistaken though beautiful and devoted loyalty. A modern German writer, Friedrich Halm, has written a drama, of which Griselda is the heroine, which appears to us true, not to a conventional idea, but to universal human nature.

In the first act we are conducted to the city of Caerleon, where the renowned King Arthur is holding a festival. Percival, the hero, is seen once more at court, after a three years' absence—

A shaggy bear-skin o'er his shoulders thrown,
With a rough doublet of the wild bull's hide—

and, in a conversation with his friend Tristan, we discover the proud overbearing character of 'the giant-slayer.' He loves best to dwell where he is lord and king. In a woman he looks not for wisdom, but 'profound submission to her husband's will.' He speaks of his wife as faithful and true; but

'Woe she even angel-pinion on her shoulders,
A wife—a child—suffice not for this breast.'

He is restless and gloomy; he says—

'I'm weary of content; unmingled sweetness
Has made me long for gall; my boiling mind,
As the cloyed palate longs for pungent
Fines for some cross event to rouse its powers.'

The next scene introduces us to a splendid array of knights and ladies, among others to Arthur's queen, Genevra, who is described by her lover, Launcelot, as wrathful even in misery, false in her smiles, and deceptive in her tears. She is the temptress who is to instigate Percival to a trial which, self-willed as he was, he would not have imagined of his own accord. She sees our hero, and, struck with his uncourtly attire, longs to question him respecting his marriage. He approaches, heated with wine—

His pulses lightly throb, and, winged for flight,
His every secret hovers on his lips.

When asked whether the report concerning him were true, he replies—

'Yes, certainly!
You think I am ashamed of it? No, never!
Shall I deny my wife, my own Griselda?
No lovelier woman ever graced the earth.
Yet beauty is the smallest of her charms;
For she is plump, modest as a violet,
Meek as a lamb, and full of truth and kindness,

Simple and plain, yet quick and clear of thought.
I have seen many women—never a better!
What matter if she be a collier's child,
Or have the blood of nobles in her veins?

All are astonished, and rejoice in what they deem his humiliation; but resolve to conceal their contempt till they have satisfied their curiosity. He proceeds to give a history of his marriage. His people had impetuned him to wed; but he remarks, apparently quite unconscious, or at least careless of the insult he was offering, that he had found the ladies at court

'Malicious, artful, and inexorable,
Self-filled and vain, yet void of faith and courage.'

He gives an extremely engaging picture of the maiden, and the circumstances in which he first found her; which is, however, too long to extract in full, and too beautiful to be curtailed. She promises obedience to him as to her lord, and his vassals receive her joyfully. When his tale is ended, offended pride bursts forth on the part of the ladies, which goes on Percival to insult the queen. A conflict between him and Lancelot is checked by the arrival of Arthur. Percival will not retract his words: she had scorned the mother of his child—

'And every sacred feeling of "his" breast
Poisoned, polluted with her empty wit';

and he declares, on his oath, that his wife is

'Richer in all that can adorn the soul
Than e'er another woman boasts herself.'

After some further altercation, Geneva declares her readiness to kneel to the 'collier's child' if she can stand the test of her virtues which she will prescribe; but if she fail, Percival must kneel at the feet of the queen. 'Sooner,' says the haughty chieftain, 'the north pole shall the south pole kiss;' but, in full confidence as to the issue, he accepts the trial. Arthur remonstrates with him on his selfish acquiescence—

'To spare yourself one little drop of gall,
You give Griselda the overflowing cup.'

But he is determined—

'Her breast, indeed,
May bitter we and sharpest sorrow pierce,
When she shall tread the thorny path of trial;
But for my sake she will accomplish it,
And she shall prove to all what love can do.'

The next act introduces us to Griselda, who has sent a messenger to appease the wrath of her old blind father, Cedric, whom Percival had expelled from the castle for having, with stubborn temper, denied him the fitting reverence; and who was enraged with his daughter because she had not come to receive her mother's dying blessing at a time when her husband was so ill that she could not leave him. Cedric adds an additional interest to the drama. He was

Beau's chafe, and hard to be appeased;

and we see that Griselda was trained, by filial love to him, to bear the domineering temper of her husband. After she has heard that nothing can soften the old man, she is wrapped in anxious nursing as to whether she had done right. She feels that she is innocent of any undue subservience. It was not the rank of Percival which bound her to him; but the love he bears her claims her heart, her life, unlimited, entire.

And now comes the first trial. Griselda is to give up her son; and two knights accompany Percival from the court, to see that the queen's conditions are fulfilled. She greets him with the tenderest and most ardent attachment, and he thinks that she will refuse him nothing; but he does not know the love she bears likewise to her child. Rather than part with it, she would lose her life; and if the father will not shield it, she will—a woman, but a mother. Percival now declares that his own life will be the forfeiture of her disobedience; and in order to save him that, with a grievous struggle, she gives up the child. Griselda is not, like her namesake in France, 'as glad as she was wont to be'

in her outward demeanour. It is evident that her heart has felt a wound that will not shortly heal. The knights are moved to tears, and Percival relents. But not for his life, nor for the hope of Heaven, would he kneel to the queen; and he consoles himself with the idea that the tears of women are like the showers which brighten the meadows—

'Her life, in future, shall one rapture be;
Much I demand, and you may call me hard,
But I am one who also can reward!'

And now the banners and weapons of his vassals are seen on the mountains and valleys, for they are assembled to witness the second trial. Griselda must be sent to her home, with nothing but the rude woollen garment she wore of old; for thus the king commands that Percival marry Morgane, Arthur's sister. Griselda looks on these afflictions as proceeding from the King of kings, who designs to try the strength of her presumptuous heart. Many a silent night her spirit had foreshadowed calamity, for her blessing was too rapacious for this life. She believes that her husband shares with her the bitter grief of parting, and resolves to force no fruitless tears from him by complaints. She goes, taking at his command her own—her apron and woollen garment.

'What was besides my own,' she says,
'Youth's joyous thoughts, the bloom of innocence,
The hopeful, trusting spirit—for these treasures
I have received from thee far sweeter joys,
And all the after-pleasures of remembrance.
In one thing only thou remainest my debtor,
For my love still remains behind with thee.'

And so she departs, amidst the tears of the indignant vassals, showering blessings on the head of him in whose sincere affections she still confided.

Her touching farewell makes Percival deeply regret that he had 'repaid' her love with wo, and changed her pure soul's gentle harmony to jarring discord; but he has no time to give way to remorse, for the queen arrives to put Griselda's virtue to the third proof. He would fain have her rest satisfied with the previous trials, and accept his contrition for what he had said and done; but she, who thinks that there is 'truth in hate, but none in love,' supposes that he shrinks from doubting the result, and holds to her stipulation. Let him kneel, and all shall be well. But no; this seemed an impossibility: great as is his pity for Griselda, it is not to compete with his honour.

The fourth act brings before us the stern and earnest Cedric. He does not express the compassion which nature must have awakened for his daughter; and now she comes before him an outcast, but he mocks her—

'His handmaid only wast thou—not his wife;
And like a servant art thou thrust away.'

In vain does she show the purity of her love: he will not refuse her an asylum—

'But no more shall thy arm support my steps,
Thy glance no more shall read into my soul;
Thou art my guest now—thou hast been my child.'

He leaves her to her own heart-communings; and she calls on the 'milder Father, throned above in light!' who knows her heart. Still she has one solace—

Although by midnight darkness compassed round,
The changeless star of love is not yet set.

Percival doubtless mourns for her, as she for him. And now her husband draweth near. The queen is concealed in the neighbouring bushes, to witness the last trial. Percival professes to be the victim of the king's displeasure; will she give him shelter, though he

'Gave up her child, and sternly cast her off,
And robbed her life of all that made it sweet?'

'And was it thy will,' she replies, 'to grieve my heart?'

'And is it time on my own fate to think,
When thine hangs tottering on the chasm's brink?'

She must preserve him. She directs him to a cave, and though the queen, who suddenly appears, threatens her with death unless she reveals his lurking-place, she is

constant. It was true that he had cast her from the pinnacle of earthly bliss, but

'What worth could love be then if it gave not
More than it has received—if it bore not
More than it has imposed—if it stood not
A rock amidst the strife of warring winds—
If, in misfortune, it remained not firm,
The last stronghold of hope—what, then, were love?'

Genevra at length confesses that she has found the truest wife in England; but her cheeks glow with shame, for

To her, the collier's daughter, she must kneel.

And now comes the last act of this eventful history. King Arthur arrives, hoping that he might have been in time to have prevented this hateful strife. Percival thinks that his happiest hour is on the stroke. His wife loves him, and will forgive his wrongs; her praise shall burst from every tongue, and his love to her shall be 'measureless as the blue unbounded heaven.' Into the hall, which is adorned with festal wreaths, Griselda is led in her woollen gown, with the aged Cedric. When she sees the king, she implores him to save Percival; but he tells her that she had been the victim of deceit. And now—how must the story end? Will Griselda, who feels that love is the only requital that can be made for love, be recompensed for her agony by the fame that is to attend her? Will she, who has been sustained throughout by the conviction that her husband's attachment is as devoted as her own, be able to endure the revulser of feeling which the disclosure of his heartlessness must cause? Was the bitter grief which with her life she nourished, which devoured it, an empty show? One of the queen's ladies aggravates her distress, by telling her that her sufferings were but a carnival diversion; and Percival, in his eagerness to make her forget the past, bids her think no more of the 'sport' which all her worth had proved. The queen kneels before her, which her husband views with proud delight; but Griselda declares that all the deadly pangs she had endured were far less bitter than what she has to bear now. Then she had *trust*; now she has none. 'My heart,' she says to him, 'was thine; thou never hast understood it. In thy hand it is broken. Thou couldst sport with its pure tenderness, couldst make a boast of its fidelity and its devotion—'

'No, thou hast never loved me! Passed away
Is now the blissful vision of my life!'

She forgives him for the anguish he had caused; hopes that he may be happy; but, to his astonishment, and despite his urgent prayers, insists on passing the remainder of a blighted life with her child, in the cottage of her father, who bids her drink of the pure spring of love which flows in his heart.

We confess ourselves among the number of those who like tales to 'end well'; and yet we know not how it could terminate differently. Percival is evidently unworthy of such a wife. His ruling passion is pride. He thinks death better than contempt, and supposes that the honour she will acquire will recompense Griselda for her sufferings. And yet we pity him. The trial has done him good. Though he thinks that he had foreseen her tears, they evidently move him more than he expected. In the agony of her spirit she catches at the word he hastily utters—that it was *sport*; but he does not do himself justice. He engaged in the trial when heated by wine and passion, and in defence of her high qualities, though it was indeed through a regard for her as part of himself; and knightly pride prevents him from retracting. When, for the third time, he tests her love, he exclaims—

'Oh that my word compels me to this trial!
That to the selfish longing of my soul
To revel in her overflowing love,
Her bliss I've sacrificed, and mine with hers;
But for this phantom honour, I'd say No!
And to all England bid a proud defiance!'

There is something far more noble in his nature than

in that of the queen, who is justly deserted by her lover Launcelot, who has been taught by Griselda that

Beauty alone is not the greatest charm,
Nor brightly wit the soul's most precious gift.

Poor Griselda! and yet we love and respect her more in her sorrows than her prototype in her happy ease. Her love is a pure, but not a blind devotion; and she feels that there is something higher and nobler than a servile, however ardent attachment.

We think that our readers will agree with us that the characters are far more natural than Chaucer's. There is nothing inconceivable in the conduct of the knight, who is hurried on, under strong excitement, to trials of his wife's affection, which last only for a day; and nothing but what is truly religious, dignified, and noble, as well as self-sacrificing, devoted, and humble, in the love of Griselda. Our extracts have rather had in view to illustrate the story, than to show specimens of the beauty of the poem, which we commend to the perusal of our readers.* All that the translator modestly asks, is credit for literalness of rendering. We may state that the piece is elegant and beautiful. Save for one or two geographical errors (such as making the Trent a Welsh river, and Staffordshire close to Wales), there is nothing to indicate a foreign origin.

MY FRIEND, THE POLYTECHNIST.

My friend Baldric Grant goes among his acquaintance by the name of the ingenious man. He resides in the suburbs of a certain great city, just out of the smoke, the dust, and the turmoil, yet within an easy distance of it, so as to have the benefit of the mechanical and scientific facilities which only a large town affords, and at the same time enjoy a due share of the healthful qualities of the country, about which Mr Grant is not less solicitous. His house could be distinguished out of a thousand. To begin with the chimneys, There are three flues, capped with the most curious contrivances, in the shape of smoke-curers, that can possibly be conceived; one strongly resembling a beer barrel, having a hole at each end, and an arrow above; a second wearing the appearance of a lady's bonnet, surmounted by a pigeon in zinc; while the third is of so nondescript a character, as to stamp it with Mr Grant's feet as legibly as if it had been painted thereon. The remaining flues are so mystified with levers, and wires, and iron plates, intended to put an effectual stop to their mouths, in the event of any back smoke descending, that the respectable mechanic who undertakes the sweeping department is continually compelled to summon in Mr Grant's aid and counsel upon that hazardous operation. Each stack of chimneys is ornamented with a long, upright iron rod, bearing a double copper spike at its extremity, and altogether displaying a most suspicious resemblance to a useful culinary instrument in requisition for tea-cakes, only on a gigantic scale. Another iron rod runs all down the front of the house, stopping at the dining-room, where it appears to be attached to a combination of cog-wheels, which move a second iron rod, and this penetrates the wall. At its upper end, the rod carries a wind vane, somewhat like an open pair of bellows. Besides these, there is a vast tin soup-plate, with a pipe in its centre, which carries down rain and hail into a graduated basin. Mr Grant is to be seen weekly at the top of his house, going over all these pieces of mechanism, looking through his spectacles, and making little notes in a large pocket-book; and when he descends, he is able to tell one to a drop how much rain

* *Griselda*, a Dramatic Poem, translated from the German of Friedrich Halun, by Q. E. D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

fell during the week. His door-lamp is a good study, not only from the elegance of its shape, but from the peculiar contrivances it exhibits. Thus there are a smoke-consuming gas-burner, and a smoke-conveying funnel, and sundry other appurtenances, having reference to the intensity of the light, which no ordinary lamp can boast of. The neighbours laugh at it, adhering, with pig-headed perverseness, to the commonest and rudest forms of lights; but the laugh is on Mr Grant's side in reality, for his hall is never smothered with smoke, or his classic portico begrimed with soot. The knocker is a bit of a curiosity, of a hybrid constitution, being a cross between an ordinary knocker and a bell-pull, and performing the double duties of knocking and ringing simultaneously.

On entering the house, there are evidences, even in the hall, of the refined taste and remarkable ingenuity of the inhabitant. In the centre stands a hot-air stove of Mr Grant's invention, simple in form, yet elegant, and of unparalleled utility, seeing that it diffuses the breath of summer through the whole mansion. No list margins or sand-bags are required for the doors of Mr Grant's sitting-rooms. When they are opened, no rush of cold air enters. Catarrhs and rheumatisms are unknown in the family. Nor is this all; for the constant genial temperature keeps a mass of in-door plants in undying beauty, so that the house is redolent with perfume all the year round.

The parlour does not strike one at first as containing anything extraordinary, though the furniture, decorations, and ornaments harmonise, and are in the best taste. But upon a closer scrutiny, Mr Grant's ingenuity discloses itself in numberless contrivances and nick-knackeries. Thus there is an ivory index at the side of the fireplace, on which are engraved 'Coals, Water, Visitors, James, Grace.' This is connected with the bell-pull, and answers to a corresponding index in the kitchen, and in the servants' hall, so that orders are conveyed almost like magic. Then there is an apparatus for catching all the dust of the fire, and sifting out all the cinders. Mr Grant, moreover, is a great practical ventilator, and has succeeded in bringing in fresh air from the outside of the house, through a pipe which, passing behind the fireplace, obtains, by a simple contrivance there placed, sufficient heat to give it a comfortable temperature, and enters the room in the centre of the floor, opening by a perforated plate. The perforations corresponding to some of the designs of the carpet, make the apparatus almost invisible; while again the central ceiling ornament is made to conceal an exit pipe which has communication with the chimney. Attention is arrested by some singular brass mechanism fixed against the wall near the ceiling. Similar pieces of mechanism are to be found in every apartment of the house. It is a fire alarm—I need not say of what construction or design. They all communicate with some clock-work at the head of the staircase, near the bedrooms, and would, in the event of the occurrence of fire in any room, however remote, set a great gong at work, under which it must be one of the Seven Sleepers only who could rest undisturbed. In little niches scooped out of the wall are placed, with the most charming good taste, various objects of *virtù*, one or two cast from the antique, and a few models, some of ancient and some of modern structures. Among the latter is a model of a dwelling-house, furnished with all the modern domestic appliances and improvements, not forgetting even the anti-smoke cowls on the chimney tops. This model takes to pieces, and on many a quiet

winter's evening forms the subject of an interesting discussion with some new friend: it is a subject upon which good Mr Grant never was known to grow weary.

Possibly a better idea of the excursive nature of Mr Grant's inventive talent will appear from an account of a morning spent with him, than from any more formal detail. After a liberal use of the hybrid knocker, I was admitted, and welcomed by Mr Grant and his eldest son in the hall. We then entered the breakfast room, at other times his peculiar sanctum, where we found Mrs Grant and the children waiting for us. It was amusing to observe how perfectly familiar they appeared to be with the different objects of singular appearance which surrounded us, while ordinary children would have been all eyes and mouths thereat. I found our young Grant, who had evidently followed his father's steps *con amore*, intently engaged in getting up the steam of a small steam-engine placed in a corner of the apartment. This was to me a good omen of what would follow.

As for the mamma of the establishment, she is just the reverse of her husband. I don't suppose she ever invented so much as a new pattern in anything in all her life: her forte lies in being thoroughly well-versed in the beaten track of things; but she is an invaluable wife to my friend Baldrick, who, with all his erratic temperament, is chiefly guided by her prudence, and submissive to her gentle expostulations. He feels that the restraint she exercises over his tendency to extravagance is of incalculable value to them both; and while this is the case, she nevertheless, at every fresh discovery, exhibits such an innocent, child-like wonder, as to fire Mr Grant with an affection for her which five-and-twenty years have not diminished. But to the breakfast.

Half an hour might be spent in describing Mr Grant's urn, to which there were four spouts: from one issued water, from the next milk, from the third tea, and from the fourth coffee—all boiling hot. The great mystery here was the method of heating it; and it is the delight of Mr Grant's eldest son, who acts in a measure as our *cicerone*, to unravel the same. At the bottom of the machine there is a little door, which, when opened, discloses a gas jet of flame burning below the quaternate caldron: the next mystery is the source of the gas; and upon closer inspection a gas pipe is perceivable, and is found to rise through the pillar of the table, and to appear at a hole in its centre, there being connected with the gas jet below the urn. 'But the table-cloth!' was my exclamation, with an apprehensive look at Mrs Grant, which produced a smile upon the lady's countenance, and a half-perplexed look upon the face of her husband. 'Oh, Mr Grant has his own peculiar way of overcoming these little difficulties. His first cut holes into two of my breakfast cloths, and, to supply their place, made me a present of half-a-dozen new ones.' Mr Grant looked in a deprecating manner over the top of his spectacles, and sent one of his youthful philosophers for a certain little mahogany box, which, when brought to table and opened, was found to contain a minute steam-engine of the vibrating cylinder construction. I had not previously noticed that there was something uncommon about the top of the urn, and that although the quartet, tea, coffee, milk, and water boiled in concert, no steam issued from the apparatus: there was a small safety-valve on one side, and a steam-cock on the other. 'Papa, the steam's up!' cried out the least of the children, as at the moment the tiny valve leapt upright, and whizzed forth a volume of vapour. Then the model was screwed on, the valve pressed down an instant, to increase the pressure, and the steam-way opened, and in an instant buzz went the engine, at a speed which would have put one of our great locomotives to the blush; so that the fly-wheel looked like a ring of shining brass whirling upon nothing; and Mr Grant, enchanted with the amazement he saw upon my

face, wiped his spectacles, and sat down in his chair. On the whole, that was one of the busiest and pleasantest breakfasts I ever partook of. A great deal might be said about the fine young Grants, whose happy and intelligent faces gave me more pleasure than any object I saw that morning; but such is not the object of my paper. Breakfast was concluded, the steam-engine unscrewed, the holed table-cloth removed, and Mrs Grant, with the younger children, retired, leaving us to the more proper occupation of the morning.

Time would fail me were I to attempt to describe all that I saw. The room was a polytechnicon. The steam was up in the boiler of the engine fixed at one side of the apartment—an engine of about one-horse power—and the machine began to move: it drove a lathe of the most modern construction, a lapidary's wheel, and a grindstone—the whole apparatus being so admirably set up, that the working caused scarcely any noise. Mr Grant, who is an adept at the lathe, proceeded to display the powers of his handsome machine. He soon succeeded in executing a profile likeness of your unworthy servant, with the ornament of a gigantic hat on its head, besides cutting out wooden roses, and ovals, and eccentrics, and manufacturing an ivory ring for Mrs Grant's parasol, and embellishing a snuff-box lid with a pattern containing the most intricate combinations and intersections of circles that can well be conceived, with sundry other feats of the chisel and graver which lovers of the lathe delight to sport in, until I began to think it the profoundest and most wonder-working piece of mechanism ever put together by man. Then to the lapidary's wheel: a cairngorm, as ill-looking, unpromising a bit of flint-like rock as could well be picked up, was cut in half, 'faced' so as to bring out its peculiar marks, and was then consigned to our cicerone to polish up; it was subsequently sent after me home, where it forms one among the ornaments of my wife's mantelpiece. Then we saw divers descriptions of pumps, some having glass bodies, to demonstrate the *modus operandi* of the valve-work. At the earnest request and prayer of young Baldrick, I consented to be electrified after the most approved method. To his amazing delight I stepped upon the insulating stool, and soon became so charged, that, like Milton's comet, 'from my horrid hair' I might at least have shaken fire. These interesting experiments were concluded by the young gentleman begging to be permitted to show me his father's anti-robbery safe for the protection of jewels, money, valuables, &c. from thieves, and I was urged to attempt to open it. On laying my hand upon the brass handle, I was considerably surprised at the reception of the contents of a moderate-sized Leyden phial into my person. Hereby hangs a tale.

For a considerable period a raking young gentleman, in an over-vivacious condition, used to disturb Mr Grant and his family by violently pulling at his house-bell each night on his return to his own home, until the old gentleman was well nigh at his wits' end. A plan, however, was concocted between the elder and the younger Baldrick to detect and capture, if necessary, this jovial friend. The bell-wire was connected with a brass knob in the laboratory; and in anticipation having been received that the young gentleman had been seen to leave home at six in the evening, in dinner attire, the conspirators sat up together in the laboratory, waiting for the customary salute. Full hours dragged on until two in the morning, the elder Baldrick had gone to sleep at eleven, the younger keeping watch. There was a sound of distant footsteps. As they drew nearer, the watcher could discover that the steps were out of all ordinary rhythm; now three or four sudden and violent paces, then one or two heavy stamps. This must be the expected visitor. Mr Grant was awoke, and rubbed his eyes. The friend, true to habit, stopped at the gate, and grasped the bell-handle. He was suffered to give one tolerable pull, as we suffer a fish to take his first nibble, and then, at a signal from Mr Grant, young Baldrick

discharged a Leyden jar through the bell-wire. A tremendous shout was heard outside, succeeded by a heavy fall, and the Messrs Grant went triumphantly up to bed. On the ensuing day, intelligence was privately conveyed that the young gentleman, in a condition of considerable alarm, reached home, and was now confined to his room. Whether he ever discovered the artifice, it is impossible to say. It is quite certain that thenceforth Mr Grant and his family were undisturbed. My friend then pointed the moral deducible from the incident, by enjoining Lord Bacon's apothegm, to be painted over the door of his laboratory—'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'

Returning from this digression: Having examined the electrical apparatus generally, my attention was specially directed to what is called the electro-galvanic sub-section, from which I saw some exquisite electro-type casts, taken of leaves and flowers. In the mechanical section, where I cannot long dwell, were a variety of contrivances exhibiting an ingenuity of the highest degree of merit; amongst these were several locomotive and stationary model-engines, constructed upon some singularly novel principles. Of these the most interesting, and, in my estimation, the most important, was a small rough model-engine, of which the propulsive power was not steam, but liquefied carbonic acid gas, the gas being liquefied by its own pressure in its generation: a small wrought-iron tube, partially filled with this liquid, sustained the machine in action, being applied on the expansive principle, for several hours, endowing it with a power almost incredible for its size. The polytechnist stops to throw out a hint to the inventors of aerial machines, and proposes his gas engine in preference to the cumbrous apparatus of steam-boilers and coals and water. The perpetual-motion mania could scarcely fail of a victim in Baldrick Grant, and his delusion expended itself in the invention of a very simple machine, probably as near the requisites of the proposition as any other endlessly-going piece of mechanism: it consisted of a wooden wheel, delicately suspended by the fine steel points of a central axis, bedding, like the spindle of the lathe, upon, or rather into, two small holes made in the face of steel pieces, one at either end: to diminish friction, arms of wood loaded with lead were attached by a hinge to the circumference. These swung forward when the wheel was in motion, pressed it down, and as it revolved, fell in losing their temporary leverage, to give place to a new and continually-succeeding series of arms which perpetuate the motion.

In the domestic department, Mr Grant's peculiar genius displays itself in peculiar luxuriance. There are curious lumps of the most opposite construction and odd appearance; one is a highly dangerous and explosive self-gas generator, of which the very polytechnist himself stands in mortal dread; another a hot-oil consumer; a third a coal-naphtha lamp, with an air-blast up its centre, and so forth. I should say ~~com-~~ ^{many} pots were articles upon which the greatest amount of human ingenuity has ever been expended. Mr Grant's are among the most extraordinary I ever beheld, and to this hour I am left in a state bordering upon the extreme of perplexity with reference to their construction. I can remember that one possessed a pump, another a screw, a third a windlass, and a fourth a combination of glass-work and tin pipes; but what is the proximate or ultimate relation of these several powers and applications to the manufacture of simple drinkable coffee, forms one of the insoluble problems of my mind.

Beside these are a host of little inventions, which embrace the several subjects of floriculture, natural philosophy, chemistry, and even astronomy: the wing of our polytechnist's mind is no chicken's pinion, I warrant you—let this suffice. It were a mistake to suppose that Mr Grant has no more serious occupation than that of dallying with the trifles, ingenious as they are, of which this memorial has been made. Probably few men are more actively engaged in the business of life: his warehouse makes calls upon him for exertions of no

ordinary kind; and let his well-earned commercial reputation tell that Mr Baldrice Grant's is a mind which, while it can unbend in obedience to an ingenuity of the most comprehensive character, is not the less fitted for the graver and sterner duties of life.

MILITARY GLORY.

WE have often denounced the folly and criminality of war, but nothing that we ever said on the subject was half so severe as what is conveyed in the following brief statement by Count St Marie, a French author,* on the losses incurred by the war now prosecuting by his countrymen in Algeria.

The sacrifice of men is proved by some very correct statistical accounts which have been kindly communicated to me. I find that the average mortality during fifteen years is 100 men per day, in consequence of sickness or the fire of the enemy, making an annual loss of 36,500 individuals; consequently, during these fifteen years since the occupation, France must have lost 547,500 men. The sacrifice of money is thus calculated: Every year five millions of francs for the army over and above the ordinary pay which the soldiers would receive if they were in France; two millions for the navy; two millions for persons employed in the different departments of civil service; namely, the administration of the interior, of finance, of the police, of rivers and forests, and of the clergy; and finally, one million for the secret fund, for presents and losses. All these items form a total of ten millions of francs annually; which, multiplied by fifteen, for the years of occupation, gives the sum of one hundred and fifty millions. This appears enormous, but is nevertheless below the mark; for the 547,500 deaths must be taken into account. Each of the men who have perished in Algeria cannot have cost less than two hundred and seventy-four francs. It must have been necessary to prepare stations, with allowances to support them on their march from the interior to the place of embarkation; to convey them and provide for them in vessels often hired from commercial companies; to clothe and arm them; to nurse them in the hospitals, and leave them their shirts to be buried in. Thus, the whole amount is absorbed in a minimum sum assigned to each of the dead, without taking account of the living; from which it may be inferred that the enormous figure of one hundred and fifty millions does not represent one-fourth of the real amount.

There is much in this to engage the serious attention of our neighbours, who, from a thoughtless admiration of military parade and conquest, are apt to overlook the cost at which they are achieved. Let us endeavour to analyse the loss stated by Count St Marie. We begin with the loss of life. He says the war has already cost the lives of 547,500 men. This loss tells on the nation in three different ways. In the first place, there is the loss of each man, valued as a machine. Every human being, from his birth till the time he is able to earn his own livelihood, is a source of expense; he consumes food, clothing; requires to be lodged, educated, and otherwise attended to; and all this is so much expenditure of capital. His rearing must be viewed as an enterprise, voluntary or involuntary, on the part of parents; and the reasonable expectation is, that there will be a return for the outlay when the youth is capable of exertion. In estimating such outlay, we put out of the question parental hopes and anxieties, and confine ourselves merely to the subject of expense; and therefore, viewing each human being as a machine which has been perfected at so much cost, we put it down as an article of value. In the case before us, many of the men could not have cost parents more than £500. There are at least few English officers who have not caused an outlay of six times the amount. However, we put out of consideration these more

expensively-got-up soldiers, and estimate the French army at the moderate rate of £50 a-piece overhead. We say it is our belief that every one of the 547,500 men who have perished in Algeria cost his parents, first and last, £50; and so far as each of them is concerned, the money might as well have been thrown into the sea. Well, then, it comes to this, that there has been thrown away twenty-seven millions three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds' worth of men in the African war!

In the second place, there is the loss caused by the abstraction of 547,500 able-bodied men from pursuits profitable to the nation; as, for example, agriculture, manufactures, the arts generally, railway cutting, and other useful branches of labour. This abstraction is something more than temporary inconvenience. Every man in a state of mental and bodily health earns more than he consumes. The surplus is less or more, according to circumstances. Sometimes the increase belongs to employers, sometimes it remains the property of the labourer; but that is of no consequence in the present argument. It is enough for us to know that there is an increase, and that this increase cumulatively forms the national wealth. It is, for instance, ascertained that the annual surplus of savings in Great Britain amounts to £70,000,000. Every year we are seventy millions richer than we were the year before. Without the united industry of all, this grand result could not take place. Were we all to occupy ourselves as soldiers, there would not be a shilling of increase; there would, on the contrary, be a very serious deficiency; and if we went on soldiering, the nation would by and by be utterly impoverished. It will now be understood how much the French have lost, and continue to lose, by their Algerine war. They have lost the services of 547,500 able-bodied men, each of whom ought at this day to have been adding a little to the national wealth and resources. Supposing that the increase realisable by each man were estimated at only £10 annually, here would be a loss of £5,475,000 per annum. Taking ten years as the medium period of abstraction, the loss has already amounted to fifty-four millions seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

In the third place, the nation sustains a constant loss by the limitation of hands in the labour market. The taking away of 547,500 men, either causes much work to remain undone that ought to have been done, or it throws an undue quantity of work into the hands of those who remain, thereby enhancing the wages of all kinds of ordinary labour. It seems tolerably clear, that if two men are left to execute the operations which should properly be performed by three, they will demand pretty nearly the wages of three, while they do only the work of two; as a consequence of this state of things in France, the wages of labour are higher than they need to have been, had a peaceful policy prevailed. Railway digging, in particular, that modern leviathan, must be far more costly than it would have been, had the 547,500 men now lying in their graves in Africa been still competitors in the general market of labour. But, asks the selfish, is not the absence of these hands so much the better for us? You have no doubt some advantage in this respect, but it is transient and unsound. In the commonwealth, all help each other. The united savings of the nation form a fund out of which each has a chance of getting his share. To seek another example from Great Britain: the wealth that has for centuries been accumulating among us, is a stock out of which wages are paid and competencies realised. There is something substantial, so to speak, for the industrious man to cling to—something he may get hold of. How different is his condition in a poor country! There he may be diligent, and yet scarcely realise wherewithal for his subsistence. Toiling in the midst of poor, he also of necessity is poor. In degree, such is the relative condition of the French operatives at the present moment. Although they may be realising wages higher than would be paid under a broader system of competition,

these wages are lower than those usually paid in this country; and the reason for this is, that France has been drained by wars; capital has not had liberty to accumulate. Thus the few, with all their monopoly of labour, do not get rich. And if we reduce this few to still fewer, just so much the poorer will they become. Selfishness, appropriately, never meets with any other reward.

Summing up the losses stated by the Count St Marie, and including what we have here suggested, the account will stand as follows:—

Government outlay for fifteen years, at 10,000,000 francs annually, is 150,000,000 francs, or,	L.6,000,000
Government outlay for stations, hospitals, clothing, arms, shirts to be buried in, &c. 150,000,000 francs (said to be not a quarter of the amount),	6,000,000
Parental and national loss of 547,500 men, valued at L.50 each,	27,375,000
National loss of ten years' labour of 547,500 men, at L.10 each,	54,750,000
Loss from undue increase of wages by the abstraction of 547,500 men; cannot be calculated, but say,	5,267,500
	L.100,000,000

France may thus be said to have already suffered, from its war in Algeria, a loss of one hundred millions of pounds! Yet this sum, enormous as it is, feebly represents the complicated injury which France has sustained from this unfortunate enterprise. Confining our view only to the effects of the war on the national finances, it is evident that the drainage of money, without any adequate return, greatly increases the amount of taxation. To raise the required sums to support the war, heavy duties are imposed on imported articles; and besides limiting commerce, this inflicts many evils on the community. Nor is the injury confined to France. All nations have a mutual dependence and connexion. If the French are impoverished, how can they trade advantageously with their neighbours? In a sense the manufacturers of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham are almost as much concerned in the extinction of the Algerine war as are the shopkeepers of Paris.

These may be pronounced utilitarian views; but if by this is meant that an advocacy of peace is suggestive of no exalted or poetical emotions, we should humbly beg to differ. What can there be ennobling in the thought of thousands of poor men dragged from their homes to die in mortal agony under the scorching sun of Africa? What more afflicting or abasing a spectacle than long trains of wagon-loads of wretches abandoned to die in the desert, or by the ferocious onslaught of hordes of Arabs? What is there in the following account to raise one's notions of military glory? We give the words of the Count St Marie:—

'What a sad spectacle was this! Three hundred brave men mutilated, and worn out by fatigue and suffering, not even permitted to die tranquilly in a hospital bed. I was assured that every day fresh convoys were pursuing the same route; and if the men do not speedily recover or die, they are removed to make room for others; thus encountering the fatigues of another long journey, to be transferred to another hospital. The consequence is, that these invalids frequently perish on the road. The last wagon of the convoy we passed contained the dead bodies of two unfortunate men who had perished by being exposed to the chill air of the defiles, and their fevered and shivering comrades seemed to envy their fate. I was deeply moved at the sight of these poor fellows, as the wagons drove slowly past us. Their features were drawn, their eyes wild, their clothes tattered; but in spite of all this misery and suffering, each one grasped his musket.'

It is impossible to believe that such enlightened men as the present king of the French and his minister M. Guizot can be sincerely favourable to the African war, or to any kind of war. We find, indeed, M. Guizot on a late occasion asking what is to preserve the security of France in Europe, and answering (not free trade, or upright government, or the moral and intellectual ad-

vancement of the French people—no), the *fortifications of Paris!* But, from the commencement of the revolution in 1789, *CAJOLERY* has been the leading instrument of government in France. This declaration of M. Guizot is only the sacrifice which he makes to the prejudices of his countrymen. The king and himself think themselves obliged to go a certain way along with popular delusions, that they may retain some hold upon the people. It is the popularity of the war in Africa which forbids the men of reflection to denounce it. The whole of these miseries and losses, which fall mainly upon the people, must therefore be set down, in the first place, to the folly and ignorance of the people themselves.

THE APPRENTICE GIRL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENIE BOA.

THE warerooms of Madame Camille, one of our most fashionable Parisian milliners, had one day received an additional apprentice. Her name was Gabrielle. Her father was a mason, and, like too many of the working-classes, drank on Sunday what he had earned during the week. Her mother did the best she could to support her family, and found it a hard matter with the little she earned.

Gabrielle had suffered such misery from her cradle, that she had never known that youthful spring which usually makes to children the mere consciousness of existence a joy. 'Mamma, what a nice thing it is to be alive!' once said a child to her mother as she bounded before her. Gabrielle was sixteen, and knew not what a smile was. Her fair but faded cheek bore an expression of suffering and quiet resignation, which was more affecting than any open demonstration of grief. The child contrasted the house of her mistress—the abode of order, economy, and industry, and consequently of ease and comfort—with her own home, where reigned every kind of wretchedness that poverty and disorderly habits could produce, and where reproaches—most just, it is true, but consequently the more painful—gave rise to mutual recrimination between the husband and wife.

One evening among others the wife was complaining that the mason had not given her all he earned. 'I should have nothing to drink if I did,' replied the husband. The dispute was beginning to get warm; Gabrielle whispered to her father, 'I give my mother half of what I earn, father, to buy clothes for my brothers and sisters; I will give you the other half for drink.'

'Thank you, my child,' said the father, who accordingly took the money from his daughter and went out.

But this man, who could drink without any scruple the fruit of his own labour, felt a kind of remorse in expending at the tavern the money which had been earned by his daughter; and when he drew from his pocket the hard-earned pieces which the slight, delicate hand of his daughter had placed in his, the sound of them, as they jingled on the counter, went to his very heart, and that evening, for a wonder, he returned home sober. How much may be accomplished by kind looks and words, when all remonstrances fail! A trifling act of kindness, with a look of affection, had smote the feelings of the hitherto reckless father.

The following evening, after having, in a similar manner, received the half of Gabrielle's earnings, the mason went out; but he had hardly taken a few steps, when he came back. 'Gabrielle,' said he, 'come and we will take a walk in the country.'

Gabrielle started up with alacrity. 'You are not going to the tavern, father?' said she to him.

'Is it with a young girl like you? Do you think me a brute?' said the man. The heart, after all, is the best teacher of what is becoming.

Gabrielle knew how to read, and during their walk she related to her father a number of little stories, which amused him, and made him forget the tavern. The next week the mason's family had enough to eat; and the week after, from the united earnings of the father

and daughter, the children were able to be sent to school: in short, at the end of a month, the aspect of this dwelling, formerly the abode of misery, tears, and quarrels, was quite altered; and the companions of the mason, missing him from his old haunt, began jeering him; but he told them what his daughter had done.

'So good a daughter ought to make a good wife,' cried a rich miller who had been listening to him. 'I have an only son, and right glad would I be if you would give her to him. Good sense, gentleness, and modesty are better in the poor man's house than riches.' And immediately, without even inquiring whether Gabrielle were ugly or pretty, he demanded her in marriage for his son.

Gabrielle is now the wife of a rich miller. She is the mother of children, and a blessing to her husband's family, as she had been to her own. Those lips which had never uttered but words of patient gentleness and sense beyond her age, are no longer strangers to smiles; and the rosy hue of health again tinges the cheek which had faded under early hardship and over-toil. Gabrielle is still living.

EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR.

Moderate exercise in the open air, for the purpose of assisting the various secretions, is another essential requisite for the production and maintenance of good health. None can neglect this rule with impunity, but a sedentary life is certainly not so detrimental to those who live on vegetable diet. Unless sufficient oxygen be supplied to the lungs by daily exercise in the open air, the products of decomposition will fall to be removed in sufficient quantity for the maintenance of a healthy state; and the assimilation of new matter is impeded. Without exercise, also, the contractile power of the heart and large arteries is feebly exerted; and, though sufficient to carry the blood to the ultimate tissue, it is nevertheless not strong enough to carry it through with the rapidity necessary for health. The ultimate tissue being thus filled faster than it is emptied, congestion takes place in those delicate and important vessels which compose it; as well as in the large veins, the office of which is to convey the blood from the tissue to the heart. One of the chief conditions of the body, in that general ill state of health usually denominated 'indigestion,' is congestion of blood in the ultimate tissue of our organs—the brain, the lungs, the spinal marrow, the stomach, the ganglionic system, the liver, bowels, and all the organs concerned in the nutrition of the body. When the system, therefore, undebilitated by disease, will admit a good supply of oxygen by muscular exercise, it is the best means of diminishing the amount of venous blood, and (in conjunction with a legitimate supply of proper food) of increasing the amount of arterial blood; and in proportion as the latter preponderates over the former, shall we possess health and muscular strength, as well as elasticity of mind.—*Smith's Fruits and Favourites.*

MANUFACTURE OF ANTIQUITIES.

There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken torsos of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a colour of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighbourhoods. The English, in particular, are victims of such mystifications, and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the General Antiquarian and Ruin Association, and know well where to apply the pickaxe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and fruitless search before they come finally upon the treasure, for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of months' age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonines—fired, pinched, and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by comparison with London, escaped this epidemic for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forces of middle-age antiquities. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manu-

facture chairs, tables, and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquary showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. 'It is very fine,' said his friend, after examination, 'and it will last you long—for it is quite new.'—*Athenæum.*

A REASSURING PROSPECT.

FROM 'LES RAYONS ET LES OMBRES' OF VICTOR HUGO.

ALL is light and all is joy.

The spider's foot doth busily

Unto the silken tulips tie

Its circling silver broiery.

The dragon-fly on fluttering wings,

Mirrors the orbs of her large eyes

In the bright pond where creeping things

Make a dark world of mysteries.

The full-blown rose, grown young again,

Kisses the sweet bud's tender blush;

The bird pours forth his tuneful strain

Within the sun-illumined bush.

He blesses God, who ne'er is hid

From the pure soul to virtue given;

Who makes the dawn a fiery lid

For the azure eye of heaven.

In woods that soften every sound,

The timid fawn doth dreaming play;

And in the green moss shining round,

Beetles their living gold display.

The moon, all pale in sunlit skies,

A cheerful convalescent seems;

And opens soft her opal eyes,

Whence heaven's sweetness downward streams.

The wallflower with the gamesome bee

Plays by the crumbling ruins old;

The furrow waketh joyfully,

Moved by the seeds that burst their fold.

All lives and sits around with grace—

The sunbeam on the threshold wide,

The gliding shade on the water's face,

The blue sky on the green hill's side.

On joyful plains bright sun-rays fall,

Woods murmur, fields with flowers are clad.

Fear nothing, man; for nature all

Knows the great secret, and is glad!

Paris.

—C. WILCOMB.

CANDOUR.

Candour consists in giving a fair and deliberate hearing to opinions, statements, and arguments, and weighing fairly and honestly their tendency. It is, therefore, opposed to prejudice, blind attachment to preconceived opinions, and that narrow disputatious spirit which delights in captious criticism, and will hear nothing with calmness that is opposed to its own views; which distorts or misrepresents the sentiments of its opponents, ascribing them to unworthy motives, or deducing from them conclusions which they do not warrant. Candour, accordingly, may be considered as a compound of justice and the love of truth. It leads us to give due attention to the opinions and statements of others—in all cases to be chiefly solicitous to discover truth; and in statements of a mixed character, containing perhaps much error and fallacy, anxiously to discover and separate what is true. It has accordingly been remarked, that a turn for acute disputation, and minute and rigid criticism, is often the characteristic of a contracted and prejudiced mind; and that the most enlarged understandings are always the most indulgent to the statements of others—their leading object being to discover truth.—*Abercrombie's Moral Feelings.*

In answer to many inquiries, arising from our recommendation of Mrs Kingston's vocal music for the young, we understand that this music is not sold at any shop, but at the author's residence, No. 2 York Buildings, New Road, Marylebone, London.

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SATURDAY EVENING IN LIVERPOOL.

SATURDAY evening is, in all Christian lands, different from other evenings in the week. The labourer is usually relieved earlier, and the shopman kept later than on ordinary occasions; buyers and sellers of all kinds of wares are more numerous; the circulation of money in small sums is brisker; and there appears in the minds of the working-classes a more provident forethought of the morrow than they seem to possess on any other evening. Saturday is a balancing and reckoning day: the poor man then takes stock, sums up his small capital, and makes his calculations for the future. He has many little purchases to make, several small debts to pay; his wife needs this article of dress, his children require some other, he himself is not without his wants; and how to meet all these demands out of his little stock is to him a very important question, only to be settled by the family resolving themselves into a 'committee of ways and means,' and discussing the subject with as much earnestness as is sometimes displayed on similar questions in higher quarters. Every working-man is a man in business on Saturday night; he has to think and reflect, and so arrange all his little matters as to keep his expenditure within the bounds of his income. Or, if he be a dissipated man at all, he is sure to be so on Saturday night. He does not then seem to know the value of money; he regards it but as the means to obtain a banishment of thought; and if it procure that for him, he cares not what sacrifices it may force others to make. No night in the week is more anxiously looked forward to than that of Saturday. Engagements of all kinds are fixed for that evening; engagements to pay money, as well as to interchange social affections.

Saturday evening may be said to be exclusively devoted to the business of the working-classes. This is strikingly exemplified in all large towns, and particularly in Liverpool. That town is known to all the world for its vast commerce, for its magnificent docks, for its princely merchants, and for the magnitude of their business transactions. But if a stranger entered Liverpool on a Saturday evening, he would find little to bear out his preconceived idea of the town. Let him walk to the docks, and he will find them, it is true, crowded with vessels from all countries, but their whole range appears as solitary and silent as a pine-forest. The clatter of wagons, the creaking of cranes, the confusion of tongues, are all hushed. The wind whistles somewhat mournfully through the cordage of the ships, and there is scarcely a living creature to be seen, except a few policemen or officers connected with the docks. The men called 'lumpers,' employed in loading and unloading vessels, usually cease to work about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; the ships' crews are so long and

so often in blue-water, that they spend as much time as they can on land, and they are to be found elsewhere than on board their wooden homes; cabin-doors are locked, decks are set somewhat in order, and the enormous amount of property here collected from all lands is lying as still and undisturbed as though it were of no use, and had no owners.

Without the dock walls, among the massive piles of warehouses, the same dreary quiet reigns. These warehouses are of great magnitude, and contain vast quantities of wealth. But now they look like prisons. No light appears at their grated windows; no sign of life is to be traced around them; they form a 'deserted village' of warehouses. In streets leading from the docks there are hundreds of offices, which are now as silent as the grave. On the Exchange, where merchants most do congregate, there is now not a merchant to be seen; the pavement echoes drearily to the sound of footsteps; and the passers-by hurry across as if they had no business there. In the neighbourhood there are magnificent buildings, that might serve as palaces, and on which much architectural ornament has been lavished. They, too, are deserted, for they are palaces for money, not for men; and if there be any trace of human life within their walls, it is to be found in the watchman who is guarding the secrets of cash-boxes, and iron-safes, and fire-proof apartments. Here, among its docks, warehouses, banks, Exchange, &c. lies the body of Liverpool's greatness; but where is its spirit? It has gone to sleep, and will not awake again until Monday morning. Its merchants are at their country seats, or their residences in the higher and healthier parts of the town, and their servants are busily engaged with their own private affairs. It is 'Saturday evening' with them all.

But if the wholesale department of the business of Liverpool be for a time suspended, the case is different with the retail department. The great merchants may have closed the transactions of the week, but the small traders and shopkeepers are as busy as bees. In the best streets of the town the shops are nearly all closed by seven or eight o'clock on Saturday, as on any other evening. Those that are open principally belong to Jews, whose establishments are all closed on Saturday's until sunset. In other streets, however, where the shops are frequented by less wealthy customers, few are closed before ten o'clock, and many are open much later. There is one line of street nearly a mile and a half in length, which, about nine or ten o'clock on Saturday evening, seems to be one blaze of light. The upper part of this street is called Scotland Road, and forms the great leading thoroughfare to the north. Every window on the ground-floor is a shop window, the wares in which are arranged in the most tempting order, and lighted in the most brilliant manner. The street is so crowded, as to be almost impassable. The crowd evidently consists of

hard-handed working-people. Some are looking with longing eyes at wearing apparel, neatly ticketed at very 'low figures'; others are haunting spirit vaults; anxious-looking women are thronging provision stores; and scattered up and down are a few shops where cheap literature seems to have its modicum of patrons. Among the crowd you can perceive many whose sunburnt countenances and clay-stained fustians stamp them at once as railway labourers, or, as they are more often called, 'navigators.' They are a rough, hardy-looking set, evidently with little ~~to~~ education, and nothing but their physical strength to recommend them for employment. It is that strength, however, that has cut through rock and mound, raised embankments, made crooked places straight, and hilly places level, that so the general public of these realms may travel with ease and security, and intercourse with our neighbours be made more swift and sure. About five or six o'clock in the evening you may meet them in the suburbs of the town returning from work, with the smoked tin vessels that have held their coffee. In a short time they are seen in the streets either loitering about public-houses, or accompanying their better-halves in making purchases. Still later, a few of them are wandering more than 'half-seas over'; and others, more quiet and respectable, are seen wending their homeward way with a brown paper parcel in one hand, a basket in the other, and their wives bearing them company. Another class of ruddy sunburnt faces may be seen among the crowd of pale and sallow townsmen. These are sailors, who, while in port, do not relish being 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd' in their ships, but lead a roving life on shore, that too often brings them light purses and heavy hearts. But there they are in the heart of the crowd, apparently its healthiest and happiest section. There are no stalls in the street; a few petty traders in oranges and lucifer-matches are exhibiting their goods in the open air, but all the real buying and selling is transacted within doors. A few — only a few — miserable men and women are reeling home intoxicated. Street musicians are 'few and far between'; and if there are any beggars at all, they generally find an apology for asking charity by selling the most trifling articles. The street is crowded, but it is quiet and orderly. Here and there is a show of some wondrous natural phenomenon, or wild beasts, or some penny theatre for the representation of the most bloody tragedies; and at these establishments there is always much noise and vociferation, but there are no other evils. There are few idlers in the street. The people generally seem intent on business. The majority appear to have some fixed object — some purchase to make; having made which, they return home. There is no want of spirit vaults brilliantly lighted, and irresistibly tempting to many poor creatures, nor of concert-rooms, where people are seduced by music to buy strong drink; nor of pickpockets and other vicious characters prowling for victims.

It is, however, in the large public markets that the great retail business of Liverpool is transacted on Saturday evening. These markets are numerous, and distributed in separate districts of the town. They are all massive brick edifices, well lighted and ventilated, and with excellent accommodation for buyers and sellers. The largest is 550 feet long, and nearly 150 broad. It is erected in the very heart of the town and in the centre of a dense population. The roof is supported by more than one hundred iron pillars; five avenues run along its entire length, which are lined with shops and stalls, where provisions of all kinds, animal and vegetable, are exposed for sale. It is open every day during the week, is closed at eight o'clock on four evenings, and kept open until eleven on Wednesday and Saturday. About ten o'clock on Saturday evening it is usually crowded to excess. It is then brilliantly lighted with gas, and on entering, the ear is saluted by a low sonorous hum of voices, in which nothing distinct or certain can be made out. Many of the stalls are kept by women,

and each trader has his or her name hung out conspicuously above the goods. Here again the stranger is certain to see many sailors sauntering among the crowd, in full enjoyment of the scene, their cheerful unconcerned looks contrasting strangely with the anxious faces of many men and women who, though on spending they are bent, seem to have very 'frugal minds.' The system of cheapening articles, and offering for them much less than is sought, is scarcely known here. The sellers in this market seem rather an independent race: they are there, apparently, not more for their own convenience than for the benefit of the public; and to judge by their looks, it would seem a matter of indifference to them whether you buy or not. They do not puff their goods. There is no clamour about 'selling under prime cost,' or 'at an enormous sacrifice,' or inviting purchasers with the old distich of 'taste and try before you buy.' The very reverse of this is the case. The sellers do not apparently require to *push* a trade; their custom flows regularly in to them. They sell necessities which people *must* buy, and they know full well that the Sunday's dinner, which with every Englishman is a matter of so much importance, cannot be good or complete without their assistance. Buyers and sellers have thus a good understanding with each other, and their business is promptly transacted.

The shouting around some of the market doors is nearly as great as that caused by the crowd within. Little ragged boys and girls dance about, labouring under the strange but general idea that everybody is in want of lucifer-matches or patent blacking. These creatures must create a trade for themselves, else such a species of traffic would soon be forsaken. Passing out of the general market, the stranger finds himself in the 'pedlar's market,' where all the travelling packmen, who ever wandered over the face of England would seem to have settled down for life. This little place is full of small wares: hats, shoes, women's caps, children's toys, crockery, glass-ware, and many other articles well known as belonging to 'the pack.' And they are not without purchasers, for the little area that contains them is thronged, and the clink of money can sometimes be heard above the din.

It will give some idea of the extent of these markets when it is stated that, last year, the revenue derived from them for rent of stalls, &c. was nearly £13,000, about £6000 of which were from the market that has been here described. Their total expense was about £5500, thus leaving a handsome sum to pay interest on the cost of their original construction.

What has here been said of one market and one street, will apply to all in which retail business is done. Among the crowds that throng the streets may be observed strangers from distant countries, whose speech tells of some part of the continent of Europe, or whose dress and visage clearly show that they are from the other side of the Atlantic. Some of them may be noticed lounging about the doors of their hotels, smoking cigars, and contemplating the life-current that is rolling past. Cabs and coaches are driving to and from railway or steam-packet stations with other strangers; omnibuses, crowded with passengers, are departing for neighbouring villages; bakers' and butchers' carts, and grocers' vans, that have been in the country with provisions, are wearily returning home; ferry-boats are conveying to Cheshire crowds of people resident on that side of the Mersey, and who rejoice in the prospect of one day's absence from the bustle and smoke of Liverpool; while in many streets near the docks the sounds of music and dancing are heard issuing from taverns, where 'true British tars' are enjoying themselves after a long cruise.

Labourers engaged in out-door work, such as bricklayers, stone-masons, &c. cease work at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; those engaged within doors at five. They have thus ample time in the evening to make purchases. At eleven o'clock the markets are all shut, and the crowd in the streets begins to diminish. All shops and public-houses are closed at twelve o'clock, and

shortly after that time the streets are as quiet and deserted as the Exchange or the docks.

A highly praiseworthy effort is now being made in Liverpool to provide for the working-classes on Saturday evening the means of rational and elevating amusement, by giving concerts, entertaining lectures, &c. at the cheapest possible rate. In all large towns the temptations to intemperance on Saturday evening are very great, and if working-men can be induced to spend an hour or two in a concert-room, instead of squandering money and time in a public-house, one great object will be gained, and a point reached from which they may start in improving themselves in knowledge and virtue. There are many who run into dissipation, not so much from the love of it, as from pure thoughtlessness of its consequences. To such it is often a matter of indifference how they spend their Saturday evening, and the majority of them would be sure to prefer such an entertainment as that given under the direction of the highly influential and respectable parties who manage these concerts, to the debasing pleasure of drinking in taverns. It is but natural and necessary that working-men should enjoy relaxation after a week spent in hard labour, and it is therefore of great importance that as much activity should be used in providing proper, as is displayed in providing improper means of obtaining that relaxation. Too many *downward* roads are open to the working-man on Saturday evening: increase the *upward* roads, and his improvement is effectively begun. The results of these Saturday evening concerts in Liverpool have been highly satisfactory; and as they have been productive of much good, and are well worthy of imitation in other towns, a short account of them may be useful here.

In that very populous district of the town which has been described as in the neighbourhood of Scotland Road, there was established, a few years ago, the 'Northern Mechanics' Institution.' Like others of its class, it was commenced on a small scale, and its proceedings were conducted in a school, the free use of which was granted by the corporation. But about five years ago, the state of political parties in the town-council became changed, and the use of the school for the purposes of the institution was withdrawn. The institution was not rich enough to hire other rooms, and it soon ceased to exist, except in name. In 1844, an effort was made to raise funds for the erection of a building, and the committee adopted the plan of Saturday evening concerts, with literary and scientific recreations, intended to elevate the tastes, and improve the moral and intellectual character of the working-classes of Liverpool: to lead such as indulge in degrading and vicious pursuits to habits of virtue and temperance, and to provide for them the means of rational and elevating amusement at the cheapest possible rate. Thus the means used to raise the taste of the working-classes were expected at the same time to produce funds that were to be appropriated to the providing of a higher kind of instruction, to which these concerts, &c. were preparatory. A distinguished nobleman in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, and many gentlemen of high standing in the town, became patrons of the scheme, and by donations, as well as by the more powerful influence of their presence, contributed greatly to its success.

A large concert-room, in a central situation, was hired by the committee, and the concerts commenced on the 2d of November 1844, and have since been continued with few interruptions. The parties engaged to sing have always been distinguished for their superior talent and ability, and every entertainment has been of a kind calculated to have an elevating and refining effect upon the audience. The room has been greatly improved since the concert committee became the tenants. It is seated for 2000 persons, and at many of the concerts the audience has exceeded that number. The lowest charge (threepence) is made for the body of the room, and higher sums are charged for the gallery and its reserved

seats. At the most attractive concerts, the audiences have consisted on an average of about 2200 each evening, of whom 1400 are estimated to have belonged to the working-classes. Other concerts have been attended by about 1500, of whom one-half may be considered as belonging to the working-classes. It is interesting to notice, that at those concerts where the highest talent is engaged, the proportion of the working-classes is much greater than on other occasions; thus showing that, to foster a refined taste, there must be presented to the mind, at the very outset, the best and purest compositions.

When the concerts were commenced, the conduct of some portions of the audience was not unexceptionable. But this quickly improved; and since the first quarter, the audiences have conducted themselves in a most orderly and becoming way, and have shown, by their marks of applause, how well they appreciated many compositions. A few lectures have also been delivered on various attractive subjects, the average attendance at which has been from five to six hundred.

It is impossible to trace the beneficial effects which such a plan of concerts may and probably will produce. Good men, who labour to improve their brethren, must be content to sow the seed, and not be too impatient for the harvest. Those who sow do not always reap, but the influence of these concerts is not the less powerful because it has fallen quietly, and is now secretly working out its glad results. It may have cheered many a home, and altered for the better many a heart. And all who know the working-classes of this country, must feel convinced that whenever such a means of elevating enjoyment is within their reach, they will avail themselves of it; and that, to improve their condition, one sure plan among many is to give such Saturday evening concerts as these described.

LETTER-WRITING IN ENGLAND DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

SIR HENRY ELLIS, the well-known and eminent chief librarian of the British Museum, has recently published a third series of original letters, illustrative of English history, from the autographs in the Museum, the State Paper Office, and other similar collections. Each of the volumes of the former series began with the reign of Henry V., that being the period when letters were first written in English. The present collection, in addition to nearly two hundred letters written by and from the most eminent actors in the English Reformation, includes about thirty-five of earlier date in French and Latin, for the most part of great antiquity.

It is a great mistake to think that we can form a full and correct idea of what is taking place at the present moment from books only, and still less of what has taken place at a time preceding our own. The influence of ideas upon ideas, of one literature upon another, leaves its traces in books, and may be found there; but the living action of man upon man, and of one society upon another, too commonly disappears from the eye when the tomb has closed upon the generation. It is thus which forms the great value of letters in a historical point of view. If we hope to discover and feel what people really were at any given time before our own, it will not be literature, properly so called, that will give us the means, but that which has been said, done, and written by people who never thought of publication, and often had not seen a dozen books together. These are the true revelations, where we have the life, talk, and actions in flesh and blood. Letters, every-day talk, newspaper paragraphs, furniture, pictures, as much or more than books, are the substance in which the character of the age has written itself. An author may be playing a part in his book; at anyrate he has a certain definite character to maintain under the eyes of the public of his own time, and, as he hopes, of posterity; but letters are always genuine evidence, so far as they go, inasmuch as they are all necessarily written in the

spirit of the age in which their writers lived. The rays of light which they throw indirectly upon the manners and morals of the times are especially useful, to give correctness and individuality to that vague outline, which is all that a regular historical narrative commonly presents. Considering their value, they have never been used as they deserved; and the history writers of the last century, even the most eminent, such as Hume, often seem not to be aware that they existed.

Sir Henry, in all, has given us this time above two hundred letters, and has added to them, in the shape of prefaces and explanatory notes, a body of information which is always worth attention, and often more amusing than the context. In such a number, and from such a variety of writers, there is, as might be expected, a great difference of style and subject. The farther we go back, the shorter and stiffer they become. To write a letter in the middle ages was no joke—a task which none but a priest or a scribe by profession would willingly encounter. Letter-writing in these early times was resorted to only on occasions of moment; even letters of familiarity frequently took the form of legal instruments. Till a comparatively later period too, vellum was the substance upon which they were written, and scribes were employed to indite them. 'Even at a later period, when English was the language used, we find Anne, Countess of Warwick, in her petition to parliament from the sanctuary of Beaulieu, for the restitution of her inheritance, stating as a proof of her endurance, "that, in absence of clerks, she hath absolutely written letters in that behalf to the king's highness *with her own hand*." The earliest letter written in England now remaining is probably that of Wulstan, bishop of London, to Beretwald, archbishop of Canterbury, preserved in the Cottonian Manuscripts, desiring his advice as to the mode of proceeding at a council, summoned at a place called Breyntford, for settling certain differences which had arisen between the king and the said council. Beretwald was archbishop of Canterbury from A.D. 692 to A.D. 731. The letter is greatly injured, and altogether too difficult to be perfectly made out: a solitary record of early epistolary intercourse in the Saxon times. No other letter is known of previous to the Norman Conquest.'

After the Conquest, letters became more numerous, but all either in French, the tongue of the Norman masters, or in Latin, the then universal language of educated men throughout Europe. Nearly all of those in the collection in these languages are by priests. The constant turmoil and insecurity in which the laity then lived, made it impossible for them to cultivate writing; but the want of a cheap and good material to write on, was, to the full, as great a drawback. Our earliest use of paper in epistolary correspondence cannot be carried farther back than the reign of Edward I., during whose reign, or in the later part of his father's time, it seems to have been brought from the east by way of Italy. It was one of the conveniences of life for which we are indebted to the Crusades. The earliest instances of its use are to be found among what are called the 'letters missive,' at the Record Office, in the Tower of London.

The great effect consequent upon the introduction of paper is shown by the appearance, almost immediately afterwards, of numerous tracts, some of which, in later times, would be called 'complete letter-writers,' both in French and Latin.

'One of these,' says Sir H. Ellis, 'for the French language, is preserved in the Harleian Collection, No. 4971, of the time of Edward III. The examples of the letters are in French, but the rubrics and directions are in Latin.'

The first form is that of a letter from King Edward III. to Henry, Duke of Lancaster, with the answer from the duke; the second is from the prince to the Earl of Northampton, with his answer. The forms then go through all the known gradations of society at that day. An earl to a baron, a baron to a knight, the knight to an esquire, the esquire to his companion—

merchant to merchant, father to son, burgess to burgess, the lord to his bailiff, friend to friend—all with their respective answers. They follow forms for the religious: an archbishop to a baron, a bishop to a knight and to an abbot, an abbot to an esquire, a prior to a merchant, a monk to his fellow monk, a father to his son's master. A third division begins with the forms of epistolary communication between women: a letter from Queen Philippa to a knight, of a knight in prison to his lady, from a mother to her son, a student; from an abbess to a lady, from a sister to a sister—all with answers, and all in French.' Letter-writing was evidently becoming more frequent among all classes of society.

A similar volume of formulae, of the time of Richard II., will be found in the Harleian Collection, volume 3988, clearly designed for English use, as the names both of writer and answerer in every instance are those of English persons. It is preceded in the volume by a tract to teach the French language.

The cultivation of the French language in our monasteries continued till their dissolution; but it was the old Norman-French, such as was used in the law courts—a dialect of which still survives in Jersey and Guernsey—and which had begun to differ widely from the vernacular of France. The great seminary for its acquisition was at Stratford, near the site of the present Victoria Park, on the east of London. Chaucer's reference to the training of young ladies of noble family in that language by the nuns of Stratford is well known. Of his prioresse he says—

'And French she spoke full fayne and fetterlysh,
After the schole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.'

A similar remark occurs in a letter from John Ap Rice, one of the visitors of religious houses, to Secretary Cromwell. 'The ladies have their rule, the institutes of their religion, and the ceremonies of the same, written in the French tongue, which they understand well, albeit that it varieth from the vulgar French that is now used, and is much like the French that the common law is written in.'

Among the many features of society which are thus set before us, it would be very natural that, at a time when war was the business of men's lives, it should form the principal staple of their letters. But excepting one Latin epistle, briefly reporting the surrender of a castle in the time of the Conqueror, perhaps the earliest English military despatch on record, and another giving a circumstantial account of the fourth and last expedition of Edward III. into Scotland, nothing purely military occurs; while above a third of them are occupied with details of money transactions, upon which these warlike princes seem to have been fully as anxiously bent as ourselves. The feudal system, which answered admirably for the purposes of mere defence, and to keep society stationary, proved a dead failure when it came to wars beyond the seas which were at all protracted. For such, money was equally necessary then as now; and money could only be procured, at enormous interest, from the Italian bankers. It was about this time that the successful manufacturing efforts of the Florentines brought them into commercial dealings with different countries of Europe, and thence arose the establishment of banks. In a short time Florence became the centre of the money transactions of every commercial country of Europe, and her merchants and bankers accumulated great wealth. Every monarch of Europe had to do with the Italian money-lenders more or less; and, as a general rule, the greater the conqueror, the greater was the debt. Thus we find (letter 19) the magistrates of Florence writing to Edward III., to treat him to do something for the society of the Bardi, whom they describe as utterly ruined (*facti sunt de locupletibus egeni*), in consequence of his non-payment of his debts.

The Bardi and the Peruzzi of Florence were at this time the two greatest banking-houses of Europe. In

the fourth year of his reign, the Bardi undertook to supply the king with twenty pounds sterling daily, for the space of one year, and all the customs of the realm were assigned to them in payment. In the following year, the same company are represented as having engaged to provide one thousand marks per month, for one year, towards the expenses of the household; and the new and old customs in London and elsewhere were assigned to them for satisfaction of the debt. In the twenty-first year of the same reign, we find the Bardi received to the value of one hundred and fifty pounds (!) in part payment of the immense sum of fifty thousand four hundred and ninety three pounds, for which they had the king's letter of obligation. But matters had then come to an extremity with the most wealthy of the Italian companies. 'The expenses,' says Villani, an old contemporaneous historian, 'so much exceeded the revenues, that the king of England, when he returned home from the war, found himself indebted for principal, assignments, and rewards to the Bardi, more than one hundred and eighty thousand marks sterling, and to the Ferninzi more than one hundred and thirty-five thousand marks. A large part of the money they had lent was not their own capital, but had been borrowed by them, or received on trust from fellow-citizens and strangers; and great danger thence accrued both to them and to the city of Florence. For, not being able to answer the calls of their creditors in England, Florence, and elsewhere, where they trafficked, they lost their credit on all sides, and became bankrupts.' They were not, however, reduced to complete destitution through the king's conduct, as the letter of the Florentine senate affirms; for Villani goes on to say, 'Though our city of Florence, in consequence, received a shock such as had not been experienced for many years, yet the Bardi avoided a complete ruin by their possessions in the city and territory of Florence, and by the great power and rank which they held in the republic. Yet this failure greatly reduced the wealth and condition of the merchants and traders of Florence.' So much for conquerors not paying their debts!

The burden of letter No. 19 would be enough to trouble any man who was conscious of having nearly ruined a flourishing community; but in letter 20, we find the conqueror of Cressy and of the commercial credit of Florence in great distress of mind about a hawk, and Galeazzo Visconti, the Grand Duke of Milan, writing to comfort him. 'We have understood,' he writes, 'most serene prince, that the falcon called the Cyprian, which we sent to you, is dead, which distresses us much, as we hear that it gave great comfort to you. But we have other hawks as good, or better, of which doubt not we will send you one, if the roads permit.' The same distress for money, however, which even the acquisition of a new hawk could not long assuage, runs uninterruptedly through the rest of the epistles. In letter 23, we have Michael Steno, the Doge of Venice himself, pressing King Henry IV. about the payment of eight hundred marks, owing to one Antonio Bembo, from the Duke of Norfolk; and the series of royal necessities terminates in a petition from the unhappy Henry VI. to the abbot of Edmonsbury, praying for the loan of a hundred marks (about seventy pounds sterling) preparatory to his marriage; so low had the disasters of the French wars reduced the royal treasury of England.

The second portion, embracing the reign of Henry VIII., abounds with letters of the greatest interest, as elucidating the history of the momentous times of the Reformation, but which, for obvious reasons, would require a constant historical commentary to render their story intelligible. We prefer to select from among them those which throw a passing light on the manners and feelings of the times.

Thus we find among the first a letter from the lord high admiral as to measures to be taken to prevent the stoppage of the colliers off Yarmouth, showing at what an early period the Newcastle coal-trade had risen to importance. Soon after, we come upon a letter (No. 207)

from Henry Haultoft, surveyor of the customs at Southampton, to Cromwell, announcing the arrival of a present of novelties for the king's highness; namely, 'two musk cats, three lyttle monkeys, a marmozet, a shirt, or an upper vesture of cambrick, wrought with whyte silk in every part; moreover, a chest of India nutts, which be greater than a man's fist; and three pots of earth painted, called porcelaine; which is all.' The India nutts, as big as a man's fist, of course were cocoa-nuts. The 'porcelaine pots' presented on this occasion are the earliest distinct mention of porcelain in England. The earliest mention of Oriental porcelain, as known in Europe, is said by Mr Albert Way to be in an inventory of valuable effects of Johanne, queen of Charles I; Bel, king of France, who died A.D. 1370.

Perhaps the most curious letter in the collection is one from Sir Edward Howard, then lord high admiral of England, to Wolsy, written when lying with his fleet in Plymouth Sound, preparatory to sailing against the French ships in Brest. Sir Edward Howard's letter is deserving preservation, both as being in all probability the first naval despatch of an English admiral on record, as from the minute incidental particulars about the victualling the fleet, and the early use of nautical language, almost identical with the present: it fully explains the manner in which the ships in Henry's navy were supplied when afloat, and the difficulties, in regard of movement, which the lord admiral had to encounter. The vessels that had received their proportion for two months' flesh could not, it appears, bring about five weeks; the barrels were full of salt. Many of the vessels came out of the Thames with a month's beer, trusting that the victuallers would bring the rest, and were disappointed. Beer was the regular beverage for the sailors—we have no mention of grog. We give the letter, omitting what relates to private affairs.

'Master Almoher, in my heartiest wise I recommend me unto you, certifying that I am now, at the writing of this my letter, in Plymouth Sound, with all the king's fleet, saving the ships which be at Hampton [Southampton], which I look for to-night. Sir, I think our business will be tried within five or six days at the farthest; for a hulk that came straight from Brest, sheweth for a certainty that there be ready coming forward a hundred ships of war, besides the galleys; and says they be very well trimmed, and will not fail to come out and fight with us. I pray God and St George that we shall have a fair day on them; and I pray that we linger no longer, for I assure you never was army so falsely victualled. They that received their proportion for two months' flesh cannot bring about for five weeks, for the barrels be full of salt. And when the pieces keep the number, when they should be penny pieces, they be scant halfpenny pieces. And where two pieces should make a mess, three will not serve. Also many come out of Thame but with a month's beer, trusting that the victuallers shall bring the rest, and here cometh none. I send you word, for surety, here is not in this army, one with another, past fifteen days' food. Sir, the Katherine Fortileza hath troubled me beyond measure. She brought out of Thames but fourteen days' victual, and no victualler is come to help her; and so I have victualled her with beer ever since. In consideration to keep the army together, sir, for God's sake send along the coast that they brew beer, and make biscuit, that we may have some refreshment to keep us together upon this coast, or else we shall be driven to come again into the Downs, and let the Krenelmen take their pleasure. Sir, the Katherine Fortileza hath so many leaks, by reason of Badell, the carpenter that worked in her at Woolwich, that we have had much ado to keep her above water. He hath bored a hundred auger-holes in her, and left unstopped, that the water came in as it were in a sieve. Sir, this day I have all the calkers of the army on her. I trust by to-morrow she shall be more staunch. Sir, I knew no man's proportion but my own, nor one captain

knoweth what his purser has received; for we left all our pursers at London, to haste forth our victual, and neither hear we of our pursers nor our victual. Sir, all the victual that shall come to us, let it come to Dartmouth, for there it may lie ready for us; and sure enough, sir, there is much victual at Sandwich, and they have no vessel to bring it to us. But howsoever the matter goeth, I will make a fray with the fleet of France, if wind and weather will serve. Written in the *Mary Rose*, by your to my little power—EDWARD HOWARD.

In spite of his professed zeal, perhaps owing to the defective state of equipment mentioned in his letter, Sir Edward Howard effected nothing with his large fleet. How his force was raised, we learn from a brief preserved in the *Illustrated Manuscripts* of Sir Edward's patent of agreement with the king as admiral and captain-general. The king covenanted that the admiral should have under him, in the service, 10,032 men—of whom fifty-two were to be captains, fifty masters, and the rest, in equal moieties, soldiers and sailors: the first to fight, and the second to work the ship; the former commanded generally by a gentleman or nobleman of distinction, who had nothing to do with the management of the vessel, and the latter under a sailing-master; whence the class of masters in our navy. The admiral was to have for his wages, diet and rewards, ten-shillings per day; his captains eight shillings; every mariner and gunner five shillings per month, and as much besides for food. The king promised to victual the whole by a rate agreed upon under his own hand; in return for which the admiral was to answer him half of all manner of gains that he should make by land or water: with all prisoners being Christians; one ship of two hundred tons, furnished and rigged; and all artillery in any ship taken.

The vessels of this infant navy were not much better built than they were victualled. In Holbein's pictures they have every appearance of Chinese junks, with immensely elevated heads and sterns, and their port-holes almost level with the water. The *Mary Rose*, whence the admiral's letter is dated, was the ill-fated vessel which, in the month of July 1545, was lost on the short passage from Portsmouth to Spithead, through the carelessness of her crew in leaving her port-holes open, which were within sixteen inches of the water. She went down about a mile from the spot where, nearly two centuries afterwards, the *Royal George* foundered in much the same manner, with her commander, Sir George Carew, on board, and nearly seven hundred soldiers and sailors, who were all drowned. Such were the early ships and sailors of the British navy.

'THE GASTRONOMIC REGENERATOR.'

Three years ago (No. 602, first series), we presented an account of a visit to the Reform Club-house, well known as one of the lions of the metropolis, and deserving of attention as possessing perhaps the most complete culinary establishment in the kingdom. Everything is there done which science and experience can suggest for the preparation of food, not only as respects taste, but economy—an economy in material which permits nothing to be lost, economy in time, fuel, and space. The presiding genius of the place, as then mentioned, was M. Soyer, a Frenchman by birth, an Englishman by marriage and length of residence amongst us. 'Monsieur,' said we on that occasion, 'why don't you write a book de l'art du cuisinier? You should tell the world all about this wonderful kitchen, and how you prepare these great quantities of nice dishes, the very smell of which might almost serve for a dinner.' A bow from the prince of cooks prefaced the explanatory reply, that he was actually busy with a book which should leave nothing untold as to his art, or the *cuisine* of which he had the superintendence.

We heard no more of M. Soyer till a few days ago, when his promised work fell accidentally under our

notice.* Never till now, we think, has the world been favoured with such a mass of information on the methods of preparing food. Monsieur makes little pretension to authorcraft, and we fear there is not a witticism in the whole of his seven hundred pages. His business, however, is not to make jokes, but to make dishes. Although his volume may not compete with such works of humour as that of Kitchener, it will, we believe, be allowed to stand unrivalled for the comprehensiveness and variety of its directions on what is the undisguised profession and purpose of the writer. The greater part of the book is devoted to the preparing of French dishes, a species of cookery which, with all deference to John Bull prejudices, we must pronounce very far in advance of that of England, inasmuch as it has economy for its basis, and effects a charming variety of edibles out of what our everyday cookery literally throws away or blows into the atmosphere. The peculiarity of French cookery is the excellence of the stews and boils; in either case much is made of vegetable substances, and a relish imparted which could not be attained by the separate vegetable preparations of the English. We have been amused, in looking over M. Soyer's book, to observe the resemblance between the cookery of certain French and Scotch dishes. Anything like an improved cookery was introduced into Scotland from France three or four centuries ago, and some of our present dishes are only descendants of this ancestry. Cock-a-looky, hotch-potch, and that great national standard, *hail*, are unquestionably French, and bear a close relationship to the modern *pot-au-feu*. Modern did we say? The *pot-au-feu*, for anything we or M. Soyer can tell, may be as old as the French monarchy—may have been a bequest of the Gauls, and tickled the nostrils and palates of the Roman legions.

On *pot-au-feu*, M. Soyer, as a good Frenchman, so far as the dignity of his art is concerned, dilates with national loquacity. He is even anecdotic on *pot-au-feu*, and by way of giving our readers a notion of his style, as well as of what this thing *pot-au-feu* really is, we present them with the following narration:—

* *FRENCH POT-AU-FEU*.—Out of this earthen pot comes the favourite soup and bouilli which has been everlastingly famed as having been the support of several generations of all classes of society in France; from the opulent to the poorest individuals, all pay tribute to its excellence and worth. In fact this soup and bouilli is to the French what the roast-beef and plum-pudding is on a Sunday to the English. No dinner in France is served without soup, and no good soup is supposed to be made without the *pot-au-feu*. Generally every quarter of a century makes a total alteration in fashions and politics, need I say also in cookery, which must be approximated not only to the fashion, but more strongly so to the political world, humbly bending its indispensable services to the whims and wishes of crowned heads, which invariably lead the multitude. For example, the bills of fare of the sumptuous dinners which used to grace the tables of Louis XIV., XVI., and XVIII. of France, were all very different to each other, and none of them were ever copied to grace the sumptuous and luxurious tables of the empire; even the very features of them have undergone an entire change in our own days. Every culinary invention taking its title and origin from some celebrated personage or extraordinary event, every innovation in cookery, like a change in fashion, causing us to forget those dishes which they have superseded. I have no doubt but that if some correct historian could collect the bills of fare of dinners from various centuries and nations which crowned heads have partaken of, he might write a very interesting volume under the title of *History of Cookery*, in which we should be able closely to

* The *Gastronomic Regenerator*, a Simplified and Entirely New System of Cookery. By M. A. Soyer. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1846.

trace the original history of different countries.* Nothing can stamp the anniversary of any great event so well as a sumptuous banquet; peace, war, politics, and even religion, has always been the cause of extraordinary, and sometimes monstrous gastronomic meetings, for a proof of which my readers will find, at the end of this work, a correct bill of fare (found in the Tower of London) of a dinner given by the Earl of Warwick at the installation of an archbishop of York in the year 1470. Everything seems to prove to us that it has always performed an important part in political events, and has been exposed to as many alterations; still, amongst so many changes, it is with a national pleasure that I find, amongst the heap of frivolous culinary rums, an old favourite of our great-great-grandfathers still remaining ours; having boldly passed through every storm, it has for ever established its culinary power upon our changeable soil. The brown cheek of this demi-immortal is daily seen ornamenting the fireside of millions, and merely acquaints the children the first thing in the morning that something good is in preparation for their dinner. This mighty vessel is called in French *pot-au-feu*,† in which is made that excellent and wholesome luxury which for centuries has been the principal nourishment and support of the middling and poorer classes of France at a very trifling expense. It is not upon the tables of the wealthy that the best of this national soup is to be obtained, but upon the right or left side of the entrance to his noble mansion, in a square, oval, or octagonal room, commonly called *la loge du portier*, or the porter's lodge, as nearly every porter has his *portière*; that is, a wife who answers the door (whilst her husband is doing the *frutage*, or polishing the floor of the apartment). While pulling the string or wire which loosens the lock to let people in with one hand, she skims the *pot-au-feu* with the other, should she be fortunate enough to possess two eyes, she would keep one upon her *pot-au-feu*, and the other upon the individual, who had probably come only to make inquiry. Unfortunately for La Mère Binard, she had but one eye, which she almost entirely devoted to the embellition of her *pot-au-feu*. Having been *portière* two-and-thirty years, she knew most of the people in the habit of calling by their voice, and used to answer them even without turning her shaking head. One day her master, M. le Comte de C—, who was a good gentleman and great epicure, came home from a long ride while she was performing her humble duty of pouring the soup into the tureen; a triple knock came to the door, which immediately opened as by electricity, and in walked her beloved master, who came to the door of the lodge to pay his duties to his old and faithful servant, whilst an exhalation of the most delicious fragrance perfumed the small apartment from the boiling consommé, which attracted his scientific attention. After a short inquiry, he discovered, in an old brown pan, the gloriously smoking-hot consommé, and seizing with avidity a spoon by the side, tasted, much to the astonishment of La Mère Binard, several spoonfuls—pronouncing the first delicious, the second excellent, the third delightful, in fact magnificent. "Can you spare any of it?" he said, addressing the worthy dame. "Yes," said she; "but I am sure *monseigneur* does not mean it." "But indeed I do," replied he; "and if I had been aware I could have obtained such a treasure, I would have had nothing else for my dinner to-day; and if you were not so far advanced in years, I would not object to make you a *cordou bleu*." The earthen pan was immediately conveyed up stairs to the dining-room, and deposited upon the table of his *seigneurie*, where an excellent dinner was waiting for himself and friends; but the immortal *pot-au-feu*, resting on a superb silver tray, with its handle half broken off, received the exclusive homage

of the company, to the great annoyance of the cook, who had thus sacrificed the art he had displayed in dressing a most *recherché* dinner, and felt no small offence at the whim of his wealthy master, who had neglected his dinner to take pot-luck with his porter's wife.

By a friendly introduction to La Mère Binard, I, with a great deal of supplication, obtained from her the following valuable receipt, having been obliged first to listen to the constant repetition of the above anecdote before she would explain it to me:—"I generally choose," says she, "a bit of the *osé de la melle*, part of the arch-bone, a piece of the rump, or a leg from the thickest part of the leg, weighing from four to five pounds, with sufficient fat attached, or adding a small piece; then I put it into the earthen pan, and fill with cold water to within two inches of the rim, being about four quarts; then I set it by my wood-fire until beginning to get hot, when a thin steam will arise by degrees, which I carefully take off, and throw away; then I add half a pound of beef liver, and a table-spoonful and a half of salt; it will produce more steam, which also carefully remove. Have ready prepared, well washed and clean, two middling-sized carrots cut in halves, then in four, two small pieces of parsnip, four turnips, two onions, with two cloves stuck in each, eight young leeks, or two old ones, a head of celery cut into pieces three inches in length; tie the leeks and celery into a bunch, and put altogether into the *pot-au-feu*; get it alone nearer the fire until it commences boiling; fresh skin again, draw it a little farther to the corner of the fire, put a wooden skimmer across the pot, upon which rest the lid, to prevent its boiling fast—which would entirely spoil the soup, the meat becoming very hard, and the soup thick and muddy." "Or quite as thick as," Mrs Binard, said I. "Oh," says she, "I have had so many years of experience, and know it to be the case." "Yes," said I; "my dear lady, I do not in the least doubt your correctness." "Well, then, one hour afterwards I add a little cold water to keep it to the same quantity, put in a burnt onion to give it a colour, and let it simmer four hours, sometimes five, depending if the meat is cut very thick; then I cut some large thin slices of bread, which I lay at the bottom of the tureen, then I take off the greater part of the fat, eat the bunch of celery and leeks open, lay them up in the slices of bread, with one of the carrots, two turnips, and the pieces of parsnip; take half of the broth with a ladle, which pour into the tureen, then I eat quite enough soup for six of us—myself, Binard, my daughter and her husband, and the two boys; then I take out carefully the meat, which I lay upon the dish, with half of the liver at the side; the other half, when cold, I give to Minette (her favourite cat); lay the remainder of the vegetables round, with some fine sprigs of fresh parsley; by that time the bread is (trempe) moistened; set both upon the table at once, keeping the meat covered until we have done with the soup. That is the way we dine upon a Sunday. The next day, with the remainder of the broth I make vermicelli or rice soup, or the same with bread in it, and Ricassée the remainder of the beef in various ways. When my daughter was ill, I used to put a calf's foot in the *pot-au-feu* with the liver; it made the soup very strengthening, and did her much good." "Will you be kind enough," said I, "to tell me where you get these burnt onions, for I perceive without it your soup would be quite white?" "Bless you, sir!" she replied, "you may get six for two senn at any of the grocers, or you can burn them yourself in the oven, or by the fireside, gently turning them now and then until they are quite black, but not burnt to a cinder, or it would spoil the flavour of the soup." I then took leave of her, returning thanks for her kindness, and put down the receipt as she gave it me during her long explanation, as follows:—**RECIPE.**—Put in the *pot-au-feu* six pounds of beef, four quarts of water; set near the fire, skim; when nearly boiling, add a spoonful and a half of salt, half a pound of liver, two carrots, four turnips, eight young or two old leeks, one head of celery, two onions, and one

* Especially in France, where cookery was first cradled, and has ever since been well nursed.

† Being a brown earthen pot, which costs about sixpence or a shilling, and which, with care, would last twenty years; the more it is used, the better soup it makes.

burnt, with a clove in each, and a piece of parsnip; skim again, and let simmer four or five hours, adding a little cold water now and then; take off part of the fat, put slices of bread into the tureen, lay half the vegetables over, and half the broth, and serve the meat separate, with the vegetables around. Since I have been in England I have broken my precious earthen pot; I have, however, made some very good soups at home in a black saucepan or stewpan, but must admit not quite so delicate and perfect as in the identical *pot de terre*.

By way of testing the correctness of M. Soyer's description, we have had *pot-au-feu* made according to his directions, and found it all that a *gourmet*, or even a *gourmand*, could reasonably desire.

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PEOPLE.*

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up horse-nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts, almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewn everywhere in your path.

EXCHANGING PEARLS.

A little orphan boy, about twelve years of age, while fishing on the banks of the Tennessee, United States, America, picked up a large pearl among the mussel-shells. Returning home, he accidentally exhibited it while rummaging his pockets filled with fish-lines, corks, shells, coppers, bait, &c. A gentleman standing by observed the costly treasure, and asked the little fellow how much he should give him for it? 'Oh,' said the boy, 'a bit or two—just as you please.' 'No,' replied the gentleman; 'you must not sell it for a trifle; it is worth a great sum. I will send it to Nashville to be sold, and the proceeds of it shall be applied to your education.' The pearl was sent to a lapidary, who estimated its value at *five hundred dollars*! Let it glitter in the diadem of a crowned head, and that boy's mind be enriched with jewels whose lustre shall outlive and outshine the light of diamonds, and he will have parted with it for a pearl of greater price.

'THE LONG RANGE' OF THE GOSPEL.

'Warner's Long Range' is a good deal spoken of now—lays as a wonderful invention for killing enemies. But let me tell Warner, and all other geniuses of his cast, that such inventions are all a humbug. Such tactics and tools are all too short-sighted and short-bitted for the work proposed. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits; and you might as well hope to shoot an stone-dead as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven among men by which one can kill an enemy; and that is, by *putting coals of fire on his head*; that does the business for him at once. He is in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him, like a good Samaritan, with your hands, eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing and words of kindness, and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot. Try it, and tell the nation to do the same.

VALUE OF CHANGES.

'No political change is worth a single crime, or, above all, a single drop of human blood.' That will be a golden age for humanity which shall see this sublime principle the foundation-stone and top-stone, the crown and glory,

* Communicated by the author.

of every political edifice which shall be reared on the ruins of despotic institutions. No political change can improve the condition of a people unless it promote a moral end. No moral end can be attained by demoralising means. Moral means are always the constituent elements of the moral end already attained, 'the substance of things hoped for.' They are to true freedom what repentance and faith are to salvation. And any combination of despotic force, in armies or navies, might as well seek to intercept the communication of Divine grace to the heart of the penitent and believing sinner, as to intercept the gift of freedom to that people who commence working out their political or social salvation 'in the fear and trembling' of moral means.

A FREEHOLD ESTATE FOR THE PEOPLE.

There is one great estate belonging to the people of Christendom—an estate which is transmitted to successive generations in fee simple, in the fullest freehold ownership and occupation. This estate consists in a debt of more than £2,000,000,000, contracted by sixteen European nations, in sacrificing upon the altar of Mars about twenty millions of their subjects and citizens. This is merely the *arrears* due from the people for the cost of their self-immolation; it is but a tithe of what they have *paid* on the human slaughter-bills since the Reformation. This vast debt is what the people have earned by destroying each other in war. It is a great estate, and yields them an annual revenue of poverty, crime, and wretchedness. Then there is another source of similar income to the people. The Christian governments of Christendom expend about £200,000,000 annually in preparing for future wars; which, added to the interest of their aggregate war debt, at five per cent., rises to the nice little sum of £300,000,000, which has to be *raised* every year by *sinking* the condition of the people still lower. The annual war-tax on the inhabitants of Europe may be put down at £2 a-head, from the infant in the cradle to the man tottering into the grave beneath the weight of a hundred years! To pay the principal of this war-debt of Christendom, it would be necessary to levy a tax of at least £2 on every inhabitant of the globe! Let the people think of these things.

THE SPEAKING AUTOMATON.

'We have no doubt that, before another century is completed, a talking and singing machine will be numbered among the conquests of science.' Such are the concluding words of one of Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott. It is my present occupation to show the complete realisation of this prophecy, and to detail the particulars of such a piece of mechanism, as it is now in operation in the Egyptian Hall, London.

It is generally known that, from time to time, attempts have been made to put together pieces of machinery which should be capable of mimicking the human voice. These attempts have been, to the present hour, only very partially successful: the imitation has been rude, mechanic, and unnatural. To understand the difficulties which stand in the way of all inventions of this sort, it is only necessary to remind the reader for a moment of the delicate and intricate nature of the human apparatus. This consists of the expansile and contractile air-tube, the trachea; the delicate ligaments, called vocal chords, stretching across a portion of this tube, called the glottis: to these ligaments muscles are connected, which tighten or relax, open or close them, and these muscles are supplied with nerves, which bring them under the influence of the will in a certain degree. The upper part of the throat, the soft palate, tongue, roof of the mouth, teeth, lips, and nose, are all essentially engaged in articulation; and to give anything like a successful result, these must be closely imitated both in physical properties and configuration. It may not be uninteresting to give a cursory sketch of the inventions

which preceded that in question, and which may have opened the way in some measure for its accomplishment.

Sir D. Brewster, in the work just cited, informs us that, about the year 1779, some of the earliest successful attempts to construct a speaking apparatus were made by a person of the name of Kratzenstein. In a prize essay sent by him to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg, an analysis was given of the vowel sounds A, E, I, O, U, and the construction of an apparatus capable of distinctly pronouncing them was described. The principle of his invention consisted in attaching reeds of various calibre to an air-chest; the mouth of each reed being differently modified, bent at certain angles, covered in a peculiar manner, and so on. Here the invention stopped. It appears, however, that at a later period Kratzenstein pursued his researches; and he is said to have completed a talking apparatus, which imperfectly pronounced words and sentences. M. Kempelen, the inventor of that celebrated imposture, the pseudo-automatic chess-player, then directed his thoughts to the same subject. It seems more than probable that the construction of the vocal apparatus of the chess-player, by means of which it squeaked forth its harsh *check*, may have been the germ from whence the thought arose of constructing a combination of machinery which should be more worthy of his amazing mechanical powers than 'the ingenious trifle' about which the world ran mad. His first apparatus consisted of an air-chest, formed out of caoutchouc, into which several voice-reeds opened, which were supplied with air from a bellows. By a division of this India-rubber box, so as to give it a resemblance to human jaws, he obtained the sounds OU, O, A, and an imperfect E. Not satisfied with these results, he added further mechanism, which then produced the additional sounds P, M, and L. Here now was a machine possessing limited conversational powers, and capable of uttering 'mamma,' 'papa,' &c. but with indistinctness. The clacking of the machinery, and some trifling imperfections in the adaptation of its relative parts, obscured the sharpness and distinctive character of the sounds: thus 'papa' was pronounced *pha-pha*. Sir D. Brewster describes this machine, as it was finally constructed, as consisting of five principal parts—a reed representing the human glottis, an air-chest with internal valves, the bellows, a mouth with its appurtenances, and lastly nostrils. The reed resembled the drone of a bagpipe; but its tongue was formed of a thin slip of ivory, which reposed upon a portion of the reed, covered with leather, for the purpose of preventing any clapping sound. The proper pitch of the reed-note was produced by a spring, which was so applied to the ivory tongue as to permit of a greater or lesser number of vibrations in a given time; the note rising or falling in the proportion of the number and intensity of such vibrations. The speech-note proceeded from this reed into the air-chest, which contained several smaller air-boxes, to which valves and wooden tubes were adapted, for the production of the hissing sounds *s, sch, z, &c.* Small subsidiary bellows were requisite for producing the letters P, K, T, &c. The mouth was formed of a bell or funnel-shaped box of India-rubber, whose physical properties assimilate it to the softness and flexibility of the human organ: into this cavity the vocal sounds proceeded. When the mouth-piece was closed, they passed through the nostrils, the entrance to which was guarded by thin laminae; when both nostrils were left open, the letter M was very perfectly sounded; when only one, the letter N. With this more perfect apparatus Kempelen came to the metropolis, where it was privately exhibited to a few scientific persons. It articulated such sentences as the following—*opera, astronomy, Constantinople, vous êtes mon ami*, and the word *exaltation*, with a strong French accent. Of the further history of this machine we are in ignorance; perhaps it now lies hid in the dust of some philosopher's lumber-room.

A countryman of our own, a Mr Willis of Cambridge, after Kempelen, took up the subject, and invented a very simple machine upon a somewhat analogous principle, by means of which he produced the vowel sounds with great distinctness. This was effected by sliding a plate over a bell-shaped cavity, to which the voice-reed was connected. He also discovered that, by lengthening or shortening the air-tube to which the reed was attached, by means of sliding joints, he could invert the order of the series. With this invention the subject appears to have been dropped.

The *singing* of the human voice has had more successful imitators. There has been long in use, upon the organ, a stop called the *vox humana*, which bears a considerable resemblance to human singing, without articulation. The great Haarleim Organ has a celebrated stop of this kind. It is the reed-notes of the organ which most closely resemble the notes of the voice. The note of the bagpipe and bassoon is also intimately allied to the human note. Professor Müller, the great German physiologist, instituted a series of experiments upon the human organs of voice, after removing them from the body, and produced from the larynx a perfect scale of notes and half-notes, extending to about two octaves and a half, which is the average compass of the voice. This was done by imitating, as far as possible, the action of the delicate muscles which govern the several parts of the vocal machinery, by attaching delicate cords and weights to the vocal ligaments, and thus producing any desirable degree of tension or contraction. The note was found to rise in proportion to the tightness with which the vocal chords were stretched; but the upper notes were apt to run into a falsetto, which is the consequence of the vibration, not of the entire vocal ligament, but of its thin edges. In more than one respect, however, even the imitate human organs are defective: a material defect is the want of adaptation of the length of the air-tube to the vibrating note. It has been found that each note requires a certain length and calibre of tube to be adapted to it, so that the tube shall be capable of the like number of vibrations: if this is neglected, the result will be a discordance. This is, in fact, the philosophy of the different holes of the clarinet, bagpipes, &c. each hole, when covered with the finger, corresponding to a length of tube answering in vibration to a certain note. The human windpipe has an admirable mechanism to secure this end: it possesses the power, by means of its complicated muscles, of elongating or contracting itself, with the nicest adaptation, to the note which is vibrating upon its vocal chords, just as the human eye has the adaptive power of altering its focus to meet the varying distance of objects of vision. The dead larynx, and, in a measure, all imitations of it, want this power; hence the discordance, as I conceive, which we are presently to find even in M. Fobber's admirable machine. The human air-tube is also capable of varying degrees of tension; and upon this adaptation, according to M. Savart, do the variety and richness of its tones depend.

Such, then, are the elementary fragments which have preceded, and, as I conjecture, have assisted to constitute, the wonderful mechanism to which we will now return. The speaking automaton, or euphonia, is the invention of a professor of mathematics, a M. Joseph Faber, upwards of twenty-five years of whose existence have been consumed in its production. Its external appearance presents the following character. The half figure of a man, the size known to artists as *kit-cat*, dressed in Turkish costume, is seen resting upon the side of a table, surrounded by crimson drapery, with its arms crossed upon its bosom. The body of the figure is dressed in blue merino, its head is surmounted by a Turkish cap, and the lower part of the face is covered with a dense flowing beard, which hangs down so as to conceal some portion of the mechanism contained in the throat. The chin is movable, and is attached by appropriate mechanism to some

of the vocal apparatus. The table upon which it rests is supported upon four legs, which are fastened to a wooden framework, so as to allow of its being wheeled about the room. On one side of the figure is a small box, resembling a miniature piano, which has a keyboard, and possesses a compass of about two and a half octaves. Beyond and behind it are a series of levers japed in black, at which the operator sits. At the back is a large bellows, which forms the lungs of the android. The crimson drapery removed, and the whole interior of the figure, presenting a mass of levers, springs, screws, &c., are exposed, with the sole exception of two small boxes contained in the head and throat, where the vocal apparatus and the articulating organs are seated. The interior of the figure is exposed to scrutiny *during the entire performance*; and in the course of it, each of the manifold mechanical combinations is seen to be engaged in the production of the sound. At a private exhibition, the drapery and entire body of the figure were removed, and nothing but the head remained during the display of its conversational capabilities. Many other circumstances combine to demonstrate the complete impossibility of there being any confederacy or extraneous assistance by means of ventriloquism, in producing the effect. The performance commenced with the articulation of the letters of the alphabet in English. My own impression at the first, and I believe it is one which is pretty general, was one of disappointment. It takes some little time to accustom one's self to the speech-note of the android, which may partly account for the unfavourable nature of the first impression. Possibly, too, the pronunciation of the single letter sounds is a process requiring more accuracy of expression than that of sentences or words; it is to be remembered the first is an analysis of the last. The figure then, will repeat any phrase or sentence the audience may suggest, in any language. Let me transcribe the following, which were spoken by it during our visit, as specimens. It commonly begins with an apologetic, 'Plese excuse my slow pronunciation;' then followed, 'Good morning, ladies and gentlemen;' 'Welcome, ladies and gentlemen;' 'It is a warm day;' 'It is a rainy day;' 'Buon giorno, signori;' and the same in Spanish. At the writer's request, the Greek word for 'the sea,' sounding *thalissee*, was very distinctly articulated; and subsequently the letters of the Greek alphabet; 'Edinburgh;' 'Glasgow,' and the uncommonly difficult words 'Lachlin MacLachlin,' which were pronounced with as much accuracy as Englishmen generally attain in the use of the guttural. The writer then proposed the pronunciation of the Welsh word 'Llangollen,' the double *ll* of which is peculiarly sounded by the Welsh; but this it was unequal to—the inventor stating that no mechanical provision had been made for that sound. I suspect it is a sound likely to puzzle even so profound a mechanician as M. Faber to produce with accuracy. An old lady in the company seemed to have run away with the idea, and I believe she was not singular, that the machine was gifted with oracular powers, and capable of answering all sorts of hard questions. It was asked by her what was its name, and it instantly replied, with astonishing sagacity, '*Euphonia*!' Other sentences and words were, '*Radix Quassia*,' the numerals in Spanish, '*Philadelphia*,' with admirable accuracy; '*Bilboa*,' '*Mississippi*,' '*Massachusetts*,' '*Xerxes*,' '*Xenophon*,' '*Xantippe*.' Then it gives 'Hurrah for Queen Victoria and Prince Albert,' with declamation of peculiar discordance.

An extraordinary part of its performance is its mimicry of a child's voice. It says 'mamma,' 'papa,' and then, in a most ludicrous tone, 'poor mamma,' 'poor papa,' after which, as if overcome by its feelings, it convulses the audience by falling a-crying in the most life-like fashion. The automaton also laughs in a wonderful manner, going through the several intonations *hā, hā, hā! hee, hee, hee!* and *ho, ho, ho!* and concluding in a subdued chuckle of an alarmingly epoplectic character. The pitch of the voice is capable of being altered by the removal of a small screw, and may be made to range from

a child's, or high tenor note, to that of a deep bass. The automaton also *whispers*; and this is the most surprisingly life-like performance of all. The names of Sophia and Joseph could not be more distinctly whispered by human apparatus; faintly much less distinctly—the aspirated semi-vowels being apparently more readily pronounced than the more strictly vocal. The automaton pronounces Italian, in my conception, more accurately than any other language—which may result from the roundness and fullness of the intonation of that tongue. It is then made to display its singing capabilities, being accompanied by a performer upon a beautiful organ of M. Faber's invention. This is without articulating the words, the sounds *ah* and *ee* being used to accompany the music. The voice is not pleasing, but is very wonderful. The air sung was Haydn's beautiful German Hymn: the lower voice-notes in this performance were harsh and dissonant, the upper G uncommonly clear and round. It then sings the words and music of 'God save the Queen.' This is defective in the non-articulation of the words, which are slurred or slidden the one into the other; the voice also is apt to break into a falsetto.

The imperfect sounds upon this instrument are these: T, sounded like a blunt D; SH, and W, which, oddly enough, sounds something like V. I suspect the primary cause of this latter deficiency lies in the ear of the inventor, on account of the difficulty experienced by foreigners in the use of the letter W. It is a singular circumstance if it is so. B and M are also indistinct. The guttural sound is also a difficulty when it occurs in the middle or at the commencement of a word, but is successfully imitated when found at the end, by an aspirate preceding a hard G; thus, *son-tach* is exactly imitated by *son-tach-g*. Its articulation is slow, emphatic, and possesses much of the hesitating character of the pronunciation of a foreigner not certain of his words. It has been compared to that of a child learning to converse; and either simile is applicable. It is defective in the want of variety of what is known as the *speech-note*: its sentences are all monotonous, or very slightly varied; they do not possess that range of notes which, though not exactly musical, yet contribute to give grace and variety to human articulation—those expressive tones, for instance, which often convey more than tongue or gesture can express—the tones of admiration, surprise, questioning, &c. When an attempt is made to give a joyous intonation to the declamatory sentence before quoted, it proves unsuccessful, and the result, to my ears at least, was melancholy and unpleasant. We are willing to believe it impossible to effect this. It appears to be so completely the result of the directive influence of the mind over the vocal organs, as to defy imitation by such inanimate materials as steel and India-rubber.

Several circumstances may here be appropriately mentioned which demonstrate the impossibility of the existence of fraud or collusion in the case. Not the least remarkable of these is the singular fact, that the figure speaks with a German accentuation. This is evidently the consequence of a want of tutelage in the performer's ear. Thus M. Faber would say 'welkom' for welcome; and he directs the machinery to give utterance to the same too. Now, M. Faber willingly converses while the automaton is speaking, which could not be if he were the ventriloquist. Occasional mistakes, too, occur; the operator sometimes touches the wrong key, and produces the incorrect sound. It is evident, then, that the sounds are the direct consequence of the depression of the keys. The sound may also be heard by applying the ear to the articulating apparatus originating there, and the nasal vibration may even be felt by the fingers to proceed from the nose. To this may be added the fact, that one of the company wrote down a word which was heard by no individual in the room, and which, on being handed to M. Faber, was immediately pronounced by the automaton. And, in truth, there appears nothing abstractly impossible in the

construction of such a machine, as to warrant the belief of its being an imposture. The limited experiments of previous mechanicians demonstrate its possibility, and the concurrent testimony of many scientific persons in the metropolis speaks most indubitably of the truthful character of the machine.

This account, however, is neither satisfactory to myself, nor, as I suppose, to the reader; but when we look for a scientific exposition of the apparatus, we are baffled. M. Faber thinks it advisable to keep the essential portion of the apparatus a secret. One cannot very well conceive the reason of this. It is not an invention which could by possibility be copied, and it is probable its full exhibition would rather elevate than lower our wonder at the skill of its construction. We are informed, however, that the principal portion of this part of the instrument is of caoutchouc, and that the various organs of articulation have been formed out of it, so as exactly to resemble these appertaining to humanity. Let us, however, before concluding, more closely examine the instrument. A clavier or key-board, placed at the side of the figure, is the apparatus which puts in motion the articulating mechanism. There are twelve keys, which are thus lettered

A O U I E L R W F S S B D G sounded as in
ah e a h'es z

At the side of these are two important keys, the aspirate and nasal, which are so placed as to be capable of being touched together with B, D, or G. In this manner B is made to produce P, and M and D form T and N, and G forms K. The alphabet is thus simplified and reduced to sixteen elemental sounds, which are the analysis of language. The manner of playing upon it is a complete illustration of the science of phonography; for example, the words Philadelphia city, are thus, so to speak, spelt Philadelphia sree.

The keys are all in connexion with springs and upright rods, which depress or elevate, and in other ways affect the articulating organs in the head and throat of the figure. Some sounds are manifestly less difficult of production than others, as the keys move but a few rods; others, as the broad *ah*, on the contrary, appear to require the combination of four or five pieces of mechanism. Evidently a great deal depends upon M. Faber in the operation of the machine. There can be no doubt that, by regulating the pressure of the treadle which supplies air to the bellows, and by skillfully modifying the aspirate and nasal sounds, the articulation is capable of material alteration and modification. Other sounds are to be regulated, doubtless, by various alterations and compressions of the mouth, the under-jaw moving in the formation of some sounds. The air from the bellows first enters a spheroidal box, made of caoutchouc; its future progress is concealed from view.

It is conceivable that the rudiments of this machine may be these:—An air-tube of India-rubber, to resemble the human trachea, operated on by springs capable of elongating or contracting it; across the upper portion, vocal ligaments may be stretched of the same material, to which apparatus is connected, to tighten or loosen them, the air-tube in connexion with the air-chest above-mentioned. To these organs are attached articulating apparatus; and one cannot help conjecturing that Kempelen's machine has afforded elements for the construction of this; the M and N issuing from the nostrils, and so on.

The singing apparatus is distinct from the articulating portion, but is capable of being connected to it at pleasure, when this is the case, the other artificial larynx is disconnected. It is more than probable that the singing apparatus consists in a rigid adherence to that of nature. The reader will remember the experiments of Müller on this point. Certainly the notes here produced are not those of an organ reed—the *vox humana*; they are too harsh and discordant. The sounds produced from this apparatus may then be conveyed into the articulating portions of the figure, issuing with these

sounds from its mouth. Laughing is effected by shaking the aspirate key, which has a direct relation to the speech-note of the automaton. Sir J. Brewster conceives that caoutchouc may be made more closely to imitate the human tissues by mixing it with molasses or sugar, which are constantly absorbing moisture from the air. M. Faber may have availed himself of this idea.

These are but so many conjectures, which may go for what they are worth. Let us award all the honour due to an unwearied patience and astonishing skill to the inventor, who has brought a piece of machinery to the perfection attained in this. If, in some respects, the articulation is imperfect, it is rather a matter of surprise that so much has been done, than that caoutchouc, and wood, and steel, should fail perfectly to imitate the wondrous and exquisite organisation of the human apparatus. The instrument will probably yet receive further improvements at the hands of its inventor. Even at present, it may be regarded as no mean trophy of that indomitable perseverance for which the inventor's countrymen have long been celebrated.

A DAME'S SCHOOL.

IN many parts of England, although, from the influence of parochial education, in very few parts of Scotland, linger these remnants of antiquated instruction, the Dame's Schools, originated before the era of infant schools, and calculated to subscribe a similar purpose in an inferior degree; never tending, and seldom if ever intended, to tutor the dawning intellect; calculated rather for the simple purpose of keeping the unbreached master and newly-fledged miss out of harm's way. It was lately my fortune to stumble upon a veritable dame's school, in one of those few places where alone, perhaps, such a thing could now exist in this country—a burgh of traditional importance, situated quite off the high-way of modern improvement, and preserving all the external lineaments in which it had rejoiced one or two centuries ago, along with many of the customs and prejudices of a former age.

I had attended the examination of the regular schools of this place, and found them, in many respects, creditably conducted. There was, I was then told, another fane of learning—a dame's school—to which the authorities deemed it necessary to pay some degree of attention, and which they were now to visit. I was asked, and gladly consented, to accompany them; for I conceived that thus I should be enabled to test the question of the necessity for the training of teachers as well as of children.

The disposition in which the following outline of a dame's school is drawn, is anything but that of making amusement out of a matter vital to the prospects of any portion of the community. This faithful sketch is offered in the belief that nothing is more likely to impress the advantages of early training, when properly managed, than a just delineation of the consequences resulting from a defective system. It is only the more painful, not the more amusing, to find a dash of the ludicrous in any of the details. Had a total want of capacity in the teacher, or of intelligence in the children, been manifest in this instance, it could never have occurred to attempt giving the moral of the scene. As, however, the entire mistake appeared to lurk in the want of an effective plan of education, it certainly did seem worth while trying how it would look amidst the many advances, physical, intellectual, rational, moral, and religious, which characterise the modern school-system.

A little money had been given to the old lady to expend on prizes; and she had laid it out in a neighbouring town on the previous afternoon (which was specially created a half-holiday for the purpose) in the

purchase of as many prizes, consisting of cheap 'Testaments and picture-books, as afforded one for every single scholar in her school—amounting to sixteen! Despite the expected distribution of prizes, not above half the complement of children was found assembled when we entered the little back kitchen where they occupied a few dark benches—being one of two small apartments wherein the schoolmistress held her state. It now appeared that, with a majority of the scholars, almost every day was a half-holiday! They were, it seems, generally employed at mid-day by their parents to carry dinner to one member or another of the family working at a distance; and although they might have afterwards returned to school, they were extremely apt, under the screen of this pious duty, to stay away for the remainder of the day.

This, and other delinquencies, the schoolmistress seemed to appreciate as grievances fit to be laid before the reverend examiners; entertaining, apparently, no idea that she ought to have been able of her own authority to put an end to them.

The old lady and her hive were palpably prepared for our reception on this august occasion. She met us at the door very neatly dressed, with quite the air of an antiquated belle, and a curtsy of the last century, that would not have disgraced *La Garotte* or *Le Miroir de la Cour*. Along with this came a patronising shake of the hand, and an inquiry after the welfare of several individuals in whom she seemed to feel a keen interest. When we had taken our seats in the schoolroom, the old lady ventured to turn the discourse upon the news of the day. She observed that there had been a dreadful fire in Newfoundland. This, however, led unfortunately to the declaration—somewhat heterodox, we fear, in clerical ears—that she preferred making the children read the newspapers rather than the Bible, which, she averred, gave them 'a monotonous tone of voice!' This soon cut short all preliminaries. The examination was now commenced by the schoolmistress.

'Come, Agnes,' she cried, suddenly poising upon a timid little child who sat on the nearest form, apparently in a state of blank unconsciousness. Agnes, however, was in no hurry to comprehend the invitation; and the dame, stretching forth her hand, brought the child to her knee by a sudden jerk, veering her round towards the company with another twist, which set the poor little creature a-crying.

'What's that?' continued the dame—'a—a—a.' (Great emphasis and impatience on the last.) 'What's A for? What does your mother give you when you're a good girl? Why, child, A's for *apple*! You'll get no apple; for you're not a good girl. Well, then, what's B for? B's for book.' Agnes, however, could not be prevailed upon to open her mouth; and indeed, had she been inclined, would have felt some difficulty in interjecting an answer to the rapid succession of interrogatories from the schoolmistress. At length, by giving the child a pause, she got her to recognise D. But this was not enough, unless she could also tell *what D was for*? Failing to indicate the slightest knowledge of this important fact that D is for *dogg*, poor Agnes was dismissed to her seat; but not ignominiously, as it was stated by the dame that Agnes, notwithstanding all this, was the *best girl in the school*.

Johnny, a neatly-dressed little boy, was next called up, and promptly responded to the summons, bringing with him a stand, whence depended a board with rows of words in one syllable. Johnny was heralded as the best scholar of his age in the school. He certainly managed to read off a few of the first words of three letters, such as *age*, *bad*, *cat*, *dog*, &c. making sure work of them by first spelling them carefully over. But he broke down in attempting something else, and returned to his seat quite as triumphantly as Agnes; the schoolmistress making proclamation to all whom it might concern that Johnny had done well. We subsequently heard the scholastic history of Johnny, whose praise even the partial dame herself had qualified, by allowing

that he was 'tricky.' It seems he had been formerly sent to the principal school; but on receiving some very slight chastisement from the master, was, by his too indulgent parents, transferred to the tutelage of the dame. He had not been long there, however, ere he rebelled against the dame's authority, and rushing to the school-room door, proclaimed his irreverent defiance to the world.

The more advanced classes, which had reached the dignity of reading *verse about* from the New Testament, and of learning off by rote verse about from a Scripture paraphrase or hymn, were now called up, but disclosed considerably more forwardness than proficiency. The schoolmistress wished to have a book to accompany them; and instead of one book, she had all the books in the class successively thrust into her hand, notwithstanding that she 'pslawed' and 'phooed,' and indulged in a perfect volley of pungent sarcasms on the absurdity of the children supposing that she could read so many books at once, or that one was not sufficient! We might have inferred, from the little altercation that ensued on this subject, that the children were in the habit of being separately taught, instead of being trained in classes. But we soon found that they were actually afflicted by the worst features of both plans, without attaining the advantages of either. Incontrovertible evidence of this came out rather unexpectedly on the recitation of the paraphrase.

'Close your book, Jenny,' said the schoolmistress with authoritative asperity. The book was closed. 'Now say your paraphrase—"Oh happy is the man who hears—"'

'I wasna told to learn a paraphrase,' said Jenny.

'Told, Jenny Watson! You *were* told! So just go on—"Oh happy—"'

Jenny persisted that she had not been told. It was Maggy and Mary who were to say the paraphrase.

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the little woman, breathless with indignation and astonishment, 'they *were* told to get a paraphrase, every one of them; and they had all the week to learn it, besides all yesterday afternoon when I was in—'

The reverend gentlemen assured the irate dame that they were quite ready to hear Maggy and Mary, and to excuse Jenny.

'Shut your book, Maggy; Mary, shut your book.' (The dame held Mary's book herself. Children notice and take advantage of these fits of unconsciousness, which should never be exhibited to them.)

Maggy, who was now in effect dux of the class, *vice* Jenny, commenced with manifest reluctance as follows:—"So is the sinner's hope cut off—"

'So is the sinner's hope cut off!' rapidly and ironically echoed the dame. 'Didn't I tell you that you were to say "Oh happy is the man?"'

'No, ma'am; you said we were to get "The rush may rise."'

'Well, then, go on with "The rush may rise."'

Maggy, having thus carried the point of selection, proceeded, but with the *second* instead of the first verse of the sixth paraphrase:—

'So is the sinner's hope cut off;
Or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.'

Here she once more stuck fast: nor could Mary assist her. Mary, as it turned out, having got the *right* paraphrase—"Oh happy is the man, &c."—but commencing at the *third* verse! Conviction flashed on the mind of the schoolmistress. 'Oh ho!' she cried, 'I'm as cunning as you. I'll tell you what you've done: you've learned every one of you the third verse of the wrong paraphrase!'

This great triumph of the dame's own penetration seemed to her fully to countervail the reiterated failures of her *clerics*; and dismissing this class, the catechism class was next called up. They succeeded only in penetrating the metaphysical arcana of a few of the first

questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. And this, with a few spellings of an equally abortive cast, concluded the woful farce of the dame's school examination.

The distribution of prizes was scarcely less melancholy. Adjusting her spectacles on nose, the poor woman undid her treasured parcel of Testaments and picture-books with an air of great confidence in the wisdom of her selection. Little Agnes was first called up to look over the picture-books. What it was she received we now forget, but the dame exulted much in fixing on something suited for a girl. Johnny, in like manner, afforded the dame's 'book-learned skill' another triumph. He received something adapted for a boy. The distribution of the Testaments was effected very much to the disadvantage of the absentees; those present putting in too substantial claims to them, by severally answering in the negative to the dame's inquiry whether they had not a Testament already. To one little girl the dame stated her positive conviction that *she* had a Testament. The little girl maintained, however, that the book was her sister's. For those who had absented themselves there remained, therefore, nothing better than the picture-books at last.

On this sketch nothing more need perhaps be added save this fact, that the ages of the children must in some instances have exceeded ten, and in none could have been less than five or six years. Shenstone has thus drawn, we fear, far too flattering a picture of a dame's school; at least it is not so like the reality as poetry ought to be:—

'In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shade, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieve sore, in piteous durandent,
Awd by the power of this relentless dame,
And oftentimes, on vagaries idly lent,
For unkempt hair, or task unbound, are sorely shent.'

Or, possibly, the ancient method of coercion was more effective than the mingled sarcasm and kindness, the honey and gall, of the dame whose school I am privileged to describe. Yet some portions of Shenstone's exquisite picture are not unlike. At all events, where the resemblance is wanting, the contrast is instructive:

'The noises intruded, that thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does shew;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hutch-bell that adorns the fold;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have known in semblance met portrayed
The childish faces of old Eol's train,
Eilbs, Notus, Austere; these in frowns arrayed,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to drive his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious in casts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the cell
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country brood the flocks so fair.
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.'

Unfortunately for our practical dame, she appeared not to have been so exact a disciplinarian as the poetical one, and hence the anarchy in which we found her petty kingdom. One thing is abundantly apparent in the sketch here drawn, namely, that whatever may be the zeal, acuteness, or energy of one engaged in teach-

ing the young, there is only one just method of applying these, or indeed any qualifications, effectually to the business in hand. It is that method to which considerable approaches have latterly been made in our new and popular modes of tuition. To gain the confidence of the young, and to interest them thoroughly in their own improvement, are fixed preliminaries to the exercise of any authority over them. The notion that the teacher and the taught embody, as it were, antagonistic principles, and that it is the duty of the one to force as much as possible on the other, in the unwelcome form of a task, while it is the duty of the other to evade, as best may be, the odious imposition, is the prime difficulty to be conquered. This done, teaching becomes a pleasure, learning a delight; or rather teaching becomes a power, and learning a purpose. One more of those old proverbs, which are too frequently only venerable prejudices in disguise, is thus practically exploded; for it is really discovered that *there is a royal road to knowledge*.

TRIGAUD.

A SOUVENIR OF THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

On the 10th of October 1812, Napoleon, accompanied by the Prince d'Eckmühl, better known as Marshal Davoust, commanding the first division, commenced that eventful retreat from Moscow so disastrous to the immense army that had followed him. At the close of a march which had been rendered more difficult by the state of the roads and continual rain, the emperor arrived on the 23d at Borowsk, and there passed the night. The next morning, while indicating the order of march so as to gain Maro-Jaroslawitz, where he counted on making some stay, he learned that, at the distance of four leagues before him, the Delzian division, under the orders of Prince Eugene, had found that village, with the surrounding woods and heights, unoccupied. This was an important position to maintain; for the Russian general, Kutusoff, who marched parallel with the French army, might possibly seize on it, and thus cut off the route to Kalouga. Wishing to assure himself of the taking possession of this point, the emperor rode to the quarter from whence it was expected the Russian general would make the attack, and, despite the torrents of rain, tranquilly examined the ground which might ere long become a field of battle. Suddenly the sound of brisk firing struck on his ear. He became restless; and, pressing his horse, ascended a hillock to reconnoitre, but the belt of wood intercepted any extended view.

'Can the Russians have been beforehand with us?' demanded he of Davoust, who had not quitted his side. 'We have not marched quick enough. I should not wish to repay the left wing of Kutusoff.'

'Sire,' replied Prince d'Eckmühl, 'perhaps, in the manœuvre prescribed by your majesty, the troops may have manifested a little of that dulness which usually accompanies great fatigue.'

'Believe you so, Monsieur le Marshal? Nevertheless, we have already passed more than six leagues.'

'It is true, sire; but Moscow is not more than a hundred and six versts altogether from Maro-Jaroslawitz. Four days' march are sufficient to clear that distance, and this is our sixth day. Kutusoff has been in advance of us.'

'Is it then a battle?' said Napoleon impatiently, as the cannon were heard more distinctly, and seemed to be approaching. 'Go, Davoust, go; quicken your troops, and infuse a little of your spirit into them: for we must act now—not to conquer, but solely to preserve.'

Notwithstanding the haste with which the marshal executed the orders of the emperor, he did not arrive on the scene of action until after the success of the French troops had been assured. However, the combat still raged with fury at the extremity of the village, and when the second division of the first corps, com-

manded by General Fryant, attempted to take possession of one of the heights, the Russian cannon played upon them with redoubled vigour. Davoust immediately despatched one of his aides-de-camp, the Colonel Koblinski, to Prince Eugene; but in traversing the line, that officer was struck by a bullet, which shattered his thigh, and he instantly fell from his horse.

On the night of that brilliant combat the Prince d'Eckmühl, who was still uncertain of the fate of his aid-de-camp, sought for him through the field of battle, which presented the most horrible spectacle. Delzon and his brother general had also fallen while leading the last attack. While sadly thinking over the blighted hopes of his emperor, and mourning the fate of his brave companions, the attention of Davoust was arrested by the voice of a soldier, who, covered with blood, and endeavouring to extricate himself from the heap of carnage which surrounded him, feebly exclaimed, 'Heavens! have my friends left me here to die without succour?'

It was Koblinski. Davoust immediately recognised him, and, leaping from his horse, gently raised the sufferer in his arms, cheered his drooping spirits, and despatched a messenger for the surgeon-general. On his arrival with his assistants, he examined the wound, and the glance exchanged with the marshal told more eloquently than words could convey how slight were the hopes entertained of the recovery of the unfortunate Pole.

'It is a soldier's fate,' said Davoust, in a voice trembling with emotion. 'Gentlemen, exert your skill to the utmost.'

The effect of the bullet had been such as to make amputation necessary, which the brave Pole bore with fortitude, the prince remaining by his side during the operation. The wound being dressed, he embraced the sufferer, and spoke in tones of hope and encouragement; and having recommended him to the care of a few whom he could confide in, mounted his horse to join the emperor, who waited with impatience.

After attending a council of war, composed of the principal generals of the army, and having received instructions as to his future line of march, Davoust retired to his quarters. Already the two first divisions of the first corps were in movement, when an officer, whom he had sent to inquire as to the state of Koblinski, returned, and informed him that he still survived, and, with proper care, might yet recover. The marshal was overjoyed at the intelligence, but was perplexed as to the best means of conveying him to Smolensk, the wagons being in the rear of the army, and already crowded to excess. A sudden thought started to his mind, and placing himself in front of the forty-eighth regiment as they defiled, he addressed a company of grenadiers of the second battalion.

'Grenadiers!' said he, 'my aid-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, was yesterday severely wounded while showing you an example of courage and obedience. He is a Pole. Would you wish to leave him to the Russians?'

'No, no. Long live the Pole!' cried the soldiers.

'Vive l'Empereur!' cried they who had not fully comprehended the words of the marshal.

'Listen, then,' said Davoust. 'Are there amongst this company, which I have selected, four men who are willing to undertake the responsible task which I shall impose?'

At this invitation a grenadier, stepping from the ranks, exclaimed briskly, 'Here!' He was immediately followed by a dozen others: all the company did the same.

The marshal, addressing the man who had first spoken, demanded his name.

'Joseph Trigaud.'

'Well, Trigaud, it is to you that I confide my aid-de-camp. I trust my comrades shall be answerable for him. So, now, regard him as you would your colleagues!'

'Yes, yes, yes, l'Empereur! We are responsible!' cried all the grenadiers.

A litter was immediately constructed, on which the Pole was laid, and carried in the centre of the company, which soon after continued its march.

In the meanwhile, the retreat of the main body of the army, commenced at first in good order, soon presented, from the intensity of the frost, a frightful aspect of disorganisation, selfishness, and misery. The company of grenadiers slowly pursued their course, and were soon isolated amidst immense plains covered with the wrecks of the army. Sometimes in a square, with the litter of Koblinski in the centre, they repulsed with the bayonet the charges of the dragoons of Miloradowitch, or returned the unexpected attacks of Platow with a withering fire—ever acting on the defensive, but always calm, silent, and steady. By these means their numbers had gradually diminished; and when, on the 30th of October, they reached Viazna, out of the entire company of grenadiers, not more than thirty survived. Still these brave men, abandoned and left to themselves, preserved, amidst the general discontent, that moral force which conquers even events. It was their honour, and not their lives, that they sought to defend. It was sufficient for them that one of the most illustrious marshals of their emperor had said to them, 'To your honour and bravery I confide my aid-de-camp: you are to restore him to me.' These words had acted as a talisman, which had not lost its force under the pressure of misery, privations, and even death.

After three weeks of continual hardship, the few men who remained of the devoted and heroic company scouted with disdain, and looked on as an affront, the repeated prayers and solicitations of the Pole, who, seeing himself the cause of so many sacrifices and sufferings, had brought them to save themselves by at once putting an end to his misery.

'Thou art but a coward,' said he to Trigaud, 'who will not dare to do what I ask—to shoot me through the head!'

'Colonel,' replied Trigaud with stoical tranquillity, 'you may charge me with: such if you please, but I laugh at it. Dead or alive, we shall carry you to Smolensk. It is the order of the marshal, and he ever requires that his orders should be obeyed.'

'If you had but buried me yesterday in the snow, when attacked by the Cossacks, I should ere to-day have suffered no more.'

'The Cossacks would have disinterred and buried you alive,' replied Trigaud, who, during the previous night, had made his own body a protection to the wounded man. 'Those eaters of candles would rejoice to have your skin; but they must first take mine: 'tis ready for them. Oh the savages!'

'You are but a coward,' repeated the Pole in a feverish transport which shook the litter on which he lay.

'Be calm, be calm, my colonel; you know that the carabines of the marshal have ere now taught the necessity of obedience. Why, then, do you wrong us by speaking these disagreeable things? However, it is all equal to me; I shall not reply to you.'

He who spoke thus nearly perished, with all his companions, in the passage of the Voss, while endeavouring to protect the sacred deposit confided to them. The waters of the torrent were, within twenty-four hours, changed into sharp and bristling masses of ice; and owing to this circumstance, but a few of the grenadiers reached the opposite bank. Some days subsequently, when Trigaud awoke after a few hours' repose, he found that but four of his comrades survived, the others having perished from the stupifying effects of the frost—a miniature of what the great body of the army was at that moment suffering, and which has left in the military annals of Napoleon such horrible reminiscences. Before the day had closed, they distinguished, on the edge of the gloomy horizon, a line of houses, the route to which was marked by the dead bodies left by the immense army which had preceded them. It was Smolensk—the land of promise—where the things looked forward to as the greatest luxuries might be

procured—a fire, shelter, and a little bread. A cry of joy escaped the five brave men who still supported the litter of Koblinski. Three, however, fell to rise no more when within sight of the town; a fourth soon after shared the same fate; and but one grenadier—Trigaud—was left to brave the elements with the now inanimate body of the Pole. Not being able to carry him, he slowly dragged him along, and at length perceiving some men at a distance, called to them for assistance. They soon came to his aid, and he reached Smolensk in a few hours, after twenty-two days of fighting, fatigue, and misery. He entered, it is true, the only survivor of his company; but he cared not, since he had redeemed the promise made to the Prince d'Eckmühl.

The next day, Trigaud learned that the marshal had arrived but a few days previously, and was then in the town, which presented the appearance of one vast hospital, protected by sentries, and extending to the very suburbs. The skeletons of houses, which had been converted into food, were scattered in every street, and the doors and windows of the houses had long since been consumed as firewood by the frozen and famishing soldiery. It was in one of the houses in the outskirts of the town that Prince d'Eckmühl had established his quarters, and thither Trigaud, assisted by some soldiers, bore the insensible body of Koblinski, and laid it on some straw at the doorway. On entering the house, he perceived an officer on guard in an outer room, enveloped in the ragged remains of a cuirassier's cloak, of whom he demanded to speak with the marshal.

'What seek you of him?' asked the officer, without changing his posture.

'I come to render an account of a mission with which he charged me at Muro-Jeroslavitz, and to deliver up the deposit confided to me.'

'The prince is at this moment in council; you can remain and rest yourself until it is concluded.'

'Certainly,' said Trigaud, who spoke in a tone of sadness; 'but mayhap, in the meantime, you would make known to him that the grenadiers of the second company of the forty-eighth regiment of the line, Bryant's division, first corps, to whom he intrusted the care of his aid-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, have fulfilled his orders; and that the company are awaiting the honour of passing under his inspection.'

At the name of Koblinski, Davoust, who had entered and heard the latter part of the conversation, but who had not recognised in the worn and emaciated being before him the once noble-looking grenadier, advanced, and demanded of him, 'Where is my aid-de-camp?'

'He is here; at the door.'

'And thy company?' said Davoust hastily.

At these words Trigaud took the posture of a soldier without arms, placed his heels in a line, and slowly raising his head, replied in a grave voice, 'All present, my marshal!'

'I have demanded where are the company of grenadiers of the forty-eighth,' repeated the prince in a tone of impatience.

'I have replied. Here!' and Trigaud placed the back of his hand to his forehead.

'But thy comrades—where are they?'

'Ah, that is different, my marshal. You ask where I have left my comrades? That is your question—is it not?'

Davoust made a sign in the affirmative, impatiently striking his foot on the ground.

'Well, that is soon told. The last of them are at the bottom of the Voss, close by; the remainder under the snow. All!'

'How? All?'

'All, without an exception,' replied the soldier, as his haggard and sunken eyes filled with tears.

The prince could not repress a movement of terror and pity, and seizing the arm of Trigaud, who shook convulsively, he repeated, in an agitated tone—'All, say you?'

'Yes, all, except me. I am the last!'

Without speaking, Davoust moved to the place where Koblinski lay, while Trigaud, raising himself to his full height, proudly exclaimed—'He is here alive! It was I who brought him!'

FACETIÆ, &c.

A Dead Man Dining.—The following ludicrous story is told in the *Lancet*.—Whilst residing at Rome, I paid a visit to the hospital asylum there, and among the more remarkable patients, one was pointed out to me who had been saved with much difficulty from inflicting death upon himself by voluntary starvation in bed, under an impression that he was delirious, declaring that dead people never eat. It was soon obvious to all that the issue must be fatal, when the humane doctor, in thought of the following stratagem. Half-a-dozen of the attendants, dressed in white gowns, and their faces and hands covered with chalk, were marched in single file, with dead silence, into a room adjoining that of the patient, where he observed them, through a door purposefully opened, sit down to a hearty meal. 'Hallo!' said he that was deceased presently to an attendant, 'who be they?' 'Dead men,' was the reply. 'What!' rejoined the corpse, 'do dead men eat?' 'To be sure they do, as you see,' answered the attendant. 'If that's the case,' exclaimed the defunct, 'I'll join them, for I'm famished;' and thus in faintly was the spell broken.

A Strong Man.—London does not destitute of a sort of Cuchey staidly. We knew one who was accustomed to do so every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker, and he a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll, but as fire just out of the oven, such he instantly dropped, seized his money off the counter, and from that day changed his baker. He never would go back again to that shop, but spent his penny like a good steady customer with a better-beloved baker since. *—Lancet, 18th Feb.*

For the most French Authors.—You will find them thrusting themselves, their affairs, and their friends, in the most impertinent and ridiculous manner upon the public. In this last respect, in particular, they abuse in fiction and create disease. If I am sure you, positively unanimous to witness the common self-conceit with which they are endowed, and the offensive style in which they parade it. Thus, for example, Jules Janin favours the public with a description of his apartment, a minute account of his wedding, or some other equally impudent and interesting event. Alphonse Karr tells you that he has a house at Havre, and a garden and flowers, and a fishing-boat; and he relates his adventures in a stage-coach, and his conversation with his neighbours. M. Soulié takes precious good care to inform his readers, that he has a large *maison*; and M. Théophile Gautier complacently communicates the important information that he has an immense crop of hair on his stupid mottle. One of the *feuilletonists* of the *Conservateur* thinks himself bound to inform the universe that his friend the Baron de Bismarck carries a large bunch of watch snails. Another states that he has the honour of the acquaintance of Mademoiselle —, of the Théâtre Français, and that, when travelling on the railway, she always takes a first-class place. A critic, in commencing a criticism, makes us aware that he was once upon a time only seven years of age, and that he had a passionate love of lollypops, which subsequently degenerated into a passionate love of literature. (*Un peu jeune à l'écriture!*) A political writer informs us that his friend — always imbibes his waistcoat when he begins to write; and friend —, not to be outdone in coarseness, mentions that the political writer has a sad knack of biting his knuckles. M. — wishes it to be known that he wears a cloak, and M. — that he carries a thick cane. And so on eternally. *—Correspondent of the Literary Gazette.*

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

The plague had broken out in Tuscany! In the village of Coreggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young, and then the old—of a whole family dropped off. A woman, the wife of a labourer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the

morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the fate of the neighbouring family before-mentioned, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed, to their safety, even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the eldest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, 'Good-by, mother,' in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. 'Good-by, mother,' repeated the youngest child, stretching his little head out of the window: and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered, and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and the import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her: she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more! What is like the heart of a mother! You remember the words of a poor woman on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham—'God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother!'—*From the Italian.*

PRICE OF LAND IN FRANCE.

It is the great subdivision of the land in France, consequent on her law of equal succession, that is the main cause of the high price of land there. This is a fact too well recognised by the French themselves, and by foreigners acquainted with the country, to require to be pointed out at length. In France, there are now few large estates, and when these are brought to the market—either by the owners themselves, their heirs, or creditors—they are never exposed entire, but always in lots. Were they to be disposed of whole, so few great fortunes are there in France, that they would not fetch so much as in England: not more, certainly, than twenty years' purchase, if even so much; whereas, by being broken down into small portions, adapted to buyers of moderate or small capitals, a number of competitors start up for each, who, as the lands have discovered, often give fifty or fifty years' purchase. If land sells high, it will naturally be inferred that it also lets high in France; and the fact is actually so, as is incidentally noticed by Sismondi. Here the question arises—Does the system of small properties and farms yield the greatest amount of net agricultural produce? This question has been solved affirmatively by French economists, statesmen, and agriculturists of the highest authority. It is more than twenty years since Mr Macculloch, in the Edinburgh Review, predicted speedy ruin to French agriculture from her law of equal succession; and since that time, it has been established by official reports that the growth of wheat in France has been progressively increasing, and is a ratio higher than that of the population.—*Pais Correspondent of the Daily News.* [It is a fact corresponding to this, and tending to show a principle as concerned in it, that in the county of Kinross, where land is more subdivided than in any other county in Scotland, it bears a higher average rent than in any other portion of our country.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

THE WRONG PATH.

A cripple in the right way may beat a racer in the wrong one. Nay, the fleetest and better the racer is who has once missed his way, the farther he leaves it behind.—*Bacon.*

FEAR.

The difference is not great between fearing a danger and feeling it; except that the evil one feels has some bounds, whereas, one's apprehensions have none. We can suffer no more than what actually has happened, but we fear all that possibly may happen.—*Pliny.*

THREE SONNETS.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

I.

ON A PICTURE OF A WOOD, BY GASPARD POUSSIN.

Oh doubly sweet, when life looks frowningly,
Are the high poets and the painters, who,
In midst of close towns and their feverish crew,
Bring angel visitants from earth and sky—
Fields, mountains, woods; lakes nursing peacefully
Their mimic firmament of stalen blue;
Birds, sunsets, starlit heavens, and every hue
Seen on the forehead of the cloud-piles high.

Thanks to old Gaspar's art that now, although
Deep in the solitudes of men I fare,
Far from the fields (would that I there could fly!)
I see this old, peace-haunted forest glow
Sunnily forth, and almost seem to hear
The matted leaf-roof surging solemnly.

II.

ON THE SAME.

They say 'twas in such woody sanctuaries,
When Time was in the day-spring of his youth,
That Lancelot knights came often month to month
With lovely shapes of old divinites,
And were not startled. In such haunts as these
Lancelot felt kisses sweeter than the south,
As did King Melchior and Tristrain both—
Lords of the sea-girt lands of Lyones.*

But Time, alas! is growing old and gray,
And those sweet shadows haunt the earth no more.
The poet, ever yearning to escape
Into the shadowy regions far away,
May wander now by river, wood, or shore,
And pipe in vain for one immortal shape.

III.

Look forward, oh look forward steadfastly,
All ye that for the poet's laurel yearn;
Listen attentively till ye shall discern
The stifled pleadings of humanity;
Be as a voice from out the inmost sky
That quickens the dead earth, and makes it burn;
Touch the people's hearts until they turn,
And start, and tremble, though they know not why.

So shall ye (heedless how men jeer and spurn)
Sit throned apart upon futurity;
So shall ye speak from out your funeral urn
To all the nations everlastingly;
So shall ye permeate all space, and learn
To soar in triumph through eternity.

* See the old chivalric romances, and Milton's fine passage in book ii. of *Paradise Regained*, about

'Fairy damsels met in forest wild
By knights of Logres or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellemore.'

Logres is an ancient or poetical name for Britain, and Lyones for Cornwall, or rather for a portion of that county, supposed to have been since submerged by the incursions of the sea. See Camden's *'Britannia.'*

TEST OF CIVILISATION.

Criminal legislation affords a sure index to the degree of civilisation attained by a people. Are the laws vindictive?—then are the legislators ignorant and brutish. Are they mild, though certain, and do they seek the reformation of the delinquent rather than the gratification of revenge by causing physical harm?—then are the people really civilised.—*Stray Thoughts.*

SLANDER.

I will no less hate to tell than to hear slanders: if I cannot stop others' mouths, I will stop my own ears. The receiver is as bad as the thief.

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AN IRISH SKETCH.

About five-and-twenty years ago, there was put up for sale in Ireland a small property in one of the least fertile counties of the province of L^onster. The last of the line of its ancient proprietors never having lived there, it had been exceedingly neglected, the agent merely visiting twice a-year, to collect as much 'on account of rent' as he could from the many small tenants who farmed the lands; at which times he generally redressed any glaring grievance, and, being a humane man, assisted the distressed out of their more pressing difficulties. At the period of the sale, large arrears of rent were due. The property altogether bore so unpromising an appearance, that it hung in the market for a considerable time, none of the many who came to view offering for its possession anything approaching to the value its owner set upon it. At last, - for, with patience, thus end of all accidents will come - it found a purchaser; and before the name or station of the new proprietor had transpired, there arrived, in the untidy adjoining village, the old agent, the under-sheriff, a tall, thin, elderly gentleman, and one or two sub-officials, who, walking leisurely up the deep rutted cross-road which led from the highway, proceeded to take possession with the formalities usual on the transfer of property. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the party retired as quietly as they had come. And when some of the gaping tenantry repaired to the forlorn-looking man in the village to make further inquiries about a matter in which they were personally so much interested, these men of business were gone, leaving not even a name behind.

In a few days, however, the curiosity of the neighbourhood was so far gratified as to be favoured with the title of the stranger on whom so many eager minds were to fix their future anxieties, the tenantry being served with the ordinary notices to transfer their allegiance to Thomas Grey, gentleman. Who or what he was, or where he had come from, the wits said nothing of. Wonder was busy again. But there was hardly time to form many conjectures concerning the new landlord, before he reappeared. He came to the village inn alone, in a plain gig, with a stout horse, which he looked after in the stable himself; and he had with him, as luggage, a portmanteau, a carpet-bag, and a small writing-case. He ordered a couple of eggs with his tea, for he arrived late in the afternoon; he made the tea from his own canister; he produced a loaf of Dublin bread from his gig; and he passed the evening in reading. This news flew like the morning light all over Mr Grey's new possessions, varying a little as it journeyed, and commented on as it passed from one miserable cabin to another, according to the temper of the occupants. It produced an uncomfortable feeling

among all. It was plain that the new squire was particular; it was equally plain that he was quiet; it was not quite so plain that he was easy; and they looked around on the evidences of wretchedness his business eye would soon encounter with a shrug of shame, or defiance, or indifference, as the consciousness of their deplorable condition affected individual feeling.

Mr Grey remained a fortnight at the village inn. He passed every morning on his new estate; walked its boundaries more than once; surveyed each farm; acquainted himself with the particulars of every family - transferring all the information he received to a notebook he carried in his hand, and which in no degree contributed to tranquillise the anxieties of his retainers, there being, in general an uneasy feeling among them about black and white in some way always rising up against them. In other respects, this beginning of their acquaintance was rather, if anything, favourable to their new landlord. He was a man of few words, calm manners, patient temper, not to be imposed on by fictitious distresses, as his unproved steady look told plainly in mute answer to unneeded supplications; nor to be moved by a witter from his straightforward purposes; neither did he judge hastily, nor act unthinkingly. Before he quitted the country, his tenants were as well convinced as if they had already proved it, that they had got a just master; whether he were to be a kindness, they began to feel would much depend upon themselves. His accent and reserve had informed them of his northern origin, a fact rather against his popularity, but his last act on leaving raised him again in their estimation. The demesne had been let by the year to one of the adjoining farmers; for the present, the farmer was to retain the greater part of the land, but the old manor-house Mr Grey intended to repair, and to live in, and he ordered a cabin to be built for the herd, who had hitherto occupied its kitchen. He was also reported by the milk-keeper to have behaved, on his departure, in every respect like a gentleman. Prospects, therefore, looked brighter for the tenantry, although the approaching gale-day rather disturbed these pleasing contemplations. The rents were to be paid to the old agent for the late landlord. To their surprise he was not hard on them, intimating that all accounts had been settled between him and Mr Grey, who had taken upon himself the task of collecting the arrears. Comfort also dawned upon them in the shape of work, many labourers being required during the summer to put the old house and the ruined offices and the neglected grounds into decent order.

It was not an interesting country; for it was flat, with little wooding, cut up into small furze-fenced fields, cultivated in a slovenly manner - the numerous hovels scattered over it only adding to the forlorn appearance of the scenery by their half-ruined condition. The

redeeming feature of the landscape was a clear trout stream, which ran gaily along through broad green meadows. In the distance, far away, were the gray summits of a range of hills; and within view of these, a small sheltering wood behind, and the stream in front, stood the old manor-house—a narrow building, two storeys high, thatched, with a kitchen wing on one side of it. The mason, the carpenter, the painter, and the paper-hanger soon restored it to some respectability of appearance; and when a little gravel had been laid upon the road, and a few scrubby beds were marked out before the door, and a neat paling had fenced in one-half of the old garden, all looked with amazement at the change a few weeks of industry had effected. The six small rooms, which were all the house contained, were soon filled with comfortable furniture, some of which betokened that the new landlord was not a bachelor; a surmise reduced to certainty by the arrival of a northern maid with the last cart-load of luggage, who announced the near approach of the new squire and his lady. They came in a plain equipage, new in those days to the eyes of the midland Irish—a German phaeton, of a light make, which opened or shut at pleasure. Mr Grey drove his own horses. A man and a maid were on a rumber behind; beside were two ladies—one young, slight, gay, all smiles and eagerness; the other an emaciated invalid, dressed in a mourning wrapper, and leaning against a pile of cushions. A ragged crowd had been gradually gathering on the lawn from the moment it became known that the carriage was coming, on whom the invalid lady faintly smiled as she was tenderly assisted into the house by her husband; but the shout of welcome proper to such occasions had died away ere fully awakened, so worn, so faded was her form; and when their new master stood gravely before them, hat in hand, and bowing low all round, retired and closed the door, the tattered mob, subdued to perfect quiet, silently dispersed. Little was known of the squire or his family for some days. The three servants—the two maids and the man—being all northerners, required no extra help in their employments; and having plenty to occupy them, they had no time to spare for gossiping, so that the numerous loungers who had ventured upon self-imposed messages to the manor got small information concerning its inmates. After a day or two, the 'mistress' began to go out regularly in her German phaeton, driven by her husband, and attended by the young lady, who, it was quickly understood, was a niece, and not a daughter. And soon it was remarked that she looked less pale and less languid; and then she was seen to try a little walk—first in the garden, next in the meadows, and then along the fields on her husband's arm. All were interested in them; he was so devoted to her, she was so gentle and so kind, smiling on all whom she met, and often speaking to them. The party were looked for on their daily rounds, and very proud was the cotter's wife who was first asked for a seat by her naked hearth for her wearied lady.

It was cold, and bare, and comfortless the cabin into which Mrs Grey was introduced, not without design, by her husband. Furniture, food, fuel, wearing apparel, all seemed wanting. A roof in holes, a floor damp and uneven, two panes of glass for a window, one of them broken, and stuffed with straw; a door that did not fit, a pot, a stool, a table-leaf turned up against the wall; no fire, no light, no work going forward, and near a dozen dirty, half-naked children squabbling with a pig, whose entrance they were bent on preventing—this was the picture presented to eyes used only to scenes of luxury. Mrs Grey surveyed it in silent surprise. She looked round her again, then fixed her gaze upon her husband, then glanced at the poor curtseying woman, whose pinched features and dirty, ragged, scanty clothing proved the full truth of her misery; then bowing her face down into her hands, she relieved her oppressed heart by a burst of tears. It was known that she wore her mourning garb

for all her children. One after the other she had nursed these delicate plants from their cradle to their grave, only preserving one for a few years, to feel its loss at last more bitterly. The miserable woman before her, used to wretchedness, felt none of the desolation of her dwelling, and thought the sight of the healthy group of half-savages she was so proud of occasioned this anguish. But Mrs Grey was not suffering from regret alone; she was enduring, for the first time the feeling of self-reproach—awakening to the selfishness of her unavailing sorrow. It came upon her in this melancholy calm—the spirit of life flashing on her prostrate soul—that she was murmuring against her God's inflictions; wasting her existence on her own griefs, while a world of misery lay open before her, some of the bitterness of which she might exert herself to relieve. In a moment her nature seemed changed; new energies rose within her; her life seemed to begin again.

Mr Grey was of a Northumberland family, some time settled in Belfast as merchants, in which profession he had been prosperously engaged from his youth. His wife was considerably younger than himself—the child of luxury, spoiled both in her early and her later home, ill fitted to resist adversity, which had fallen upon her in the tenderest part of the heart's affections. The blight had crushed her; and all means failing to restore her health of mind or body while remaining among the scenes of her sorrow, Mr Grey determined upon retiring from business, an increase of fortune being now no object to a childless man; and he hoped that the purchase of land, by giving a new direction to his active powers, would in time alleviate the grief that heavily oppressed his own heart, and rouse in some degree the spirits of his wife from the state of complete depression into which she had fallen. The neglected condition of this particular property was no drawback in a case such as his, where employment that would interest, and also completely occupy him, was an object. A higher aim no noble mind could have, and his success in schemes so reasonably projected was equal to the moderate expectations a man of his sagacity had only formed. He passed a twelvemonth in his new abode, apparently doing little towards its improvement, his wife's reviving health appearing to be his principal interest. Yet he was quietly acquainting himself thoroughly with the characters of his people, the capabilities of his land, and the condition of his neighbours; and he was arranging in his well-ordered mind the plan of operations which, almost imperceptibly, changed this scene of desolation into a living reality of humble comfort.

He found a numerous tenantry, the descendants of a few originals, who, at each successive death, dividing and subdividing among their families farms once of respectable size, had dwindled for the most part into a mob of pauper labourers, all married, without regular employment, dwelling in half-ruined hovels of the meanest description, and destitute even of necessaries. The few still in the possession of a remunerating number of acres lived in houses little better than those of their more wretched neighbours. Implements of husbandry were few, fences were neglected, gates to the small fields unknown, offices not thought of. Some of the less indigent had an old shed or two they used for farming purposes, the rest winnowed their sack of grain on a hill-top against the wind, after thrashing it in their kitchen. Course of cropping they had none: oats and potatoes succeeded each other till the exhausted soil would yield no more, when it was left to weeds by way of resting it. In general, there were few cattle to house. A couple of cows, whose calves were sold that there might be more butter made, was the usual complement on these patches, with some miserable-looking young horses, which were to make their owners' fortunes some fine day, and, like the cows, depended for their winter's provision on meadow hay. Their only profitable stock was pigs, which roamed about at will in numbers; few but the very abject being without this useful member of the household. One, in fair condition, was almost always to be found

near every dirty doorway. He lived with the family, as did the fowls, all sharing their meals together; with this difference, that while the mud-floor performed the part of dish to the animals, the turned-down table-leaf did that office for the human section of the company, the well-steamed potatoes being heaped on it from the pot without further preparation. Potatoes formed the only food the greater part of the people had in their power to afford themselves for nine months in the year at least—the nine months of plenty. In spring, when the butter-milk began to be plenty, potatoes began to be scarce; and then came the three miserable months which almost brought starvation with them to the unemployed, and from which the poverty of all classes principally sprung; for the corn of the smaller farmers had been sold either to make up the rent, or for want of a granary to keep it in, when they required the straw for fodder. Meal must be had, and it was bought from the mangers—a class who, after all, far from fattened, merely struggled for existence on the destination of their pears. The mangers bought wholesale, in autumn, cheap—to sell in spring, by retail, dear; and when they gave credit, which was often necessary, they charged a high interest besides. The more eager without land, who had but his scanty earnings to trust to, must either at this season run in debt, or starve; for his pig, if he had one, had gone for meat—these unfortunate under-tenants to the farmers receiving from one to two pounds a-year for leave to build their mud cabin on his land, seldom letting with it yard or garden. The clothing suited such lodging and such living; it was in most cases little better than rags miserably hung about the person, kept together in some round way at odd corners, with little help from needle and thread, and never disturbed in its arrangement by the economics of the toilet—the wretched seldom parting with their smatches of raiment by night or by day, and few of them possessing more bedclothes than a well-worn blanket. Illness reigned over these nearly destitute people. There was so little to manage, no one tried management; affairs were so hopeless, nobody thought it possible to mend them; self-help was yet to be taught amongst them. They all inclined to look abroad for assistance; to believe that some one person, or some one event, was to be created on purpose to relieve them; and they would nearly all have cast all the burdens of all their cares upon their new landlord, had he given the least indication of a willingness thus to load himself. But Mr Grey gave no relief unearned; neither money, nor goods, nor even advice. It was also known that he restricted the charitable donations of his lady to the sick and the aged. With the exception of employing a pretty considerable band of labourers, he seemed to let matters take almost their usual course, while he looked calmly on during this first winter; but with the approach of spring he roused to greater activity.

At the November gale he had received the rents himself, taken what money was brought to him, and entered every excuse made in default of payment in the note-book of facts, and registered what the smaller tenants felt against them. He then intimated his resumption of the demesne, and early in the following season he began in good earnest his labours upon it. His first step was to disembarass the land of all the many double ditches which subdivided it into the diminutive portions mis-called fields, to allot it anew into equal divisions of seven or eight acres each, suited in number to the rotation of crops he deemed advisable. He then thorough-drained and thorough-dug the whole, levelled the ground accurately, finished his light fences with the utmost neatness, and shut in each field with an iron gate. He at the same time began the building of a set of farm-offices on the most convenient of modern plans; and after they were completed, he slated the old manor-house, and threw a handsome front before the ancient lowly edifice.

These operations took him some years, and in the course of them he discovered that the system of labour pursued in that part of the country would never answer for real business, neither could it ever be the means of

supporting the lower orders of the working-classes in comfort. It was the custom for the better sort of tenants to send the landlord any labourers he required, charging him from tenpence to one shilling a-day for their services, while they paid them but fourpence or fivepence, with their diet. Having little interest in their work, these substitutes got through it in the most slovenly manner, with an idle indifference quite repugnant to the active habits of their head master; doing so little in the day, that their total amount of labour was very dearly hired. They were generally well fed by the farmers, having plenty of the frugal diet of the country; but they were almost all married, and the wife and children at home had to exist on the two shillings a-week, or two shillings and sixpence at the utmost, which they turned, besides their food. House-rent, provisions, fuel, all had to come from this miserable fund; with the assistance, towards the clothing, of a few hens and a pig, if the family were fortunate enough to have a house of their own, and the wife were industrious—a circumstance alone rare then was creditable to the habits of the females. Mr Grey gradually rid himself of this mob of idlers, choosing from amongst them those best fitted for the various employments he required them in, till he had a staff of very efficient servants, whose improvement they showed, to the most careless eye, by a great advance making in their condition. By degrees he built on different situations water cottages, with gardens and small gardens attached, which he let to them at a lower rent than they had given for their miserable hovels or their lodging here to face; namely, a room or part of a room, or merely have to lay down a bed of straw in a corner of one. With a view to do away for the rude manners consequent on the constant commotion of the people, he attempted no more to entertain British peasants. And when his wife, who had been awakened sensibility, would have often found him, and stoddard and staidish, he took a better, begging she would let them feel their wants gradually as they rose on the scale of civilisation, when they would themselves endeavour to achieve additional comfort, and value them the more that they were obtained. He argued that to do lasting good was most amiable a nature, who seldom employs violence to effect her changes, but working unceasingly, by hardly perceptible means, she never loses that which she has once gained. And as the desire for increased comforts began to display itself when the certainty of employment, and the regularity of their pay, and the comparative independence of their condition, had produced the effect of stimulating their industry, and of developing a better order of feelings among them, then he gave full permission to his wife and niece to encourage the deservings by such little presents as were gratifying to their rising tastes.

The labourers generally, at least all employed by Mr Grey, were soon in a thriving condition. The farmers were more difficult to deal with, the small farmers especially, and they were longer in emerging from their poverty-stricken state, for with them, in addition to ignorance and listlessness, there was the pride of station to combat. The tenant of but half-a-dozen acres held a certain rank. He sat at his own board, it was his own cattle he drove, his own bidding he did; he could generally raise food enough for his family; fuel they did very much without—enough to boil the pot twice a-day sufficed for a hardy people in a climate far from rigorous; raiment, such as it was, the wife provided; repairs they never thought of, rent they paid a few pounds 'on account of' when hard-pressed. The arrears of this promising class of tenants would have bought another estate. Many of them owed nine or ten years' rent, yet all spoke hopefully of the future. 'With the blessing of God, one was to have cattle, and another crops, and all were to give entire satisfaction to their landlord in every way hereafter, many estates having combined to prevent a thriving state of affairs at the present time. But in six months again, when the same

hopes, and the same fears, and the same pious resignation to suffering were once tendered in lieu of rent, and compared with the entries under each man's name in the too-faithful tablets, they saw that Mr Grey, though patient and considerate, was not to be trifled with. It became now a serious matter of business between them—one, too, in which it soon appeared that the part of the tenant must be submission to the resolves of the landlord; for the calm, decided voice in which he announced his intentions, admitted, they all felt, of no appeal. He used no harsh measures; there were no ejections, there was no distraining, and there was help. But there was a system laid down from which there was to be no departure—a proper course of cropping insisted on; under-letting for the future prohibited, no more cabins being permitted on a farm hereafter than were required for the accommodation of the labourers employed to cultivate it. The many supernumeraries he found, he endeavoured at proper opportunities to remove elsewhere; and quietly, in the course of years, he contrived to free himself of the least thriving among his smaller tenantry, always settling them in some way of business more suited to their capacity, and giving them the means of starting respectably in their new vocation. Nor did he lose, even in a worldly point of view, by this liberality, as land valueless in their unskilful hands, became profitable in his own, or when added to the farms of those whom he saw anxious to avoid themselves of better methods. There were a few tenants of superior intelligence holding farms considered of large extent—one hundred acres or more—whom he found in every respect much in advance of the rest, slovenly enough, but neither poor nor unskilful, wanting but a little encouragement or a little assistance in their own projected plans of improvement. He left these more active tenants to take their own time, gladly aiding when appealed to, yet seldom offering his help; cheerfully instructing, but only when asked for advice; letting example teach quietly, without the airs of superior wisdom. The thorough-bred farmer, the comfort-loving English, or the picturesque gardener, might have seen as yet little to admire in the plain dwellings, the mere necessities, and the careless husbandry of this but emerging people; but, compared with all around him, Mr Grey's little thriving property was a paradise—a little nest of honey-bees in the wilderness; and he trusted to time to develop more fully its resources. One most certain means of raising the character of his dependents he had early attended to—he had established schools for the instruction of the young; and by a careful selection of teachers, making the school fees small, and attending himself to the conduct of all parties, contrived to secure a generally fair proportion of pupil, who soon began to contribute to the civilisation of their homes.

On the same forbearing principles Mr Grey had steadily acted with all his neighbours of all degrees, by most of whom he had hardly been very hospitably welcomed, his habits having been found little suited to the peculiar ideas of any of the adjacent proprietors. Being no politician, he was coldly received by the extreme parties, who only valued such acquaintance as they could count on for partisans. Attentive in religious matters to the ceremonies of his own creed, he expressed no opinion on the subject of any other, and was thus valued to the zealous of all forms. He declined gay society, and was so indifferent to the races, and the steep chases, and the fox-hunting of the winter months, that he had never even rode to cover when the meet was nearest at his door. Among excitable dispositions, in which all feelings bordered on enthusiasm, this phlegmatic temper made their new neighbour for some time far from popular with the surrounding gentry. But his worth won its way: he was first admired, next imitated, and then received as a friend much valued; for a new spirit was rising to animate the neighbourhood. Young well-educated men were taking the places of the old sticklers for the old customs, who allowed, with grateful readiness, that a humble individual, a retired

merchant, of little wealth, and no high pretensions, who had quietly pursued his own business without interfering with any other, till the progress of affairs had required him to extend his sphere of usefulness, had materially assisted in changing the character of the country. The landlords thus awakened, the tenantry, with the intelligence natural to them, soon saw the advantages of larger farms, and of capital judiciously expended upon them. The district soon came to require more roads, and a market of its own, and such other conveniences within reach as their improving habits made the population sensible of the want of. The little untidy village bustled up into a half-tidy town, with its weekly market and its market-house, bringing to it strangers in want of another inn, and customers in want of a variety of shops, which multiplied as business grew. Planting, building, draining, were going forward on all sides. The whole face of the country was changing; and more, the whole feeling of the country was changed.

Mr Grey must have felt that his resolution to struggle with his own grief, and to dispel the nervous despondency of his wife, had been amply rewarded by opening to him a field of usefulness, whereby an amount of happiness was diffused around that must have been harm to the most deeply wounded spirit. He had been the means of much advancing his generation; for his calm temper, his sagacity in business, his patience under disappointments, his ready money, and his active habits, all combined to give him an influence in his position hardly otherwise warranted by his rank in it. He is still living, to carry out further his worthy plans; beloved by his dependents, respected by his many friends, and content with the success, so far, of his well-considered projects, and with the recovered health of the wife for whose sake he had first determined on turning himself into a country gentleman.

Reader, this is not wholly an ideal picture. Many Irish land-proprietors—a class which circumstances have brought into much unjust odium—are in a greater or less degree Mr Greys. If our sketch helps to do these men justice, it will serve a good end; but it will serve a much better if it convinces any one person of depressed or bruised spirit, such as was Mrs Grey, that the truest medicine for such a case is an endeavour to be actively useful to others. Seek but one object for the exercise of mental, but judicious charity, and a cure is already half effected.

NICHOLS' THOUGHTS ON THE SYSTEM OF THE WORLD.

If the order and sequence which we observe in things around us be in any degree an expression of the laws by which the Almighty sustains the universe, then is the study of natural phenomena, with a view to the elucidation of a system, one of the highest aims that can occupy the human understanding. We think it not only a high aim, but a legitimate one, seeing how expressly the mind of man is adapted to such research. Of late, numerous speculations as to the system of our globe have appeared—some of a very novel and startling kind—and this, to a certain extent, may have fostered the notion that it is hopeless, if not something worse, on the part of the finite mind, to attempt to arrive at the intentions of the Infinite; but such a fact affects, in reality, the legitimate scope of the human reason no more than the improper application of fire does the utility of that essential element. This opinion we find eloquently expressed and defended in a new volume* by Professor Nichol of Glasgow, so well and so favour-

* *Thoughts on Some Important Points Relating to the System of the World.* By J. P. Nichol, LL.D. Edinburgh: W. Tait. 1866.

ably known by his two works on the Architecture of the Heavens and the Solar System.

Hitherto Dr Nichol has devoted his talents to an exposition of the discoveries of others, rather than to any attempt in the path of original research; and in the work before us, he adheres to the same humble but not less important course. In the first part he presents an illustrated account of the resolution, by the Rosse telescope, of certain nebulae into clusters of distinct stars; by which it is shown that the celebrated cosmogony of Laplace has no longer the support which appeared to be given to it by the speculations of Sir William Herschel on that subject. This discovery, however it may affect theories, infinitely exalts our conceptions of the magnitude and extent of the material universe. It teaches us to regard the farthest and faintest speck which the most powerful telescope can discern, as a mass of worlds melted, by distance, into a dim light, but comprising individualities as perfect, and at the same time as progressive in their natures as our own. 'What mean, for instance, those dim spots, which, unknown before, loom in greater and greater numbers on the horizon of every new instrument, unless they are gleams it is obtaining, on its own frontier, of a mighty infinitude beyond, also studded with galaxies, and infolding what is seen as a minute and subservient part? Yes; even the six-foot mirror, after its powers of distinct vision are exhausted, becomes in its turn simply as the child gazing on these mysterious lights with awful and hopeless wonder. I shrink below the conception that here—even at this threshold of the attainable—bursts forth on my mind! Look at a cloudy speck in Orion, visible, without aid, to the well-trained eye; that is a stellar universe of majesty along their frame silent, lying at the verge of what is known. Well, if any of these lights from afar, on which the six-foot mirror is now casting its longing eye, resemble in character that spot, the systems from which they come are situated so deep in space, that no ray from them could reach our earth until after travelling through the intervening abysses during centuries whose number stuns the imagination. There must be some regarding which that faint illumination informs us, not of their present existence, but only that assuredly they were, and sent forth into the infinite the rays at present reaching us, at an epoch farther back into the past than this momentary lifetime of man, by at least *thirty millions of years!*'

The lapse of vast spaces of time in the history of the world is even more distinctly announced by the observed and calculated motions of certain systems of stars. 'Unsatisfied,' says Dr Nichol, 'with a knowledge of the mere existence of such motions, we demand, with no unarrantable eagerness, an insight among their august periods, and the reply to this inquiry only the more stirs our wonder. A few of the double stars have brief revolutions: a star in Hercules, for instance, having an epoch of only about fourteen years; the period of α Corone, a well-established star, is forty-three years; that of ϵ Ursa is fifty-eight years; the period of the two stars in Castor, as deduced from the courses they have run, is two hundred and fifty-three years; while that of γ Virginis probably exceeds six hundred. Induction, however, reveals epochs still mightier than these; the unit, for instance, of time with Mirza and Alcor cannot be less than one hundred and ninety thousand years; while the double systems which constitute the fourfold group in Lyra, will not complete the circuit of their combined revolutions in less than one thousand of our world's centuries! But

since even the greatest of these are arrangements limited to small specks in space, how shall we compute the periods through which the three stars in the belt of Orion must evolve their courses, and, by passing from their present symmetry, present that stately constellation in the various aspects it must, in the course of the dread past, have assumed! how shall we speak of the group of the Pleiades ever and anon as the vagues roll shining towards other worlds, in new configurations; or of the spot in Perseus, or of the masses of the Milky Way, modifying so solemnly their still and apparently everlasting forms! Nor is it merely through the fact, that one star changes its position in relation to another, that the entire augustness of these evolutions becomes apparent. Their circuits, like that of our own globe around the sun, are doubtless the units of cycles of countless inferior changes. Birth, youth, manhood, death, and resolution into novel forms, accompany inseparably our earth's mystic course, and, as the units of this varied annual life are heaped up, ever and anon the phenomena they include enlarge and evolve—dynasty succeeding dynasty with facilities steadily increasing, race ever rising on the ruins of race, and reckoning its predecessors as the dust, what thoughts, then, must crowd on us when gazing on the heavens, containing within their still and silent majesty even those stupendous and correspondingly prolific cycles!

We pass by other speculations of this sublime, but somewhat intangible nature, to attend to several interesting analogies which Professor Nichol institutes between the structure and progress of the globe we inhabit, and those of the distant planetary bodies. That there exists a close relationship between the earth and the other planets of our system, is abundantly evident, from their encircling one common orb, from their respective distances from that centre, the time of their revolutions, their specific gravities, and the like; but the brotherhood so presumed is but faint and unsatisfactory compared with that established by the fact of their surfaces being subject to irregularities of hill and valley, to a distribution of sea and land, and to changes and modifications like that of our own. Are these planets composed of rocks and earths, of minerals and metals, like our globe? Are they clothed with herbs and trees, and peopled by animals akin to those around us?—are questions which may never be answered; but it is, at all events, interesting to learn that the external phases of our co-planets, like those of our own, are subject to mutations; in other words, to alterations which affect the structure and distribution of their elements. Thus, the moon is visibly separated into plain and high land—the latter portion of it actually bristling with mountains. In some places, isolated peaks disturb its evenness; elsewhere, long and lofty ranges stretch onwards, encircling flats; and over a large area, those remarkable craters, or ring-shaped mountains, are studded with extraordinary profusion. So also with Mars, whose surface, when seen through an ordinary telescope, presents different degrees of light and shade, which seem to betoken terrestrial peculiarities; or, what is the same thing, show that the body of the planet is divided between substances of very different efficiency in reflecting the incident light. 'But as water absorbs much light, while land, on the contrary, reflects a large portion of all that falls on it, the distant view of our own globe would precisely resemble this aspect of Mars in its leading features, and the different reflective power of various soils would bestow on the brighter parts a mottled appearance. This analogy may seem very faint, but it is much strengthened by another singular phenomenon around the poles of our neighbouring planet. These are surrounded by brilliant spots, exactly resembling our polar snows; and just as with ours, each spot contracts itself during the summer of the hemisphere to which it belongs, gradually again enlarging with the approach and increase of winter.

Appearances so nearly identical, reaching us through so vast a distance, must be received as eminently emphatic, and certainly they press towards but one conclusion; namely, that this picture represents the *land and sea* of Mars; and, therefore, that the telescope has here unfolded, as an attribute of this orb, that uneven and broken surface—that division into high land and valley—which characterises the vertical profile of the surface of the earth. What, then, is indicated, asks Professor Nichol, by phenomena such as these? and he finds his answer in a careful consideration of the geological phenomena which has been successively developed in the superficial crust of our planet.

If we could station ourselves on any of the neighbouring planets, the earth would present to the eye a surface of light and shade; and, with the aid of a powerful telescope, the irregularities of her mountains and plains would also be apparent. But geology informs us that the earth, at various stages of its progress, has presented very different distributions of land and sea; and that long after the Granpian, Scandinavian, and Uralian mountains were heaved into being, the Alps and Apennines were unknown, their positions being successively occupied by seas, lakes, and estuaries. Could we, therefore, from our supposed planetary position, have watched the earth through the incensivity of ages which geology proves it to have lived, it would have presented at various eras very different aspects, just as the other planets may be expected to present, and are indeed suspected to be in the act of presenting. Light and shade—in other words, land and sea—must have frequently changed places; new of this configuration, now of that; valleys must have been raised into mountains, and mountain ridges sunk into valleys; and if, as geologists affirm, it at one time enjoyed a high and generally diffused temperature, the brilliant circles of its polar snows must be a comparatively modern phenomenon to our eyes and telescopes on Mars and Venus. And here, as the resolution of nebule into distinct astral systems tends to increase our ideas of the immensity of space, so do the superficial fluctuations of our earth—and, to some degree, of the other planets also—tend to swell our conceptions of the immensity of time. Of this lapse of time we can form no adequate notion, all that can be said is, that one formation, such as the chalk, is older than that of the coal; and thus, again, younger than the mountain limestone; and that formations of vast thickness and complexity must have required a long period for their development than that of a simpler character. From the strata thrown up and displaced by the various mountain chains of the globe, we can also determine the relative periods of these upheavals; that the Granpian, for example, long preceded the Pyrenees, the Pyrenees the Alps, and these, again, Ætna and other still active elevatory forces. When we come to inquire more narrowly into this question of time, we attain no distinct light, but it must be allowed, some interesting glimpses. We obtain, it appears, some comparatively clear ideas regarding the minor periods embraced by larger ones. For example, 'The geology of Sicily plainly points beyond a doubt that the rise of Ætna belongs to the newest epoch in the history of our planet; it began to pour out its fires not very early in the morning of the existing day. Resting on an extensive secondary formation, contemporaneous with our chalk, are extensive beds named the Newer Pliocene. That these were formed under the sea, is indubitable, because they are full of marine shells; and the recentness of their origin, geologically speaking, is equally apparent, inasmuch as, with very slight exceptions, the shells they contain are precisely those at present abounding in the Mediterranean. Now, while the Pliocene beds were being deposited, a neighbouring submarine volcano—the earliest apparition of the gigantic Ætna—burst out like Graham's Island, and mingled with them its tuff and ashes. No modern being the origin of Ætna, can we approximate to its positive duration? In the history of

this great mountain there are also visible epochs. By the recent researches of Waltershausen, a succession of grand craters have been revealed in its structure—the earliest probably being situated in the heart of the Val de Bove. Now each of these immense vents doubtless had a history of its own, not inferior in extent or importance to that of the existing one, to which the present contour of the mountain belongs. Besides the existing principal crater, the surface of Ætna is studded with minor cones, the mouths of lateral eruptions, all the produce of its modern epoch. But it has been computed by Mr Lyell, who has certainly yielded to no spirit of exaggeration, that these eighty minor cones could not have appeared in less than twelve thousand years, and yet, if we strip these from the mountain, we should simply fall back on the next great crater in the series of Waltershausen, and Ætna would remain as now, the giant and the marvel of those Sicilian regions! If this, then, or something like it, is the significance of only one movement of the second's hand of the clock, by whose course the earth's annals are divided, how immeasurable the duration, and majestic the fates, even of our evanescent globe! Stratification, we are told, gives no record of a beginning. The crystalline or primary rocks, which are generally supposed to constitute the floor of the stratified formations, may themselves be merely stratified rocks, converted or metamorphosed by heat and other agencies into their present condition. According to this notion, the lowest rocks are incessantly passing into the metamorphic state; and the time will come when our present fossiliferous strata—the Silurian, Old Red Sandstone, &c.—shall become crystalline, and every trace of early life be obliterated. Such an idea—and there are many reasons for supposing it correct—takes from us, as it were, all foundation, gives us no starting-point, but carries us back into an eternity of time in which the mind loses itself as in a dream.

Thus, then, judging from the phenomena of our humble planet, everything is in a state of change and progress—a progress elaborating, according to Dr Nichol, 'fresh developments of variety and beauty. With as new geological formations are in progress; regions are rising from the waters, and others are sinking beneath it, as is evidenced by the changes taking place in the Pacific; in other planets, analogous changes are taking place; astral fields, like the Milky Way, are separating into distinct groups; separate systems are passing into other regions of space, there to be modified by new external conditions; everything, in fact, is in incessant progress—whence, we cannot determine; whether, we may never know. Far, indeed, are changes so mysterious, and passing through countless ages, from the present apprehension of our race; but even as I dare not say where the Almighty began his work, neither can I tell, in presence of what now is known, where his revelations to man are to stop, nor whether there is a barrier line beyond which the created reason shall never pierce. Yes; a time may come when the circle of darkness that now hems us in shall be driven yet farther back, and the twilight land, now peopled with gigantic shadows, be filled with sunshine! So at least may we hope; not, indeed, in the pride of intellect, or with that idle vaunt coeval with the primal curse, that the finite mind can be as a God, but rather with the gratitude of the nestling child—What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou hast designed to visit him?'

Such is a hasty glance at some of the startling revelations which Professor Nichol explains in detail. The subjects he treats of—nebule, progress of astral systems, the existence of an ethereal fluid, regions of different temperatures in space, rotation and progress of systems as well as of individual planets, &c.—are the novelties of astronomical discovery; and it is well that the popular mind should have its due share of instruction. It were to be wished, however, that, in the discharge of this duty, Dr Nichol would indulge somewhat less than he does in this volume in a certain ultra-rhetorical style,

which, however it may tell in the lecture-room, is apt to be felt in a printed book, if not as a disguise to all accuracy of thought, at least as an obstruction to all precision of expression.

THE SMITHERS' TESTIMONIAL.

'The honour of your company is requested to a dinner, given by the Directors of the Bluemuir and Mossbogie Transit Company to its revered secretary, Mr Archibald Smithers, on the 30th instant.

Mr A. Smithers is about to resign the arduous office he has so long honourably filled; and the directors esteem this a convenient opportunity for the presentation of an appropriate testimonial, as a mark of their respect and esteem for that gentleman.'

Such was the card of invitation addressed to the fifty-six shareholders of this celebrated company. As the dinner was to come out of the 'improvement fund,' it was confidently anticipated that at least fifty shareholders would be present. It was to come off in the great room of the Red Lion—the principal inn of the well-known town of Awfummudie. It was reported that the host of the Red Lion had been deprived of his natural rest for three successive nights in anticipation of this event. Awfummudie was in a condition of excessive excitement on the morning of the day: five or six distinct uproars occurred in the forenoon. The waving of three blue flags, respectively inscribed with 'Honour to Smithers!', 'Huzza for Smithers!', and 'Smithers huzza!' out of the three long windows of the great room, was the signal for the seventh, in which a dozen men and twenty-one boys signally distinguished themselves. These bursts of attachment to A. Smithers, Esq. were calculated to be very gratifying to the friends of that gentleman, and would have doubtless been so had any of his friends witnessed them; as it happened, none of them did. A band, composed of a north-country piper, assisted by the musical talents of the Awfummudie bass viol and flute, exerted itself to a superhuman degree. It is conjectured that, at a later period of the day, the confusion which arose in the performance was to be attributed to the curious circumstance of the bass viol and flute playing 'Auld lang syne,' while the piper was performing 'Roy's wife.' The scene was uncommonly lively, and was made still more so by the bell of the Awfummudie kirk ringing in a wonderfully inspiring manner.

The forenoon thus passed away. The afternoon arrived. The landlord of the Red Lion was now in a very serious condition; he was so completely knocked up, as to call for several glasses of whisky every hour. The two waiters followed his example in ale. It was a mystery why the Bluemuir and Mossbogie Transit Company came to pitch upon Awfummudie for their dinner. Perhaps it was because the town was half-way between Bluemuir and Mossbogie; so that the residents of each town might have the same distance to return home at night. But this is only an ingenious surmise. The dinner hour was six. It was arranged that one train, that is, a horse and a couple of carriages, for this was not one of your steam railways, should leave Bluemuir at half-past five, while the other took its departure from Mossbogie at the same hour. Although there was but a single line of rails, there was no danger of a collision; the horses knew better than that, and slackened their pace from a smart six-mile-an-hour trot to a gentle walk on approaching the Awfummudie station. Besides this, a nervous director, in a white waistcoat, sat by the driver's side, with the reins and whip in his own hands, and

thus insured against the remotest chance of an accident. The trains arrived in perfect safety at five minutes to six; and four-and-fifty gentlemen, in white cravats and snowy waistcoats, poured into the astonished town. The Red Lion was then, indeed, a scene of the wildest distraction. The landlord staggered to the door, and prepared himself, in the customary manner, followed by his waiters, for the reception of his guests. The band, after a temporary diversionment from the unaccountable absence of the piper, struck up. The blue flags were flapped from the windows like so many tablecloths, and A. Smithers, Esq. arm-in-arm with the respected chairman, who, we believe, was recognised as ——— Balderstone, Esq. entered the *salle a manger*. The remaining two-and-fifty, in file, brought up the rear.

The dinner was concluded, the cloth removed, and now the great moment approached. The customary loyal toasts being hastened through with the speed of men anxious to meet more important matters, the chairman, ——— Balderstone, Esq. at length rose to propose the toast of the evening. He delivered himself in somewhat of the following manner:—

'Gentlemen—I rise to propose a health which, I feel confident, will be received by you with an expression of universal gratification. (Immense cheering; A. Smithers, Esq. turning violently pale.) The health I allude to, gentlemen, has, I perceive, received the well-merited honour of a general recognition. Yes, gentlemen, it is the health of our esteemed, our indefatigable secretary, Mr Archibald Smithers. (Tremendous cheering, with the vociferation of "Bravo, Balderstone!" and "Huzza, Smithers!" "Smithers for ever!" and such-like animating expressions.) Gentlemen, continued Balderstone, when the din had subsided, 'the eminently gratifying manner in which you have been pleased to receive my toast, convinces me that I should be wasting your time, and wearying your patience, were I to panegyrise at any length the individual to whom this toast refers. And were, gentlemen, the occasion on which we are met together one of less solemn import—were, I say, our horizon unobscured by any cloud, and our present happiness unmixt with any regret, I should satisfy myself with having merely proposed the health of a person so universally esteemed as my friend—and I am happy to call him my friend—Mr Archibald Smithers. (Renewed cheers.) But, gentlemen, we cannot forget that the occasion which has this day called us together is one of no common or trifling importance. This day terminates the connexion of Mr Smithers with the Bluemuir and Mossbogie Transit Company. (Great sensation followed this announcement, which was the more striking, as the company knew all about it a half year ago.) With this plea, then, I may be borne with while engaged in an unworthy attempt to give the just meed of praise, and the tribute of my own and of this company's respect, to one who well merits infinitely more than my tongue and humble powers of oratory can express. (Tremendous cheering, which lasted for some minutes.) Gentlemen, Mr Smithers has now been connected during a space of five years with our company. I need not remind my brother shareholders that he succeeded an individual whose name, I fear, will be received with only too well deserved execration—Mr Featherthrust. (Growls and hisses greeted the mention of this gentleman's name.) In one respect this circumstance was a disadvantage to my friend. It caused us to regard him with certain feelings of distrust. In another respect it was to his advantage. Gentlemen, the morning luminary appears all the more welcome and glorious after the blackness of the shades of night. (Cries of "Bravo, Balderstone!" from some one at the foot of the table.) During the period of his connexion with us, gentlemen, need I call to your recollection the gratifying circumstance, that the traffic on the Transit Company's line has increased to treble its previous amount; and this happy result we must doubtless

chiefly ascribe to the exertions of our indefatigable secretary. For the information of those shareholders who may reside at a distance from the stations, I submit to their inspection the following chart of our traffic, and have caused to be placed against it some statistical returns of the opposition conveyances:—

1843. Two trains a-day.	Three opposition coaches, and a wagon.
1844. Three trains a-day.	Two opposition coaches, and a cart.
1845. Four trains a-day.	One opposition coach; nothing else.
1846. Six trains daily, with an occasional seasonal express.	One opposition coach; always empty.

(Great cheering.) This is a mute but eloquent testimony, gentlemen, to the untiring zeal of our secretary. (Hear, hear.) It is not necessary for me to enter into detail upon the duties which have devolved upon him. That those duties should be onerous, was to be expected, as the stipend for their discharge now amounts to three hundred pounds per annum. But how have they been discharged? Gentlemen, the reply from every tongue will be, "Faithfully and well." (Enthusiastic cheering.) They involved the conducting of the company's correspondence; Mr Smithers had frequently to reply to as many as four or five letters a-week. They also comprised the occasional superintendence of the clerks and works, in which, it was true, Mr Smithers had been assisted by an official. They also included the superintendence of the accounts, statistical returns, and annual expenditure of the company, in which he was assisted by several clerks at the company's expense: so that this department was uncommonly heavy. To take down minutes of the half-yearly meetings was another portion of his duties. In fact, were I to enumerate the points included in his engagements, I should occupy more time than the occasion would justify: let us leave them with a passing tribute of praise to the urbanity and kindness which have characterised every action of my friend's official existence. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, continued Balderstone, clearing his throat, "I am now about to approach a painful topic; we are to-night to take our leave of Mr Smithers. A combination of fortunate circumstances has placed him in an independent position: I believe I may say in a position of considerable influence. (Cheers.) Anxious, therefore, to retire from an office so arduous and so responsible as that of secretary to this great company, he has tendered to the Board of Directors his resignation. The board, with the greatest reluctance—with, I may add, feelings of unmingled regret—has accepted his resignation; and from this hour his invaluable aid and advice are lost to us. But, gentlemen, should so much worth be passed by with the cold return of a few empty compliments? (Hear, hear.) Should the untiring energy—the, I may say, unprovokable good-nature, the invincible suavity of our friend's demeanour, which have made our transit one of the best-conducted and most favourite routes of the day (Violent cheering)—should qualities such as these remain forgotten and neglected? ("No, no," and great cheering from every one at table, except an individual near its foot, who appeared a dissentient from the opinion.) "I believe," pursued Balderstone, "the sentiment is universal, that it becomes us, the Bluemuir and Mossbogie Transit Company, to record our sense of the unparalleled exertions of our now—and I am sorry that it is so—late secretary, in some befitting testimonial. ("No, no; I protest against it," cried out the person above alluded to.) Gentlemen, continued the speaker, regardless of the temporary confusion which arose, "the dreams, the transcendental whimsies of a would-be moralist, have no weight with me, (Hear, hear, and cries of "Humbbug!") The testimonial has been liberally subscribed for, and is contained in the case which lies before us on the table. It is a gold snuff-box, which, with the fifty pound-note by way of snuff-money which it contains, I would, with the best and most cordial wishes, and the sincerest thanks of my own heart, of the directors, and of the shareholders of this company, now beg him to accept

as a trifling mark of our united respect and esteem." (Immense cheers, Mr Smithers all blushes and bows.) "Gentlemen," cried out Balderstone with the lungs of a stentor, "Mr Smithers' health, with three times three."

The tremendous confusion which arose at this juncture baffles description. When all was over, A. Smithers, Esq. was perceived to be on his legs.

"He rose," he said, "at this proud but painful moment of his existence, overwhelmed with the excessive kindness of his reception, and overcome with the liberality of the testimonial he had just been honoured with. It was true that he did not take snuff; but such a memorial of esteem would immediately induce him to commence the practice: and he could assure the generous friends who had presented him with this valued memento of their regard, that then, at every pinch, he should call their munificence to mind; and should reflect upon the present hour as one of the happiest of his life. (Great cheering.) The retrospect of his official career," he continued, "afforded him much food for pleasant reflection. It had ever been his unworthy and feeble attempt to advance the best interests of the company, in whose service it was his boast to have been so long engaged. (Hear, hear.) It was now, therefore, to him most pleasing to know that these efforts had been crowned with success. He had to record, with feelings of deep gratitude, the fact that, in proportion to the increase of traffic, the company had, in the most liberal spirit, augmented his salary, until, at the moment when he was about to relinquish office, it had doubled its original sum. (Cheers, and "You deserved it all!" from a shareholder who appeared to be becoming lackadaisical.) This was in itself an ample remuneration for his (Mr Smithers) poor services. (Hear, hear, with uncommon emphasis from the moment at before alluded to.) Those services, he (Mr Smithers) could assure them, had been performed without a dream of their receiving the least recognition they had to-night met with. He had simply performed his duty, and that was in itself an ample reward. (Hear, hear, from the same individual.) But should he seem ungrateful? No; he was penetrated with emotions of the liveliest gratitude at this unexpected and unmerited tribute to him; and he begged the company then and there assembled to accept the only return it was in his power to make—his cordial thanks, and his warmest prayers for their continued prosperity and undiminished success. But he could not sit down during these, the closing moments of his official career, without bidding them a hearty and heartfelt farewell. (Great sensation.) He had purchased an estate at some distance from that part of the country; he feared it would be his lot but seldom to travel northward; but he could assure them that his thoughts would often revert to his old occupations and haunts. He would be many a time, in thought, taking a short trip upon a line which had enjoyed such an immunity from accidents as to have come to rank among those known by the title of "Innocent Railways." (Great cheering.) Many a time would he, with an imaginary pen in hand, be seated in his old office. But such reflections overcame him. In leaving the company's service, he might say, but with a very small self-appropriation of the merit, "he found it wood, and left it marble." (Cries of "Bravo Smithers!" and enthusiastic cheering.) This was a delightful theme for thought. But he must conclude. He then begged to tender to the directors and shareholders of the company his undying gratitude and thanks; and to reiterate his assurance that, to the latest moments of his life, he could never cease to esteem this hour the happiest he had experienced. Happy, because it assured him of the unanimous confidence, respect, and esteem of so great a company as that constituting the Bluemuir and Mossbogie Transit. He bade them a warm farewell."

Mr Smithers sat down amidst volleys of cheers and deafening huzzas; and a shareholder, who sat near him, confidently affirms that he saw him blow his nose with great vehemence, and apparently wipe away a

briny tear from his eye. 'The prosperity of the Bluenairs and Mossbogie Transit Company' was then drunk with the customary honours—the toast being received with great applause and excitement. After several ineffectual attempts to catch the chairman's eye, a shareholder then rose. We believe it was — Gilaroo, Esq. of Krinkumfrankie.

'Mr Chairman and Gentlemen—I feel called upon, by an imperious sense of duty as a shareholder, to make a few observations upon the occasion of our assembling here to-day. (Hisses from several of the company.) It is pretty generally known, I believe, that I have resolutely opposed the getting up of this testimonial throughout. I embrace this opportunity of publicly declaring my sentiments upon the subject. (Considerable excitement—Baldersstone and Smithers looking at each other in dismay.) My opinions are not very likely to do much good now; the time has gone by. But to avoid misapprehension of the motives which have influenced my opposition to the presentation of this testimonial, I beg permission to be heard in my own defence. To our esteemed secretary I offer my private but most sincere well-wishes, accompanied with the greatest respect for his integrity of conduct, and for every trait of his public character, so eloquently depicted by you, sir, our worthy chairman. (Cheers.) But, sir, for a man to discharge his duties well, is, as Mr Smithers has himself affirmed, to his own advantage, to his own gratification, and to his own ultimate reward. This is my objection to these testimonials in general. You teach a man, by their means, to perform his duty with the mercenary motive in prospective of a pecuniary reward. And if he is too honourable to be influenced by such motives, you at least insult him by attempting to wipe out the score of obligation by a petty handful of bank-notes. (Violent disapprobation.) What right have we to interfere in the case? It is a matter, properly speaking, peculiar to the *forum conscientie*. In my own estimation, the testimonial you have to-night presented Mr Smithers with, can be regarded in no other light than as an unwarrantable attempt to substitute for the awards of a good conscience the tawdry return of a shapeable mass of yellow metal. (Great hissing and exclamations of "Shame!" and "Sit down!") Gentlemen, continued Mr Gilaroo, 'I am well aware that these are sentiments not calculated to make much way in the world at present. It is my fond hope that the hour is coming when the question of merits and rewards shall be viewed in a juster light than that which obtains in our day. Suffer me, however, gentlemen, to point out to you the features of the present case, which seem to demand, and which, I doubt not, will ultimately receive, a degree of reprehension from the world. ("No, no," and "We don't want moral essays here.") Gentlemen, pursued Mr Gilaroo manfully, 'I have a duty to discharge, and cannot rest satisfied until it is completed. You have to-night given our friend, by his own testimony, a useless bauble—one which rather, if used at all, will only be abused in its use. You have given Mr Smithers an incentive to the commencement of an abominable practice; and, if he is as good as his word, you may calculate upon the undying enmity of poor Mrs Smithers, whose abhorrence snuff is. (Laughter; but Smithers was looking uncomfortable nevertheless.) Fifty pounds, facetiously termed "snuff-money," is your offering to the chests of one of whom I am happy to say that it is to him a drop in a bucket. Are there no more meritorious objects to which such a sum might not have been devoted? The entire cost of this testimonial has not been less than one hundred pounds sterling. This sum would have formed a nucleus for the institution of a refuge for your decayed railway servants. It would have gone half-way to the erection of a school for their children. It would have more than defrayed the cost of a good library for them. It would have put the languishing funds of your dispensary in a flourishing condition. In a thousand different ways it might have been gathered, and expended, and have done good; not to one indivi-

dual, who does not want it, but to hundreds who do. (Great dissatisfaction.) Sir,' continued Mr Gilaroo, warning up, 'these are the testimonials I would advocate, if testimonials are to be raised at all. Collect the money, build an almshouse, found an hospital, erect a school with it, and call it, if you will, the "Smithers" School, or Hospital, or Almshouse. (Hear, hear, from two bold shareholders.) This is the way to bring down the "blessings of those who are ready to perish" upon yourselves, and upon us in memorial of whom you erect a noble monument like this. But, sir, your marks of respect and esteem, and those of universal adoption in our day, are such things as gold snuff-boxes, silver inkstands, teapots, colicpots, cream-jugs, costly books, and such like, in which you are emulous of expending large sums of money to the least possible good. One word more, sir. Not a sixpence of mine has been contributed to this object. (Sneers.) No mercenary motives have actuated my conduct. I beg to convey to my friend, whose loss I infinitely regret, the mark of my respect contained in this envelope. It is a life-governorship of the Awtunmachie Orphan School, taken out in his name, and now presented to him with my sincere wishes and best respects. Sir, I have done.' (Cheers, hisses, and disapprobation.)

Several shareholders then spoke, and all to one purpose—that a better testimonial could not have been selected than the snuff-box and its contents. One gentleman said, as to the whim of not giving testimonials, it was all humbug. Another speaker said much to the same purpose, accompanied with a hackneyed allusion to his eye. A third speaker gave utterance to several oblique hints as to the fact of Mr Gilaroo being infested with 'bees in his bonnet.' Mr Gilaroo endured a good deal more; and eventually, in despair of effecting a reformation in morals, left the room, to the immense relief of the company. With a sort of cutting-off-his-own-nose-kind of a spirit, he went back to Bluenairs, to the nearest residence of the driver, in the opposition coach. The rest of the company separated at a late hour, and reached their respective homes, we are happy to say, in perfect safety.

P.S.—It is a curious fact, and may have some relation to the above, that the next morning five-and-twenty pounds were sent to the Bluenairs School Fund, and five-and-twenty pounds to the Mossbogie Mechanics' Institution; both were subscribed 'From a Friend.'

P.P.S.—Mr Smithers never learned to take snuff.

DOUBTS AS TO WORKING-MEN'S BUILDING SOCIETIES.

THE defective state of house-accommodation for the working-classes in this country is acknowledged. The question naturally arises—Why does not private enterprise endeavour to supply good new houses instead of the bad old ones? The answer is, private enterprise does not conceive that it could be a remunerative speculation. Some efforts are, indeed, in the course of being now made, in this manner, to supply the desired house-accommodation, but their results are as yet doubtful. The general feeling amongst building speculators undoubtedly is, for we have tested it—that there is no temptation to lay out money in this manner, keeping in view the strictly business principle of a *return*. One cause is, that, considering the value of ground in most seats of industry, the value of materials, and the wages of labour, the houses could not, in general, be produced at such a rate as to allow of their being offered at remunerative rents. Another cause—perhaps the more operative of the two—is a dislike of the situation of proprietor of working-men's houses; arising from the difficulty often experienced in collecting the rents, and the recklessness often shown by tenants in the use of the houses. This is not a blame to the mass of the

working-classes: it refers only to a portion of them, but one sufficiently large to produce this effect upon the minds of men of capital. As often happens, the whole suffer for a part. Thus it is that working-men are condemned to their present very imperfect and ill-conditioned house-accommodation. We are giving an unflattering view of the subject; but would it be conscientious, or would it serve any good purpose, to present one of a different character?

It is in these circumstances that building societies have arisen: an attempt to make each man his own landlord. The leading arrangements of such associations are these. The members put in a sum weekly, nearly the same as they pay in the form of rent. This constitutes a fund. At certain intervals, a member acquires by ballot the right to an advance sufficient to purchase his house, or, if a new one, to pay for it on its being built. The titles, however, remain in the society's hands as security till the whole of the member's payments have been made, besides interest for the use of the money; a collateral security being also required from those who get advances during the first three or more years, and until payments have been made for that space of time, as no house can be regarded as security for its entire value. The member, in short, becomes the proprietor of a house by a series of small payments, with interest for the diminishing deficit until the whole is paid up; the latter payment, with the interest of his outlay, being, as it were, a representation of rent till the close of the business, when the interest of the whole expenditure, and the expense of upholding his property, become the substitute for rent.

There is here nothing unfair or improper, so that only the business be guardedly and economically managed. But the question remains—Is it a good or a bad way of providing house-accommodation for working-men? We fear that it is not so free of objection as many have thought it at a first view, or as has been generally represented to the working-men who have gone into it.

It should, in the first place, be kept strictly in view, that by this plan there is nothing absolutely gained for the working-man. He becomes a house-proprietor, but he pays the full value of the property: his money he perhaps told, fructifies better in the society's hands than in a savings' bank; but for any such advantage, compensation is made in the hazards of speculation, as in all other cases of money put out in adventure. The right question is—Is he better by being his own landlord on such terms, than he would be with his savings in another shape, and leasing a house? Now we will not undertake, in the present untried state of the business, to pronounce decidedly on this question; but we will state some things which weigh heavily on the unfavourable side, and which have not, as far as we are aware, been kept sufficiently in view. 1st, The price property bought is not of a kind which tends to maintain its original value. 2d, The expense of forming titles to such property is very great: in Scotland, it requires about £8 to transfer a house of the value of £100; to this must be added £8 to constitute a security in favour of the society, and £4 more to vacate the same. Thus, in our end of the island, whatever may be the case in the other, there is an addition of one-fifth of the value of a working-man's house for legal expenses. 3d, The property, being *real*, or, as we say in Scotland, heritable, descends not to the proprietor's family generally, but to the eldest son, excepting only the widow's third of the rent during her life, unless a settlement have been made, which infers further expense, and, being inconvenient, would often be neglected. 4th, It is not so convenient for the working-man to be a landlord as a tenant. The possession of a house fetters him to a place, when it might be for his interest to remove. Say he removes, the property does not thrive in his absence. He may sell, but this infers a repetition of

heavy legal expenses. 5th, In the event of his dying during the currency of his weekly payments, there is great probability that his successors are unable to pay his debt to the society. In this case it will have to be sold—more legal expenses—little or nothing left over for the family—the man's savings of course in that degree have perished, whereas they might have otherwise been intact in the savings' bank.

Thus it will be seen there are considerable drawbacks from the advantages held out, in Scotland at least, by building societies. It may be pointed out, on the other hand, that either superior houses are got, or the same class of houses are kept in better order; that the man is morally improved by acquiring solid property; that it is well for him that his savings are in a form which precludes their being rapidly spent. But we would respectfully express our doubt if the rate be at all a reasonable one at which these advantages are purchased. It has been said that an artisan landlord can economise in repairs by little exertions of his own; but no man can be his own carpenter, smith, Slater, builder, painter, all together; and to operate in any of these capacities, is, at the best, to add to his ordinary labours, and subtract from his due time of leisure and self-improvement. The time so employed represents either money or morality. It might, we think, be more plausibly maintained that repairs effected by such isolated and desultory efforts cannot be so economical as those conducted by the appropriate workmen under the care of one who, being a landlord on an extensive scale, can command all such services, as well as the requisite materials, on the most advantageous terms.

It may be, nevertheless, that the building society is the only means by which improved house-accommodation for the working-classes is to be obtained. If so, and if the contemplated advantages seem worthy the sacrifice, let building societies be encouraged. But, at the same time, let no one proposing to enter a building society be ignorant in any degree of its drawbacks as well as its promised advantages. Here we are constrained to remark, that persons taking part in the management of such societies are apt, from no bad intention, but from arbour of mind or other causes, to make too light of difficulties. We have, in two cases, seen the above series of disadvantages presented to the consideration of managing parties, and in both the answers bore only on the possibility of carrying through the society's affairs on its announced scheme, without any regard being paid to the interests of the individual member. For our part, we do not doubt the soundness of the scheme, *as a scheme*, in the instances in question; we only doubt the supposition that a working-man will benefit himself by becoming connected with it. How far our list of disadvantages might be reduced by an improvement in the laws respecting the transmission of heritable property, we do not deem it necessary at present to decide. We are assured, by a good authority, that the late act, designed for the benefit of building societies (6th and 7th Will. IV. cap. 32), is in this respect miserably inefficient, at least as far as Scotland is concerned. It is wholly, we are told, a singularly crude piece of legislation.

It might be worthy of consideration how far improvements might be effected in house-accommodation for the working-classes by the ordinary plan of commercial adventure, if masters of works were to guarantee the rents, the men agreeing to weekly stoppages from their wages by way of security. With the greater certainty, too, thus attained, landlords could afford old houses at lower rates, and would be more disposed to keep the premises in good repair. Similar benefits would arise from the promotion of cleanly and careful habits in the families of working-men, and the promotion of a public opinion, in their class, against all recklessness towards property intrusted to their keeping. It may be difficult for them to see the connexion; but undoubtedly every failure of one person of this class to pay his rent when due, every avoidable act of dilapidation, every disregard of cleanli-

The story of the noble virgin extends throughout twelve cantos; but it chiefly consists of her adventures in battle. At last she engages on a night expedition to the Christian camp; to perform this, she puts aside her bright arms and tiger-crested helmet, and attires herself in black armour. Her faithful attendant, the aged Arsetes, throws himself at her feet, tearing his white hair, and beseeching her to desist from her undertaking. She refuses; when he, to enforce his prayers, tells her the story of her birth. The daughter of an Ethiopian king, her virtuous Christian mother, for fear of her royal husband's wrath, confided her to the care of Arsetes, beseeching him to baptise her. He, flying through the forests, was pursued by a tigress, and leaving the infant in fear, on his return saw her suckled tenderly by the wild beast. Arsetes and his charge wandered on towards Egypt, his native land. On their way he crossed a river swimming, and supporting with one hand his beloved burden. A swift current tore her from his hold; but the waters wafted her softly on, and laid her safely on the shore. Next night a shining warrior appeared in a dream unto Arsetes: it was St George, whose protection for the infant Clorinda her mother had invoked. He commanded that the child should be baptised as a Christian; but the Pagan, Arsetes, neglected to do it. Clorinda grew up a warrior, as we have already told, and gained fame and wealth. "Now I have told thee all," cried Arsetes; "thou knowest how at once, as a father and a slave, I have followed thee in the midst of armies. But last night, when I lay in deep sleep, there appeared unto me the same warlike vision, but more wrathful in countenance. 'Wretch!' he cried, 'the hour approaches when a change shall come over Clorinda's fate and life. Thine was the sin, thine be the sorrow!' Thus saying, he fled away in air. Now thou hearest, my beloved, what fate threatens. Perhaps it is because I have not fulfilled thy mother's will. It may be that her faith is the true one. Ah! lay down thine arms, and go not forth." Arsetes ceased in tears; Clorinda moved, touched with fear, because a like dream also weighed down her own heart; but still she went forth to attack the enemy's camp.

The Christians are buried in sleep; Tancred alone, when Clorinda is returning from her expedition, meets her, and, deceived by her false armour, challenges her to combat. The fight is long doubtful, until both are roused to fury. The subsequent stanzas are considered by many the most beautiful in the whole poem.

But now arrives Clorinda's fatal hour,
And her young life, must close; her fairest breast
The sword of Tancred pierces with twice power,
Drinking her life-blood as it parts; the vest,
Embossed o'er with many a golden flower,
Is loosed with a hot rave, unexpressed;
She feels the coming death; faint, languid,
Her feeble limbs give way, and earthward drop.

He in his victory exults, pursuing
The stricken virgin with the threatened death;
She, with sad eyes her cruel conqueror viewing,
Utters faint words with her departing breath;
Words that in her the spirit seem renewing
Of faith, and hope, and love, revealed beneath
By Him, who willed her, though a rebel wild
In life, in death a maiden, and Heaven's child.

'Friend, thou hast conquered; but I pardon thee;
Pardon thou too, not this poor form of mine,
Which tears nought, but my soul. Oh give to me,
I pray thee, rite of baptism divine,
To wash that soul pure from iniquity.'
Her sweet and mournful accents stealing, twine
Around his heart, till fierceness is all past,
And from his eyes forced tears are dropping fast.

Close by, from out the bosom of a hill,
Flowed, murmuring, a little rivulet;
He filled his casque with water from the rill,
And sad returned to pay the pious debt;
But his hand trembled while unclasping still
The covering from the face unknown as yet;
He saw it—and he knew it—mute and cold
He stood—oh sight, oh misery untold!

Yet died not Tancred in that fearful hour,
But, gathering up his courage in his heart,
Stepped it to suffering, and turned to shower
The living waters o'er her whom his dart
Had slain; and as he spake the words of power,
Her visage changed: all ready to depart,
Her joyous angel-smile appeared to say,
'Heaven opens, and I go in peace away.'

A pallid hue o'er the fair features strays,
Like violets mixed with lilies, but her eyes
Are fixed on heaven—that heaven and sun which gaze
As if in pity where the virgin lies;
She strives her cold unyielding hand to raise
Towards Tancred, a motto taken, ere she dies,
Of peace and pardon. So she passed away,
Lovely, as if light slumber on her lay.

But he, when he beheld the spirit fled,
Unloosed his sorrow's chain, and gave free vent
To the wild passionate grief, which, all unshed,
Had frozen at his heart, till life seemed spent;
The living victor and the victim dead
Lay, in one mournful fate together blent;
The silence and the paleness were the same,
The crimson torrent, and the cold, still frame.

And truly would his spirit, fierce and searing,
Have burst its deadly bonds, and followed free
The pure soul, which had spread its wings to morning
A few short moments earlier than he;
But could only come by, at dawn's warning,
A band of Christian soldiers, tenderly
They bore him, with the maid so loved in vain,
Living, yet dead in the beloved slain.

Tancred awakes to the full consciousness of his grief, and bursts into wild lamentations. 'Hearing that near him lay the form so beloved and mourned, his sad face gleamed for a moment, like a flash of lightning across a storm-cloud. Rising from his couch, he dragged his feeble and wounded frame to the place; but when he drew nigh, and saw in the fair breast the wound his own hand had given, and looked on the face already over-spread with the pallid hue of death, like the sky at midnight, serene, but without glow or splendour, Tancred shuddered, and his trembling limbs would have sunk to the earth for support.' Peter the Hermit at last succeeds in calming the wildness of his sorrow. Still his anguish breaks out in remorse, and in exclamations to the spirit of his beloved.

At sunrise and at sunset her he calls
In accents faint, and with intreaties vain;
So Philomel's lamented despairing tolls,
When cruel hands her undelivered young have taken;
Through the lone meads she fills the forest-halls
With her sad, lonely, and complaining strain
At day-break Tancred's weary eyelids close,
And slumber, sleep hushes anguish to repose.

Lo! in a dream comes the lost love he mourns,
With starry robes encircled; still more fair;
But the celestial splendour which adorns,
Takes not away her earthly semblance there.
In sweet compassion her soft eyes she turns,
Drying the weeping pearls with angel air;
'Faithful, beloved one!' she cries, 'oh see
My bliss, my beauty, nor lament for me!'

Such as I am, I owe to thee; for thou,
Unwittingly, didst take me from earth's sin,
And nought me worthy, by baptismal vow,
The bosom of my God to enter in;
There, blessed, I enjoy love's fulness now;
There wait I until thou a place shalt win.
In endless day, beneath the sun divine,
There shalt thou share heaven's loveliness and mine.

If thou dost not, with envious longings, move
Heaven's wrath, nor stray, lured by earth's passions low,
Live!—know I love thee; nor conceal that love,
Far greater than a mortal can bestow.
While thus she spake, an ardour from above
Kindled her eyes with more than earthly glow;
Then, in that inmost splendour veiled, she fled,
And, parting, on his soul now comfort shed.

Of the many descriptions in which poets of all ages have delighted to indulge, of supernatural visitings from the beloved lost to those mourning on earth—a belief to which the suffering heart clings in spite of reason—there seems to us none more beautiful than this. Clorinda appears, perfectly free from all that in her life-

time in some measure detracts from her loveable character as woman—a pure and beautiful spirit, looking down with celestial love on him who was so faithful to her on earth; still preserving the well-known form, though with death everything harsh and unfeminine has vanished. Beautiful exceedingly is this last vision which the poet gives us of *Clorinda*.

D. M. M.

CONTINENTAL INNS.

I HAVE just returned from a tour in Switzerland, by way of Belgium and part of Germany, and have been much struck with the general superiority of the inns as compared with most of those in this country; and, in the hope of helping to raise the character of such establishments at home, by pointing out some of the causes of this superiority, I will mention a few things that came under my observation.

With us, an inn is frequently a building not originally intended for that purpose, but an ordinary dwelling converted into a hotel; or, more usually, an establishment half hotel half tavern; nearly all the sitting-rooms giving too significant tokens of the potatoes of which they are habitually the scene. A continental hotel is a very different sort of affair. The greater number of those which came under my notice had evidently been built for the express purpose of accommodating travellers, and while so constructed as to be spacious and commodious, were yet free from noise and hustle.

One of the most pleasing specimens that I visited was the hotel of St Anthony at Antwerp, which stands on one side of a square containing shady walks, and commanding a view of the noble tower of the cathedral. On entering this hotel you pass under an archway (where a porter is stationed to give information of any kind), and enter a court or quadrangle surrounded by the buildings of the inn, and containing flowers, orange-trees, and singing birds, the whole giving the impression of freshness, cleanliness, and quiet. In this court there are seats and tables, where, if you prefer it, as there is in hot weather, you can have your meals in the open air and under the shade.

Although the inn is very large, having, I was told, bedrooms for a hundred and fifty persons, everything seemed to proceed in a smooth and orderly manner; indeed its very size must, under good arrangements, give facilities for this, besides affording other advantages.

Every guest has a bedroom (which serves also as a parlour), and has access to the public rooms; and owing to the social habits of the continent, the public rooms are frequented by ladies as well as by gentlemen—all, except the few who, from indisposition or other causes, prefer being alone, having their meals in common. Nor are these rooms boarded off into divisions, like so many ox-stalls, such as are to be found in our coffee-rooms, but a general table is spread, where people seat themselves according to inclination or acquaintance, where every one feels himself at liberty to address his neighbours in friendly conversation, and where there is an absence of that coarse low talk which is too frequently heard at our travellers' tables, where the guests are all of one sex.*

The beds are excellent, being soft and springy, without producing the feverish sensation caused by the use of feathers; while the pretty French curtains (which can in an instant be thrown aside), hanging from a short pole, make a pleasing contrast with the clumsy bedposts and heavy woollen furniture of many of our inns, in which it is often difficult, even with an open window, to get an average supply of fresh air. Such beds do not form a displeasing article of furniture in a room to be used during the day—the apartment being in all respects nicely furnished, and kept scrupulously clean.*

As the hotel of St Anthony at Antwerp is a favourable specimen of a continental town inn, so that of the Three Crowns at Vevey, on the banks of the lake of Geneva, is distinguished as a good country inn; though I was at many others nearly equal to these.

Before building the hotel at Vevey, the proprietor made a tour through Europe to see the best inns, and examine their construction; and the result is, the erection of an establishment superior in convenient arrangement, and even in elegance, to many a palace. The principal front being towards the lake, the windows command a beautiful view of the surrounding scenery, and the doors of the public saloon and reading-room open upon a terrace planted with trees and flowers. Here, in a summer's evening, many of the guests take their coffee, the water of the lake rippling against the terrace-wall. The entrance to the inn is on the side towards the town; not, however, from a public street, but from a kind of courtyard, so that there is no noise or confusion in alighting or departing.

The landlord of this inn is a man of capital, and much superior to the ordinary class of innkeepers; and the same observation applies generally to the proprietors of the large hotels in the line which I travelled over—where, in education, rank in society, and wealth, seem to hold a much higher position than is usually attained by persons in the same business in England and Scotland. Most of those whom I saw could speak at least two languages, and many could speak three or four—French, Italian, German, and English.

The waiters also appeared to me to be generally better educated, and more polite and active, than they are in this country. The young man who had the care of the rooms on our floor at Vevey was a person of polished manners, obliging, and well-informed, and who could speak five different languages. I learnt afterwards, however, that he was the son of the proprietor of a large hotel in another town, and was in the course of education for the management of a hotel himself; so that he was doubtless a very favourable specimen of his class.

Many of the waiters are very young, though under the direction of older ones; and this I consider an advantage; as in their opinion the occupation—which in truth requires little beyond intelligence, activity, and an obliging disposition—is no doubt one of greater dignity than in the estimation of older persons. The circumstance of so many attendants being at the same time in the public rooms, facilitates the employment of boy-waiters, and makes it possible, with the same number, to have much better attendance than can be obtained where the waiters have to hurry from room to room.

When we retired to bed, the attendant who came to

pleasure always conducted themselves in a manner befitting polite society. On one occasion, an inn in the Highlands, where we happened to be for a night, was kept in a state of disturbance for some hours by a party of persons, male and female, from London, who, besides shouting and singing, growled over the severe disappointment of not being able to get green peas to supper. Until persons of this class, the vulgar rich, as they have been properly termed, improve in tastes and habits, we cannot reasonably expect to see a more general intercourse at inns.—Ed.

* True as respects hotels in Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland; but not applicable to those of France, where, for the most part, the inns are far from being cleanly.—Ed.

* Our friend, the writer of this article, does not seem to make sufficient allowance for the difference between English and continental society. The greater number of the higher classes of England would consider it a hardship to be obliged to sit at the same table with persons of a lower rank. This is unfortunate, perhaps blameable; but do those who travel about on parties of

receive our last instructions always wished us good-night; and on leaving the inn, we always received a friendly adieu. And this civility proceeded from no hope of increased fees, but from good-breeding, and the absence of false shame; for in nothing is the superiority of these continental inns more manifest than in the general disuse of the troublesome and unsatisfactory practice in this country of paying waiters and chambermaids. A charge of tenpence per day (one franc) is usually made for attendance, and then nothing is expected by any one; so that there is no danger either of under or over-payment in this respect.

On several matters on which a traveller may want information printed notices are hung up, frequently in three languages—German, French, and English. The English, however, is sometimes rather ludicrous; as ludicrous as our attempts to write German or French probably often are. The following, which I copied, relates to the feeing-system just mentioned:—

‘In the interest of those who will honour my hotel with their presence, I don’t fail to inform them that they have not to give any drinking-money—so that nobody may demand something to some traveller on what pretext it may be.’

Much convenience is afforded by the practice of hanging up printed lists of the charges at the most, so that a person seldom remains ignorant as to the expenses he is incurring. The general charges we found to be, in our money, one shilling and eightpence for breakfast or tea; half-a-crown for dinner, including half a bottle of common wine; one shilling and eightpence for bed (including the use of the room as a parlour during the day); tenpence for wax candles, and tenpence for attendance; making altogether eleven francs, or nine shillings and twopence per day—a much lower charge than is often made for inferior accommodation and food in this country; for the dinner contained a great variety of dishes, thoroughly well cooked, as far as our experience went, and generally a dessert of fruit. Moreover, when a person intends to stay more than a day or two in any place, he may often reduce his charges to five or six shillings per day, by removing to a boarding-house (sometimes in connexion with the inn), which appears to be conducted in much the same manner as the inns, and where he may, I believe, at the charge I have mentioned, enjoy much the same comforts.

We expected to be much annoyed with the offensive practice of smoking within doors; but we found this to exist to a less extent than in our own inns. There is generally a printed notice requesting that there may be no smoking in the public rooms, and we very seldom saw any infraction of it. We did indeed find the annoyance, in the evening, at the hotel of St Anthony at Antwerp, but we were informed that it was caused by some of our own countrymen, whom they found most difficult to render compliant in this particular.

What seems to be wanted for the improvement of the inns in England and Scotland, is for some enterprising men, having the command of large capital, to enter into the profession, and to visit the best of the existing inns, whether at home or abroad, with a view of extending to innkeeping the same improvement which has now been made in several other kinds of business, in which a small profit in each separate transaction, but large in the aggregate, from the great extent of the sale, is looked for, rather than a considerable profit on each of a few transactions.* By the introduction of steamboats and railways, immense facilities are now given to travelling; but these are kept in a great degree in check by the antiquated system still persevered in at our inns—small buildings, high and uncertain charges, and fees to attendants. An old coach, with its confined room, its high fares, its fee-demanding coachman and guard, its slowness and its

want of punctuality, is scarcely more unlike a modern railway train than one of our present inns is unlike those which are now to be found very generally disused over continental Europe.

STRAY NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Mr. R. Q. Cohen, in a valuable paper on the fishes of Cornwall, published in the *Zoologist*, mentions the following peculiarity of the mullet, which would seem to point to a higher degree of intellectuality in fishes than they are generally supposed to possess:—The usual mode of taking the mullets is by enclosing them in a seine, and then drawing them on shore. As soon, however, as they find themselves enclosed, they seem confused, and wander from one part of the net to another, to discover a means of escape. Order, however, as if by mutual consent, is very soon established, and the largest of the shoal generally takes the lead in every subsequent undertaking. Thus guided, every portion of the net is carefully examined, and if a hole is found, though it they all make their escape. If unsuccessful in this, the rest of the net is attempted to be lifted, but the lead always fails, and many are meshed in the attempt. Baffled at all points, they retire to the centre of the space enclosed by the net, and after a short time the leader rises swiftly to the hooks, and, followed by all the others, throw a splash or run into the water, and thus they effect their escape. It is an exceedingly interesting sight to see them thus make a series of efforts for a given object, adopting them in succession as it by reason. The fishermen are now in the habit of scattering straw along the inner margin of the seines; the fish, deceived by this, throw themselves over the edge of the straw, but, alas! again fall within the enclosure, and losing once again, they never leave the ground. This same behaviour also alludes to a curious habit of the *Pelagicus oceanicus*, which has arisen from the common application of wreck if it is found, its propensity to stand about the first piece of wood, especially if covered with barnacles, is such a floating piece of wreck, say they, then fishermen, the line, these fish follow them in flocks, or better than on the side to side, or leaping over them. It has been supposed that they follow the floating wood to get on the seaward, that take shelter beneath, that they do not swim to the surface, there can be no doubt; but it is hardly to be the case that this is the object of their search, as they are frequently so numerous, that such a supply would be readily exhausted. To all appearance, the habit arises from the mere love of sport.

At this season the newspapers record the capture of several sturgeons in the rivers of England and Scotland. This fish, though uncommon with us, is abundant enough in all the larger rivers of south-eastern Europe, in particular in the Danube, Don, and Volga, where regular and extensive fisheries are established. There are four well-known European species of sturgeon, namely, the great sturgeon, *Acipenser huso*, averaging twelve or fifteen feet in length, and weighing from two to four hundred pounds weight; the scheng sturgeon, *A. phox*, which is seldom above four feet in length, and found chiefly in the Russian and German rivers; the little sturgeon, *A. ruthenus*, generally found about two feet in length; and the common sturgeon, *A. burius*, growing to the length of six or eight feet, and weighing from one to two hundred pounds. The flesh of the two former is little esteemed or sought after; the little sturgeon is the most prized of the order; but the latter is the species best known in domestic economy. It is the common sturgeon which occasionally visits our rivers and rivers in the early part of summer, and which, when captured, is considered the property of royalty. The largest specimen caught this summer was found in the river Wye, its length being 3 feet 6 inches, its girth 3 feet, and its weight 182 pounds; but an individual weighing 460 pounds is recorded by Pennant to have been taken in the Esk. With us the sturgeon is used exclusively as an article of luxury for the table, its flesh being esteemed a great delicacy. All, however, which can be said on this head is, that its flesh, like that of most cartilaginous fishes, is firmer than is usual among bony fishes; and that, having little peculiar flavour of its own, it affords ample scope for the skill of the cook in imparting to it any extrinsic zest he pleases. In eastern and northern Europe, the sturgeon assumes a more important value—its flesh being extensively used both in a fresh and pickled state; the best being manufactured from its sound or air-bladder

* The large hotel at the Euston Square terminus of the London and Birmingham railway, and the recently established inn at Folkestone, come pretty nearly to these desiderata.—Ed.

and caviare, an important article of eastern commerce, being prepared from the roe of the female. The best isinglass, in use in Britain is derived from this source, and is exclusively imported from Russia; but the same substance might be obtained, with a little care, from the rejected portions of many of our native fishes, as it is already to some extent obtained from the refuse of the tinner and glazier.

III. Dissimilar as the general zoology of Australasia is to that of the other continents of the world, it is interesting to know that there exists a wonderful affinity between several of its species and those with which we are every day familiar. Thus a pretty little swallow, one of the few birds, if not the only one, which is fond of the haunts of man, bears a striking resemblance, both in appearance and habit, to its English congener. 'Though many birds are to be seen close around our dwelling,' says an intelligent settler, 'this small bird is bolder than all others, exceeding its English relative in tameness. It is not satisfied with the eaves of our houses, but brings its pellets even into the houses themselves and commences its nest upon some previously-surveilled beam or corner of our rooms, performing its task for a few hours in the evening. When the walls of its nest are soundly fed, it waddles in with feathers; and during the whole time of its operations, it displays an utter fearlessness of the room it has chosen. It begins to build in the last week of July or beginning of August, by the end of which month the young ones appear. The male and female scarcely differ in plumage, only the latter is a little more dusky. They are lively birds, and in pursuit of their food fly back or low, in fine or bad weather, just as the English species. Though more abundant in the warm months, the bird never altogether leaves us.'—The same authority makes a kindred observation in reference to the habits of the Australian spiders, of which there seems to be an almost infinite variety. The jumpers, not being especially numerous, 'I was once walking in the fields, and kicked a crab-eater, and in doing so disturbed a brown brown spider. It appeared to me as if pitted with numerous little holes, of a lighter colour than its general ground; but on stooping down to observe it, I found these supposed holes to be a numerous progeny completely covering the back of the mother. The affliction of the spider for its egg-bag and young, is very great, but I never before observed it so strong as for the parent to bear the weight of some fifty of sons and daughters on its back. It seemed thoroughly alarmed at being disturbed; but in following the bent of my curiosity, I touched it with a stick, and directly disturbed all its young, which forsake the parents' protection, and covered the ground. The poor spider was on this description quite motionless, apparently quite bewildered and heart broken for the loss of her beloved family.' This is quite the habit of one of our own *Lepidopoda*; and it is interesting thus to find the lowliest creatures of the most distant regions impressed with one common instinct by a common Creator.

IV. A black swan—a proverbial rarity among the ancients—has this summer been shot in the river Eden, a few miles above its entrance into the bay of St. Andrews. This circumstance occurring at a spot so sequestered, and in the vicinity of a bay somewhat celebrated for the variety of its aquatic visitants, at first thought suggested the idea that the bird must have been in its natural wild state, and that, consequently, it was the first of its kind ever found in Britain, if not even in Europe. This opinion, originally doubted by experienced naturalists, was soon set aside by the fact of the bird having been previously seen swimming in the river apparently in a tame state, and also from the fact of there being a number of black swans kept in zoological gardens, and noblemen's pleasure-grounds, from whence this specimen had in all probability made its escape. The black swan has never been found to exist as a distinct species either in Europe or Asia. The classical writers of antiquity spoke of it as a proverbial rarity, so improbable as almost to be deemed impossible; and in modern times no one, so far as we are aware, has ever discovered the bird in a natural and normal condition. The black swan is strictly an inhabitant of Australasia—a region replete with animal anomalies when the zoology of the other continents are brought forward in comparison. Within the last century, many living individuals have been brought to Europe, where they thrive equally well with the emus, kangaroos, and other Australian animals, in so much that they can now scarcely be regarded as rarities.

'They are precisely similar in form,' says a popular naturalist, 'and somewhat inferior in size, to the wild and tame swans of the old world; but are perfectly black in every part of their plumage, with the exception of the primary, and a few of the secondary quill-feathers, which are white. Their bill is of a bright red colour, and is surmounted at the base, in the male, by a slight protuberance, which is wanting in the female, toward the anterior part it is crossed by a whitish band. In every other respect, except in the mode of convulsion of its trachea, it perfectly corresponds with its well-known congeners. The species is found as well in Van Diemen's Land as in New South Wales, and on the western coast of New Holland. They are generally seen in flocks of eight or nine, floating on some lake or pool, and when disturbed fly off like wild geese, in a direct line, one after the other. They are said to be extremely shy, so as to render it difficult to approach within gunshot of them.' This extreme shyness, coupled with the fact of their always appearing in small flocks, would of itself forbid the opinion that the specimen shot in Eden was not its natural condition, unless we could suppose it to have wandered by some unaccountable mistake from the southern hemisphere, and become stupid and bewildered by the novelty and loneliness of its situation.

V. It is the opinion of several naturalists that birds are endowed with ventriloquism, or at least with a power of producing effects similar or analogous to those produced by ventriloquists. Thus, on listening to the notes of some songster in a tree with tolerably thick foliage, the sound seems to come sometimes from the summit of the extreme branch on the right, sometimes from the midst of that on the left, now from the highest twig, and again from the central shade—all the while that the bird has never shifted its original position. In illustration of this, the following anecdote is recorded by a contributor to Newman's *Magazine of Natural History*. 'While walking one day along the banks of the Tweed, and while resting in the shade, I was attracted by the note of a magpie just above my head: I wondered that the wary bird had suffered me to approach so near it, and very noiselessly I tried to discover the distance of my chattering neighbour. The voice came about like a Wren's—the wisp—was now here, now there; one moment in the top of a fir, the next in the thick of a elm. I strained my eyes, and got a crick in the neck, but never a glimpse of him of the lustrous green and black and white. I believe I spent ten minutes in vainly seeking to detect him, and I determined at last to ascertain whether or not it was a magpie that had undergone metamorphosis, and, once a bird, was now a *magpie par excellence*. I threw a stone, not at the place whence the sound seemed to issue, but at one of them: my mysterious friend took the hint—he disclosed himself, and departed. On another occasion, about the same time, I was walking along a road, on the left of which was a wheat field, and at the bottom of the field a pond, which I knew to be tenanted by divers moorhens. About fifty yards above the gate out of the road into the fields, and three hundred yards from the pond, I heard the note or cry of the moorhen: I was convinced the bird was within twenty or thirty yards of me, or rather, it never entered my mind that it was not. I therefore went quietly and cautiously to the gate, and thought I should most likely be able to see the bird, supposing it was likely to be moving towards the pond. On reaching the gate, the sound seemed to come from a point twenty yards lower down the field: I waited some minutes; still it came from this same point: I moved on; it kept apparently at about the same distance before me; when I stopped, it stopped too; I began it seemed to come during each halt from one and the same spot, about twenty yards in advance of me. When at length I got to the pond, there was the bird moving about at its leisure, crouching away in the same unmoved manner as it had been doing for the last twenty minutes, and not appearing at all conscious that its unmusical note had anything in it capable of interesting even a wandering naturalist. The bird was at the pond unquestionably when I first heard it, and I suppose had never moved ten yards from it all the while I had been listening and watching; and yet at first, as at every successive period, I could have sworn it was within thirty yards of me. Now I have no theory to offer on this matter. I state the simple facts, and I dare say a hundred other observers can confirm them, if they do not think the task too trifling. I think that birds can produce some such

effects at will; but I also suspect that some of them may be, or must be, accounted for on other grounds than the mere volition of the bird that produces them. We could add many similar experiences; and believe that certain birds do possess such a power, which they occasionally use for the purpose of misleading their enemies, though in many instances they appear to indulge in it for mere amusement. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that our senses, and especially that of hearing, are liable to innumerable deceptions, caused by echoes, obstructions to the direct progress of the sound, and, above all, from the fact that the ear requires a certain amount of experimenting before it can decide exactly as to the position from which any new or unfamiliar sounds may proceed.

EFFECT OF PAVEMENTS UPON HEALTH.

The causes of disease, which are being investigated so extensively at the present time, are sometimes traced to the most remote origin. It would enter the minds of few that pavements, which are constructed merely for the convenience of transit in crowded cities, are preventives to ill-health; but such has recently been proved. The corporation of Liverpool having recently paved the courts and alleys of that town, it has been observed that the health of the people residing in them has wonderfully improved, and that deaths were less frequent. This led to further inquiry, and attention was directed to six of the worst courts in Liverpool. Of them, Mr Carr of the southern dispensary remarks, that they were formerly so notoriously unhealthy, that the medical attendant was hardly ever out of them, and when any epidemics visited the town, these places exhibited their results in perfection: the surface being in a most disgraceful state, covered to some depth with putrid mud, so that the inhabitants were compelled to place large stones at intervals, to enable them to reach their houses by stepping from one to another. It is also stated by Mr Samuel Holme that, in Freeman's Row, he found, about two years ago, a court of houses, the floors of which were below the public street, and the area of the whole court was a floating mass of putrid animal and vegetable matter, so dreadfully offensive that he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat; yet the whole of the houses were inhabited! Since these sinks of insubriety have been paved, the change in the health of the inhabitants has been even more remarkable than what may have been anticipated. In one place (Bedford Court), which contains 13 houses, the cases of sickness were 18 before and 4 after the flags were laid down. In another alley (Oak Court), the proportion is 5 cases now to 26 in former years; and, so far as observation has been extended, which it has been to 57 of the houses, the fronts of which have been paved, to 65 cases of sickness which occurred before paving, only 16 have taken place since. The obvious effect of smoothing cuseways, by means of flags or other paving materials, is to do away with such inequalities as form receptacles for the stagnant water left by rain, and the offals of food, with which the poor are apt to strew the fronts of their residences. The malaria thus produced is productive of agues, and other painful and fatal diseases. It is therefore the duty of all official persons who have the charge of these matters in towns, to see that their streets are well-paved, not only for the convenience of pedestrians, but for the health of the public.

ICEBERGS OF THE ANTARCTIC SEAS.

Icebergs were seen in all stages of formation, from 5 to 200 feet above the surface, and each exposed its stratification in horizontal layers, from six inches to four feet in thickness. When the icebergs are fully formed, they have a tabular and stratified appearance, and are perfectly wall-sided, varying from 180 to 210 feet in height. These were frequently found by us in their original situation, attached to the land, and having the horizontal stratification distinctly visible. In some places we sailed for more than fifty miles together along a straight and perpendicular wall, from 150 to 200 feet in height, with the land behind it. The icebergs found along the coast float were from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length; their separation from the land may be effected by severe frost rending them asunder, after which the violent and frequent storms may be considered a sufficient cause to overcome the attraction which holds them to the parent mass. In their next stage they exhibit the process of decay, being found fifty or

sixty miles from the land, and, for the most part, with their surfaces inclined at a considerable angle to the horizon. This is caused by a change in the position of the centre of gravity, arising from the abraded action of the waves. By our own observations on the temperature of the sea, it is evident that these ice islands can be little changed by the melting process before they reach the latitude of 60 degrees. The temperature of the sea (as observed by the vessels going to and returning from the south) showed but little change above this latitude, and no doubt it was at its maximum, as it was then the height of the summer season. During their drift to the northward, on reaching lower latitudes, and as their distance from the land increases, they are found in all stages of decay—some forming obelisks, others towers and Gothic arches, and all less or more perforated; some exhibit lofty columns, with a natural bridge resting on them, of a lightness and beauty inconceivable in any other material.—*United States' Exploring Expedition.*

CLIMATE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The more I travel, the more reconciled I become to our own much-abused climate, both because it permits (as Charles H. said) out-of-door exercise for more hours in the day and for more days in the year, on an average, than any other, but also because I feel sure that its temperate, moist character is more favourable to the production of a vigorous robust habit of body. If the superiority in breadth and depth of chest, strength of limb, and general development of muscle, which distinguishes the upper class in England from that of other countries, were peculiar to that class, one might attribute it to the practice of field-sports and other habits of life, which perhaps depend as much upon the structure of society as upon climate; but it certainly appears to me that the same difference in favour of England is observable among the commercial and labouring classes, the former of which must be equally sedentary, the latter pretty equally the reverse, in all countries; or at least if there be a difference, that difference is attributable to climate, and may fairly be set down among its advantages. A very able and intelligent traveller, Mr Laing, who is well acquainted with continental Europe, remarks, that such men as form our household troops and the grenadier companies of our regiments of the line, hardy, muscular, broad shouldered, well-limbed men, are hardly to be met with abroad, and my own observation, both here and in America, induces me to agree fully in his view. In America, particularly, no man who can help it ever walks to any distance, and very few ride on horseback. You see young men driving about in carriages and wagons everywhere, both in town and country, and nothing surprises them more than the proposal of a long walk, either for purposes of sport or exercise. In summer the weather is too hot and relaxing, in winter the cold is too great, and the snow is on the ground, which makes walking, except on beaten roads, disagreeable, and in spring the country is all cut up with rain and melting snow, so that the latter part of the autumn is the only season of the year which really suits for active exercise on foot.—*Godley's Letters from America.*

SELF-EDUCATION.

There are two kinds of education—school-education, and self-education; the first is desirable, but the latter is indispensable.

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PHRASEOLOGY OF THE RAIL.

LANGUAGE, like everything else in nature, is mutable, expansive, progressive. In our own country, for example, every new object of discovery, every new invention or historical incident, furnishes us with additional words and phrases, and these not merely for a description of the objects themselves, but metaphorically for the expression of ideas and actions the most remote and dissimilar. Thus, at one time people were amazed or astonished, now they are 'electrified'; then an oft-repeated saying was hackneyed, now it is 'stereotyped'; once two concerns were thrown into one, or combined, now they are 'amalgamated.' Such adoptions are not infrequently made with the happiest effect, and though at first simply colloquial, by and by pass as established phraseologies in our language. Among recent inventions, 'the rail' has been peculiarly prolific of colloquialisms, many of which are so apt and appropriate, that they are not unlikely in time to arrive at a classical distinction.

Among the earliest gifts of the rail to our language was the phrase 'railway speed.' Formerly, a fervid poet might have sung of the swiftness of the eagle or the fleetness of the roe, but now-a-days the locomotive is paramount, and nothing but railway speed will satisfy as the standard of celerity. Should you drive rapidly along the turnpike, you don't now go at mail-coach pace, but at railway speed; should you bustle down the street to be in time for port or for dinner, railway speed is the measure of your progress; or should an impatient friend wait your return, you don't now promise to be with him in a twinkling, or even in no-time, but at railway speed, 'pon the honour of a gentleman.' Morally or physically, it is all the same: a man goes at railway speed to destruction as well as to dinner; and he may be said to go by 'the swift train,' if he leads what our grandmothers very delicately but significantly termed a fast life. As with our ordinary, so with our extraordinary notions of rapidity: 'as swift as lightning,' or 'as quick as thought,' will in a few years be old-fashioned sobrieties, struggling hard to keep ground with the comparisons drawn from the electric telegraph, which, to borrow an Americanism, can indicate one's thoughts before he is aware of them!

In order to produce the speed, however, it is necessary to get up the steam, and this same 'getting up the steam' is already a well-used metaphor. If Young England endeavours to create a little excitement on any topic, he is a-getting up the steam; bubble companies get up the steam by puffing and exaggeration; in public estimation, Exeter Hall is but a huge boiler, hissing and sputtering for the same purpose; in fact, nothing can be done now-a-days, either in politics or in religion, in buying or in selling, without the essential

preliminary of getting up the steam. Nay, we find the phraseology in current application to cases the most opposite and unlikely. Formerly, an invalid repaired to bathing quarters to recruit, now he goes to get up the steam of his constitution; in our academical days, candidates for honours used to *grind*, now they get up the steam; even that emaciated wretch crossing the threshold of the gin-shop, repairs thither on the plea that he feels horribly flat, and must have up the steam. But as steam has to be got up, so it may be let down—a saddening reversal no doubt, but yet preferable to its being 'shut off' altogether. The young scapegrace, to whose extravagant expenditure a father refuses further contributions, complains that the old boy his governor has shut off the steam; the bankrupt, instead of stopping payment, now-a-days simply shuts off the steam; the weary labourer, who has thrown the cares of a week behind him, does the same; in fact, cessation of any kind is so eloquently expressed by the phrase, that it shall not surprise us if the old-fashioned 'died here' be shortly abandoned, and it be announced of Mr So-and-so that death shut off his steam at such an hour and at such a station of his down trip.

But at whatever speed we may go, however much steam we may put on, or let off, it is of essential importance that we 'keep the rail.' Old moralists tell us to keep the straight way: to hold on in the right path of honour and duty; modern ones will soon, in all probability, drop these metaphors, and advise us to keep the rail. As it is neither very safe nor very reputable to forsake the right path, so it betokens danger and neglect to get off the rail. To be sure one may be thrown harmlessly against some mud-bank, and escape with a few stains and bruises; but ten to one he is dashed against this parapet, or pitched headlong over that precipice, to the manglement of his limbs, or even to his entire destruction. Thus, 'off the rail' as delicately announces the condition of the friend addicted to some trivial unsteadiness, as it broadly proclaims the position of the profligate of whom there is no hope: it is equally applicable to an illogical argument and an aberration of mind, to a slip of the memory and to a positive disregard of the truth. In this world of mutability, however, it is sometimes necessary to forsake the beaten track, or, in the phraseology of the rail, to 'shift the switches,' and put on to another line. Formerly, when a friend rode his hobby, it was somewhat of an ungracious task bluntly to 'dismount' him; now-a-days, all that you have to do with a bore is to 'shift the switches,' and so imperceptible is the agency, that he is off on another route before he is aware of it. Should conversation in company become monotonous, should it at any time be verging on the offensive, you have merely to shift the switches, and send it off in a happier direction. Should you find yourself or friends proceeding in any course in

risk of mishaps and collisions, pray shift the first switch, and get out of the danger.

Shifting the switches may be all very well in its own place; but circumstances may occasionally render it necessary to keep the old track, and simply to moderate our pace, or, in the words of the old song, 'goe hooly and fairly.' To this end we don't now 'put on the drag;' the rail spurns all such old-fashioned stage-coach appliances, and 'lets down the brake.' And this letting down the brake, by the by, is a very delicate mode of moderating a career of any kind. Your fast liver feels the slightest imaginable premonitory symptom of apoplexy, then straightway he takes alarm, and lets down the brake; your dashing aristocrat finds his estate going a little more rapidly towards the money-lender than is desirable, and forthwith lets down the brake by breaking up his stud, kennel, and establishment, and becoming nobody for a few years on the continent. And so it is with all other cases of precipitate career. The father applies the brake to the course of a foolish son; the husband to that of an extravagant wife; and the slightest whisper of the world will often stop the volubility of the indiscreet and braggart more effectually than would the most solemn remonstrance.

Though the word 'class' has been in use from time immemorial, yet we question much whether the British public had a full practical comprehension of its import till the invention of the rail. John Bull, we believe, knew something about higher, middle, and lower classes; to have attempted any further subdivision would have been offensive alike to his dignity and humanity. It was left for the rail, at once his slave and his master, to teach him a different arrangement. There is your state-carriage, for example, into which no foot less vulgar than royalty dare enter; your first class, with its couplets and chairs as elegant and inviting as cushions and velvet can make them; your second class—a little harder in their features, to be sure, but still snug and clean; your third class, in which one shares, in common with some dozen or two, the luxury of a deal seat; and lastly, your fourth class, where seat and covering are alike denied, and where men, women, and children are packed like the cattle which follow on the trucks behind. These humiliating distinctions are but too fully adopted in the ordinary affairs of life. The draper has his fourth-class cloths, the grocer his fourth-class teas; this park is only open to first-class visitors, that common is set aside for the recreation of the working-classes—in other words, for classes three and four of the rail. Mr De'cm opens an academy for gentlemen's sons only, meaning thereby class one; and the church, in her charity, sets aside a few rough dingy pews for the use of class four; as if, forsooth, calves could not worship with silk, or moleskin with 'superfine invisible.' These artificial and absurd distinctions are certainly not to be wholly attributed to the rail; but the rail has done, and is doing, much to disseminate and perpetuate the principle. There are, however, less offensive, nay, positively amusing, applications of the distinction. Thus the public has its first-class authors, just as at Lloyd's they have their first-class vessels: the mechanic talks of a first-class wife, as well as of a first-class tool; and we have even heard a friend go so far as to speak of a fourth-class sermon.

Nor does the phraseology of the rail end here. The sailor, carrying the language of his profession to his fireside, beholds in his wife 'a sweet little craft; and why may not men in general, considering themselves as the locomotives of the domestic train, regard the ladies as their 'snug little tenders?' And hereby hangs a tale somewhat consolatory to the fair; namely, that as tenders are indispensable to locomotives, so are they to the lords; only remembering that, in well-appointed trains, the locomotive invariably takes the precedence. And this matter brings us to another style of phraseology, which, in all likelihood will soon become the ton and fashion. 'Our worthy ancestors, bearing in mind the Scriptural injunction of unity, talked of matrimonial unions' some half century ago, when war was the rage,

and kingdom joined kingdom offensively and defensively, union became antiquated, and 'alliance' was all the fashion; and now, when the rail is on the ascendant, may we not shortly expect that union and alliance will alike go to the vulgar, and 'junction' reign supreme? In this junction the 'line' of life will be variously gone over. To some it may present easy, to others the most difficult 'curves and gradients.' But whether the gradients be one in ten, or one in ten thousand, the line must be travelled over; and whatever difficulties and interruptions may lie in the way, the 'generis terminus' will in time be reached by us all.

A GREEK MONK'S TALE.

DELIGHTFUL as the twilight of a summer's day always is with us, it is nothing compared with sunset in the East. There, where the sun rolls the livelong day through a burning sea of light, it is only when at last he disappears that the first sensation of relief from the intense and oppressive heat is experienced; for scarce has he sunk, when there rises up a soft cool breeze, which seems to breathe fresh life into the weary children of men. This evening breeze is named the 'Imbat,' and never was its reviving influence more gratefully felt than by a party of travellers who, not long since, might have been seen toiling one evening along a rocky mountain path in Albania. An English gentleman and his daughter, mounted on the strong sure-footed horses of the country, rode on in front, guided by a black-eyed Albanian youth, who leapt from rock to rock like a chamois. Two well-armed Greek servants followed, and an Italian cook, immersed among the pots and pans which shared with him a somewhat unsteady seat on the back of the baggage mule, brought up the rear. The scene through which they were passing was very beautiful, for the rocky path was in truth like a passage, of which the walls were thick bushes of myrtle and oleander, and over their heads rose hill on hill, clothed in variegated wood, that grew in rich luxuriance. Beneath their feet lay a wide shadowless plain, sweeping down to the sea, still bright with the lingering sunbeams, and its monotony relieved by a dark grove of pines in the distance. Nor did this outward landscape present only a pleasing but lifeless picture to the eye; here the fair form of earth had a spirit, too, in the memories of the past, that gave to every rock and stone a voice to speak impressive lessons. But from the dawn of day this party had been in motion; their horses were weary, their lips were parched with thirst, and one object alone had now any interest for them, and this was the picturesque little monastery, perched on the summit of a lofty projection, to which they were slowly ascending, and where they hoped the well-known hospitality of the monks would give them shelter for the night. Soon winding up the steep and difficult ascent, they reached the quaint old building, which, with its vineyards gathered round it, and its little chapel of the true Byzantine architecture, formed the only sign of human habitation for miles around. The travellers paused at the arched gateway of rough stone that led into a court, rendered cool and pleasant by the shade of a huge platanus, and the murmur of the water in a beautifully-sculptured fountain, far more ancient than the convent itself.

The clatter of the horses' hoofs quickly attracted the attention of the simple inmates, in whose quiet monotonous lives the smallest incident was an event. One by one they came hurrying to the door from different quarters: few in numbers (for the monasteries in Greece, though not altogether interdicted, are so far suppressed, that the members of the various brother-hoods are now allowed to die out, and none are permitted to fill up the vacancies), and forming a very picturesque group as they clustered beneath the gateway in their modest and simple dress. Presently they all made way hastily, and the 'igoumenos,' or superior, passed from amongst them, and came forward. He was a fine-look-

ing old man, his silver beard and flowing white hair relieved to great advantage by his black cap and long dark robe; his countenance was very mild and benevolent, and seemed really stamped with that peace which a monastic life is said by its advocates to impart. The igoumenos welcomed the Englishman with the greatest cordiality, saying that this hour in which he first beheld him should henceforward be named 'the good;' and he gave a fervent blessing to the Greek servants, who pressed forward to kiss his hands. One of them, who spoke Italian, interpreted his master's request for a night's lodging, and the old man answered instantly that the stranger would be as a light in his dwelling; that he would willingly receive them all, the servants, the horses, the mules; but—here he paused, and there seemed to be a great struggle between his sense of duty and his hospitality—but not the lady! The Greek ventured to expostulate; but he shook his head very decidedly, and all the monks behind him shook theirs in concert. The Englishman looked dismayed at the prospect of dragging his weary daughter yet ten miles, which was the distance of the nearest village. She herself, however, thought she could perceive on the old man's face much of that happy expression which betokens loving-kindness to all earth's children. She urged her tired horse towards him, and stooping down, said in his own language, 'Good father, I have ridden many miles to-day, and I am very tired.' These few words, uttered by a stranger in a tongue which always has a singular effect on a Greek, were quite enough to move this kind-hearted old man. He turned hastily to the monks, who had not heard the appeal, and exclaimed, 'Children, she has ridden many miles, and she is very weary;' then, without waiting for their approbation, he lifted her gently from her horse, and the brethren, catching somewhat of the kindly spirit which animated him, flew to open the gate, and assist the other travellers in dismounting. The superior led his guest through the open court into the monastery, with steps far more feeble than those of the tired strangers he was tending so carefully. In the interior of the convent there was a number of long, low passages, which conducted, the igoumenos said, to the dormitories of the monks, but it was his intention to place his own room at their disposal, and opening the door, he introduced them to what he rightly called his humble apartment. It was neat and clean, and abundantly decorated with strange old engravings of the saints; but the furniture was very scanty, consisting only of a table covered with books of devotion and a Bible (all very ancient seemingly), a few chairs, and a broad wooden bench placed against the wall, having at one end of it a carpet and a small cushion stuffed with straw. 'This is the only couch I have to offer you, my daughter,' said the igoumenos with a gentle smile; 'but may you never know a sleep less tranquil than that which I nightly enjoy when stretched on it!' He remained with his guests till he had seen their supper brought in, consisting of excellent grapes from his own vineyard, and the coarse brown bread of the country; but he refused to partake himself even of this simple fare, and left them with many wishes for their good repose and pleasant dreams. Wrapped in their cloaks, and extended on this wooden sofa, they might have doubted the likelihood of his wishes being fulfilled; but their fatigues, and the deep quiet of the place, insured their repose. At break of day all were astride to prepare for the departure of the guests; and after breakfast, the younger traveller, still much fatigued, had thrown herself once more upon the couch, when the igoumenos entered. He gave her a paternal blessing, and then, begging her to raise her head, he drew from under the pillow where she had slept a small bag of dollars, containing perhaps ten pounds of English money. Having taken out a small coin, he replaced it, and said with a smile, 'You see how I trust the English, since I let you sleep all night with my whole fortune under your pillow.'

'Your whole fortune?' she said in surprise.

'Yes,' he answered, 'and I am rich indeed! My wants are few, my wishes fewer, and my necessities are all supplied. Daughter, when you have lived as long as I, you will know that there is but one good thing to be desired upon this earth, and that is to be at peace with God and man. But Heaven forbid, my child, that ever you should come to this knowledge by lessons so bitter as those which had the teaching of my soul, or pass to the calm I now enjoy by a struggle to endure as mine has been.'

As the old man spoke, there passed, as it were, a shadow over his face; his lips contracted painfully, and he looked up with that deeply mournful expression which supplies the place of tears in the eyes of a strong man. His guest took his hand gently, and said, 'You have suffered much, my father; tell me your history, that I may learn from it the lessons it has taught you.'

'Daughter, you are right,' he answered; 'to what end are the ages left to cumber this earth, except it be to teach the young, ere they sow the seeds of sin and folly themselves, what bitter fruits are to be reaped therefrom?'

They went out together into the fresh morning air, seated with the myrtle and the orange-flowers in the garden, and sat down on the rough stone seat beneath the eucalyptus. There, with the clear rills murmuring at her feet, and the bright mountain landscape spread out before her, the English lady listened to the story of the old igoumenos.

'Daughter, these gray hairs and these withered hands have already told you that I am very old. The season of my earliest youth was passed whilst yet thus, my dear country, was in the hands of our Moslem tyrants, and her children were ignominious slaves; ere there was even an indication of her sudden and glorious awakening from that lethargy which held her so long in a hateful submission. My father was a man comparatively wealthy, for he possessed several vineyards, and a house and garden in the village of Muiddi.'

'What! the village of the renegades?' asked the listener.

'The same; and you do well to call it the village of the renegades, for such the inhabitants were indeed, when later, in the noble struggle for independence, they could barely consent to side with the tyrants. You will hear, my child, how this treachery influenced my fate. Meanwhile we dwelt, my father and mother, with their numerous children, in their happy home, unheeded by even a far-off hope of release from our bondage to the Turks.'

'Assuredly it is a bitter thing to be a slave; it is a bitter thing to yield to the oppressors the fruits of the honest labour, so cheerfully performed in the hope that the toil may profit some dear child, or faithful wife, or aged mother. But, daughter, there are joys freely given us by our Creator which the impotent cruelty of man can never altogether destroy. It cannot sap the springs whose sources are in our own selves, and whilst one kindly tie of earth subsists for us, we are not comfortless. Yes, we were slaves; but our shackled arms would still twine round the forms we loved, and where was the father that remembered his neck was bowed beneath a foreign yoke, when the little hands of his innocent child were clasped around it? Or where the mother that could stop to weep a degraded country, when all she best loved were smiling at her side? But there came within our happy home (for happy you see it was, though we were bondsmen) a foe whose deadly power to blight was far more terrible than that of fiercest Moslem. It chanced, one summer, that instead of the long-continued drought which, as you know, ever attends our great heat, there was much rain, and continual showers freshened the air around us. We all rejoiced at the pleasant change, little deeming those gentle dews were instilling poison into the ground. These unnatural rains engendered deadly vapours, and they again breathed forth a pestilence

which soon laid low both rich and poor, both young and old. Oh no family in the village did the scourge fall more severely than on ours. My brothers and sisters fell around us in their strength and beauty, till at last none were left but myself, the eldest, and my infant sister, the youngest of the family; and on both the fatal sickness had fallen; the shadow of death seemed to my mother already dark upon us. One night, in her extremity of misery, when my little sister breathed faintly, and I, more strong, was in my agony, she went to the church, where the ever-burning lamp seems the emblem of hopes that cannot fade away; and there she vowed a solemn vow, that if yet, even yet, we might be permitted to recover, she would dedicate me, her first-born, altogether to the service of the Merciful. Her words were not destined to be as seed sown on the winds. We both speedily recovered, and then my mother told me that she had thus disposed of my existence. I had no choice; I could not struggle or resist. The vow was vowed, but it was a bitter trial to me. My father, who had ever felt deeply the oppression of his fallen country, and longed to see it liberated, had, in my early youth, inspired me with his own sentiments; only I was more eager to rush into strife, in order to effect the object. All this was over now; such fiery dreamings were forbidden to one who was not only to be a priest, but a monk; and I, poor weak being, thought not then how much more glorious was the combat with evil in which I was to be engaged as a servant of the cross. I received my education at a neighbouring monastery, but I still remained at home, assisting the village priest in his duties.

My mother did not long survive our misfortunes; her heart was torn asunder between her dead and her living children, and she longed to be at rest with them even while she smiled on us. She haunted their graves like a phantom, till at last they drew her down to them, and we laid her to sleep by their side. There remained now in our once cheerful home only my father, becoming daily more feeble and wasted, for he was very aged, and my little sister Photini. They had done well to name her Photini—(the Light of Day); for she was indeed the light of that old man's declining years, a very sunbeam in our dwelling. A sweeter, lovelier child never welcomed the morning sun with songs of praise, or knelt at the vesper hour, to breathe out her guiltless prayer. She grew up pure and innocent, as seldom, on this earth, it is given to human beings to be; ~~from a distance~~ at some distance from the village, and held little communication with its inhabitants. And I loved to watch over her, that, like a fair nuttainted lily, shaded from the blighting power of the sun, she might dwell in her retirement, nor ever a contaminating breath from the world without sully the brightness of her soul. And now, my daughter, I must speak to you of one whose name trembles on my lips—my best-loved on this earth, and my bitterest enemy! You know that, as a monk, I was debarred earth's sweetest affections; for this cause, perhaps, I was the more powerfully constrained to concentrate all that my heart could know of tenderness on one dear friend, Stavros, the son of the demarque, or governor of Minidi, a noble-looking, bold, spirited young man, who had been my companion from childhood, and we had bound ourselves together by that far holier tie than the tie of blood—the union consecrated by the church itself; when, before the altar, we swore to be brethren in heart and soul, in community of interests and property, in truth and faithfulness, till the life of one or both should end; and the priest made the sign of the cross over us, and blessed us, in token that the vow was registered in heaven.* Stavros seemed to love me well and truly; and I placed on this fraternal union my whole hopes of happiness on earth. I would have turned with hate

from any one who said my brother was aught but perfect. I thought that, if he died, I would die with him. That ever he could change, or could betray me, was a thought not to be for a moment admitted into my mind. Ah, my child, would that you could learn at least this lesson from my early sorrows; let not the fibres of your heart twine themselves round aught that can die or change; there is an Unchangeable and an Undying!

In 1821, as you well know, our glorious revolution broke out. Our beloved country started into life; struggling, it is true, but struggling to be free; and her children opened those fountains of their hearts' best blood, whose course they stayed not till she was liberated from the hateful yoke. It was then that my native place acquired the ignominious title you so justly applied to it; it became a village of renegades. The demarque, the vile father of Stavros, not only sided with the Turks, and induced all the inhabitants to do the same, but he offered them Minidi as the head-quarters of their troops, whence they might issue forth to carry death and ruin amongst our countrymen. Daughter, you may conceive how bitter were my feelings when I found that the brother of my heart, the being I deemed so faultless, took an active part in this base treachery! It was as though a heavy cloud had come between me and the sun, where, for the first time, a shadow seemed to darken the character of him in whose rectitude I had trusted with a perfect trust. Yet I believed Stavros when he told me he had but to choose between his father's curse and the betrayal of his country; and whilst I mourned with him a choice so dire, I loved him the more for the tender weakness which I fancied ruled his actions.

Shall I ever forget the day when, after a skirmish in the neighbourhood, in which our countrymen were defeated, the exulting conquerors came thundering into the village, their hands yet reeking with the blood of our brethren, and were received (oh that I should have lived to see it!) with the shouts and acclamations of the treacherous renegades? It was assuredly the darkest day of my existence, but for one yet blacker, whose shadow is upon me even now. My father, my poor old father, feeble, and almost sightless with age, who throughout a long life had borne the detested yoke in very bitterness of soul; he who had hailed the dawn of independence as now he would have rejoiced in the sun's light he was no more to see—I think, my daughter, what it must have been to him to behold his native village a very nest of traitors—a secure resting-place for the oppressors of Greece, the murderers of his countrymen! As he heard the noise of their horses' feet, and the joyous tumult of their war music, he started from his seat, he wrung his withered hands, he called out in bitter accents for one—but one yet true to our lost fatherland, who would oppose them, or die in the attempt. Alas, alas! we were both true, both he and I, but powerless! I tried to soothe him, while the blood boiled in my own veins; but when, mingling with the exulting shouts of our enemies, came the cries and groans of the wounded prisoners, the old man's fury rose to madness, and seeming, for one brief moment to regain his youth and strength, he burst from my grasp, and from the clinging arms of Photini, who would have held him back. He rushed from the house; he flung himself amongst the horsemen; with his weak arms he dealt uncertain blows. He fell: they trampled him beneath their feet; but a strong passion was alive in his exhausted frame. He rose and uttered curses, which were terrible upon these withered lips; and then they laughed to scorn the aged and powerless defender of his country!

I had followed him. In the moment of reaction I dragged him away. They would soon have forgotten so feeble an enemy; but in that very instant my gentle Photini, her long hair floating in the wind, her sweet face pale with terror, flew into the old man's arms. They had never seen so fair a slave those cruel tyrants! They crowded round her; they would have murdered her, and seized on her. I knew then that we were lost; and not the less that their chief, a fierce and daring

* This curious custom is in full force in Greece to the present day. A religious ceremony of the church unites two men as brothers, or women as sisters, with a bond which is held most sacred.

man, commanded that we should return for the time in safety to our home, for that the vengeance and the prize alike belonged to him alone! I dragged them to the house, the old man now paralysed, and the sweet child fainting in terror; and when I had barricaded the door, and sat down for one moment's breathing space, I felt that I would save them or perish!

Happily it was evening; the swift coming darkness would favour the last, the only chance that remained to us—that of flight. But how desolate a prospect it was! To seek a place of refuge amongst the haunts of men, was to rush into the very jaws of the wolf; for the foe, who was now more dangerous to us than the whole host of our enemies, was powerful enough to hunt us out, go where we would. I knew of a cave on the hill-side, not far off, which was admirably adapted both for concealment and defence, and where, as a boy, I had often hid in play, and baffled the strictest search. As night came on, I could hear, from the wild shouts of revelry, that the Turks were carousing in the market-place with their base allies. Such of the villagers as remained in the houses near, would, I knew, rather aid than oppose our escape. The shock of that horrible struggle had been too much for my father's wasted frame. Life was not extinct, but there had passed a darkness over his soul which was to be removed no more. He had sunk into utter imbecility, and looked at me with a vacant smile, when, anxious to seize so favourable a moment, I urged him to mount the horse I had made ready. The savage warriors had inspired my little shuddering Photini with a horror which overpowered all other thoughts; she buried herself in my arms, and half-shrunk on in her prayer that in mercy I would save her from them. Oh miserable, miserable man!—that, for her these arms should have been powerless at the first! The old priest stopped, half-choked with his emotion; and the listener would have begged him to desist so painful a narrative, but he said, "No, daughter, you have heard thus far; you must learn how, through the fire of tribulation, I was brought to this peace at last." I placed my father and sister, both so helpless, twined in each other's arms, on my horse. I walked by their side; and so we took our desolate way through the dark night. We escaped unmolested, if not unobserved, just as I had hoped, and in safety reached the cave. It had been constructed in some ancient time for the very purpose of concealment; and those who did not know the secret of the entrance, could not discover it, though they passed quite close. I turned the horse loose, and saw him gallop in wild freedom far over the plains, and then I returned to pass the dreary hours with those whom I would have died to comfort or console, crouching together on the cold earth, sad and silent. Ah, daughter, it was a piteous sight on which I looked that morning by the first rays of the sun. Often does the remembrance of it come between me and the light, and I think I see them yet again: the old man, his white hairs, matted with the blood which flowed from a slight wound he had received, falling over the face, where played that bright unmeaning smile we see on the lips of an unconscious babe; at his feet his sweet child, my sister, over whom had passed the agony of years, bringing on old age in a night of time! Oh, how I shuddered when I thought on the evil passions that were now in arms against both these hapless beings! For when did a Turk ever forego his revenge?

In my terror for their safety, I had not thought of bringing with us the means of subsistence, and my heart died within me when I thought that I must leave them alone, and return to the village to procure it, where I might be detained, and their retreat discovered. I delayed going hour after hour; but when at last the miserable old man wept like a child for food, I could endure no more, and fled. I was for a minute, before I even entered the village, in meeting with a friend, who supplied me with all I required: but he told me that our peril was, if possible, greater than I had supposed; for when our enemy found we had fled, his rage knew no bounds, and

he swore to track us out, though we had buried ourselves in the heart of the earth. I returned to these dear ones full of terrible forebodings; but we dragged on a few miserable days, like so many years, undisturbed. Again it became necessary that I should go forth in quest of food. This time I penetrated into Minidi with the first dawn of light, whilst the villagers were all asleep; and at the door of my own house, as though he had known by instinct I was coming, was my well-beloved brother, my Stavros. He flew to meet me; and in his warm embrace I experienced the first moment of joy I had known for long; little dreaming, alas! how black a traitor I was holding to my heart. He told me, as the other had done, that our danger was most imminent, and expostulated with me on the risk I ran for myself and them also in thus coming forth; and then he prayed me earnestly, for the sake of those to whom my life was precious, to tell him the place of our secret retreat, that he might himself supply our necessities. For a moment I hesitated. There seemed to pass before my eyes a warning vision of that mournful group. But Stavros bade me speak, and called me brother! and I told him the secret upon which their all depended. I left him, with the promise that he was to bring us food, and even to take measures for insuring our removal to a somewhat less miserable place of refuge. It was early morning when I parted from my brother, and I remember well how bright the world seemed once more for me throughout that whole long day. The sun had just set, and I sat watching my father, who had fallen asleep with his head on my sister's shoulder, when suddenly there came, on the hitherto unbroken silence, the sound of hoarse men advancing at a rapid pace, with the clatter of arms and the murmur of voices. I could see, even in the faint light, the livid whiteness that overspread my sister's face, and my own limbs seemed paralysed with an agony of fear. Surely we were discovered! Through a crevice in the rock I could look out to ascertain the truth; and oh the death had overtaken me ere my eyes were blighted by so cruel a sight! A troop of thirty or forty Turks were moving rapidly towards us. At their head was the haughty chief, our terrible foe, and by his side—oh daughter, daughter! does it not make your blood run cold?—rode my brother, my Stavros, pointing out our place of refuge, and claiming his reward! Yes, even in that hour of agony and horror, when I knew that father and sister were lost for ever, it was the certainty of his base treachery which made my brain reel. They came on—on!—they were so close; they tore down the stones and brushwood which had concealed us so well; they dragged them forth with shouts of triumph—the old man and the shrieking child! I was as one deprived of reason; I know not what I did. I flung myself upon my father's body, to shield him from their blows. I scarce knew that the daggers pierced my own breast. I felt the twining, clinging arms of my Photini torn from around my neck—I heard her shriek; and they all became night before my eyes, and I felt no more.

When I came to myself, I was lying in the house of one of the villagers, who in this extremity proved a friend. He had come to seek me, stiffening in my wounds, and carried me home, to cherish the spark of life which my enemies had unwittingly left in my breast. He had also buried my murdered father where he lay. He told me he had ascertained that my wretched sister had not long survived the terrible hour, and Stavros had gone with the Moslem chief to fight—base traitor that he was!—against his own country.

And now, daughter, comes a dark period in my existence. I rose from that bed of suffering animated solely by one dire and fiend-like passion, and this was the desire of revenge—of revenge on him I had loved so well, and for that very cause now hated with a more deadly hate. I was as a being transformed. The hopes, the thoughts, the feelings of my former existence had all subsided into one fierce and cruel burning—to find, and with my own hands to slay, the brother for

whom, a little time before, I would have given my life! So utterly had this feeling drunk up my very soul, that I could not mourn my father and sister as I mourn them now, but rather dwell upon their agony and death, because such thoughts but fed my fiery thirst for his blood who had betrayed them! Ah, my child, when men now call me holy and a saint, and stoop to crave my blessing, I shudder to think how I then, for a season, was given over to the power of evil! I returned, then, to life, with this one deadly purpose for its aim and end. I set forth to seek for him who was at once my brother in the sight of Heaven, my bitterest enemy, and now to be my victim. I tracked him from place to place, whether he went with the new conquering, now defeated oppressors. I know not how I existed. I seemed to bear a charmed life. None ever molested me. I was perhaps such a spectacle of living woe, that my enemies felt they could not add to my tortures; and my friends, that I was far beyond the reach of earthly consolations. Alone, with the phantoms that pursued me crying, "Avenge us, avenge us!" I followed the steps of my traitor brother. For weeks he baffled my pursuit; but at length one day there was a skirmish on the heights near Salamis, in which my countrymen were conquerors. I had seen the renegade Stavros go forth with his Moslem allies to the fight, but he did not return with the fugitives who escaped. A burning fear possessed me that death had already taken my vengeance from me. I flew to the scene of the engagement, where the dead and dying had been left. It was night, a beautiful serene and star-lit night; but I scarce knew whether it was light or darkness, so dark was my own soul with evil thoughts! I roamed over that field of carnage like a wolf seeking his carrion prey. I sought with horrible eagerness among the heaps of the slain, heedless of the groans of the wounded. At length I heard a moan, faint and distant, it was his voice, his well-known voice. I rushed to the spot, and there prostrate, wounded, and still alive, lay Stavros. I flung myself on my knees beside him, and as he met my gaze, and recognised me, there passed into his eyes a look of agonized terror, such as I hope never to behold again. I drew my dagger, but my hands trembled with excess of eagerness, and grew powerless. I drew a long breath, and looked up to heaven. Daughter, my eyes remained fixed on it, as though I were petrified! Oh, had you seen how awful was the contrast of that pure lucid glorious heaven, and the dark bloody earth whereon I knelt! I trembled as I saw how all creation seemed to breathe of peace and love, and to thank how man defiled it by his evil passions. What was I about to do? To send up once more before the brightness of the stars the smoke of bew-shed blood; to make evil beget evil, and his crimes breed new crimes in me. Repentance fell upon me at that moment soft as the dews of heaven. I looked down upon my enemy; I know not what my eyes told him, but he started up, the blood gushing from his wounds, and seized my hand. "Do you forgive?" he frantically cried; and I answered, "I forgive!" and then, for the first time, I wept—I who had looked with tearless eye upon a father's corpse—for there stole upon my spirit a luxury of peace I never had known before, and not far serene heaven itself was more at rest than I. Calmly I raised him from his bloody couch. I brought water from the stream, and gave him to drink, and washed his wounds. As soon as it was day I procured assistance, and had him conveyed to a neighbouring village. There I tended him for days and weeks. His wounds were mortal, but he lingered long. I soothed his last hours of remorse; as a priest, I administered to him the consolations of our holy religion, and he died at last with his head on my breast, and his hand in mine. Daughter, since then I have suffered much; I have been lonely, desolate, oppressed; the world has been dark to me, for the cold earth held all my treasures. But from the hour that, beneath the gaze of the eternal stars, I

forgave my enemy, I have known a peace which I would not barter for all that this world can give.

The good old iguennos concluded his narrative with a parting blessing, for the sun was now rapidly rising on the horizon, and he himself urged the travellers to proceed before the heat should grow dangerous. He stood beneath the gateway as they mounted, and when a turn in the rocky path was about to hide him from their sight as they descended, they turned to take a last look, and saw him wave a cordial farewell with the same placid smile which welcomed their arrival, the same perfect serenity upon the unwrinkled brow, half-hid by the flowing white hair.

DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

PROPOSED NEW MODE OF REMUNERATING AUTHORS.

THE *Daily News* states its knowledge, "from an extensive private correspondence of the great dissatisfaction existing in the British North American provinces, in consequence of the stoppage of the supply of cheap modern books from the United States, in terms of the recent Copyright Act. A paragraph on this subject, which the *News* extracts from the *Montreal Courier*, contains matter worthy of general attention. The inhabitants of the United States, actively engaged in agriculture or commerce, and possessing in but a small degree the affluence necessary to the cultivation of letters, depend to a great measure upon the literature of Europe. The supply of the best European authors upon all subjects, which their cheap presses issue at less than a tithe of their cost to other countries—a system of more than doubtful morality—has tended to the discouragement of their own authors. This system, unjust as it is to the European author and publisher, and detrimental also to the American writer, yet has been of vast advantage to the mass of the people, by placing within the reach of the poorer classes the best authors of modern Europe, not only in fiction, but the higher branches of literature. The price of European works is such as to place them beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy. The publishing price of one of Bulwer's or James's novels, or that of any other first-class writer, is 31s. sterling, and the consequence is, that but few copies are sold, except to circulating libraries; but simultaneously with its appearance in London, while noble ladies besiege the librarian for the next period of the much-coveted book, the New York cartier or Dublin labourer luxuriates in a copy of his own, purchased for a sixpence. And while the London publisher congratulates himself upon having sold an edition of 3000 in twelve months, the same work has issued from a dozen presses in America in less than as many days, and each publisher has sold perhaps 30,000 copies, which have been distributed throughout every village in the union; and while its merits are being canvassed by the Quarterlies and in the clubs, they are also under discussion in the bar-room and the shanty of the "far west." Works of the higher class are in Europe still more expensive, and their circulation consequently more confined; take, for example, "Alison's History of Europe," published, we believe, at £13, 2s. 6d., a price which excludes it from all but the wealthy; the same work was issued in the United States, in sixteen monthly parts, at 25 cents, thus bringing it within the reach of the humblest. The consequence of this system is, that *British authors are better known in the United States than they are in Great Britain, and more copies of their works are to be found in a single city there than in the whole country where they were produced.* The same remarks apply to this colony; but here we labour under greater disadvantages. Until within a late period, we derived our reading chiefly from the same sources through their means; but now we are shut out from that advantage; and although colonial editions of many excellent works are furnished to us at a cheap rate through our enterprising citizens, Messrs Armour and Ramsay, yet the supply is limited, scanty, and costly."

Mr Murray, with laudable enterprise, commenced his *Home and Colonial Library* with a view to supplying this deficit; but, excellent as the works included in it generally are, and moderate as is their price, it, after all, does not make up for the want of that infinite variety and abundance of cheap reprints which the Canadians formerly obtained from the States. 'Right that they should not have these books, seeing that the British author was cheated of his reward for writing them.' This is what first occurs to our minds. And yet what an unprecedented diffusion of literature on the other hand—more copies of a popular English book found in a single city of America than in all England! Here, too, surely, is something worthy of being considered. This is an effect of unlimited competition in publishing. In one respect, then, books are not like other property, for, while it may be necessary to give the field to the individual, that it may be duly cultivated and turned to the use of the public, it appears that, to make the book property, narrows its utility in an indefinite degree. 'Well, but the author must live by the profits of his productions. No matter though the public be less benefited, so that his interests are protected.' Yes; but is the system really good for the author, or might there not be some plan equally good, or better, for him, and at the same time free of that taint of monopoly which practically attends the present arrangements with respect to the issuing of the works of modern authors? Not unlikely, surely, if we think of the way in which authorcraft is usually spoken of. Sir Lytton Bulwer, at the late meeting of those concerned in the Booksellers' Provident Retreat, thus expressed himself respecting the way in which literary men are now rewarded by the public:—

'It is in vain to deny that the condition of the literary man has no kept pace with that improvement in society which he has been the main agent to effect. It is not the fault of the publisher. He largely remunerates works commanding a large popular sale; but how many of the greatest intellects employed in literature are engaged in works which, from their nature, are not widely popular (though, by influencing the thoughts of the few, they ultimately become the civiliser of the many), and cannot, therefore, by the law of the market, obtain a suitable remuneration for the time and toil which they have cost! And even the most popular author! What practical man does not know that even the most popular author is compelled to strain every nerve, overtask every effort, if he is condemned to make literature his only available profession! How familiar to many of you must have been the sight of some young author flushed with inauspicious hope at the unexpected sale of his first work; with what pity you must have smiled when you saw him cast away all other calling or vocation, to devote himself to the thankless muse! How sadly you must have anticipated the hour, too soon to come, when, sinking from all his high aspirations, you would see him frittering away his genius in the drudgery of periodicals, making fierce efforts to sustain him self on the surface of the stream he could no longer hope to guide—poor slave to the caprices of the hour! Yes, how familiar to you have been his change from corroding hope to consuming care—his anxious countenance, his decaying health, his untimely grave!'

This is striking enough. We have ourselves, on more than one occasion, shown that the relation of book profits is not to merit, or the absolute usefulness of the book to the public, but to indifferent qualities, and even to merely physical peculiarities, as the size of the work. It therefore appears that the present system, while it acts as a powerful restraint upon the circulation of books, is not attended by very good effects with respect to their authors. A literary man living by the profits of his books is a rarity amongst us, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, will continue to be so. The instances in which the present system answers, may be said to be exceptions from the rule. The Copyright Act was hurried on through a frantic eagerness to take away this

reproach; but it is incapable of remedying the evil. Its extensions of right will chiefly be prolongations of monopoly to particular publishers. Even where the author keeps his copyright, his best interests will not be greatly advanced. That might which seems to fall wherever there is a exclusive right to produce or to deal, becomes visible, and the public at once is starved of its literary fare, and the author of his necessary comforts.

Suppose that the American government were to resolve, upon making compensation to the few British authors whose writings are usually reprinted there, would a large sum be necessary to make up for all they would have got from American republicans, had they possessed a right of copy in that country? We venture to say that £2,000 would more than repay the whole amount of such monies for a ~~one~~ of the past twenty years. But had a few book sellers been the dispensers of this money, should we have had to say that there were more copies of the books in one American city than in all England? No; the result in that respect would have been very different. English books would have been as rarely scattered amongst families as they are here. *Yet the same man, and no more, would have been realised by the author.*

This suggests that there might be an arrangement by which, while authors were equally, or perhaps better rewarded the advantage of a perfectly free competition in the trading part of their business might be realised for the public. Suppose that every book were left free to be reprinted by any bookseller, and that the state took the assignment of rewards to authors upon itself, the object would be accomplished. In that case, undoubtedly every book of merit, or possessing attractive qualities, would be disseminated in showers of copies, in all rooms, and at all prices, over the length and breadth of the so-called Islands, exactly as books have for some years been diffused over America. The dulness and difficulty which attend every form of bookkeeping amongst us at present, would be replaced by the vitality and facility which belong to our untrammelled trade. We should then see the best productions of modern intellect extending to the narrow limits of the city book club, and the boudoir of the noble and gentleman, to places unobtrusive to the bar-room and the shanty of the far west. The stimulus that would thus be given to mind amongst all classes of the community, might be expected to tell manfully in our social progress. How much drunkenness it would extirpate! How much rudeness, how much discontent, would vanish before such a flush of intellectual excitement!

But the rewards of the authors—how could these be properly assigned under such a system? Nothing is easy. In the generality of cases, the multitudinous editions and of copies, their bulk and price, would form elements for the calculation of these rewards. In other instances, where the books were not of a popular, and yet obviously useful character, sums might be given according to the best judgment that could be formed. Discrepancies there might be between desert and reward in the working of this plan, but they could hardly be one-fourth so great as those now witnessed every day, and submitted to as the will of destiny.

Thus would literature be brought under the principle of free trade. Perhaps even the striking character of the publishing business in America is scarcely a sufficient illustration of the benefits of this system. While writing these paragraphs, a pamphlet has come into our hands, *Bible Emancipation, or the Extraordinary Results of Unfettered Bible Printing*, &c. by Adam Thomson, D.D. It informs us that the cessation of the monopoly of the Queen's printers in Scotland has been followed by an enormous increase in the production of copies of the Scriptures in our portion of the island. In 1842, the number of Bibles printed in Great Britain was 231,20, of which about 80,000 are calculated to have been printed in Scotland, leaving 151,420 as produced in England. Now, in 1843, a single publishing company at Coldstream issued 178,200 copies; being

nearly 100,000 more than were produced in Scotland ten years before, and 23,780 more than had been printed during 1832 in all England by the Queen's printers and both the privileged universities! Against the 231,420, which was the total of 1832, set 312,000 produced during 1843 in Scotland alone, under the advantage of free competition! The first effect of competition in this, as in all other instances, was to lower price. Copies of the Bible and New Testament are now sold at a half, and even a third, of their former prices, without any falling off in either paper or binding. Here is the secret of the increased sale. 'It is undeniably,' says the last report of the Commissioners on Bible Printing, 'to the reduction of price which free competition has effected, that the increased circulation is to be attributed.'

We would have literary men seriously to consider these things. Their present situation is one which seems to indicate an unsoundness somewhere. It appears to be one of those cases where, something being wrong at starting, nothing comes right. Precisely such evils are seen every day to arise from errors in political economy, of which the principle of monopoly is one. Monopoly may, therefore, be suspected to be at the bottom of no small portion of those calamities of genius which are so often and so fruitlessly deplored. If this be the case, the sooner the remedy is applied the better.

THE NEWCASTLE MUSES.*

We have been much amused with a volume, published a few years ago at Newcastle, for the purpose of preserving the many comic songs peculiar to that locality, the productions of a great number of native rhymesters of the present and past ages. One is agreeably surprised at the evidence which such a volume gives of the diffusion of a certain amount of literary power and skill beyond both the great marts of letters, and the grades by which literature is chiefly cultivated; and it is the more gratifying to find the Muses thus taking up their abode in a scene so full of the bustle of trade. It would appear that, at *canny Newcastle*, as the town is affectionately called by its sons, hardly a public event passes uncelebrated in verse. Even the arrival of an odd kind of show, such as 'the ho-fassus,' the going up of a balloon, or the introduction of such a novelty as the kalcidoscope, is sure to set the wits of the wags in motion. A never-failing vehicle for these humours is the simplicity of the *keelmen* (bargemen), the *pitmen* (coal-miners), two large classes of the population; or else the generally-recognised oddity of some character of the streets, who may be supposed to view things in an original and whimsical light. The manners and customs of these keelmen and pitmen themselves do also supply occasion for a vast amount of comicality. We have pitmen on their pay-holidays, pitmen visiting the Newcastle theatre, pitmen on a visit to London; and so on. In short, what the Gascon is to the French wit, the pitman is to the Newcastle poetaster. Perhaps the reader may, without 'a disdainful smile,' hear of the mirth of the mining folk as they proceed to Newcastle on pay-day:

'Those married jog on with their minnies,
Their canny bairns go by their side;
The daughters keep teasing their minnies
For new clothes to keep up their pride:
They plead—Easter Sunday does fear them,
For if they've got nothing that's new,
The crow, spiteful bird, will besnare them;
Oh then, what a sight for to view!

The young men, full blithesome and jolly,
March forward, all decently clad;
Some lifting up "Cut-and-dry, Dolly,"
Some singing "The bonny pit lad!"
The pranks that were played at last binding
Engage some in humorous chat;
Some halt by the way-side on finding
Primroses to place in their hat. * *

Some went to buy hats and new jackets,
And others to see a bit fun;
And some wanted leather and tackets,
To cobble their canny pit shoon:
Save the ribbon Dick's dear had requested
(Aware he had plenty of clink),
There was no other care him infested,
Unless 'twere his care for good drink.'

After a scene of homely jollity at a tavern, a group of these simple people go to a well-known restaurant at the head of the quay:—

'Where pipers and fiddlers resorted
To pick up the stragglers' power,
And where the pit lads often sported
Their money at fiddle and dance.

Blind Willie the fiddler sat scripping
In corner just as they sat in;
Some Willington callants were cakking
Their feet to his musical din:
Jack vowed he would have some fine capering,
As soon as their dinner was o'er,
With the lassie that wore the white apron,
Now reeling about in the foot.
The daisies display all her graces,
The collier gets at all his power,
They caper, twirling paces,
And set each end of the floor;
He jump, and his heels knock and rattle
At the base of the music so sweet;
He makes such a thundering battle,
The fiddler seems afraid of his feet.'

The affair ends in a squabble; but as forty years have elapsed since the song was composed, we may express our hope that some improvement has taken place in the character of the enjoyments of these sons of labour.

The recent improvements effected in Newcastle by one wonderfully energetic person, are duly vaunted of in these pages. Of the Londoners it is coolly affirmed—

'It's nae use contending—they just may shut up,
For it's us can astonish the stranger;
They may brag of their bouzans' their auld king ti boof,
What's the use on't?—they haven't a Gainger.'

The changes produced on the Tyne-side generally by the progress of manufactures and commerce, are described in another ditty:—

'Both sides of the Tyne, aw remember,
Were covered wi' bonny green fields,
But now there is naught but big furnaces
Down frae Newcastle to Shields;
And what w'd their sulphur and humstone,
Their vapour, their smoke, and their steam,
The grass is all green, and the farmers
Can noither get butter nor cream.
For threepence to Shields aw remember
In a whey the folk used to run,
And that was considered by many
A very respectable plan,
But now we've got sixpenny steamers,
A stylish conveyance, I'm sure,
For there you've a time on the fiddle,
And a lie on the sands for an hour.
And then an auld horse brought a wagon
A' the way frae the pits to the maith,
But now it appears pretty certain
They'll yerra saun de without baith;
For now their fine steam locomotives
A' other inventions excels,
Aw'e go to hulk on the wagons,
Add they'll bring a ship-load down theirside.
New railways now spring up like mushrooms,
Aw never, maw son! saw the like;
We'll turn ever' thing topsy-turvy,
And leave oursel's not a turnpike.
Then horses will live without working,
And never more trot in a team,
And instead of carrying their mailsters,
They'll get themselves carried by steam.
Wor ballast-hills* now are grown handsome,
And what they call quite picturesque,
No poet can do them half justice
If he writes all his life at his desk;
They're hilly, and howley, and lofty,
Presenting fresh views every turn;
And they'd lark like Vesuvius or Atna,
If we could only get them to burn.

* Immense mounds of Thames gravel brought down as ballast by the returning collier vessels, and piled up on each side the Tyne in a very picturesque irregularity.

* The Newcastle Song-Book. Fordyce: Newcastle, 1842.

And as for an'd canny Newcastle,
It's now quite a wonderful place;
Its new market, nothing can match it
In elegance, beauty, and grace.
Could our forefathers only just see it,
My eye! they would start wi' surprise;
I fancy I just hear them saying—
"What's come of the lugzy puggies?"

And this is a' dunn by one Grainger,
A perfect Goliath in bulk;
He beats Billy Purvis a' quite hollow
In what ye ca' slight-o-hand tricks;
It's only to say, "Cock-o-lorum,
Wey, Jack, presto, quick and be gane,"
And new houses spring up in an instant—
Of the andins you can't see a dune."

Incidents and accidents upon the river occupy no small portion of the attention of the Newcastle Musicians. A dangerous ducking, experienced by Stephen Kemble the actor in crossing the harbour, furnishes a subject for one of the cleverest of all these ditties. It yields, however, in drollery to another, of which the judge of the assizes is the hero, under the appellation of *My Lord 'Siz*. The author is John Shield:—

"The jailer, for trial, had brought up a thief,
Whose looks seemed a passport for Botany Bay;
The lawyers, some with and some without a brief,
Around the green table were seated so gay.
Grave jurors and witn'esses, waiting a call
Attorneys and clients, more angry than wise,
With strangers and town's people, thronged the Guildhall,
All waiting and gaping to see my Lord 'Siz."

Left stretched were their necks, oft erect, then ears,
Still fancying they heard of the trumpet's peal;
When tidings arrived which deceived the ears,
That my lord at the dead-house was then were downed!
So might left *his a-life* were the judge and Chief,
The honest-struck crowd to the dead-house quick his,
Even the lawyers, forgetful of fee and of fee,
Stole off, helter skelter, to view my Lord 'Siz."

And now the Sandhill with the sad tidings came,
And the tubs of the tates are left to take care,
Fish women desert their *—* jobbers, and Eng,
And each to the dead-house now run, like a hare.
The glassmen, some inked, some clad, heard the news,
And off they ran smoking, like hot mutton pies,
Whilst 'twas earth rubles, like wild kangaroo,
Came tail on end jumping, to see my Lord 'Siz."

The dead-house they reached, where his lordship they found,
Pale, stretched on a plank, like themselves out of breath,
The corner and jury were seated around,
Most gravely inquiring the cause of his death.
No haste did they seem in their task to complete,
Aware that from hurry mistakes often rise;
Or wishful, perhaps, of prolonging the trial,
Of thus sitting in judgement upon my Lord 'Siz."

Now the Mansion-House butler thus gravely deplored:
"My lord on the terrace seemed studying his charge;
And when, as I thought, he had got it composed,
He went down the stairs and examined the bare,
Fie! at the stem he surveyed, then inspected the stern,
Then handled the tiller, and looked mighty wise;
But he made a false step when about to return,
And some in the water straight tumbled Lord 'Siz."

Now his narrative ended—the butler retired,
Whilst Betty Watt muttering, half drunk, through her teeth,
Declared, "In her breast great carnage is inspired,
That my lord should sue cullidly come to his death."
Next a kitchen maid was called on, Bold Archie his name,
Who the look as he kissed showed the whites of his eyes,
Then he cut an odd caper, attention to claim,
And this evidence gave them respecting Lord 'Siz:—

"Aw was setting the keel, wi' Dick Mavers and Matt,
An' the Mansion-House stairs we were just alongside,
When we a' three see'd somethin', but didn't ken what,
That was splashing and labbering about i' the tide.
'It's a buikier,' ki Dick: 'No,' ki Matt, 'It's awre big;
It looked mair like a skyet when I first see'd it rise.'
Kiv aw—for aw'd gettin' a gliff o' the wig—
'Ods murey! wey, marrows, beerkie, it's Lord 'Siz!'

So aw hauled him, and hauled him suin into the keel,
And a' top o' the haddock aw rowled him about;
An' his belly aw rubbed, an' aw skelped his back weel,
But the water he'd drunken it wadn't run out.
So I brought him ashore here, an' doctors, in vain,
Curd this way, then that, to recover him tries;
For ye see there he's lying as dead as a stone,
An' that's a' aw can tell ye about my Lord 'Siz."

* A native showman of some notoriety.

Now the jury for close consultation retired:
Some "Death accidental" were willing to find;
Some "God's visitation" most eager required;
And some were for "Poll in the river" inclined;
But ere on their verdict they all were agreed,
My lord gave a groan, and wide opened his eyes,
Then the coach and the trumpties came with great speed,
And back to the Mansion-House carried Lord 'Siz."

This, we think, in cleverness of narration, could scarcely be exceeded. Here we must take leave of the Newcastle Song-Book, only regretting that the local Castalia turns up a good deal of dirty water, and that the votaries of the spring make its borders rather too much a scene of intemperance and riot.

A LADY'S ACCOUNT OF THE MEETING OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT YORK.

You may remember I gave you, last autumn, an account of the archaeological meeting at Winchester, which you were so kind as to say afforded you some amusement. I am now going to initiate you into the proceedings of the last general congress held by the 'Institute' in the venerable city of York.

Early on Tuesday the 20th of July all York was up and moving, for, in addition to the inundation of savans and their hearers, the narrow streets were crowded by the nobility and squirearchy of the county, then attending assize. The procession of the lord mayor, judges, and high sheriff, going to the court-houses with their numerous running footmen and fine-dressed followers, further increased the bustle, and gave quite a fete-like appearance to everything. One o'clock being the hour named for the first general meeting, notwithstanding torrents of rain, there were assembled from four to five hundred persons in the very large and elegant festival concert-room; and the spacious orchestra contained, in lieu of all that was rare in music and song, those equally rare in the graver pursuits of science and literature.

The proceedings were opened by the Marquis of Northampton, the late president of the Institute, who introduced and proposed to the meeting the Earl of Fitzwilliam as his successor. He then congratulated the members of the Institute on their having assembled under the patronage of the venerable archbishop, and under such a president as Lord Fitzwilliam. He also dilated upon the large field which was opened to their researches in the Roman Eboracum (York), and showed the utility of this Institute with regard to the preservation of objects of antiquity. Lord Fitzwilliam, being unanimously voted into the chair, made some remarks upon the science of archaeology. He said it was placed on the boundaries between recreation and instruction—between pleasure and amusement, on the one hand, and science and knowledge, and the advancement of the human species, on the other. It carried the mind of man back to former times, and enabled him, by a consideration of these, to trace the progress of human society. Then followed a succession of thanks and compliments to the Marquis of Northampton, the several officers of the Institute, to the dean and chapter, and lastly, to the lord mayor and corporation; which were all duly responded to; and the lord mayor, at the conclusion of his very good and brief address, added, that it would give the lady mayoress and himself great pleasure to receive in the evening all the members of the Institute who would honour them with their company. With this excellent finale the meeting separated.

We then repaired to the museum collected by the Council of the Institute, and arranged temporarily in St Peter's school in the minister yard. It contained many very curious things, particularly a series of enamels,

commencing from the Roman times, enabling us to trace the *déclivence* of classical design into the middle ages, by the specimens of Celto-Roman and Anglo-Saxon ornaments, rudely and feebly copied from Roman originals. There was a long series of Limoges enamels to the very latest period; when, losing their original character and fabric, they became like porcelain—merely a material of which the designs of the great masters might be permanently copied. This collection formed quite an epitome of the art, and ranged from the first to the seventeenth century of the Christian era. The walls of the rooms were covered by ribbings of sepulchral brasses, drawings, maps, and ground-plans of different localities in the county where discoveries had been made, and which served to illustrate the contents of the glass cases. In these were exhibited Roman antiquities, rude Celtic instruments, priests' vestments, women's ornaments, Oliver Cromwell's drab broad-brimmed hat, double-edged sword, and small repeating watch; numberless illuminated missals, and autographs of countless celebrated persons. From the museum we crossed over to the magnificent minster, and visited the very curious crypt, which, the dean had announced to us at the meeting, would be lighted by gas *one hour* previous to each service every day during the week. Unfortunately the beautiful arches have been covered in in many places, and partitions thrown up, except under the altar, where it is perfect. We ascended when the service commenced. The anthem was from Haydn's Creation, and Dr Cambridge certainly did full justice both to the tone and power of the organ.

At ten o'clock we went to the Mansion House, and found the state apartment already filled by a brilliant crowd. In about half an hour, the gentlemen who had dined with the lord mayor entered, headed by the two judges in their gigs and gowns, followed by the high sheriff in full court costume, the present and former president of the Institute, a godly number of M.P.s, heads of colleges from Oxford and Cambridge, besides county gentlemen. Both the vocal and instrumental music were good; and dancing commenced towards midnight. The mace, cap of maintenance, seals of office, and sword, were arranged at one end of the room, where likewise were shown some Japanese cups, inlaid with precious stones, manuscripts, swords, canes, and some beautiful china, the property of the corporation. The title of *lord mayor* was enjoyed by the chief magistrate of York previous to its being bestowed on the city ruler of the metropolis, and the lady mayoress used to retain her title after her husband's official rule had ceased, which gave rise to the well-known couplet—

'He is a lord for a year and a day,
But she is a lady for ever and aye.'

Wednesday morning.—Owing to the great number of papers to be got through, three sections were appointed to meet at the same time in different places. We had determined to wander from one to the other, according as we felt interested in the papers which chanced to be in progress. On this occasion we went to the architectural section, where Professor Willis was in the chair. Mr Petit read a paper, by Mr Charles Winston, 'On the Painted Glass in the Cathedral and Churches of York.' He showed that few cities could boast more extensive and important remains of painted glass than York. The examples extend over a period of four centuries; but it is the almost unbroken series of glass paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which renders this collection so interesting to the student. Part of a Jesse window (as those are called that have

Jesse for 'the root') dates so far back as 1200; it is therefore older than any in the cathedral of Canterbury. In one of the windows of the cathedral there is a beautiful *cinque cento* painting inserted, after a design of Barocchio. It was brought from a church at Rouen, and was presented by Lord Carlisle in 1804.

At the conclusion of this paper, Lord Fitzwilliam took the chair, and Professor Willis commenced his popular lecture on York Minster. The early history of the cathedral carried us back to the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity. In 627, Edwin, the Saxon monarch, and his whole court, were baptised in the city of York by Paulinus, when a wooden church was erected for the purpose, and afterwards a square stone fabric was raised, which was the first cathedral of York. In 669 this fabric was repaired by Wilfred, but in 741 it was greatly damaged by fire. Archbishop Egbert began the erection of a new church soon afterwards, but that fabric was burnt during the Danish wars. Archbishop Eadmund, the first Norman prelate, rebuilt the edifice on a noble scale on taking possession of the see in 1067. 'The Normans were much more skilful masons, and had more extended ideas, than the Saxons; and whenever a Norman bishop came, he destroyed the Saxon cathedral, to build one more adapted to his own views.' In 1154 Archbishop Rogers erected a new choir. Professor Willis considers the earliest part now remaining in the crypt to be the work of Archbishop Thores, and the richer parts of the Norman work there also he assigns to Archbishop Roger. Archbishop Gray erected the south transept, and the north transept was erected by the father of the Archbishop John de Romane about 1260. This very agreeable lecturer thus continued his historical and architectural sketch of the cathedral, bringing it down to a much later date.

At the conclusion of the lecture, an adjournment was made to the minster, where Mr Willis kindly undertook the office of *excerptor-general* to the audience. Here the crowd was so dense, that the professor was in despair at the thought of addressing them, when, as he truly said, only the half-dozen immediately around him could possibly hear. In vain did he look around for the means of raising himself above his hearers. A thoughtful workman, however, overcame the difficulty, by producing a pair of high steps. So behold this able lecturer exalted in the nave, and pointing out from his movable pulpit the different works and styles which his paper had indicated. The chapter-house came next in order; it is of an octagon form, and has been recently beautified. The monkish rhyme, in Saxon characters, close to the entrance door, truly describes it: 'The chief of houses, as the rose of flowers.' We then followed our peripatetic lecturer into the choir, where many of the intricacies of the decorations and the painted glass of the side aisles were graphically explained, and directions given for studying the crypt, as it was quite impossible for such a crowd to descend into it.

We now hurried off to the Hospitium of St Mary's Abbey, Museum Gardens, where the historical section were about to commence their sitting, the Hon. Thomas Stapleton in the chair. The meeting here had been postponed, as every one wanted to hear Professor Willis's lecture. The Rev. J. Hunter read some interesting 'Notes of Manuscripts named in Wills, entered on the Register at York.' They commenced in the reign of Edward III., and were brought down to nearly the present time. Thomas de Warylaw, who was chancellor of the church of York in 1378, leaves a Bible and concordance to be placed in the church of St Nicholas at Newcastle, 'there to be chaired for common use for the good of his soul;' John Warven of Scarborough

leaves, in 1398, to 'Thomas de Ughtrede, a bed, with a counterpane woven with the figures of the great men of France in their proper arms; and to Margaret, wife of the said Thomas, a romance called 'Brute.' Sir John le Scrope (the archbishop's brother) had two French books, entitled 'Tristram' and 'Grace Dieu,' which he gives, in 1405, to two of his daughters. Several primers were also bequeathed by various persons. The poet Pope's maternal grandmother, Thomasine Newton, had sundry song-books left to her by Lancelot Turner of Towthorpe, gentleman, in 1619. This paper was followed by the president's (Mr Stapleton) learned Account of the Endowment and History of the Holy Trinity, or Christ-church at York, a call to the Abbey of Marmoutier, near Tours, in France. He showed that the term *Monastier* came from *Majus Monasterium*, which was applied to the abbey on account of its pre-eminence and great wealth. He then entered largely into the history of Ralph Fitzall, the founder of the lands belonging to the priory, and the several entries on the rolls bearing upon its history. The concluding paper, by the Rev. J. Hunter, was full of interest. 'Progress of Henry VIII. in Yorkshire.' In the year 1541 this monarch made a progress through Yorkshire, on his way to the city of York, where he had made an appointment to meet his nephew, the young king of Scotland. The Scotch, particularly the clergy, were most anxious to prevent this conference taking place, and in the end they prevailed. King Henry was attended by many hundred gentlemen-at-arms, and by his unfortunate queen, Catherine Howard, whose melancholy fate is familiar to all. It was during this time she was said to have committed the crime for which she was executed. Henry wanted at Pontefract some time the proposed arrival of his nephew at York. He at length left it, visited a number of towns, had splendid hunting excursions, and arrived at York the 15th of September 1541. Here he received an exultatory message from his nephew (James V.), who called on all his men, and finally led to most unhappy results. Henry left York in great wrath, on the 24th of September, having first ordered many of the shrines of the middle ages to be taken down, and, as the royal tyrant expressed it, 'to be made even and plain.' When the meeting separated, we walked about in the museum grounds until dinner-time, the green sward covered by groups of ladies and gentlemen, and a good band playing merry tunes all the time. The situation of this museum is unique, as it stands between the 'Mulanagar Tower,' formerly part of the Temple of Bellona, and the magnificent ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. Thus does modern science rear its head between the remains of Roman power on the one hand, and of monastic grandeur on the other.

Eight o'clock again found us in the concert-room, listening to a paper by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne 'On the Parliaments at York.' The earliest parliament held in this city was in the twenty-sixth year of Edward I., 1298. A writ, tested at Westminster, was issued to the Earl of Surrey, commander of the army in Scotland, desiring him to bring with him such of the barons in his service as he thought proper, to meet the king at York on the day of Pentecost, there to hold a special conference touching the affairs of the king and state; leaving, in the meanwhile, their men-at-arms within the walls of Berwick-upon-Tweed for its protection. The last parliament (if it may be so called) assembled at York was the council of peers called by Charles I., and which met in the hall of the deanery on the 24th of September 1640, a few weeks before the formation of the celebrated Long Parliament of English history. A paper was next read by Mr Newton, written by Mr R. Westmacott, 'On Mediæval Sculpture.' This able paper went to prove that, while Christian ecclesiastical architecture made regular progress from its earliest character to its consummation in the so-called perpendicular style, sculpture did not equally advance. The first great improvement in sculpture took place about 500 years B.C. The wealth gained by the Greeks in

the discomfiture of Xerxes was used in rebuilding and beautifying the temples destroyed by the Persians. Mr Westmacott imputed the decline of the grand style in sculpture in a great measure to the appeal made to the senses by Praxiteles and his followers. The introduction of sculpture in the earlier ages of Christianity was owing, almost, if not entirely, to the same causes as its birth in the ancient world. At first it was used as a kind of record or representation of events and personages connected with sacred history. In the next stage, mediæval art began to interest the more as it advanced towards beauty. The development of beautiful forms with the Greeks was in the spirit of the age and the religion, but the difference of the two races was shown in the manner in which it was carried out. The chief causes of the failure in ecclesiastical and modern sculpture, Mr Westmacott thought, was the taste among the higher classes in Italy for everything connected with Grecian associations. Was a sacred subject to be illustrated? it must be done according to some approved remnant of heathen imagery. Thus the art that would have advanced was thrust aside. It was no longer identified with the age, with the people, nor with their religion. Michael Angelo himself was trammelled and enchaind by this unfortunate mixture of two distinct and different styles. It was almost impossible to produce Greek results without Greek associations. At the conclusion of this paper, I suppose you will think our exertions for the day were futile; but you are wrong; we had still to attend a source at the deanery, by private invitation. A number of rooms were thrown open, but the most interesting was the Chapter Library, formerly the chapel of the archbishop's palace. Amongst the book-boards, kindly taken out of their locked covers by the dean, were the two precious, unobscured folios of Lactantius's second edition of the Greek Testament, upon vellum, printed by Froben at Basil in 1499; the Horse, the Sheep, and the Goose, with the Crow and the Bird, printed by Caxton; and Queen Elizabeth's manuscript English version of the New Testament by Wickliffe. Elizabeth Bonomi is inscribed in her own handwriting, 'the chief agent of St Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians.'

Thursday morning - We gathered, for the first time, the Section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities, Sir John P. Balfour in the chair. James Talbot, Esq. read a Notice of some supposed Egyptian Remains, hitherto undescribed, in Upper Nubia. The gist of this paper was to show that, although excavations had not been able, even with the assistance of the Arabs, to bring the evidence of Egyptian civilisation to the latitude of Senaar, yet he (Mr Talbot) was in a position to assert that there are similar ruins very far south of that city, and near the borders of Abyssinia. Mr Talbot, in reply to a question put to him, said there was scarcely now a remnant of the original Christian population left in Nubia, although historical records teach us that at one time nearly all the people were Christians. Sir Richard Westmacott next read a paper 'On the Arts and Artists of England during the Middle Ages.' In tracing the arts generally, from their fall to their revival, the transition from the Pagan idolatry to the Christian religion, we are naturally induced to reflect on the similarity of causes to which they owed at once their destruction and regeneration. We owe the revival of the arts wholly to religion; but Christianity, which had made great progress in the third century, notwithstanding the persecution it endured, had scarcely ascended the throne of the Caesars, when the Christians in their turn became the persecutors. Sects arose, the people became divided; and the invader found them an easy prey. Degeneracy in civil habits increased, until the pure principles of Christianity were lost in superstition. Sculpture now declined, which had given promise of being restored under the first Christian Roman emperors. Art owed much to the pious regard which all countries have shown to the

dead.' The Athenian states, Rome also and her colonies, offer abundant examples. When the mysteries of religion became revealed to us, and resurrection was assured to us through the merits of our Saviour, a new sense arose, and a new feeling toward the dead; and the subterranean devisions, as may be seen in the earliest crypts of Italy, attest the pious belief of a future state, in the numerous effigies of the raising of Lazarus. Pisa may be considered the cradle of the restoration of art from the tenth to the fourteenth century. The Crusades also conducted to the prosperity of the arts, as, from the second to the sixth Crusade, six hundred religious foundations were re-established. Sir Richard then traced, in a most happy manner, step by step, the rise and decline of mediæval art in this country, illustrating the different periods by naming the works of each which remain to us, and contending that these were designed and executed chiefly by Italian architects.

We then left this section for the historical, which was sitting at the Hospitium, the Hon. Thomas Stapleton in the chair. The Rev. J. Hunter had just commenced the very paper we wanted to hear, 'Notes of Travelling, Roads, and Transports of Treasure in the North of England in the reigns of Edward I. II. III.' He gave several curious instances of the manner in which money was transmitted previous to the invention of banking systems. In the third year of Edward I., £1000 had to be transmitted from York to Scotland. The money was packed in eight barrels made for the purpose, and five carters were engaged to carry it. The guard retained for the treasure were twelve archers, six men-at-arms, and other persons, and the journey occupied nine days. Another sum of money took fourteen days to convey from London to Berwick. The president, Mr. Stapleton, then translated King John's will: it was most beautifully written in Latin, but was only about six inches square, with seals attached. He had not time to make a long will, as he is said to have been poisoned by a monk. This terminated the meeting.

We now hurried off to visit the churches of Skelton, Nun Monkton, and Overton. Skelton, five miles from York, is a small early English church, built with an elegant bell-cot for two bells. There have been three altars, of which the piscina (a place for throwing away the water after the priest had washed his hands) still remains. On approaching within a mile and a half of Nun Monkton we alighted, and had to walk upon a footpath overgrown with herbs and weeds, and saturated with wet from the heavy rain which had fallen in the morning; however, our difficulties appeared to serve more as an amusement than an impediment. At the ferry, which lay *en route*, our Charon had to make three separate voyages for our numerous party, and we at last reached the curious old church in the midst of a heavy shower, notwithstanding which, Lord Northampton and others were sketching the unique west front, as if it had been one of the finest days in the world. Overton church, which lay in our way back to York, is very small, chiefly of the period of transition from Norman, with decorated windows inserted.

Friday.—This day being set apart for excursions to Aldborough—to which the proprietor, Mr. Lawson, M.P., had invited the Institute—Fountains Abbey, and Ripon, we were up at six, and off at eight o'clock, notwithstanding the heavy rain. Sixteen miles from York, and within one of Aldborough, Mr. Lawson and his sons were waiting to receive us. The day, fortunately, just at this time became quite fine. Mr. Lawson, twenty years ago, excavated to a considerable extent at Aldborough; and he had the kindness and liberality to employ workmen, and superintend their labours during the preceding week, so that every foundation and former excavation was now ready open for inspection. Aldborough is a place of remote antiquity, being the Iseur of the ancient Britons, and the Isurium of the Romans, the capital of the Brigantes before the foundation of Eboracum, or York, and continuing an important station during the Roman sway in this island. The Saxons called it

'Burgh,' which means any fortified place; then Old Burgh or Ald-Burgh. The locality has been completely fixed by the Itinerary of Antoninus. Our first visit was paid to the garden of the Black Swan public-house, where there is the most perfect piece of Roman pavement yet discovered at this station. In the centre is a panther under a palm-tree, with a series of different patterns forming borders. There is a building erected over it, which gives it the appearance of a nice room, about sixteen feet square. There is a railing at the foot of the steps descending into the room (which is five or six feet below the surface of the garden), to prevent its being entered. Outside these steps is an ancient sacrificial stone altar. The little inn itself, also can boast some tessellated pavement; and the proprietor has for sale a collection of Roman pottery, pieces of lamps, amphoræ, columns, and capitals. We next, under the guidance of Mr. Lawson, junior, entered, ankle-deep, into a large field, where we saw about sixty of our party, who had arrived by another route, busily inspecting the foundation of the walls of the ancient Isurium. The church next occupied our attention; it stands upon the site of a temple dedicated to Mercury; in the east wall of the vestry a figure of that god is inserted, with his pegasus (winged steed), holding in his left hand a caduceus (rod). It is supposed this relic was found while digging for the foundations of the church. We were much amused at the spirit with which the bell-ringing was kept up in honour of the Institute, and also at the further compliment of the whole village turning out, dressed in their Sunday gear. We then bent our steps to the manor-house, now the Globe public-house, over which is the following quaint inscription:—

* This is the ancient manor-house,
And in it you may see
The Romans' works, a great
Curiositie!

At the back of this house—several pieces of fine Roman pavement, one particularly quite perfect. Here likewise was discovered, in 1762, the foundations of a hypocaust, in a line with the pavements. From thence we went to the grounds of Aldborough Lodge, as, during Mr. Lawson's residence there, he had discovered several Roman rooms and large baths. In one was a small archway, through which the baths were supplied with water, and in these latter were found some jet ornamented moulding, a large earthenware vessel, supposed to be the 'clauo-thesum,' or receptacle for oil, used for anointing with when coming out of the bath; which opinion is strengthened by two bronze 'strigiles,' or 'scrapers,' being found near it. At the south end of the baths was a profusion of oyster and mussel shells, and in the midst of them a bronze knife for scooping them out. These were clearly the oyster rooms—eating, among the Romans, invariably followed bathing. In fact, it would require a goodly-sized volume even to catalogue the curiosities found here and in the neighbourhood, which Mr. Lawson has enshrined in a small building erected on the highest point of the grounds, and called the 'Museum Isurinum.' It is built with Roman tiles, and a Roman mortar, the floor is laid with tessellæ, and the walls lined with fine old carved oak; neither trouble nor expense appear to have been spared here.

We next drove off to the Devil's Arrows. They are three large solid rag-stone or mill-grit obelisks, half a mile to the west of Boroughbridge. These have been for ages stumbling-blocks to antiquarians. Some suppose them to have been the meteors of the races held at the midsummer meeting of the Druids, to celebrate the great quarterly sacrifice. Others consider them Roman, and that they were records to their own honour. There were four of these stones standing in 1534; but Camden says, one having been displaced with the expectation of finding money, was taken for a foot-bridge, and, in pro-

* Flues for heating rooms.

* Ornaments of the spine or centre of the race-course.

dem times, for the foundation of a new bridge over the Int. The centre stone is twenty-two feet and a half high, and is estimated to weigh thirty tons. We all then adjourned to Boroughbridge Hall, where we were most hospitably received by Mrs Lawson. It is a fine mansion of the Elizabethan period. Everything in it appeared to harmonise; the walls were hung with old paintings, the hall and dining-room entirely ancient family portraits; inlaid chairs covered with beautiful old tapestry, a magnificent screen of the same workmanship, or inlaid cupboards, fine enamelled miniatures, illuminated books, old manuscripts and pedigrees, lovely antique gems, ancient lamps, seals, letters of many celebrated persons, and, laid out on two long tables, a perfect museum of ancient Isaurium, quite rivalling that which we had already seen. In a short time we were summoned to a splendid *déjeuner*, served on old china, with old ale in old glasses, and given in the true spirit of old English hospitality. We walked afterwards in the beautiful grounds, and saw, under a weeping willow, the tomb of Archbishop Scroppe, the reverend father's descendants having given him a new monument in York Minster. Mr Lawson purchased the old one. Within the shade of the same tree I deposited the *red aure*, recently found near Aldborough. It only contains ashes, which rest upon a slight foundation of common clay. It is called *red*, from having a border of that colour about two inches wide round it; the bright red clay appears to be such as the Samian pottery was composed of.

After having passed several pleasant hours with this highly intellectual family, we set off for Fountains Abbey, passing through Ripon. The country became more charming as we advanced towards Studley Royal, within which demesne Fountains Abbey is situated. By the kind permission of Lord de Grey, who has succeeded Miss Lawrence, we were allowed to drive through the park. At the inner gate we alighted, and walked a mile through the beautiful grounds. Copies of ancient statues adorn the banks of the river, and many little picturesque summer-houses are scattered about. The magnificent ruins of the abbey, the finest that our country retains from the wreck of the general dissolution, are situated in a lonely valley, with high hills on either side, which, clothed with lofty trees, and varied with scars, slope gently to the river, which runs through it. The buildings once covered twelve acres of ground, although what remains stands on little more than two. In 1192, certain Benedictine monks at St Mary's, in York, displeased with the want of discipline in their convent, resolved to migrate to Rievaulx, and become Cistercian monks. They applied for that purpose to Thurstan, archbishop of York. After enduring many sorrows, they finally came to Fountains, and lived under the shade of seven yew-trees until their monastery was built. Some of these trees still remain. The church is three hundred and fifty feet long from east to west, and is wonderfully perfect; the east window is very fine, and the domestic offices created surprise in all. The chapter-house, library, and refectory must have been truly superb. The ambulatory, wrongly called the cloisters, is the grandest I ever saw; it is three hundred feet in length, and is divided by nineteen pillars and twenty arches. We had scarcely finished our examination of this very interesting place, when symptoms of rain was announced, so we set off for the carriage, a mile distant; but before we had accomplished half our journey, it poured down so vigorously, that only for the thick foliage which every now and then covered the walk, we should have been thoroughly drenched. By the time we arrived at Ripon, three miles distant, the day cleared up again, and we visited the fine old minster, with its curious Saxon church in the crypt, the descending into which produced a strange scene, each gentleman being furnished with a candle, and the passage being so narrow, that only one could go down at a time. By special invitation we then repaired to the deanery, where a handsome luncheon awaited us.

From thence we visited the dilapidated church of St Mary Magdalen, to see some Roman pavement in the chancel; and then, heartily tired, sought our carriages, and had a delightful drive back to York, which we reached at midnight. By prolonging this excursion, we missed the splendid performance of sacred music that took place during the evening in the minster, which was lighted up for the occasion by command of the dean.

Saturday morning.—One of our party not being well, we did not join in the excursion to Rievaulx, but remained in York, and made a pilgrimage to a number of the churches, visited Clifford's Tower, with its curious chapel, the cathedral, the museum, and saw the county jail (York Castle), built out of the ruin of St Mary's Abbey. We also heard some of the papers read at the Section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities, the only one which sat; but as the subject-matter was principally either upon Roman stations, or the discovery of Roman remains, I shall pass them over, as I went so largely into the particulars concerning Isaurium. In the evening, at eight o'clock, we went to the theatre of the museum, the Marquis of Northampton in the chair, to hear Mr Way's 'Notice of the Alleged Discovery of the Tomb of Constantine Chlorus, near the Church of St Helen's on the Walls, in York, and the Ignited Lamp found therein, as compared with a similar sepulchral lamp reported to have been found in the province of Cordova, in Spain, as communicated to the Institute by Mr Wetherell of Seville, foreign honorary member.' Camden believed the tradition that the father of Constantine the Great was buried in York, and that there was found a lamp burning in the vault of the little chapel wherein he was thought to be buried. 'Lazius tells us that the ancients had an art of dissolving gold into a fat liquor, and of prepping it so, that it would continue burning in the sepulchres for many ages.' Thus wrote Camden in 1607. Mr Way said he would not have brought such a trite subject forward, but for the communication of his foreign correspondent; he was obliged to think there must be some foundation of fact for these ignited lamps, as in all cases the flame is said to have been extinguished on the admission of air into the tomb. The recent discovery was made at Buena, on the route from Granada to Cordova, and near the site of the ancient Castellum Priscum. A number of labourers were busy in harvest, time in 1833, near the old Roman tower; and a boy, idling in the vicinity, perceived a cleft amongst the ruins, which appeared to penetrate to a considerable distance. In the expectation of finding some treasure chambers, the farmer and some of his men effected a breach sufficiently large to admit of the boy's being lowered into the cavity by a rope. His feet soon touched the ground, and his eyes were dazzled by the yellow light cast upon the pavement, walls, and low stone bench which ran round the room. The labourers, in trying to loosen the lamp, broke it, and the liquid which fed the flame was lost.

Sunday.—After the cathedral service, we spent some time in visiting churches, and saw some fine painted windows. We heard of the delightful excursion of the preceding day, which was all sunshine; of Lord Eversham's fine house and grounds, *richer* luncheon, and old pictures; of the kind reception of the party at Gilling Castle, and all the wonders of the house shown by Mr Fairfax himself; of their passing through a number of celebrated places; and lastly, of their visits to Rievaulx and Byland Abbeys.

Monday.—At one o'clock the concluding general meeting assembled, the Marquis of Northampton in the chair. All things went on well. Mr Way showed that the accounts were flourishing. All persons who ought to be complimented were complimented, the officers for the ensuing year were elected, and Norwich selected as the place where the next congress of the Institute should be held.

Thus terminated our pleasant week, which 'seemed but as a day.' Several parties were made, as if with a view of prolonging the excursions, to Beverley minster

and other churches, which would occupy some days; but circumstances would not allow us to join any of them, and so, full of the enjoyment we had had, we sailed back to London.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

GALILEO AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE present paper refers to facts belonging to the current century, within the cognisance of the existing generation; when, in the greater progress and experience of society, we might naturally look for tolerance, if not for assent. But the result of our investigation is by no means encouraging; the unwilling tardiness with which the world receives a new principle becomes painfully apparent. We find the motives which actuated the resistance to Harvey's doctrine in the days of the first Charles still vigorous in the reign of Victoria. Whatever progress the world may have made in wisdom, it has not yet become exemplary in candour, or the virtue which shrinks from wrong:

* The man who shows his heart
Is hooded for his widdies, and scorned.*

In no instance has error proved more perverse or detrimental than in relation to the nervous system, that which gives man his finish, and stamps him as lord of the animal kingdom. It was very early discovered that the brain and *thought* were in some way connected. Herophilus, who lived in Egypt during the reign of the first Ptolemy, was the original discoverer of the connexion between the nerves and the brain, and taught that the former were subject to the will. Dissections of the brain were made three thousand years ago by Democritus, Anaxagoras, and others; but as the learned men of that day knew nothing of inductive philosophy, they arrived only at barren conclusions. Erasistratus believed the brain to be the source of the nerves of sensation, and its membranes of those of motion. Hippocrates confounds nerves, sinews, and ligaments all under the specific term *nerua*, some of which, he says, contract the limbs. According to Aristotle, the heart is the origin of the nerves; and yet, in another place, he calls them the 'canals of the brain.' Galen, who appears to have been the most accurate observer among ancient physicians, showed that every muscle was a bundle of nerves and sinews; and tracing them into the viscera, placed the seat of love in the liver, while the heart was the habitation of the angry and courageous emotions. During the reign of the Emperor Trajan, Rufus, a physician, classed the nerves under two divisions—sensitive and motive—but made no distinction between nerves and muscles. Vesalius supposed the 'vital spirits' to be generated in the brain, from whence, by means of the spinal marrow, they ran to all the nerves of the body. But there was nothing clear or definite in the whole accumulated mass of observations. Some described the nervous fluid as an invisible medium, flowing backwards and forwards through minute tubes; others maintained its resemblance to the purer part of white of egg; according to a third party, it was an acid; and to come down nearer to our own times, it was insisted, and even Newton approved the theory, that the mysterious agent was ether.

The immediate successors of the theorists here quoted did but little towards reducing the complex doctrine to anything like order. Haller, so justly celebrated for his important contributions to physiological science, bewildered himself among vague hypotheses, which led him to the conclusion that the nerves of motion were also those of sensation. Scarpa and Willis made drawings of the nervous system as distributed through the human body. According to the latter, the brain was the sole laboratory of the subtle spirit transmitted by the nerves. Johnson, an English physician, asserted that 'ganglia' were for the purpose of cutting off

sensation.* Monro maintained the contrary of this assertion. Soemmering taught that several small nerves performed only the office of one larger; and, in support of his opinion, contended that the three nerves going to the tongue were to be regarded but as one of greater size.

It is thus apparent that our acquaintance with the nervous system dates from a very early period; but we look in vain for arrangement or order. Many had treated on the subject in their writings with more or less of inconclusiveness and absurdity; not a few arrogantly declared the arrangement could be no other than as laid down by themselves. Galen justly rebuked these bold speculators who claimed omniscience for human reason. 'My own work,' he tells us, 'I regard as a religious hymn in honour of the Creator.' At the beginning of the present century the greatest indifference prevailed with regard to the study of the nerves; the hypotheses of the ancients, as we have shown, were supposed to have exhausted a question which was left unchallenged and neglected. Nothing had been done to combine the information then extant, and reduce it to a system. Many rejected the nervous system altogether in their investigations, as an irregular branch of physiological heterodoxy; and rested content in the belief of tubular nerves, filled with a vital fluid, and diverging from the brain as a common sensorium.

Such was the state of scientific knowledge of this interesting subject, when, in the year 1821, Mr. afterwards Sir Charles Bell, commenced the publication of a series of highly important and valuable papers, in which he took up entirely a new view of the nerves of the human body, and demonstrated that, amid all their apparent intricacy and confusion, law and order were to be discovered. He instituted comparisons with the lower order of animals; the simplest in form, though devoid of visible nerves, were, however, acted upon by some nervous matter; those of the next class above possessed a ganglion with a single nerve, growing more and more complex as the higher degrees of the scale were reached. Some of the insect tribe were found to undergo a remarkable change; with the development of wings they acquired an entirely new nervous system. By dint of persevering application, the high-minded anatomist succeeded, to use his own words, in showing the nervous system 'as plainly set forth as if it were written in our mother tongue. . . . I had recourse to their origins to find out their uses; I first took a view of the spinal nerves in all their course, and observed their exact resemblance to each other in every particular. I then, by experiment, proved that their roots had different powers, and that they really were what their anatomy had indicated to me—double nerves.'

Simple as it may appear, in thus determining the different powers of the roots of the nerves, consists the whole point and value of the discovery. The old opinion, that a fluid travelled backwards and forwards along the same nerve, was at once superseded, as well as that which made the impression transmitted dependent on the structure of the nerve. A difference of function, as well as of structure, was shown to exist between the cerebrum and the cerebellum, or the greater and lesser brain; the continuation of the former constituting the anterior portion of the spinal marrow, and the combination of the latter the posterior portion. The spinal nerves, thirty on each side, regular in their origin and distribution, were seen to be provided with two roots, arising one from each division of the spinal marrow. It will thus be clear that the root departing from the anterior portion would convey impressions from the cerebrum, and those on the posterior portion from the cerebellum. The former, as is now generally known, contains the organs of perception, volition, and memory; the latter, those of motion. And it was ascertained that the set of the roots might be divided with the knife, without producing any effect on the muscles; but that, by touching the other set in the slightest degree with a sharp point, the muscles were immediately convulsed.

* Small knots of nervous substance.

It was further proved that the nerves met with in different parts of the body are not single threads, but bundles of nerves; all possessing different powers, united merely for convenience of distribution, each carrying on its own functions undisturbed by the others with which it is so intimately bound up in a common sheath.

The origin of the respiratory nerves, traced to a lateral division of the spinal marrow, was shown to render them independent of the will—a wise and wonderful arrangement, without which neither men nor animals would be able to breathe during sleep, and which makes it possible for breathing to go on, as frequently happens, when consciousness is destroyed by accident or injury. The combinations between different sets of nerves were also clearly demonstrated, explaining the harmony of motion maintained over the whole body: any interruption between these combinations produces distortion and unequal movements, as shown by the application of galvanism to the body after death. And in addition to the attributes of sensation and motion, common to all animals, the nerves of the human subject were shown to possess still higher endowments: they assist in language, in the interchange of thought and sentiment; they regulate the play of the features, and make expression and emotion eloquent.

Thus, by the persevering labours of one individual, the mystery of ages was cleared up, and a key furnished to the bewildering maze in which so many had been baffled, and compelled to abandon the task in despair, faint and impervious as the above outline of the untimable discovery must necessarily be, it will yet suffice as an illustration of the energy of truth. This is a case which clearly demonstrates the high value of the Baconian philosophy; in which analysis and induction, patiently and cautiously followed up, led to clear and irresistible results. The subject had occupied the mind of Sir Charles Bell for nearly forty years, when, in 1840, he laid his last paper before the Royal Society. The earliest glimpse of the views afterwards so fully established, is to be found in a small work, *'The Anatomy of Expression in Painting,'* published by him in 1800, where he remarks, 'If we had but a perfect knowledge of the functions of the nerves, they would, on all occasions, inform us of the cause of those actions which now appear to us so inexplicable.' From that point he went on with unremitting labour and diligence until the phenomena of the nervous system were fully discussed and explained. But no sooner were his papers published, than attempts were made, both in this country and on the continent, to deprive him of the honour and reputation which, as their author, he so highly merited. In the calm and temperate language of an investigator of truth, he observes—'From the indifference so long evinced to such investigations before these communications to the Royal Society, I conceived that I should have been permitted in a slow, temperate, and scientific manner to have stated the whole of my observations to that learned body.' His expectation, however, was not realised; opponents arose, arrogant and clamorous in their assertions, claiming discoveries, and anticipating conclusions, while yet ignorant of the entire subject. The former confusion was made still more difficult and obscure; functions were attributed to the nerves which they never possessed; the fifth nerve, on which Sir Charles had bestowed particular attention, was said to be 'the nerve of all the senses.' One critic averred that his observations were identical with those of Galen; and yet, as we have seen, Galen believed each nerve endowed with the two properties of sensation and motion. The fatal consequences of dividing the sensitive nerves in some painful complaints, demonstrated by the eminent discoverer, were treated with ridicule; and some of his enemies, by way of refuting his system, continued to divide the nerves in all cases of facial disorder that came before them. Magendie, an eminent French physiologist, claimed priority of discovery, and found many partisans in England. He visited London, and, in one of the anatomical theatres of the metropolis,

made some showy experiments, by which he endeavoured to establish his claim and controvert the British anatomist's conclusions. We have seen how Harvey's practice was injured by his discovery, and how he was derided by many of the learned of his time. As regards practice, Sir Charles Bell had the same story to tell; he has left it on record that, after every step in his discovery, he was obliged to work harder than ever to preserve his reputation as a practitioner.

A comparison of the past with the present enables us to judge of the actual progress made by society; notwithstanding the reluctance generally felt by the world to confess it may have been in error, a gratifying characteristic of the present day is a certain disposition at times to look at a new fact or theory for a space, before overwhelming it with scorn, and its promoters with obloquy. In spite of the opposition offered to Sir Charles Bell's views, they eventually met with the approval of candid minds. Sir Astley Cooper was one of the first to acknowledge their value and importance; and the celebrated Cuvier, when on his deathbed, finding his face distorted and drawn to one side, pointed it out to his attendants as a proof of the discoverer's correctness.

Sir Charles Bell frankly admitted the weak points in his system, but, confident in his principles, observed that time would reconcile the discrepancies. 'Facts,' he said, 'have been denied with a heat and pertinacity which I can never understand.' And in the preface to his *'Nerve System,'* published in 1830, he writes with the truth and dignity of a philosopher: 'Whatever may be thought of the reasoning pursued in this volume, the facts admit of no contradiction; and perhaps, hereafter, some may be excited to know in what manner they were first received. The gratification in the inquiry has been very great; the deception by the profession has been the reverse of what I expected. The early announcement of my occupations failed to draw one encouraging sentence from medical men. When the publication of these papers by the Royal Society made it impossible to overlook them altogether, the interest they excited drew countenance on those who opposed them, or who pretended to have anticipated them. To myself this has ceased to be of any consequence; but I confess I regret to leave those young men who have honourably and zealously assisted me in these inquiries, in the delusive hope of labouring to the gratification of their own profession. The pleasure arising from the pursuit of natural knowledge, and the society of men of science, must be their sufficient reward.'

Sir Charles Bell was the son of a Scottish clergyman, and born at Edinburgh in 1778. He was not 'overlooked.' In addition to the esteem of those whose character made their esteem valuable, he received the honour of knighthood from William IV.—a knighthood rendered more illustrious by the scientific names in whose company he received the honour—those of Herschel, Ivory, and Brewster. He likewise obtained the highest reward at the disposal of the Royal Society, of which body he was a Fellow—a royal medal. He is also well known as author of one of the *Bridgewater Treatises on the Hand*, which does equal credit to his science and his principles. He died in Worcestershire in 1842, distinguished in private life by simplicity and sympathy of manners, elegant tastes, and domestic virtues.

IMPROVED HATCHING APPARATUS.

It has been generally supposed that heat is all that is necessary to incubation, and that placing eggs in an oven which could be kept heated at a moderate and even temperature, eggs might be hatched to any extent. This was the plan adopted at the Ekeelobion, exhibited in London some few years since, but which, from the uncertainty of its operations, and the small percentage of chickens hatched to the number of eggs destroyed, rendered the machine useless, except as a mere exhibition. Many men of science and writers of books have also stated, for years past, that they have succeeded in hatching by artificial means; but

when the system is examined, it will be found that all their attempts for practical purposes have been useless, and therefore abandoned. Let us first of all examine the egg. Where does the germ lie? On the uppermost side, always floating on the top of the yolk, and against the shell. Which part of the egg does the hen sit upon? The top, and she affords no heat to the bottom, which rests on the ground, and is cool until the formation of the blood-vessels within the egg carries the heat downwards by circulation, and thus the egg becomes warmer, and finally hot at the bottom, when the chick fills up the shell.

We are led to these remarks from having visited a model hatching establishment at Heathfield, Sussex, which is being carried on under the superintendence of Mr W. J. Cauldo, and which is patented under the name of Cauldo's Patent for Artificial Hatching.

We were first shown the Patent Incubator, which consists of two long counters filled with drawers, intended to contain five thousand eggs. The top of the counter is a reservoir of warm water, contained in waterproof cloth, and which rests on the top of the eggs, and answers the purpose of the hen, by giving the eggs 'top contact heat.' The water is heated by a small fire of charcoal, which warms a large tank of water which communicates with the water contained in the cloth on the top of the eggs. This is kept constantly in motion by machinery, so that the heat is always at the same temperature. We fortunately paid our visit to this interesting establishment on the hatching day, which is on each Thursday, and saw upwards of five hundred chickens leave their shells. The inventor showed the whole process. It appears he first began in America, and expended a large sum, and found he could only succeed by following nature step by step. On leaving the hatching-house, we were shown the rearing-houses, to each of which is allowed an acre of ground, for the chickens to run over; this is divided by netting, so that each hatch of chickens is kept separate, and the day being warm and fine, upwards of three thousand chickens might be seen all running about at the same time. Great ingenuity is displayed in the construction of these rearing-houses, or places of shelter for the chickens; they being provided with a series of warm-water pipes, under which the chickens get the warmth which the hen would afford them.

Altogether, this is one of the most pleasing sights we ever beheld, and from what we could learn, is likely to turn out a profitable speculation; the great difficulty at present being in getting good eggs in sufficient quantities. They hatch from eighty to ninety per cent. of the eggs they procure, which is a larger amount than can be obtained by natural means; and when we consider that a hen will lay upwards of two hundred eggs in a year, and will rarely incubate more than once in a year, although she will occasionally bring out two broods of from twelve to fifteen each, it appears that it will be far more profitable to keep poultry for raising eggs than it will be for rearing. We have no doubt, in a few years, that the large town will have an artificial hatching establishment; and that, by this means, a vast amount of food will be provided for our increasing population. We were told that the chickens were always fat, and, from the extreme cleanliness in which they were kept, and being fed regularly, and on the best food, have no doubt their flesh will be far superior to the general run of poultry. They have turkeys and Guinea fowl hatched by the same means, the turkeys taking longer; but have not tried ducks, not having the command of open water.

NOVEL METHOD OF PRESERVING FLOWERS.

A correspondent suggests the following expedient for the preservation of flowers when in bloom, which may be useful to flower-lovers and others:—It is well known that the great secret of the existence of a plant is the maturation of its seed, and cannot be effected, as a general rule, unless the pollen dust is applied to the stigma of the flower; and if this can be artificially prevented, it has been found that the flower retains its beauty for several days longer than would be the case if allowed to impregnate its seed. The experiment can be tried in two ways: either the anthers, which are the pollen receptacles, may be cut off with a pair of scissors as soon as the flower opens, which emasculates the flower, or the stigma may be in a similar manner removed—the same end being gained, as the pollen cannot now, even if it falls upon the style, accomplish its object. Geraniums, having been thus treated, will preserve all their freshness sometimes for upwards of a week or ten days;

and in their case, as the stamina and anthers are very pretty objects, it is better to remove the style of the flower entirely—none but the eye of a botanist could detect the amputation. This singular fact is not new. Sir James Smith, in the middle of the last century, discovered it; but it is not as generally known as it ought to be.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

'A French pater says, Lucilla Ronce, a pretty little girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly, but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under a charge of vagrancy. 'Does any one claim you?' said the magistrate. 'Ah! my good sir,' she replied, 'I have no longer any friends; my father and my mother are dead. I have only my brother James; but he is as young as I am. Oh dear! what could he do for me?' The court must send you to the house of correction.' 'Here I am, sister. Here I am; do not fear,' cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant a little boy, with a sprightly countenance, dressed in an elegant costume as a groom, started forth from the midst of the crowd, and stood before the magistrate. 'Who are you?' said he. 'James Ronce, the brother of this poor little girl.' 'Your age?' 'Thirteen.' 'And what do you want?' 'I come to claim Lucilla.' 'But have you, then, the means of providing for her?' 'Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucilla,' Lucilla. 'Oh! how good you are, James!' Magistrate to James: 'But let us see, my boy; the court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. However, you must give us some explanation.' James: 'About a fortnight ago my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan; and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed, while I slept on the floor, wrapped up in my blouse. But it appeared the poor little thing had not enough to eat, for one day she, unfortunately, heeled on the Boulevard. When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so, you must find something better. I very much wished to become an artisan, but at length I decided to look for a place; and I have found a very good one, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty frames a-month. I have also found a good woman who, for these twenty frames, will take care of Lucilla, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister.' Lucilla, clasping her hands, 'Oh how good you are, James!' Magistrate to James: 'My boy, your conduct is very honourable. The court encourage you to persevere in this course, and you will prosper.' The court then decided to render up Lucilla to James; and she was going from the bar to join her brother, when the magistrate, smiling, said, 'You cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow.' James: 'Never mind, Lucilla, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow.' To the magistrate: 'I may kiss her, may I not, sir?' He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

PRIDE AND VANITY.

The proud man is penetrated with a sense of his superior merit, and, from the summit of his grandeur, treats all other mortals either with indifference or contempt. The vain man attaches the greatest importance to the opinions of others, and seeks their approbation with eagerness. The proud man expects that his merit shall be sought out; the vain man knocks at every door to fasten attention upon himself, and he supplicates for the smallest honour. The proud man disdains the marks of distinction which constitute a source of happiness to the vain man. The proud man revolts at foolish enlogiums; the vain man inhales with delight the incense of applause, however absurdly and unskillfully administered.—*Dr Gail.*

TOMBSTONES.

A tombstone generally imparts full information upon two points respecting the deceased—namely, when he was born, and when he died. But the only knowledge at all desirable, is to learn what he did between the intervals specified.—*Hyche's Stray Thoughts.*

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YOUTH OF MODERN INFLUENCES.

THE influences which are now chiefly concerned in producing changes in society—which, in fact, are creating its characteristic form and features—are all of a very youthful kind, and may be said to have been born in the present century. Strictly speaking, not one of them can be called *new*, for their elements, like the elements of everything else, have been in existence since the world began. It is of the discovery of their application by man that we now speak: their combination into forms that are useful to him; their regulation and direction so as to execute the purposes of his will; and of their active and conspicuous power in improving and advancing civilisation. By the very nature of things, it is impossible that society can, for an instant, stand still. Its progress is as irresistible as the progress of time itself. The means by which it is made to advance are constantly supplied, and when one series of influences has done its work, another has already come into activity. In the present century, many influences that ruled society in other days have lost their power, and agents of a younger and better kind have acquired a sway. Under these things are daily changing; and society, from centre to circumference, is becoming renewed. The warlike and the destructive have given place to the peaceful and the preserving; the hissing of steam has been the unequivocal signal for many old evils to quit the sphere where they had acted too long.

Thirty years of peace have had a most extraordinary effect in developing the resources of this country. Those who lived before the memorable year 1815, can call up before their mind's eye a striking picture of two phases of civilisation—military glory, with its usual attendants, death, misery, and enormous national expense, on the one side; and 'quiet, gentle peace,' with advancement in knowledge, discoveries in science, revelations of domestic evils, and earnest efforts to abolish them, on the other. Great Britain, indeed all Europe, on the 18th of June 1815,

'Laid down an old sad weary work,
And took up a newer and a better.'

The intelligence of the battle of Waterloo had reached this country only for a few days, when an event occurred, so apparently trifling, as almost, amid the universal rejoicing, to escape notice. This was the appearance, for the first time (28th June 1815), of a steam-ship on the river Mersey. The vessel was built at Glasgow, and was intended to ply between Liverpool and Runcorn, a small port about eighteen miles up the river in the direction of Manchester. War had just marched out with military honours of Waterloo when this solitary steamer, the pioneer of peace, arrived with little pomp or honour in the Mersey. Exactly thirty years after

this, the waters of the same river presented a sight which no man who saw the little Glasgow steamer paddle into it in 1815 would, in his wildest and most sanguine hopes, have predicted. On the 25th of July 1845, the Great Britain, the largest steamer now afloat, departed from Liverpool on her first voyage across the Atlantic. Thirty years before, a river voyage of thirty miles in a steamer had been considered a wondrous feat; now a sea voyage of three thousand is looked upon as a thing of course. One small steamer was then a surprising instance of human skill; now crowds of such vessels, large and small, on the Mersey, have become matters of every-day observation, and their absence would be a greater wonder than their presence.

Though it was not till 1815 that steamers were first introduced on the Mersey, yet they had, a few years before, been employed in America and on the Clyde. Not one, however, was brought into public use before the beginning of this century. In the year 1788, while the notables of France were assembled at Versailles, and that nation was on the threshold of its world-famed revolution, a revolution of a different kind, and destined to be more lasting and beneficial, was in preparation on a small piece of water called Dalswinton Loch, in the pleasure-ground of a gentleman in the south of Scotland. Three gentlemen, one of them named Symington, were there and then trying to propel a pleasure-boat by means of a steam-engine. They succeeded; but the birthday of their invention had not yet come. The eyes of the world were directed to France, and few men even knew that such a place as Dalswinton Loch existed. A few years afterwards, a stranger from America, Fulton by name, 'a tall and slender, but well-formed man,' happened to be in Paris while Napoleon was meditating his invasion of England; and it is said that the American offered to build vessels which would carry the invading Frenchmen over to Sussex from Boulogne. He was allowed to make some experiments, which did not succeed. The Boulogne army never crossed the English Channel, but marched into the heart of Europe, to fight and gain the battles of Austerlitz and Jena. Fulton, however, crossed the Channel, and obtained from Symington, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, an explanation of his mode of propelling vessels. He then returned to his home in the new world; and while Napoleon was issuing his notorious Berlin decree, the first steamboat of Fulton was navigating the Hudson. In 1811, when

* Mr Miller of Dalswinton, who had experimented in a boat with hand-driven paddles; James Taylor, the preceptor of Mr Miller's sons, who had suggested the application of the steam-engine to this kind of navigation; — Symington, a mechanist, who was called in to make and apply the engine, and who, about the same time, was experimenting upon a steam-carriage for cannon roads. Symington seems to have had the principal merit in keeping the project alive, till it was taken up by Bell and Fulton.

the 'Grand Army' of France was preparing to invade Russia, the first British steamboat was launched near Glasgow by Henry Bell; and while the old power of the sword was exerting in convulsions amid the Russian snows, the new power of steam was trying its youthful strength on the waters of the Clyde. The agents of civilisation have their exits and their entrances, and each one in its turn plays many parts.

Since that time the progress of steam-navigation has been swift and sure. It has had the freest and fullest scope; for it has been fostered and promoted by a rapidly-growing intercourse between all the nations of the earth, and has been neither checked nor stayed by the evil spirit of war. In 1815, three steamers belonged to England, and in twenty years that number was increased to three hundred and forty-four. The Red Sea was navigated by steamers, bearing the Indian mails, in 1824; in 1838, the Atlantic was crossed for the first time by steam; in 1840 the line of mail steamers between England and America commenced to run; and in 1842, the steamer *Forth*, bearing the mails, departed for the first time from Southampton for the West Indies.

Railway travelling, which is one of the most important influences of the present day, is even younger than steam-navigation. During the last century several tramways were constructed, but they were all short lines, generally in the neighbourhood of coal-works, wrought by horses, and used only for the conveyance of minerals. The idea of using the power of steam to propel carriages was suggested by many scientific men. Symington constructed a model of a steam-carriage, which he exhibited in Edinburgh about the time that he was engaged in the experiment that led to the construction of steam-ships. But nothing of a practical or public kind was done until the year 1804, when Mr Trevithick constructed a locomotive, which was made to run on a railway at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales. In the same year Napoleon was invested with the imperial crown. It was not, however, till a quarter of a century had passed away that locomotives were extensively used on railways. The line between Liverpool and Manchester, the first of importance, was opened on the 15th of September 1825. The affairs of the world presented an appearance on that day very different from that which they wore when Trevithick tried his locomotive in the principality of Wales. The Emperor of France had lost his crown and his empire, and had been lying for nine years in a quiet grave in a solitary island of the sea; the elder family of the Bourbons, who had succeeded him, had been deposited in the 'three days' of 1830; and Louis Philippe, once a schoolmaster, had been crowned king of the French. The reign of railways and that of the present French king commenced together, and both have been highly instrumental in preserving the peace of Europe.

The railway system may be said to be only now emerging from a state of infancy, and acquiring some definite form and character. The line between London and Birmingham, and by it to Liverpool, Manchester, and Preston, was fully opened in 1825; London and York were joined in 1825, and the communication was extended to Newcastle in 1825; London and Bristol were connected in 1826; Manchester was connected with Leeds in 1825; Dublin with Kingstown in 1825, and with Drogheda in 1825; Glasgow with Ayr in 1825, with Greenock in 1825, and with Edinburgh in 1825; Dundee with Arbroath in 1825; and Edinburgh with Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1825. The influence of railways, therefore, only commenced in the second quarter of this century; and though we have seen their influence productive already of many changes, yet it may be fairly expected that greater changes are yet to come—changes which shall carry society nearer and nearer to peace and order, and cause wars and tumults to exist only in the pages of past history.

The electric telegraph, which has already effected what a few years ago would have been ridiculed as im-

possible, was patented only in 1837, and was not introduced on railways until a few years after that time.

The influence which newspapers and other periodical literature are exerting on modern society is immense. Yet this, too, is newly born—is the creation almost of yesterday; an influence whose sphere has been enlarged, and whose power has been rendered quite gigantic by the kindly and protecting arm of peace. It is scarcely four centuries since the art of printing was introduced into the world, and only one century since the proceedings of parliament began to be reported in the newspapers. In 1790, Great Britain and Ireland possessed 146 newspapers; in 1821, the number had increased to 278; and in 1843, it was 453. The average increase from 1790 to 1821 was thus about nine papers in two years, while from 1821 to 1843 the increase was eight papers in one year, or nearly double the increase of the previous period. But not only had newspapers greatly increased in number, their individual circulation had likewise increased; for while in 1821 the number of stamps issued was 24,000,000, in the year ending 5th January 1843 the number was 60,000,000. Much of this increase must of course be ascribed to the reduction of the taxes on newspapers; the duty on each advertisement having been reduced, in June 1833, from three-and-sixpence to one-and-sixpence, and on each newspaper, in August 1836, from fourpence to one penny. All the newspapers and periodicals that are the most influential in the present day are young; indeed nearly all have been commenced within the memory of man. 'The leading journal of Europe' is now in its sixtieth year, and none of the other London daily papers is much older. The *Edinburgh Review* was commenced in the second year of the present century; and its great rival, the *Quarterly*, is seven years younger. The oldest periodical in Edinburgh, with the exception of the *Review*, was commenced in 1817. But it was not till 1826 that literature began to be really cheap and popular. The publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge were commenced about that time; and cheap volumes, issued at regular periods, on interesting subjects, became very common. Six years afterwards, the present *Journal* was started; other weekly periodicals of instruction and entertainment were commenced, and they have since multiplied in an extraordinary degree. Every year witnesses some effort of a more and more enterprising kind to diffuse knowledge at the cheapest conceivable rate among the great mass of the people. Indeed it may with truth be said that the present century found knowledge 'a sealed book, and changed it to an open letter'; found it the heritage of the rich, and made it the patrimony of the poor; found it confined to the few, and diffused it with no sparing hand among the many.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that, as time rolls on, the influence of this kind of literature will in any degree diminish. The great results of our age are swiftness in communicating intelligence, and conveying merchandise and men; and periodicals are essentially the medium through which this intelligence is to be conveyed. Though the press were not linked with a stronger and a better power than even that of steam, yet the alliance with it would cause its influence to be increased both in intensity and extent. The oftener there is communication between two places, the oftener must the news of each place be published, and the greater the number of periodicals become. When the power of electricity is better known, and more extensively applied, may it not be expected that London papers, instead of being published daily, may ultimately be published almost hourly? A weekly newspaper, so far as its news are concerned, is now of little interest. It contains so much of what is called old, even though its intelligence may refer to events that occurred during the previous week, that a perusal of it does not occupy much time. Men now are laudably anxious to have their news, like their business-books, always 'up to date,' and to keep abreast with the intelligence of the day. To do this,

they must have newspapers. There are morning and evening newspapers in London already; why not have them at other periods of the day? Even at present, the second, third, and sometimes fourth editions of the daily papers show how impatient the public are for the smallest additional scrap of news. This eager thirst for daily intelligence was unknown, or at least ungratified, in the beginning of the present century. The last thirty years have infused new life and vigour into all the relations of life, and we are now living under the rule of that young giant, who slept as long as war was thundering over the earth, but who woke up to activity as soon as that evil genius had departed.

When any country is engaged in foreign warfare, its internal condition is apt to be neglected. Many arrangements are thus allowed to be made, and systems to grow up, which prove highly injurious to the interests of society. So has it been with this country. While we were engaged in the late, and, it is to be hoped, the last, continental war, the ideas of public health, of narrow streets, of sewerage and ventilation, never seemed to cross the public mind. They were topics which were forgotten in others of a more exciting nature. But when peace came, and the eyes of men were turned in on their own domestic condition, many sad pictures were revealed, and many sources of misery and vice laid bare. The knowledge of an evil is said to be half its cure; but it was only a few years ago that we obtained an imperfect knowledge of the actual social condition of our own country; and even now, our information is far from being complete. The science of statistics was in Great Britain not unaccountably neglected until the beginning of the present century. No exact statement of the number of inhabitants existed until the first census was taken in 1801; and it was not until 1838 that public attention was directed, by the reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to the sanitary condition of the people. The reports of the Registrar-General of England and Wales, on which many calculations respecting public health have been founded, were first commenced in 1839; and the Health of Towns Commissioners were appointed so recently as May 1843, and their first report was published in 1844. There are few subjects which are exerting so great and growing an influence on the public mind as this of the health of towns, and yet it is one quite new, and respecting which investigation has just begun. It is, literally speaking, a question of life and death, of sickness and health; and all, or nearly all, the statistical information that we possess regarding it is the result of the labours of the last ten years.

If we look at various other influences of the present age, we shall find them all of the same youthful character. Gas-light was used by Murdoch at Redruth, in Cornwall, in 1792; but the minds of men were then getting into a ferment on other subjects. The war commenced next year, and see how languidly, during the course, proceeded the introduction of this means of lighting! It cannot be said to have attracted public notice till 1802, when the newspapers told how the manufactory of Bolton and Watt, at Birmingham, had been lighted by it on the occasion of the rejoicing for the peace. War recommenced, and gas was not tried in a public street till 1806, when Pall-Mall was lighted with it. In 1810 the first London gas-light company obtained an act of incorporation, which, strangely enough, bound them to light the streets at a cheaper rate than the old plan of oil, but prohibited them from supplying houses. The subject of education, which is of the most vital importance in every state, was brought forcibly under the notice of the public about twenty years ago. Mechanics' institutions date their origin from the year 1824; it was in January 1829 that the famous expression, 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' was first used by Lord Brougham; and in 1834 the first government grant in favour of education was made. The sun has been our portrait-painter only about six years; and the penny-postage system, whose influence on society has

been so great, has not yet completed the first seven years of its existence.

These examples will be sufficient to indicate the youthful nature of the influences that are giving a form and character to modern civilisation. Their effects have hitherto been great and beneficial, and as their youth has exhibited such strength, what may we not expect from them when the period of their full development shall have come?

A STORY OF A GARMENT.

BY LETCH RITZ HIE.

I HAD just finished a continental ramble, and found myself at Rotterdam, with the intention of taking steam for London the next morning. There were only two other travellers at the table d'hôte, and with these gentlemen it was necessary to spend a long evening, as it rained in torrents out of doors. One was an Englishman, and one a Hollander, and both as unpromising subjects as could well be imagined. The former was a man of middle age, very tall, very stiff, very solemn, and very silent; while the latter, who might have been ten years younger, was the conventional Dutchman of the stage and the story-books, with a most respectable corporeity, and a face empty of everything but a kind of grave and lazy good-humour. These two, it appeared, had been fellow-travellers, and had been jumbled, accordingly, into social sympathy; although the fact was indicated more by looks than words, the only conversation that passed between them being an occasional remark in his own language from the Englishman, to which the other responded 'Ya, ya—laumph!'

Slightly at a loss to commence a conversation, I drew a pair of old gloves from my pocket, and ventured the observation that they had, a day or two before, been a source of trouble to me; that, in fact, I had been unable to get quit of them. On leaving my hotel in the morning, in order to proceed on my journey, I had thrown them behind a chest of drawers, in the hope that, before they were discovered, the arrival of some other guest would relieve me from the stigma of being set down as the owner of such property. But here I reckoned without my host, or rather without my chambermaid; for the girl, in her excessive honesty, pounced upon them the moment my back was turned, and sent them after me by express! I had got off more than two miles, and when we were at length stopped by the brook-winded shouts of the pursuer, the last thing on earth I should have expected to see was the miserable gloves. I was at first disposed, by way of a joke, to present them to the fellow for his trouble; but the laugh of my companions was hopelessly strong against me, and pocketing the precious articles as relics, I rewarded their preserver with a franc.

'What think you of them, gentlemen?' said I with a social laugh, as I threw down the gloves upon the table when I had finished my story. The middle-aged gentleman looked at them askance for some time, with a grave, and, as I thought, even stern air; he at length extended his hand slowly towards them, took them up, turned them over and over, examined them attentively, and then laying them down again deliberately, looked at me, and shook his head. The honest face of the Dutchman seemed at first to be more capable of reflecting the merriment of mine; indeed his heavy muscles appeared to be actually toiling into a smile; but before the process could be finished, he caught the expression of his friend, when his own subsided into stagnation as before, and he sat for some time eyeing me like a bullock. I began to think I had got into strange company.

'You think you have met with a misfortune,' said the middle-aged gentleman at length, in a voice of solemn bitterness. 'You flatter yourself you are to be pitied. But, after all, of what trifling matter have you to complain. Listen to my story. Sir, we are now in the very town where, twelve months ago, a case pre-

cisely similar to the one you have described was followed by results which would make the hair of the world stand on end! After this startling announcement he wiped his clammy brow, and seemed to gulp down some terrible reminiscences.

'Were they gloves?' said I after a time, trying to lead him on.

'No, sir, they were not gloves. Have gloves alone the faculty of wearing themselves out? It was a garment, sir—and a very important garment too!'—and turning to his friend, he repeated the words resolutely—'It was a garment, I say!'

'Ya, ya—humph!' replied the Dutchman.

'It was at Venice my misgivings commenced,' he continued, 'as I was stepping into a gondola, and there I had abundant opportunity of obtaining what was necessary. But it was not to be. Like all travellers who know the world, I was provided with needle and thread; and the down cushions and tranquil waters of the defunct city deluded me into a fatal security. At Padua, my first halt, there was no light to purchase in the cloistered streets, for my eyes are not good; and at Verona, I was occupied in the contemplation of the tomb of Juliet.'

'The tomb of Fudge!' interrupted I, willing to show that I too had travelled.

'Be it so,' said he with dignity; 'if Fudge were associated with woman's loveliness and truth, the tomb of Fudge would answer the pilgrim's purpose as well as that of Juliet. It is an idea we worship at Verona, and I want no human dust, no relic, to fix my devotion.'

'But touching the article?'

'Sir, it was impossible. I could not have done such a thing there. I did not foresee,' continued he hesitatingly, 'when I commenced this narrative, that it would be necessary to disclose the object of my rapid journey. But, in few words, gentlemen, there was a lady whom I expected to meet in this town of Rotterdam on her return from a tour, during the continuance of which circumstances rendered it improper for me to join her. Now this lady—here the middle-aged gentleman blushed like a girl, as with one long inspiration he drank off a full glass of wine—'now this Juliet—gentlemen, I ask you to tell me, I put it to you as men to say, whether it would have been decorous? You, sir,' turning beseechingly to his friend, whom his emotion seemed to puzzle; 'am I right?'

'Ya, ya—humph!' replied the Dutchman.

'At Milan I made no stay; and when I left the plains of Italy, and began to ascend the Alps, my uneasiness became extreme. The carriages on a good part of the Simplon route have only one bench, the travellers sitting side by side, and looking out at the opposite window. It is a horrible contrivance, for the jolting occasioned by the want of an equipoise is most dangerous to one's garments. I now abandoned all hope of relief before reaching Paris; and I leave you to guess in what condition, after traversing the Alps, the valley of the Rhone, the Pays de Vaud, and the greater part of France, I arrived at the great capital. In fact I had abandoned the needle and thread in despair, for the stuff and substance of the garment were in such a state of dilapidation as to afford no hold.'

'In Paris, at least, your miseries would end?' said I, wondering where this yarn was to terminate. 'Hey, mynheer?' I added, turning companionably to that great shining face, the eyes of which were fixed upon the story-teller with intense dullness.

'Ya, ya—humph!' replied the Dutchman.

'In Paris,' went on the middle-aged gentleman, 'my miseries did not end; but how or why they did not, must ever remain one of the mysteries of our nature. I need the single forenoon I was able to spend there to that sole purpose. I traversed the streets not only with stern resolution, but with a burning indignation against myself for having suffered myself so long to be worn by a garment. I looked into shop after shop, but, deluded by the apparently interminable number, always passed

on in quest of one more suitable. The obstacle, generally, was the presence of women behind the counter; the men, I presume, being as usual engaged in playing billiards, or drinking sugar and water in the cafe. At length, when my time was just up, I rushed into a warehouse in the Galerie Vivienne, where the master appeared to be alone, and with some difficulty—for I am not a proficient in foreign languages—explained my case to him. He would insist upon measuring me before giving himself the trouble of looking for the article I wanted; and, terrible as the idea was in my then condition, I was absolutely on the point of yielding, when, on turning my head accidentally, there was madame, his lady, behind me, knitting away with astonishing composure, and, as usual, sitting on the counter beside her, a great Siberian cat, which had every appearance of being likewise a female! Gentlemen, I quitted the shop instantaneously, and without an effort on their part to detain me. Among the more civilised English this could not have happened. In London, I should have been compelled, to my own good, but that Frenchman had the incivility to suffer me to depart.

'Mortified, stricken, and depressed, I found myself rattling over the inconsiderate stones for Brussels. I never left my seat when I could avoid it, and for good reason. How much do I owe to the companionable qualities of my excellent friend here! Ha, mynheer!'

The good Dutchman acknowledged the compliment with absolute animation.

'You think I had any eye to Brussels? Gentlemen, you do me injustice; my resolution was taken. I worried myself no more about new garments during the journey. My thoughts brooded over my own till our arrival at Rotterdam; and here, in this very house, I at length effected my deliverance.'

'Heaven be praised for it!' exclaimed I; 'I thought you were going to tell us that you wore the habiliment—to this minute, and that, like Mr Von Wodenblok with his mechanical leg, you expected to do so when you became a skeleton.'

'Oh that such were the case! Oh that I could, as easily as you have laid upon the table your old gloves, exhibit to the company my dilapidated garment! But I will not anticipate. I passed the whole day in walking rapidly through the streets; going up three or four steps at once; striding over the chains that connect the posts; convincing myself and the whole population, by a thousand experiments, that I was no longer afraid. But something remained to be done. The distressing sense of fragility was past which had made me feel as if I was walking on ice and sitting on thorns; but the incubus, dislodged from its seat, still remained, in body and substance, in my carpet-bag. I cannot tell you with what insane hatred I looked on it as I took it out; with what fiend-like triumph I exaggerated its rents, and poked my fingers through its decayed fabric! To leave the miserable remnant in a house where I was known was impossible; but all things seemed easy in my new elasticity of mind and body; and, making it up in a brown paper parcel, I went forth for the purpose of dropping it somewhere. The chambermaid eyed it strangely as I passed her on the stair; and when I got into the hall, the boots would insist upon carrying it for me. Even in the street it seemed an object of curiosity to the passer-by, who perhaps recognised me as the tall gentleman who had exhibited so many feats of agility in the forenoon. I walked through the whole town before finding an opportunity of putting my design in execution; but at length, allowing it suddenly to slip from my arm, I turned a corner sharply, and fancied I was safe.

'In London,' continued the middle-aged gentleman, 'this would really have been the case; the parcel would have disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and would never more have been heard of, unless a reward had been offered in the newspapers. But this wouldn't do in Holland. A score of voices called out to me, no doubt, that I had lost something; and a running pro-

cession of six or eight of the inhabitants restored to me the precious property. In deep shame, I took my road again to the inn, though not without forming a resolution by the way; in pursuance of which I clutched up a large stone in passing, and forced it into my pocket. My purpose was to ballast the parcel with the stone, and, under cover of the evening, to throw it into the canal.

When the evening came, I went forth on this errand with less courage than on the former occasion. My disappointment may have had some effect in depressing me, but the associations of secrecy and darkness likewise pressed upon my mind. I felt as if I were engaged in a criminal action; and, when threatening the water streets of Rotterdam, which were now almost deserted, I started every now and then at the appearance of a watchman, as if I had seen a ghost. Nay, I fancied at last that my heels were dogged by the police, and that the watchmen I met were one and the same individual. In vain I argued with myself that the penalties of law did not attach to the making away with an obsolete garment: the hour, the darkness, the stealthiness of my step, bore witness against me; and when at length, finding what seemed a suitable opportunity, I knelt by the side of the canal near one of the bridges, it was with an unsteady hand I dropped the parcel into the water, and with a quaking heart heard the splash with which it disappeared in its depths.

Now, thought I, that pest of a parcel is fairly done for. Never more shall I be plagued with its odious presence! The idea of relief, however, had been scarcely formed, ere I was in the gripe of a watchman; in another instant I was handcuffed; and before I could rally my thoughts sufficiently to comprehend what had happened, I was in the office of police. From a few words of English spoken by some of the crowd, I learned the nature of the accusation against me; and after a brief examination I was locked up in the prison cell of the place, on a charge—yes, gentlemen, on a charge of infanticide! It was a baby, it seems, I had made away with, and not an old garment. I had been observed prowling about with the awful burden at an early hour; I had dropped it purposely in the street, and had exhibited signs of terror and confusion when it was restored to me; and the party who picked it up, could undertake to swear that it had the feel of an infantine corpse. If you add to this the fact, that when the evening closed in I was seen with it again, traversing alone the most unfrequented parts of the canal, and at length dropping it secretly into the sullen waters, you have an irresistible body of circumstantial evidence against me. My brain wandered; and when sitting in that lonely cell, with no other light than that of the dull sky seen through the iron grating, I believed myself for a time the guilty wretch they so clearly made me out to be. I wished for morning, that I might be taken before the magistrate and confess the murder! The constables opened the door every now and then to see that I was not laying violent hands upon myself. Perhaps they were right; perhaps they were wrong. It was as well. It did no harm.

But even when this nervous feeling subsided, my mind was little easier, for imaginary horrors gave way to real ones. Rotterdam was a large town, and far from innocent of the crime of child-murder; and the part of the canal I had selected for my misdeed was the most eligible spot it afforded for getting rid of any evidence of guilt. The canal must be dragged in the morning; they could not condemn me to the scaffold without that preliminary; but was it impossible, was it improbable, that the corpse of an infant might be found in the same locality as my garment?

The morning at length came, and all Rotterdam rung with the crime that had been perpetrated the night before. The avenues of the place of justice were crowded from an early hour; and among the persons who obtained admission into the court, were the guests of this hotel, including one who had just arrived—the

lady I have already alluded to. This last circumstance I was not aware of till I had entered the dock, and it gave a desperate calmness to my feelings; for now, even if both bundles should be fished out of the canal, it seemed to me of very little importance which I should acknowledge, the corpse or the garment. The evidence, however, was gone through, and my guilt became more and more manifest, till at length it was announced that the body had been found, and was now about to be produced in court.

Gentlemen, in union with keen sensibilities I possess nerves of iron, and I did not faint. Owing to the shortness of my sight, I could not discern the nature of the bundle now brought forward; but when asked, through the interpreter, whether I acknowledged it to be the one I had sunk in the canal, I replied, with frightful calmness, that I did, profoundly indifferent as to whether or not the confession would conduct me to the scaffold. The next moment the contents were held up before the court—the old, miserable, bygone, obsolete, defunct, tattered, mud-stained nether garment—and as a wild gulf, mingled with shrill shrieks of female laughter, shook the ceiling, I lost recollection.

At this conclusion, so far from being able to keep my countenance, I could hardly keep my seat; and at the insult, the middle-aged gentleman started up, and expanding to his full height, seemed to be looking round for a victim. Fortunately his eyes rested at the moment upon my old gloves, and snatching them up, he tore them finger from finger, flung them violently into the fire, and strode out of the room.

What! exclaimed the Hollander in his own language, as he rose to follow our friend; what is the matter? What did he tear your gloves for? What has he been talking so long about?

What! said I, staring at the new original, do you not understand English?

English! Certainly not—no more than he understands Dutch!

THE MOUNTS AT DUNIPACE.

THE Carron Water, in Stirlingshire, enjoys some celebrity, partly historical, partly poetical, partly on account of the great iron works established seventy years ago upon its banks. The lover of our old ballads reverts to the allusion in *Gil Morrie* (on which the tragedy of Douglas was founded) as to the

—“A lady gay
Who dwelt on Carron side.”

The student of modern poetry thinks of Langhorne's dulcet narrative of the same sets of events in *Owen of Carron*.

“On Carron's side the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlyvale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?
’Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows o’r primrose pale;
That purp’r pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlyvale!”

The antiquary, again, remembers the curious structure called *Ardur's Oven*, which attracted attention near the Carron, as a temple either of the Romans, or of the aborigines, until an honest gentleman—Sir Michael Bruce of Stenhouse—demolished it in order to repair a mill-dam. But chiefly he thinks of the two mounts at Dunipace, hitherto supposed by Scottish historians to be the monuments of a peace concluded by the natives with the Romans, of whose power these objects were supposed to mark the utmost boundaries to the north.

The ballad allusions may be allowed to pass. The ancient temple was a genuine curiosity, probably a specimen of Celtic architecture, and not less than fifteen hundred years old. Nor can there be any doubt that the Roman power terminated about this place, for the wall built by them to keep out the Picts ran only two or three miles to the south, near Falkirk. But as to

the Dunipace mounts being monuments of any kind, or artificial objects at all, a grave question has arisen within the last few years. The geologists are likely to tear these mounts out of the teeth of the antiquaries, if those venerable gentlemen can be supposed to retain any such organs.

I lately visited Dunipace, in order to behold these famous miniature hills. Leaving the Stirling road at Larbert, you walk about a mile up the valley of the Carron rivulet, on its north side; a beautiful specimen of the simple Scotch lowland valley, composed of—first, the sparkling stream, murmuring over its pebbly bed; then the flat margins (*haughs*), of varying width; next, steep banks rising from the haughs, glowing with the primrose and furze bloom; finally, a flat stretching away from the top of these banks, to melt in the distant hills. Rich ornamental foliage half screens the road, which winds first along the steep bank, and then through what may be called the floor of the valley. At length we pass a promontory of the steep bank, and find ourselves in a comparatively wide piece of flooring, most of which is occupied by a gentleman's park. Here the road crosses by a bridge to the other side of the water: formerly, there were only *steps* for this passage; and it was by the *Steps of Dunipace* that the Highland army crossed in 1746, when making its stealthy advance to fight Hawley at Falkirk. Dunipace House faces us in the park; a pretty little mansion. We involuntarily recall its proprietor of 1746—poor Sir Archibald Primrose, executed at Carlisle in that memorable year, regretting nothing but the coming orphanhood of his children, and his having so far given way to bad advice as to plead guilty of an imputed crime which his conscience told him to be a virtue.

Between the house and the bridge, about fifty yards from the river side, two wooded eminences start up from the green bosom of the park, having an old churchyard nestling almost between them: these are the Mounts of Dunipace. The eye is at first at a difficulty in making out the objects, in consequence of the wooding, which I take leave to pronounce a mistake and a grievance. It only disguises, and reduces to commonplace, what would otherwise tell as extraordinary and not unpleasing objects. Abstracting the wood in our mind, we find that the mounts are of different form and size—one circular and conical, with a flat top, and between fifty and sixty feet high; the other a lengthy heap, of somewhat less elevation, and covering a much larger piece of the surface. The substance is gravel and sand. The two are at unequal distances from the river: they stand in a line more nearly transverse to that of the vale than coincident with it. All around them the ground is perfectly flat, but between the two mounts there is a slight rise or swell.

Singular in form and situation, it is no wonder that these hillocks should have attracted the attention of inquiring minds, and given rise to much speculation. As far as I am aware, they were first described by George Buchanan, who, having lived many years at Stirling while conducting the education of James VI., would probably visit them frequently. He makes no doubt that they were thrown up by the hand of man. Neither did it appear doubtful to him that the etymology is *Duni pacis*—‘The hills of peace;’ though how so classic a wit as he could suppose the Celtic word *dun*, a hill, to be associated with the Latin word *pacis*, I am at a loss to comprehend. Satisfied, however, with this etymology, and adverting to the curious temple at a lower point on the Carron, which was supposed to have been erected by the Romans to the god Terminus, the learned historian conducted a very plausible tale, to the effect that the Emperor Severus here ratified a peace with the Scottish king, Donald I., and that these mounts were erected in commemoration of it. This view of the matter remained unchallenged for two centuries, when, at length Sir James Foulis of Colinton published a paper in the *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*, scotching the idea of the Romans and natives clubbing

to make up a word, and also denying that the former nation ever raised such monuments on accomplishing treaties of peace. The mounts he equally presumed to be artificial, but he believed them to be sepulchral in character. ‘I conceive,’ says he, ‘that the tumuli of Dunipace were raised over the people who had fallen in battle, each army raising one for its own men, and therefore gave them the name of *Dun-abas*; that is, *Hills of Death*.’ Such was antiquarianism amongst us sixty years since; a battle *imagined*, then these hills *presumed* to be memorials of it. No evidence looked for beyond a doubtful etymology. The only remark of any value made by Sir James is, that a similar mount at the confluence of the rivulet Ury with the Don in Aberdeenshire, is called the *Bass*, a word nearly resembling certainly one portion of the name of Dunipace. Within the last few years a Danish antiquary came to see these mounts, and, after examining them, pronounced them sepulchral tumuli. He expressed the greatest anxiety to have them penetrated through the middle, avowing his full conviction that tombs of great personages of antiquity would be found within.

It is extremely interesting to trace the progress of speculation on this subject, during the time when no one dreamt of operations of nature being concerned in bringing about any such appearances. Objects of so peculiar a form must have excited wonder in the people who first came near them. Unavoidably, thereafter, they would become the subject of mythic tales. Then comes an early historian, whose learned conjectures are only a little more rational than the rustic legends. Next we have antiquaries puzzling and dreaming over the phenomenon, but unable to make anything like common sense out of it.

Behold, at length arrives the naturalist—the man of science—who deems it necessary to inquire, in the first place, if these objects are really, as hitherto presumed, works of men. Masses covering two Scotch acres, the tallest between fifty and sixty feet high, must contain a pretty large quantity of earth. For a rule, thin-spread people to throw up such piles, would not be much less of a task than for a civilised people, like the Egyptians, to build the Pyramids. Why, moreover, does the neighbouring ground show no trace of the hollow out of which the earth must needs have been dug? Artificial, then, as the Dunipace hillocks appear, and notwithstanding that our early ancestors were in the custom of raising tumuli (though of a smaller size) over the dead, it seems but right that we should exhaust the possibilities of a natural origin before we are driven to the opposite. Now, so far from its being difficult to discover natural means for the production of these hillocks, it chanced that the means are remarkably obvious; at least they are so in a modified sense. That is to say, it might be easy, when natural means were not suspected or thought of, to overlook them; but the case is different when we look for such means, and are a little instructed as to the agencies by which changes in the earth's surface are continually in the course of being effected.

The fact is simply this. The immediate valley of the Carron is a hollow cut out by the river, in a tract of ground which extends a great way at nearly one uniform level, though slightly inclined in the direction of the Firth of Forth. When we stand on the bank of the river, we see sections of this plateau on both sides, rising about sixty feet, and, as formerly mentioned, enriched with the bloom of the furze and primrose. Look below the surface of these bras, and you find that they are composed of gravel and sand; in fact an ancient alluvium—the deposit of some Carron of distant ages, when the land was at a lower level than at present, and the surface of this plateau was a beach of sea-bottom, receiving greater streams than any which now flow hear it. On the rise of the land, the present Carron began to cut out its own hollow. It has done so with the irregularity usual in such cases; here carving only a narrow channel, there sweeping out an amphitheatre

of half a mile's extent. Accordingly, the braces which I have spoken of are in some places straight, in some places curving; in some instances, between two curves, there is a promontory starting forward almost to the brink of the river. One can see that a little perseverance of the stream in attacking the side of one of these curves would enable it to force its way through, and so transform the promontory, as it were, into an island, in which case the result would be a mound exactly like one of those at Dunipace, left standing in the midst of the lower floor of the valley. Such is precisely the history of these mounds. They are simply remnants of the ancient alluvium. The river, in its many floodings and shiftings, has at this place broken through a narrow promontory at two places (remember their transverse direction in the valley); one has been left short and round, the other oblong and more ridge-like. In the former, the wearing of the flood around the base has taken down the original surface only a few feet below the altitude observed by the neighbouring braces (thus I ascertained by the level); in the latter, the wearing has thinned the mass so much, that the upper surface has suffered more considerably. Then the slight rise in the ground between the two mounds is nothing but a further memorial of the promontory-like form which the ground at one time bore. Thus the mounds, it will be observed, are not things which nature has directly made in their present form. This it might be difficult to conceive. But considering them as remnants left by nature out of a greater mass of debris which she had previously accumulated, how easy seems the process!

It has already been remarked, that the mounds are composed of the same mixture of sand and gravel which is found in the opposite braces. They are, in short, of the same material as the ancient alluvium out of which the valley has been scooped. This, it may be said, is no decided proof; as, on the presumption of artificiality, the material would necessarily be that found at hand. But it happens that the Dunipace mounds are, after all, not solitary specimens of their class. Mr Watson, the parish schoolmaster, in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, states that "in the immediate neighbourhood there are several similar, though less remarkable, earthen mounds. About two miles to the westward of these hills there was a very beautiful one about forty feet in height, and covering nearly three rods of ground, said also to be artificial. This hill was mutilated from time to time, for the repair of roads and other purposes [the spirit of Sir Michael Bruce not being extinct, it appears, on Carron side]. The strata of this hill were carefully observed during its removal. These were so regular, as if rising out of, and gradually returning again to, similar strata in the circumjacent level ground, as to afford conclusive evidence that the hill was not the work of man." That this evidence is conclusive as to the particular mound in question, will be admitted by all who know aught of geological science; and undoubtedly, if the Dunipace mounds are of the same constitution, the question is equally settled regarding them. It is not unworthy of remark, that a parish farther up the vale of the Carron bears the name of Denny, apparently from the number of eminences formed there by the cutting down of the ancient alluvium, the word being but slightly changed in pronunciation from one which stands in Gaelic for *hills*; hence, likewise, the English word *downs*, applied to sandy hillocks, the name of the county *Dowen*, which is a group of hills, and the many other names of places in which the syllable *dun* figures, either singly, or in connexion with other syllables. One might weary himself and his readers in efforts to make out the full etymology of Dunipace. I shall cut the matter short. It may be, as Sir James Foulis surmised, *hills of death*, alluding to some tragic occurrence; or it may be, as probably, *dun-na-pacay*—"The hill of the notch or cranny," applicable to a former state of the masses, when they had not been so much separated from one another. That they may have been more connected in times not very remote,

is far from improbable, as Buchanan speaks of a mass of the lower hill being taken away by a flood in his time.

I may perhaps be thought to have treated this subject at too great length for its importance. Let me be permitted the remark, that the interest does not lie in the mere question, whether these two trivial hills be artificial or natural, but in the view we here have of a progress of the mind of man in passing from the legendary and superstitious to the natural and rational. It is gratifying to observe such an example of the light which modern science is throwing upon matters which only excited helpless wonderment, or led to vain dreams, in our ancestors. For the rude grace of the old legend is now substituted an exact kind of knowledge, leading to equally romantic conceptions of a different kind; for who can learn, without far higher wonder, of the great physical events which once took place here? "You take away our old tale of the peace of Donald and Severus," say the burghers of Falkirk. "I tell you, on the other hand, what I dare say is news to you, that many ages before the Romans dwelt at Camelon, in your neighbourhood, the line of your High Street was a sea-beach, with tides ebbing towards the Carron-works. Hawley encamped on this beach, little thinking of the physical geography of his encampment. Cargill pronounced the excommunication of Charles II upon it, never once dreaming of alluvium, or of fluvial agency, in the agony of that terrible time. "Proud Edward's power" advanced over it to fight Bruce at Bannockburn. Wallace hid himself in a tree which had taken root in it, and whose age, though it lived to 1790, was yet at the last as only an hour in comparison with the epoch of the laying down of this ground. Even to the Romans, who looked down from their lonely stations on the wall of Antonine over this great plateau, its origin was as much an affair of remote antiquity as it is to us. Grieve not, then, for the loss of an old wives' tale!" The explanation of the Dunipace hills is also an illustrative type of many similar cases. We are told of mounds in North America believed to be artificial sepulchres of the early unrecorded nations, of that continent, human remains being found buried in them. It is important to enquire if these be not, like the Dunipace mounds, remnants of an ancient alluvium. Stephens tells us of artificial mounds in Yucatan, surmounted by ancient temples, and admires the perseverance of the people in building such substructures; but is the matter not simply this, that the people have selected for the sites of their temples natural mounds, remnants of ancient alluvium? The mounds of the Euphrates and Tigris may be of the same character, although subsequently adopted for sepulture and other purposes. There is, in short, a whole class of so-considered archaeological objects which, in whole or in part, may now perhaps be relegated to the care of the geologist.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THOMAS THRUSH.

MANY men, without outliving their usefulness, or the affection of their friends, may be forgotten by the world in which they had formerly played an important part. Such was, perhaps, the case with the subject of this notice, and most of our Readers may inquire, "Who was Thomas Thrush?"—though, had he died twenty years ago, his name would have been well known as that of a captain in the navy, who had resigned his commission on the ground of the unfitness of war. A short memoir of him has lately been published by his intimate and respected friend, the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York,* from which we shall extract such facts as may seem of general interest.

* Captain Thrush's father was the owner of a small

* Memoir of Thomas Thrush, Esq. formerly an Officer of rank in the Royal Navy, who resigned his Commission on the ground of the Unfitness of War. By the Rev. C. Wellbeloved. London: Longman and Co. Fto 116. 8vo.

estate in Yorkshire, and Thomas was born at Stockton-upon-Tees in 1761. When he was eight years old, his mother was left a widow with seven children. The craving for a seafaring life sometimes appears hereditary: the father had been possessed by it, but resisted it: the eldest son, contrary to his parents' wishes, had entered on the merchant service, but died just as he had attained to manhood. Thomas, the surviving son, was intreated by his mother to conquer his natural inclination for the same employment, and he accordingly engaged in trade. When he was twenty-one years of age, he found that his desire for an active life, so far from abating, had increased, and he wrote an affectionate and respectful letter to his mother, urging her to accord with his wishes. He declares that, unless he had her permission to change his occupation, he must inevitably be miserable; for he could never harbour the idea of doing it without her consent, after the numberless proofs he had of her affection; whilst he was convinced that he could never succeed in a line of life which was contrary to his natural genius. He had shown his honourable and disinterested spirit by giving up, for the benefit of his sisters, the greater part of some property which he inherited; and she could not resist these appeals, which were evidently the result of strong and settled conviction.

His first long voyage was as mate on board a transport vessel bound to the West Indies. He felt it a great advantage that he had not gone to sea till his religious principles were formed, as the vices and obscenities which he saw practised without control had an obvious tendency to seduce the young who were exposed to them. He thus describes his mode of life on board the vessel:—'In regard to working the ship, &c. I take my part the same as the lowest seaman on board, and go aloft and take the helm in every respect the same; not that I am obliged to do it, but it is absolutely necessary towards attaining a knowledge of practical seamanship. Of the theoretical part I know as much, if not more, than most masters of ships in this line. When there is little to do, I am very happy in having two or three hours every day, which I can employ in studying and in reading; and am fortunate in having a tolerable supply of books. I have spent most of my vacant time in the study of astronomy and the higher parts of mathematics, and for relaxation I have *Telemaque* and *Young's Night Thoughts*. In short, my time is not the least burdensome, and would be very pleasant had I one agreeable companion; but I am sorry to say the greater part of those who follow a seafaring life are of such a turn of mind, that no person of good sense can derive either instruction or entertainment from their company.' Though his natural refinement, and the intellectual cultivation which he had received, prevented him from feeling much pleasure in intercourse with his fellow-sailors, he did not affect any invidious superiority. A young man about his own age was attacked by the fever, and he nursed him most sedulously, though the office was dangerous as well as loathsome. He caught the disease; but it passed over him lightly. He had the satisfaction of finding 'that his willingness to share in labours which he was not bound to undergo, his readiness to perform any office of kindness, and especially his fearlessness and humane attention to the sick, his forbearance to swear, and his uniform Christian and virtuous conduct, obtained for him the friendship and affection of every one with whom he was connected.'

During the next four years, as supposed, on one other voyage, spending most of the god *Terminus*, there's quiet home at Kirkcaldy, a very plausible tale, to be partly in agriculture. Severus here ratified a peace with the British king, Donald I., and that these mountains, and erected in commemoration of it. This view of the ruins remained unchallenged for two centuries, when at length Sir James Foulis of Colinton published a paper in the *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*, of scouting the idea of the Romans and natives clubbing

he became acquainted with an estimable young man of the name of Mottley, a lieutenant of marines, who was then visiting some relations in the neighbourhood of Kirkcaldy. Throughout life, Mr Thrush appears scarcely ever to have formed an acquaintance without at the same time gaining a friend. So it certainly was in this case. Lieutenant Mottley introduced him to Captain (afterwards Admiral) Brunton, who procured for him the appointment of master's mate on board a sloop of war. He was now twenty-six years of age, and ten years more elapsed before he was made a midshipman. He was shortly after promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In 1799 he served as lieutenant on board the *Sans Paradoxe*, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour, which was ordered to the Leeward Islands and Jamaica station. 'While on this station, a circumstance occurred which proved the value of the knowledge he had acquired of mechanical science. A vessel of considerable size had, by some accident, been sunk in the mouth of the harbour of Port Royal, where it became so deeply imbedded in the sand, that it was thought impossible to raise it, and that the only means of removing this dangerous obstruction was to break it in pieces. This appeared to Mr Thrush not necessary; and, on condition that the work should be intrusted to his sole direction, and sufficient assistance afforded him, he undertook to raise the vessel entire. At the end of three days, with the aid of two hundred men and a proper apparatus, he had the satisfaction of seeing the work successfully accomplished. This established his reputation among his brother officers, and recommended him still more strongly to the noble admiral, who appointed him his first lieutenant.' With him and his lady Lieutenant Thrush resided when on shore, and received from both many marks of esteem and friendship. Lady Seymour shortly after returned to England, where she died; and her noble husband did not long survive her. His body was deposited in a series of coffins, most effectually secured, so as to preclude all danger of infection, and placed on board a small armed schooner, the *Sting*, under the command of Lieutenant Thrush, to be conveyed to England for sepulture. The service was attended with considerable danger, from the enemy's cruisers. His vessel, however, arrived safely; and through the interest of the Marquis of Hertford, Lord H. Seymour's brother, he obtained the rank of commander. In 1803 he was appointed to command the sea fencibles, who were enrolled under the apprehension of an invasion. His district comprised the north coast of Yorkshire; and there he met with a very estimable lady, to whom he was married shortly after.

In 1809 he was promoted to the rank of post-captain. The yellow fever, however, was making dreadful havoc on board the frigate in which he was appointed. 'In this trying scene, the kind-hearted and judicious captain, besides the ordinary and arduous duties of his station, was constantly occupied in assisting the surgeon to administer relief to the sick, and in discharging the duties of a chaplain (there being no one on board), by imparting religious consolation to the dying, for which he was well qualified by the habitual piety of his mind; and in performing the last offices of religion to the dead when their bodies were committed to the deep. In this melancholy state of the ship's company, an extension of the cruise was resorted to, but for several weeks with very little success. At length he had the satisfaction of returning to head-quarters with his crew in a convalescent state.' His own health, however, was seriously impaired by his unceasing anxiety and unwaried exertions. He was attacked by the disease, and for many days his recovery appeared hopeless. He was at length partially restored; but was recommended to invalid, which he did in 1809, and never after engaged in service. Though he had been in the navy for more than twenty years, 'during the greater part of which the nation was in a state of war, he was never engaged in any distinguished action with the enemy, nor did he ever obtain more than a trifling share

of prize-money. This was a cause of regret to many of his friends, if not to himself; but it proved a source of consolation to him afterwards, when he calmly reviewed his life in the light of Christian truth, that he had not participated in the guilt of shedding human blood, or been enriched by the spoils of war.*

And Captain Thrush died at this period, there would have been no occasion for our recording his life; and yet we should have admired his perseverance and zeal for self-improvement; his activity and spirit of enterprise, which, combined with valuable intellectual and moral qualities, raised him, in spite of the difficulties that beset his onset, to a high rank in his profession; and we might perhaps have been inclined to think that one who, by his judicious care, was the means of saving the lives of several British seamen, deserved an honourable reputation as those who had caused the destruction of many foreigners. The most important event in his history was yet to come. He had for some time been dissatisfied with the theological opinions in which he had been educated; and it is characteristic of the man, that, when he entered on his sixtieth year, he applied himself to the study of the Greek language (of which he had only acquired the rudiments at school, and even those he had quite forgotten), that he might read the Testament in the original; which he afterwards made it his practice to do every morning. When searching the Scriptures for satisfaction in doctrinal matters, he was struck with the contrast between the precepts of Christ and the practice of Christians—especially as regards war. On studying the subject carefully, he came to the conclusion that war was a crime, and that he was not justified in continuing an officer. What was he to do? His half-pay formed nearly half of his limited income: his naval rank he had always highly prized, as the honourable reward of years of painful watching, labour, and exertion; it was not likely that he would be called on again to bear arms, and he was only receiving a remuneration for the services of the best part of his life—less, perhaps, than he might have acquired with the same effort in another profession. He was accustomed to hardships and privations; but he felt that he had no right to expose his wife to them without her consent. The unprecedented nature of the step he was about to take also seemed to demand deliberation; and, on his sixty-second birthday, he addressed a long and excellent letter to Mrs Thrush, stating his views, and his intention, if nothing altered them, to resign his commission at the end of three years. He declares that, if he found that a desire for fame or any other unworthy motive influenced him in his proposed step, he would retain his emoluments and honours to the last; but else, he felt it his duty to show his practical obedience to his great Master. For more than two years Mrs Thrush wrote no reply to his letter, hoping that time and silence would bury his purpose in oblivion. Finding him, however, immovable, she wept at what she regarded his unconquerable impenetrability, and then wisely resolved to hear his arguments. The result was, that she was completely convinced by them, and cordially aided him in making his great sacrifice. On his sixty-fifth birthday, 1825, he resigned his commission, and addressed "A Letter to the King," stating, in a respectful but firm manner, the ground on which he had adopted so unprecedented a measure. Sixteen years afterwards, adverting to this letter, he thanked God 'that He endowed him with courage, with the moral courage, to write it. I use the word courage,' he adds, 'because I believe it required more courage to write that letter than to fight a battle.' He was aware that he should have many trials to undergo beside the loss of rank and income. 'He incurred the estrangement of those with whom he had long held delightful intercourse. . . . Not one word of approbation or encouragement did he receive from those who had been his warmest and most zealous friends during his professional life. They all forsook him; and all, without exception, fled from him as a senseless visionary and a

dangerous schismatic.' But he had an ample reward in the esteem of many whose friendship compensated him for the desertion of others, in the sympathy of a beloved wife, and in the consciousness of having done what he deemed his duty.

Mr Thrush lived eighty years after he had resigned his commission. We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him at York, a city which he frequently visited. His body was crippled by chronic rheumatism, but his conversation showed the activity of his mind, and his manners were cheerful and amiable. He employed his old age in writing; giving to the world many productions which he thought calculated to promote the cause of truth. These he latterly printed himself, sitting in his arm-chair, with a press of his own construction, characterised by its cheapness and simplicity. He had it made by a joiner and blacksmith of the little town where he resided, at a cost of less than £2. When eighty years of age, he published 'Last Thoughts of a Naval Officer on the Unlawfulness of War;' and in 1843, after an illness borne in a patient and filial spirit, he died at the age of eighty-two.

We think that, whatever may be the opinion of our readers as to the lawfulness of war, they cannot but admire the heroism of one who, already in the vale of years, could renounce the pleasures of earthly gratification in obedience to conscience. He is surely as much to be honoured as martyrs to mere doctrinal opinions. He did not appear buoyed up by self-applause, but always wished to regard what had been done as 'a simple act of duty, proceeding from a principle that ought to direct our every-day concerns.' His biography displays him as a high-minded but unassuming man—energetic, persevering, and resolute of purpose, cautious in the formation of his opinions, and fearless in the avowal of them; and uniting strong affections and a most disinterested spirit with a remarkable sweetness and serenity.

The question may to some suggest itself—Whether, if an individual did right in sacrificing half his income, and what the world deemed his honour, rather than remain an officer, a nation is justified in maintaining a war establishment merely from a dread of losing possessions or reputation? To such inquirers it may be satisfactory to know that Mr Thrush to the last felt himself amply recompensed for the step he had taken, and found that 'the path of duty is the best and surest to our temporal happiness.'

A SHOEMAKER'S NOTIONS OF THE FEET.

IX going up Regent Street one day in summer, three years ago, in quest of a shoemaker, we had the good fortune—for good fortune it is—to fall in with exactly the kind of man we wanted: this was Mr James Sparkes Hall, a person who, to much sound sense on general subjects, unites the rare skill of supplying shoes so nice, easy, and pliant, that the feet, after years of torture, are very much surprised to find themselves unexpectedly in such an earthly paradise. On conversing with this clever member of the gentle craft, we learned that he was the inventor of the *panisecum*—a material externally resembling leather, but possessing all the softness and pliancy of cloth. Pleased with the appearance of this novel fabric, we procured some articles made from it, and having tested them by long and diligent wear, called a short time ago at Regent Street to renew the supply. On this second occasion Mr Hall mentioned that he was engaged on a work on the feet, including a history of boots and shoes, such, he thought, being very desirable in the present state of knowledge on the subject. We thought so too. Mr Hall has accordingly brought out this production, the result, he says, of long professional study.

The 'Book of the Feet,' as the author styles his

* The Book of the Feet: a History of Boots and Shoes, with Illustrations. By James Sparkes Hall, Patent Elastic Shoemaker to her Majesty, &c. London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1846.

work, is a plainly but pleasingly written volume, and exhibits, within small compass, the various forms and phases which the coverings of the feet have assumed from the time of Egyptian sandals down to this current era of Wellingtons, Bluchers, Clarendons, Cambridges, and Alberts. Of course much of this matter can be rendered intelligible only by the aid of engravings; but the reader may take our word for it, that in no department of dress has fashion more indulged her whims and caprices than in boots and shoes. At one time these were made so long in our own country, that Edward IV. had to enact sumptuary laws to restrain the length of toe to a couple of inches; at another, they were fashioned so broad, that Mary had to decree a statutory breadth of six inches; in the days of Venetian glory the ladies wore heels so high, that they could not walk unless between a couple of attendants; and at present, the shoes of the Chinese belles are so Lilliputian, that it has been gravely asserted that they have no feet at all. Nor are we yet without our fashionable absurdities: high heels and narrow soles are the bane of the living generation, creating pain and expense, and converting the free, elastic, natural gait of the 'human form divine' into a stilted and unseemly wriggle. Let us hear Mr Hall—and he is a practical authority—on this really humane and important subject.

For upwards of twenty years, as a bootmaker, I have made the feet my study, and during that period many thousand pairs of feet have received my attention. I have observed with minute care the *cast* from the antique as well as the "modern instances," and am obliged to admit that much of the pain I have witnessed, much of the distortion of the toes, the corns on the top of the feet, the bunion on the side, the callosities beneath, and the growing in of the nails between, are attributable to the shoemaker. The feet, with proper treatment, might be as free from disease and pain as the hands; their structure and adaptation to the wants and comfort of man being naturally perfect. Thirty-six bones and thirty-six joints have been given by the Creator to form one of these members, and yet in cramps, cabin, and confine his beautiful arrangement of one hundred and forty-four bones and joints—together with muscles, elastic cartilage, lubricating oily fluid, veins, and arteries—into a pair of shoes or boots, which, instead of protecting from injury, produces the most painful as well as permanent results. Many volumes have been written on the cause of corns, and it has been my lot to wade through many of them without gaining much for my pains. I have therefore arrived at the conclusion, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, that *corns are in all cases the result of pressure*. I am confirmed in this opinion by one of the most respectable chiropodists of the present day—M. Durlacher, a gentleman who has had considerable experience in the treatment of corns and bunions. He says, "Pressure and friction are unquestionably the predisposing causes of corns, although, in some instances, they are erroneously supposed to be hereditary. Improperly made shoes invariably produce pressure upon the interstices of the toes and prominent parts of the feet; to which is opposed a corresponding resistance from the bone immediately beneath, in consequence of which the vessels of the dermis are compressed, between them, become injured, congested, and in a short time hypertrophied."

When corns are produced by friction and slight pressure, they are the result of the shoes being too large and the leather hard, so that, by the extension of the foot, the little toe, or any prominent part, is constantly being rubbed and compressed by its own action. This may continue on and off for months, or even years, before any inconvenience is experienced, but, progressively, the cuticle increases, and is either detached from the dermis by serum being poured out between them, similar to a common blister, and a new covering produced, or the epidermis thickens into layers adhering to each other.

Admitting, then, that pressure and friction are the

causes of corns and other grievances of the feet, the only permanent remedy—for extraction is a mere temporary palliative—must be removal of the cause by wearing a sufficiently large and well-fitting shoe. 'Every one,' continues Mr Hall, 'who has corns, knows and feels that pressure is the cause—no one knows better where the shoe pinches than he who wears it. Yet few persons know why it hurts, or are aware how the remedy should be applied. Sometimes a shoe is too large, often too small, very often too short, but generally the wrong shape altogether. The fault lies not so much in the shoes themselves, as in the lasts from which they are made: there the cause is to be found, and there it has been my study for many years to apply the remedy. The best materials may have been used for sole and upper leather; the most exquisite closing and stabbing been put in, till the work "looked like print;" the workmanship may have been "first-rate," but deficient in the primary and most essential part—the suitable form of the last on which the article was to be moulded—the boot or shoe would not be a suitable or comfortable covering for the foot, and the unfortunate wearer finds that he has put his feet into "the shoemakers' stocks." Every one who wishes to be comfortably fitted, should have a pair of lasts made expressly for his own use; experience has taught me, and doubtless many other masters who have had much to do with bespoke work for tender or peculiar feet, that no plan is equal to this, to secure a good fit, and save inconvenience and disappointment for the future. The length and width are now every-day affairs, but the judgment of fitting is another thing; and here is the true skill.

A last fitted up to the length and width may do, or it may not. It may do by chance, or fail of necessity; but if fitting be anything, it is a skilful adaptation of the last to the true form and requirements of the foot generally. Many persons have an idea that right and left shoes are comparative modern innovations of fashion; but this is a mistake—straight lasts are a modern invention, and notwithstanding what many persons say to the contrary, are decidedly inferior to a well-fitted right and left pair. The great evil has been, that all right and left lasts of late have been *crooked*. It was thought that, in abandoning the straight last with all its faults, a perfect fit could be secured in rights and lefts; and from one extreme, as is generally the case in fashion, the opposite was adopted, and a twisted right and left made the matter still worse. It was thought nothing could be right and left but that which took a decided turn; and the consequence has been, that, for years, lasts have been made with an ugly twist inward, where no wood was required; and on the outside, where the toes, with all their tenderness and liability to injury, have required thickness and breadth, nothing has been left. I have pointed out this fault to last-makers a thousand times; have stood by them at their work, and have seen the part, where I wished of all things the room to be left, cruelly sliced off, or rasped away: the consequence to the unfortunate wearer of a shoe or boot made on that last necessarily being—months of torture.

To remedy all this, Mr Hall advises an outline of the feet to be traced on paper, the other dimensions to be properly taken, the prominent toes and other protuberances to be noted down at the time, and immediately after a pair of lasts made suitable in every way; or, what would perhaps be still better, a cast of the foot in plaster of Paris to be handed over to the last-maker. In this way, he continues, 'ladies and gentlemen, and even children, should have their own lasts. It would, however, be expecting too much, that, for a single pair of shoes or boots, a shoemaker or bootmaker should make for his customer a pair of lasts free of charge. As prices are now, he would be a considerable loser: the customer might never favour him with another order; he seeks a cheaper shop, goes abroad, or dies. The lasts on which a skilful workman has been employed for perhaps a whole day, and which cost at least four or five

shillings, are left on his hands perfectly useless. For my own personal comfort, I would weigh my own lasts, which have been carefully made, in a scale against their weight in silver, and consider them cheap: numbers of our nobility and gentry, in effect, do the same, and to a much greater amount, for their personal comfort in matters of the teeth, eyes, chest, hair, hands, and ears. Then why not a little sacrifice, a little more liberality, to those important members—the feet? No such remuneration, however, as I have hinted at, would be expected; five or six shillings, generally, would remunerate the maker of a pair of lasts, and these would serve a grown-up person for his lifetime.

This is really sound and valuable advice; and no one who studies his own comfort—for there is nothing more fretting and distressful than ill-fitting shoes—will for a moment hesitate to adopt it. Let every one who can afford it have lasts made to the form and configuration of his own feet; let them be his own property; and let him carry them with him, to be used wherever he may happen to reside. Nor are ‘high heels’ less to be avoided than crooked lasts; they throw the weight of the body on the parts least able to sustain it—the toes; besides bending the knee, and destroying that straightness and command of limb which, in the human figure, is so indicative of strength and grace. Were these counsels followed, would the votaries of fashion but forego their absurdities, and adhere a little more closely to nature and common sense, we perfectly content with our author that the feet might be as exempt from pain and disease as the hand, and that an article of dress how so frequently a torture, would become at once the preserver of health and minister of comfort.

ATTENTION TO LADIES IN AMERICA.

‘To them the best seats, the best of everything, are always allotted. A friend of mine told me of a little affair at a New York theatre the other night, illustrative of my assertion (as to the extraordinary attention to ladies). A stiff-necked Englishman had engaged a front place, and of course the best corner; when the curtain rose he was duly seated, opera-glass in hand, to enjoy the performance. A lady and gentleman came into the box shortly afterwards, the cavalier in escort, seeing that the place where our friend sat was the best, called his attention, saying, “The lady, sir,” and mentioned that the corner should be vacated. The possessor, partly because he disliked the imperative mood, and partly because it bored him to be disturbed, refused. Some words ensued, which attracted the attention of the sovereign people in the pit, who magisterially inquired what was the matter. The American came to the front of the box, and said, “There is an Englishman here who will not give up his place to a lady.” Immediately their majesties swarmed up by dozens over the barriers, seized the offender—very gently though—and carried him to the entrance. He kicked and fought in vain; he excited neither the pity nor the anger of his stern executors. They placed him carefully on his feet again at the steps, one man handing him his hat, another his opera-glass, and a third the price he had paid for his ticket for admission [?], then quietly shut the door upon him, and returned to their places. The shade of the departed Judge Lynch must have rejoiced at such an angelic administration of his law!—*England in the New World.*

[The foregoing paragraph has been going the round of the papers, and of its truth we know nothing. We should hope, however, for the sake of common sense and decency, that it is a fabrication.] Supposing it to be founded on fact, we should be led to entertain unpleasant ideas of our own countryman’s stubbornness, also of the American method of treating women, and of the understanding of the females of the United States. We say, if the story be true, all concerned are to blame. The head and front of the offending, however, lies in the absurd social usages in America respecting women.

The highest compliment we can pay to a lady is to consider her a cultivated and rational being; shut out, by considerations of sex and expediency, from taking any active part in public affairs; and exempted also, on the same grounds, from many unpleasant duties; but entitled to participate in all social movements, and to be treated on all occasions with delicacy and respect. Such is woman in civilised communities. In the age of chivalry, as it is called, women were treated with all possible deference, even to the extent of making them a kind of mortal divinities. But never was there a more hollow farce. The men who assumed such airs of gallantry and politeness never on any occasion scrupled to back and destroy towns, to lay whole districts of country waste, and leave thousands of women and infants to perish. Their own wives, daughters, and sisters were kept in a state of utter ignorance. Not one in ten thousand of them could read or write; their minds were not so well cultivated as those of the humblest factory girls in England now are. The courtesy of these ages, therefore, which we hear so much about, was a mere piece of outward grace, and came to little practical good.

While in every European country—Turkey, and perhaps Italy excepted—women have attained their proper position as the friends, companions, and equals of men, it cannot but be considered a curious reaction in history that in North America they have come to be looked upon in much the same light they were in the middle ages—beings to receive an external homage which lifts them to the rank of divinities. No doubt the American women are educated, which makes no small difference in comparing them with the women of past times; yet there are great resemblances between them. Ladies in the days of chivalry consumed their time in boudoirs or drawing-rooms, dawdling over some trifling occupation; they were seldom seen out of doors, and then not with any degree of freedom. They were, in fact, dressed-up dolls, only to be shown and worshipped on great occasions. It would seem almost to have gone back to this in the United States. Native female writers mention that the American ladies spend far too large a portion of their existence lounging in rocking-chairs or in other listless indulgences within doors; that the confinement is injurious to their complexions and their health; and that they should imitate the ladies of England, in taking frequent walks &c. Miss Sedgwick, in writing of her visit, with a lady acquaintance, to one of the theatres in London, observes of this English freedom from restraint:—‘We went unattended—a new experience to me. Necessity has taught women here more independence than with us; and it has its advantages in both parties: the men are saved much bother, and the women gain faculty and freedom.’ There can, indeed, be neither ‘faculty nor freedom’ where there is such healthful intercourse with the world without, and where it is impossible to move without being made the object of fawning attention and adulation. Were the American ladies conscious of the true character and mission of womanhood, they would despise the paltry and everlasting worship which, while pretending to exalt them above human nature, robs them of its most essential virtues and graces. That the worship, like that of the chivalric ages, is little more than an outward form, is fatally evident. Men who sycophantically pay their homage to white-skinned women, will be seen doing all sorts of unkind things to those whose skins have the misfortune to be dark—compelling them to sit in a pew by themselves in church, preventing them from eating at the common table in steamboats, and so forth. There can be no real of true courtesy where such detestable distinctions are so ruthlessly maintained.

In these observations we have wandered from the paragraph which called them forth, and yet we could scarcely have said less in reply to what seems to cast a stain on English politeness. We have said our countryman was not blameless: it was wrong to oppose a na-

tional custom, however absurd. If it be a social usage in America to render superhuman honours to white-skinned women, there can be no help for it but to follow the fashion. At the same time, if the Englishman was in the wrong, either wilfully or from ignorance, the American was not in the right. He spoke, it would seem, in an imperative mood, to which English gentlemen are not accustomed; and it is probable, if not certain, that a single polite word and movement would at once have had the desired effect of causing him to vacate his seat. As things happened, we must say the Englishman was not a well-used man. As for the lady, who could suffer herself to be the cause of such a miserable exhibition, we leave her to the consideration of her sex.]

WILD SPORTS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

UNLESS to the absolute devotees of the rod and gun, sporting books are, in general, very stupid affairs—presenting no attraction to the ordinary reader beyond an occasional glimpse of scenery or snatch of natural history. Let the sport be laid in the jungles of India, the prairies of America, or the Highlands of Scotland, the results are much the same—a rough, half-savage sort of life, full of toil, and not a little danger—a boisterous activity, and provoking exuberance of animal spirits—much talk of dogs and Joe Mantons—and boasts of bagging so many head of game by shots such as man never heard of before. One of the most recent books devoted to this kind of life is St John's *Wild Sports of the Highlands*,* which, with all the characteristics of its class, is yet rendered peculiarly attractive by the unaffected simplicity and honest cordiality which pervades it. There is no attempt at book-making—for the author's hand is evidently more familiar with the rod and rifle than with the pen—no swaggering record of impossible feats, but a blunt country-gentleman sort of detail of Highland sport by field and flood, an observant eye to the habits of the lower animals, and a kindly regard without to the objects of the chase, which is ever characteristic of the legitimate sportsman. Such a book cannot fail to be acceptable to a large class of the community—to those who rush in hundreds to our hills in autumn, and to the stay-at-homes who may be anxious to know what sort of a life a sportsman leads amid the mountains and corries of the Scottish Highlands. Two summers ago we gave our own experience of a day amid the grouse (No. 42); we may now follow it up with a specimen of Mr St John's deer-stalking—thus embracing the two principal objects of the northern sportsman. For this purpose we extract, with slight abridgment, one of the most stirring incidents in the volume; namely, the stalking of

THE MUCKLE HART OF BENMORE.

'Malcolm, the shepherd of the sheiling at the foot of Benmore, reported his having crossed in the hill a track of a hart of extraordinary size, and he guessed it must be "the muckle stag of Benmore." This was an animal seldom seen, but which had long been the talk and marvel of the shepherds for its wonderful size and cunning. They love the marvellous, and in their report "the muckle stag" bore a charmed life: he was unapproachable and invulnerable. I had heard of him too, and, having got the necessary information, resolved to try to break the charm, though it should cost me a day or two.'

Monday.—This morning, at sunrise, Mr St John with his rifle, Donald, an eccentric gillie, carrying his double-barrel, and Bran, his deer-hound, took their way up the glen to the sheiling at the foot of Benmore. After a fruitless beating of the glen, we turned, at nightfall, to the sheiling rather disheartened; but the shepherd

cheered me by assuring me the hart was still in that district, and describing his track, which he said was like that of a good-sized heifer. Our spirits were quite restored by a meal of fresh-caught trout, oat-cake, and milk, with a modicum of whisky, which certainly was of unusual flavour and potency.

'Tuesday.—We were off again by daybreak. It will pass by several minor adventures, but one cannot be omitted. Malcolm went with us to show us where he had last seen the track. As we crossed a long reach of black and broken ground, the first ascent from the valley, two golden eagles rose out of a hollow at some distance. Their flight was lazy and heavy, as if gorged with food; and on examining the place, we found the carcass of a sheep half-eaten, one of Malcolm's flock. He vowed vengeance; and merely pointing out to us our route, returned for a spade to dig a place of hiding near enough the carcass to enable him to have a shot at the eagles if they should return. We held on our way, and the greater part of the day, without any luck to cheer us, my resolution "not to be beat" being, however, a good deal strengthened by the occasional grumbling of Donald. Towards the afternoon, when we had tired ourselves with looking with our glasses at every corrie in that side of the hill, at length, in crossing a bare and boggy piece of ground, Donald suddenly stopped, with a Gaelic exclamation, and pointed—and there, to be sure, was a full fresh foot-print, the largest mark of a deer either of us had ever seen. There was no more grumbling. Both of us were instantly as much on the alert as when we started on our adventure. We traced the track as long as the ground would allow. Where we lost it, it seemed to point down the little burn, which soon lost itself to our view in a gorge of bare rocks. We proceeded now very cautiously, and taking up our station on a concealed ledge of one of the rocks, began to search the valley below with our telescopes. It was difficult ground to see a deer in, if lying; and I had almost given up seeking, when Donald's glass became motionless, and he gave a sort of grunt as he changed his posture, but without taking the glass from his eye. "Ugh! I'm thinking yon's him, sir. I'm seeing his horns." I was at first incredulous; but the doubt was short. While we gazed, the stag rose and commenced feeding; and at last I saw the great hart of Benmore! He was a long way off, perhaps a mile and a half, but in excellent ground for getting at him. Our plan was soon arranged. I was to stalk him with the rifle, while Donald, with my gun and Bran, was to get round, out of sight, to the pass by which the deer was likely to leave the valley. My task was apparently very easy. After getting down behind the rock, I had scarcely to stoop my head, but to walk up within shot, so favourable was the ground and the wind. I walked cautiously, however, and slowly, to give Donald time to reach the pass. I was now within three hundred yards of him, when, as I leant against a slab of stone, all hid below my eyes, I saw him give a sudden start, stop feeding, and look round suspiciously. What a noble beast! what a stretch of antler! with a mane like a lion! He stood for a minute or two, snuffing every breath. I could not guess the cause of his alarm: it was not myself; the light wind blew fair down from him upon me; and I knew Donald would give him no inkling of his whereabouts. He presently began to move, and came at a slow trot directly towards me. My pulse beat high. Another hundred yards forward, and he is mine! But it was not so to be. He took the top of a steep bank which commanded my position, saw me in an instant, and was off, at the speed of twenty miles an hour, to a pass wide from that where Donald was hid. While clattering up the hill, scattering the loose stones behind him, two other stags joined him, which had evidently been put up by Donald, and had given the alarm to my quarry. It was then that his great size was conspicuous. I could see with my glass they were full-grown stags, and with good heads, but they looked like fallow-deer as they followed him up the

* Short Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands. From the Journals of Charles St John, Esq. London: Murray. 1846.

crag. I sat down, disappointed for the moment, and Donald soon joined me, much crestfallen, and cursing the stag in a curious variety of Gaelic oaths. Still it was something to have seen "the muckle stag," and *nil desperandum* was my motto. We had a long and weary walk to Malcolm's shealing; and I was glad to get to my heather bed, after arranging that I should occupy the hiding-place Malcolm had prepared near the dead sheep next morning.

Wednesday.—After despatching the plundering eagles in fine style, our hero and his redoubted gillie again set forth in quest of "the muckle hart." Our line of march to-day was over ground so high, that we came repeatedly into the midst of ptarmigan. On the very summit, Bran had a rencontre with an old mountain fox, toothless, yet very fat, which he made to bite the dust. We struck at one place the tracks of the three deer, but of the animals themselves we saw nothing. We kept exploring corrie after corrie till night fell; and as it was in vain to think of returning to the shealing, which yet was the nearest roof, we were content to find a sort of niche in the rock, tolerably screened from all winds; and having almost filled it with long heather, flower upwards, we wrapped our plaid round us, and slept pretty comfortably.

Thursday.—A dip in the burn below our bivouac renovated me. I did not observe that Donald followed my example in that; but he joined me in a hearty attack on the viands which still remained in our bag, and we started with renewed courage. About mid-day we came on a shealing beside a long narrow loch, fringed with beautiful weeping birches, and there we found means to cook some grouse, which I had shot to supply our exhausted larder. The shepherd, who had "no Sas-senach," cheered us by his report of "the deer" being lately seen, and describing his usual haunts. Donald was plainly getting disgusted and home-sick. For myself, I looked upon it as my fate that I must have that hart; so on we trudged. Repeatedly that afternoon we came on the fresh tracks of our chase, but still he remained invisible. As it got dark, the weather suddenly changed, and I was glad enough to let Donald seek for the bearings of a "whisky bothy," which he had heard of at our last stopping-place. While he was seeking for it, the rain began to fall heavily, and through the darkness we were just able to distinguish a dark object, which turned out to be a horse. "The lads with the still will no be far off," said Donald. And so it turned out. But the rain had increased the darkness so much, that we should have searched in vain, if I had not distinguished at intervals, between the pelt-ing of the rain and the heavy rushing of a black burn that ran beside us, what appeared to me to be the shrill treble of a fiddle. I could scarcely believe my ears. But when I communicated the intelligence to Donald, whose ears were less acute, he jumped with joy. "It's all right enough, sir; just follow the sound. It's that drunken deevil Sandy Ross; ye'll never haud a fiddle frae him, nor him frae a whisky-still." It was clear the sound came from across the black stream, and it looked formidable in the dark. However, there was no remedy. So grasping each the other's collar, and holding our guns high overhead, we dashed in, and staggered through in safety, though the water was up to my waist, running like a mill-race, and the bottom was of round slippery stones. Scrambling up the bank, and following the merry sound, we came to what seemed a mere hole in the bank, from which it proceeded. The hole was partially closed by a door woven of heather; and, looking through it, we saw a sight worthy of Teniers. On a barrel in the midst of the apartment—half but, half cavern—stood aloft, fiddling with all his might, the identical Sandy Ross, while round him danced three unkempt savages; and another figure was stooping, employed over a fire in the corner, where the whisky-pot was in full operation. The fire, and a sliver or two of lighted bog-fir, gave light enough to see the whole, for the place was not above ten feet square. We made our approaches with becoming caution, and were, % is

needless to say, hospitably received; for who ever heard of Highland smugglers refusing a welcome to sportsmen? We got rest, food, and fire—all that we required—and something more; for long after I had betaken me to the dry heather in the corner, I had disturbed visions of strange orgies in the bothy, and of my sober Donald exhibiting curious antics on the top of a tub. These might have been the productions of a disturbed brain; but there is no doubt that, when daylight awoke me, the smugglers and Donald were all quiet and asleep, far past my efforts to rouse them, with the exception of one, who was still able to tend the fire under the large black pot.

Friday.—From the state in which my trusty companion was, with his head on a heap of ashes, I saw it would serve no purpose to awake him, even if I were able to do so. It was quite clear that he could be good for nothing all day. I therefore scoured some breakfast and provisions for the day (part of them oat-cake, which I baked for myself), tied up Bran to war, Donald's restoration, and departed with my rifle alone. The morning was bright and beautiful; the mountain-streams overflowing with last night's rain. I was now thrown on my own resources, and my own knowledge of the country, which, to say the truth, was far from minute or exact. "Beanna-skiach" was my object to-day, and the corries which lay beyond it, where at this season the large harts were said to resort. My way at first was dreary enough, over a long slope of boggy ground, enlivened, however, by a few traces of deer having crossed, though none of my "chase." I at length passed the slope, and soon topped the ridge, and was repaid for my labour by a view of glen, and wood, and water so beautiful, that I sat down to gaze at it, though anxious to get forward.

While I lay above the lake, the day suddenly changed, and heavy wreaths of mist came down the mountain-sides in rapid succession. They reached me soon, and I was enclosed in an atmosphere through which I could not see twenty yards. It was very cold too, and I was obliged to move, though scarcely well knowing whither. I followed the course of the lake, and afterwards of the stream which flowed from it, for some time. Now and then a grouse would rise close to me, and, flying a few yards, light again on a hillock, crowing and croaking at the intruder. The heron, in the darkness, came flapping his great wings close past me; I almost fancied I could feel the movement they caused in the air. Nothing could be done in such weather, and I was not sure that I might not be going away from my object. It was getting late too, and I made up my mind that my most prudent plan was to arrange a bivouac before it became quite dark. My wallet was empty, except a few crumbs, the remains of my morning's baking. It was necessary to provide food; and just as the necessity occurred to me, I heard, through the mist, the call of a cock grouse as he lighted close to me. I contrived to put his head between me and the sky, as he was strutting and croaking on a hillock close at hand; and aiming at where his body ought to be, I fired my rifle. On going up to the place, I found I had not only killed him, but also his mate, whom I had not seen. It was a commencement of good luck. Sitting down, I speedily skinned my birds, and took them down to the burn to wash them before cooking. In crossing a sandy spot beside the burn, I came upon—could I believe my eyes?—"the track." Like Robinson Crusoe in the same circumstances, I started back, but was speedily at work taking my information. There were prints enough to show the hart had crossed at a walk lately. It must have been lately, for it was since the burn had returned to its natural size, after the last night's flood. But nothing could be done till morning, so I set about my cooking; and having, after some time, succeeded in lighting a fire, while my grouse were slowly broiling, I pulled a quantity of heather, which I spread in a corner a little protected by an overhanging rock; I spread my plaid upon it, and over the plaid built another layer of

he was really going to be taken by storm, and, without looking to the right or left, ran to his mamma, and buried his face in her lap. In a moment, however, he took courage again, and looking up, first cautiously, then boldly, as he saw that he was safe, that the room was quiet, and that the blast had passed away, he climbed up on his mamma's knee, and whispered, in a subdued and very earnest tone, "Mamma, what did the wind say?" His mamma laughed as she asked whether it frightened Willy; but he was quite brave by this time, and the bright colour mounted to his brow as he answered, "Yes, mamma, because I thought it had a voice;" and as he said these words, he looked gravely and searchingly into his mother's eyes. She was silent for a minute; then wishing to learn what was in her little son's heart, she asked him "why he thought the wind had a voice?" And though little William coloured again very much, and hesitated, as he thought he never could find words to explain his meaning, yet soon his big blue eyes grew more intense, a shade of thought passed over his fair young forehead, and intellect and imagination waking up, he answered, "Because I was listening a long, long time to the wind, and if mamma comes with me to the window, I will show her what it did."

His mamma laid down her pen, as her little boy, placing his hand in hers, drew her to the window; and then, delighted at her compliance, began to make arrangements for his long absence, and to terror by relating, with great animation, how at first the wind came blustering to the hall-door, and how it seemed to say, "Let me in, let me in, to shelter under your branches, and play with your green leaves;" but the stiff holly shook its head, and answered, "No, no—you are rude, Mr Wind. If I let you in, you would soon tear away my shining leaves, and scatter my winter berries to the ground. Go away, go away; I will have nothing to say to you." So the wind was angry, in return, you see where it caught the outside branch I was watching, and it gave it a swing as it turned away, and carried off that nice green sprig and full of red berries there to the other end of the walk; and then, mamma, Willy saw it go to the big elm tree, and shake one of its old noisy branches, and he thought it said, "Let me lie on this branch and rest, for I am tired and out of breath from playing with that obstinate holly, and I would like to stay with you till I am strong again." But the elm-tree said, "No, no, I watched you all the time, and I saw how bold you were; you shall not stop with me." And the wind asked it, "Why so, you have neither leaves nor berries, what harm could I do to you?" To let me rest, I am very tired." But the elm pushed him away with his stout old arms, and said again, "No, no; you would splinter my branches, and tear off my tender buds; and then, in the summer days, when the wood-pigeon would come again with his gentle cooing, and ask me to give her shelter once more, and a place for her nest, I should not like to be sorry, for my boughs and my leaves would be dead, and I am flown off, not caring for the mischief you had done." Little William stopped short, quite tired and breathless, but as his mamma saw he had some more to tell, she seated herself on his own low stool, and taking him in her lap, said, "Those were funny thoughts of yours, my little son; but I suppose Mr Wind, as you call him, was not satisfied with those fruitless efforts: did he get a lodging at last?"

Willy's face brightened as he saw his mamma enter into the spirit of his story, and, with sparkling eyes, he continued, "Oh no; the bold fellow! What did he do then, but rush down to the garden door; the inner garden, mamma, where the greenhouse and all the fruit trees are. I saw him shaking the door with a great noise, and I thought, Ah! you are really angry now! But the door kept watch, and never opened, though the wind screamed in through the key hole with a passionate cry that made the poor plants inside shake and shiver. He rattled and thumped at the door for a long time, but it was all to no use; and then, mamma, he spied my ownself in the window, and before I had one minute to think, up he flew, ten times as angry as ever, and, roaring and howling, gave a bang at the window, and I was sure he was going to carry me off like the poor holly sprig. So, mamma, your little boy was not a great coward to run away."

Little William looked up anxiously to see whether his mamma assented to this opinion, but she still only smiled, and remarked, "After all, were not they hard on the wandering wind, to refuse it shelter everywhere? Was it kind in the holly-bush, and the elm-tree, and the garden

door, and my little son?" A thoughtful look shadowed the child's sweet eyes, and for a moment there was a silent struggle between his good-nature and his sense of justice; but, young as he was, he was true of heart, and though he sighed at the inevitable decision, still he stoutly answered, "Mamma, we could not be kind to that bold, impatient, angry wind; we could not be kind to it then; it was so rough and so rude that to one could I bear it. The holly—ah! the holly cared only for itself, so I suppose that was the reason it was the one that suffered; but then the elm, it loved its own sweet friend the wood-pigeon, and though it had flown for a while away, still it was not forgotten, nor its place given to another before it came again; and the garden door, the trusty old door, kept its charge in safety."

"Yes," said his mamma, interrupting him with a smile, "it would not desert its post." But little William has no understanding for puns; and as the argument was now coming home to himself, he felt so readiness even to answer her smile, but, with perplexed and anxious countenance, declared, "I wish there could himself give a good reason for his inhospitality to the inanimate objects he had just been endowing with the rights and language. Turning in this difficulty to his mother, he hesitatingly asked, "Mamma, should Willy have let him in?" His mamma, with a kind encouraging smile, replied, "Answer the question yourself, my little son; but first let us remember all you said—'Bold, impatient, angry—rough and rude; could anything deserving these hard words deserve inducements too?'"

"Oh no, no," answered little William hastily, with a merry laugh, as it quite relieved him from his dilemma; but in the next moment the compassionate expression returned, and he added, "It was bold then; but maybe, mamma, the wind is sorry now. Last night it is quite quiet except for a sad sighing now and then; and look, mamma, there are some heavy drops. Perhaps it is crying for all its boldness. Shall we let the poor fellow in?"

"Does Willy think softening and crying is a proof of goodness?" said his mamma. "If my own boy had been naughty, would I have had the sooner for him, or for his own sweet smiling face, and his little efforts to please and do me good?"

Little William sighed again, but made no answer. This time his judgment saw clearly, but his inclination rebelled more strongly, and, like many other creatures who "know the good, and yet the ill person," he wanted to have his theory entered by experience. When his mamma turned to let him, he rambled at the window with a good deal of sore wild looks, listening to the fitful moaning of the wind. Many minutes passed by, and his mother became so deeply engrossed with her occupation, that at last she forgot her quiet, silent, little boy, and was writing and reading, and writing again, when she was suddenly roused to recollection by hearing first a loud crash, then the snapping of several doors with a violence that shook the house, and then a quickly-muttered cry. She started from her chair, and looked round for little William; but he was nowhere to be seen; and, pale with terror, she rushed to the door, and immediately, on opening it, found that the door and the fight and cry were proceeding from the nursery, and were indeed in Willy's voice.

In a moment she was at the end of the passage, and attempting to open the door. But this was no easy matter. It slipped twice in her teeth, and it was only by an effort that took away her breath, that she was able to overcome the resistance, and make her entrance good. And then what a scene! At a glance she perceived the position of the window, the floor covered with fragments of glass, the furniture upset, the little beds stripped of their covering, the pictures flapping against the walls, playthings, papers, garments, all flying in giddy whirl round the room, while the wind, having somehow obtained complete possession, seemed determined to set the tyrant, and wreak his fury on every object within his reach.

But saddest of all was poor little William, cowering down in the far-off corner, pale, frightened, and weeping over the misadventure of which he was evidently the author; while a drop of blood, slowly trickling down his forehead, revealed him as a sufferer also, and added to the consternation of his mamma. The first moment of her entrance he had started up, and no longer pale, but with shame and contrition colouring his face, he had turned it to the wall; but the next minute, according to his mother's open arms, he cried out in tones of wild intreaty, "Take Willy

away! Oh take me away from this wicked wind before it kills me, and I never, never will have anything to say to it again!

His mamma saw that was no place or time for questions; so, hastening with him from the room, she sought some more sheltered spot to calm his terror, and examine his wound. The latter turned out a mere trifle, a slight scratch on the temple, though little William seemed to consider his own blood a very dreadful sight indeed; but after some bathing and words of encouragement, his anxiety diminished, and he was able to relate how it all had occurred.

He told, in his own childish language, how he had stayed in his mamma's room, listening to the sorrowful moaning of the wind, until at last he grew so sorry, that he began to think it would not be so foolish as mamma had said, if he did let it in; and that, even if she did not like such company, he might have it in his own nursery, and so he slipped away to accomplish his plan while she was busy; but when he reached his own quarters, he found the offender already in possession. That side of the house had been calm in the morning, and the servant, not calculating on intrusion, had left the window partly open to air the room. But amidst the vagaries little William had been so long observing, the treacherous wind had shifted its direction, veered round to the back of the house, and met him face to face in a sudden draught as he opened the door, tearing it violently out of his tiny hand, slapping it with a furious concussion, that shook the window-frame, and precipitated the glass upon the floor, striking him in the forehead with one of its fragments, and, as it rushed along the passage, bearing on its wings the tidings of his foolishness to the remotest corners of the house.

Was there ever known such a treacherous and ungentle wind? Little William could not have believed it, and promised over and over again to attend for the future to his mamma's advice, and, above all, never to have anything to do with the rude, uncivil wind again. But his mamma reminded him that the wind may change and soften as well as many a wayward little boy, and that the mischief all arose from indulging it at the wrong time, and admitting it to an unsuitable place.

And long afterwards, little William remembered his mamma's true words: when the winter had passed away, and the summer sun was shining, and when, after a scamper through the meadow, he seated himself beneath his old friend the elm-tree, and flinging his straw-hat beside him on the grass, rejoiced in the gentle breeze that played amongst his curls and fanned his glowing cheek, 'Sweet wind,' he thought, 'did I ever call you an enemy? But ah, you are no longer the same; you are good, and gentle, and useful now, and every creature that I look at welcomes and loves you: the sailor, as you fill his sails on those far-off waters; the laymaker, as you shorten his task and refresh his weary frame; and you, gentle wood-guest, softly cooing above my head, yes, right glad you are now to listen to the summer breeze rustling in those leaves, whose tender buds were in such danger from the stormy blast.' He looked towards the garden; the door stood wide open, or lazily swung to and fro with the breeze. He turned to the holly, and, though still stiff and unbending, there was life and music in the whisperings of those crisp old leaves. He raised his eyes to the dressing-room window; the cement was unfastened, and leaning from it was his own smiling mother, her white dress fluttering in the breeze as it stole by, and carried the rose-leaves from her hand in fragrant circles to his feet. Free to come, and free to go, gladdening and beautifying, welcome and beloved was that sweet summer wind—each created thing the better, the happier, the fresher, wherever it rested: and little William, as he pondered on the contrast, resolved that this memory should never be forgotten—that it should influence his own manners and his choice of companions; and that, while he ever loved and tried to resemble the gentle, the good, and the useful, he should be equally careful to avoid the rude and the boisterous, though never despising of their reformation.

INDECISION.

How many occasions of doing good, in greater or less measures, are passed by from irresolution! While we are saying to ourselves, 'Shall I, or shall I not?' the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.—*Predrica Threner.*

SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morning to break,
And colour the gray eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, 'Awake, awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply.'

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the wild wood, and hawer;
In the columbine's hon we love to dwell,
To dip in the hly with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odoriferous cell,
The thyme and the rosemary flower.

We seek for the bloom of the celandine,
The lime, painted thistle, and brer;
And follow the course of the wandering vine,
Whether it trawl on the earth supine,
Or round the a-spiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a stage still higher.

As each for the good of the whole is bent,
And stores up his treasure for all;
We hope for an evening with heart's content,
For the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall!

—DR ALKEN.

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity: the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe: the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—*Dr Chalmers.*

SYSTEM IN NATURE.

Some writers contend that no fixed system or plan prevails in Nature, but that the similarity of one object to another is merely fortuitous, and forms no portion of a uniform design. To convince such as these I consider quite impossible; I would only suggest to them the great improbability that a Creator, who has with such unerring wisdom adapted means to destined ends, should have performed any part of the mighty work of creation without a fixed and perfect design. When we consider that each muscle, tendon, and vein in the animal frame occupies its appointed place, and has appointed functions, on the regular performance of which health, and often life depend, it seems fair to infer that no created being exists without appointed functions in some perfectly-organised system, however far such system may be above our finite and feeble understanding. To doubt the existence of such a system, appears to me tantamount to doubting a creation; for one cannot suppose the various tribes of animals to have received their existence at the hands of an omnipotent Creator, and at the same time to be indebted to chance for those infinitely but harmoniously varied characters whereby we distinguish them.—*Edward Newman.*

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VISIT TO THE PENCIL COUNTRY OF CUMBERLAND.

In the course of a recent journey in the west of England, performed, as the French would call it, 'en zig-zag,' I made a divergence from the main line of route through Cumberland, in order to visit the plumbago mines of Borrowdale, and the still more celebrated manufactories at Keswick, where the produce of the mines is transformed into those articles indispensable to the artist, and so generally useful—black-lead pencils. Proceeding in a south-easterly direction from Carlisle, I was in the first place carried a certain distance by railway—not the best in the world—to Wigton, a queer old-fashioned town; after which I was somewhat more pleasantly conveyed by postchaise to Keswick.

The drive from Wigton to Keswick is across an undulating and rather pretty piece of country, the views in the distance disclosing some of the lofty mountains of the lake district into which we are penetrating. About half way, in descending the further side of a hill, we come in sight of a new scene of interest—the charming vale of the Derwent, and the expansion of that river into the long stretch of water called the Lake of Bassenthwaite. Descending towards the valley in which this lake reposes, the lofty Skiddaw, capped with snow, rises majestically on the left; and with this combination of hill and plain in prospect, we drive into Keswick, a town which scarcely sustains the first impressions of the traveller. Delightfully situated about a quarter of a mile from the northern shore of Derwentwater, and whitewashed so as to have a fascinating exterior, little or nothing seems to have been done for its internal improvement, and its capabilities are in a great measure dormant. With the town, however, I had not much to do; the chief object of my visit lay ten miles distant, in the bosom of a wild mountain scene at the head of the Derwent.

Derwentwater, though small, is by far the prettiest of the Cumberland lakes; and, in my humble opinion, it is prettier than most of the Swiss lakes, for it is ornamented with islets; and prettier than any of the Scotch lakes—Loch Katrine perhaps excepted—for it is generally bounded by picturesque mountains with a woody fringe round its margin. Strangely enough, the houses of Keswick, as if ignorant that they have such a thing as a lake to look out upon, turn their backs on this charming scene; and to find out where Derwentwater lay, I had to make a voyage of discovery along a winding pathway from the town. Behind a woody knoll I had the pleasure of finding it—calm as a mirror, with here and there richly-wooded islands, of a few acres in extent, one of them being inhabited, and having the appearance of a well-kept pleasure-ground. The largest is Lord's Island, so called from having been a seat of the

unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, whose possessions, as is well known, were forfeited after the Rebellion of 1715, and transferred to Greenwich Hospital.

On the morning after my arrival at Keswick, and accompanied by a gentleman acquainted with the district, I proceeded in a vehicle to explore the mines of Borrowdale. Our way lay along the eastern side of the lake, beneath the shadow of impending cliffs, from which grew oak, beech, and ash-trees in fantastic masses. At a place near the extremity of the stretch of water, an opportunity occurred for viewing the cascade of Lodore, a rivulet which dashes down a craggy ravine from the hills overhead. Like everything that has been overpraised, this fall—which is no fall at all, but a series of hop-step-and-jumps—disappointed my expectations; and we passed off, without an instant's delay, to a slate mine a mile or two farther up the valley. Instead of being dug from an open quarry, slate is here excavated from a large cavern within the hill, to which the approach is by a pathway sufficiently wide to admit a small cart. Being of course quite dark, it was necessary for us to be provided with candles; and so, each carrying a light, obligingly furnished by an attendant outside, we explored our way to the interior. Besides lights, it would have been almost as necessary to take umbrellas, for from the cavernous roof fell a shower of subterranean rain, of which an unlucky drop now and then came down splash into the candle, threatening the feeble flame with extinction. In spite of this and some other discomforts, however, we saw the interior of the mine, as well as a huge dark vault could be seen—the lights of the workmen at various spots revealing the nature of the strata, and the manner of tearing out masses of slate with blasting apparatus and pick-axes. Brought to the outside, the slabs are adroitly split up, and shaped into sofas for roofing. Nowhere have I ever seen such fine large slates; and I was sorry to learn that, from the expense of carriage, they were not so widely known as they ought to be. The railway now making through Cumberland will probably give a different aspect to the trade.

On leaving the slate mine, we get fairly into Borrowdale, a wild and chiefly pastoral valley, through which flows the small river that forms the principal feeder of Derwentwater. As we advance, the cottages of the small farmers become more thinly scattered, and tillage gradually ceases. Yet, even in the recesses of the valley, are seen two or three residences of a superior class, erected and inhabited, as I was told, by individuals who in bygone years had gone forth friendless lads into the busy world, and having realised competences by their industry, now seek a retreat in the bosom of their native mountains. What mysterious yearnings towards scenes of infancy lie concealed in the human heart! As new comers with fortunes are always improvers, these

residents have caused spots in the wilderness to blossom as the rose, besides effecting other beneficial changes in the district, and making it generally more accessible to strangers.

Having passed nearly every enclosure, we found ourselves drawing to the head of the dale. A mountain stood as a barrier to any further progress; and here, on the banks of the little river, now diminished to a mere thread, were placed a cluster of dreary-looking cottages, the habitation of the persons who are engaged in the plumbago mines. 'And where are the mines?' said I to my companion on alighting. 'Do you see,' he replied, 'those hillocks of brown stones lying on the face of the hill far up yonder?' 'I do.' 'Then these are the mouths of the mines; the stones are the rubbish wheeled out from the excavations. We shall ascend to them immediately, but let us first call on Mr Dixon, the manager, and if he is at home he will accompany us.' We called on the manager accordingly, and after a short delay, our party ascended the mountain.

The hill in which the plumbago is found forms part of the range on the western side of the vale, and is a huge brown heathy mass, composed, as it would appear, of green slate and porphyry. Chemically speaking, plumbago, or black-lead, as it is as often called (though there is not a particle of lead in its composition), is a carburet of iron, by far the larger proportion of it being resolvable into carbon. How this carbonaceous material should have been concentrated in lumps in the heart of a whinstone mountain, is one of those mysteries in the history of our planet which science finds itself somewhat at a loss to account for. The discovery of the substance, which took place about two centuries ago, was altogether a matter of chance. After a thunder-storm of more than usual violence, a number of trees were blown down, and the gap made by the tearing up of the roots, exposed a piece of plumbago to view. The value of the article, however, was not as yet known, and for nearly a hundred years it was employed only for marking sheep and polishing steel articles. In the course of time, some Jews in London discovered its utility for drawing, and it was by them first made into crayons, or what we now call black-lead pencils. For a long space of time, the Jews were the sole manufacturers of pencils—a fact we feel some gratification in mentioning, as that unfortunate nation has been too often unjustly accused of being interlopers in a profession of which in reality they were the inventors.

What was originally a valueless material, came by the demand for pencils to be one of the most precious minerals; latterly it has risen to the extravagant price of 45s. per pound, and this, to all appearance, is not likely to be its limit. The cause of this increase in value is the enlarged demand for pencils, and the growing scarcity of the finer kinds of plumbago. Unlike some common metallic ores, this substance is found in England only in small pieces, and these are becoming daily more rare. At one time, as much as £100,000 was understood to have been realised from the Borrowdale mine in a single year; but these were the palmy days of the mining proprietary, who were contented with opening the mine only once in seven years, and shutting it up again when a sufficient quantity to supply the market at a certain price was obtained. For the last thirty years, however, from the great demand for plumbago, and the difficulty in obtaining it, the mine has been constantly worked. Of late it cannot be said to have been a profitable concern for its proprietors, among whom George Banks, Esq. M.P. is, I believe, the principal. The lumps of plumbago, though following a vein, are imbedded in the rock at irregular intervals; and so precarious is their appearance, that two men may dig and blast for a couple of years without falling in with as much as five shillings' worth of material. At the period of my visit, after a long and wearisome expenditure of time and money, and just as the company's patience was about expiring, some half-dozen little bits, from the size of a gun-flint to an irre-

gularly-shaped potato, were discovered, and gleefully viewed by the manager as a prognostication of better things in store.

Elated with this recent windfall, old John Dixon, the descendant of a race of plumbago-diggers, conducted us up a terribly steep pathway, towards the mine where his sons were at work, the ascent being by no means improved by the rains which had lately deluged the sides of the mountain. At length the desired height was gained, and we stood on a little platform of earth, on which was erected a humble cot for keeping articles connected with the operations of the miners. Here I was equipped in an old coat, a handkerchief was wrapped round my head, by way of cap, and with a candle stuck between my fingers, I was introduced to the regions of darkness.

The entrance to the mine is by a door adjoining the cot, and within this we pursued a level passage, rather wet under foot, but dry above, and so spacious as to allow two persons to walk abreast without stooping. On and on we went, till I imagine we were about a hundred yards from the entrance, and then we came to a sort of radiating point, whence there were excavations in different directions. No working, however, was going on upon the level of the passage; and to see the diggers at their laborious trade, it was necessary to mount two ladders, one above another. This was a difficult job, for the ladders were pretty nearly perpendicular, and slippery with mud and water, and besides, each of us had to climb with his candle in his hand. Unaccustomed as I was to such kind of work, having done nothing in the climbing line since the days of the *crans*—Anglicé, rooks—some thirty years ago, I got up these odious ladders with tolerable alacrity, and at the top found myself at the mouth of a gulf half-filled with rubbish, over which were visible two men engaged in blasting a mass of rock, the clink of the hammer at every blow resounding through the recesses of the mine. Crawling on hands and knees the best way we could over the loose debris, we had the satisfaction of standing close to the two individuals who thus pursued their solitary and hazardous occupation. Following the envious simosities of the strata, they had ascended in a slanting direction from the landing-place, and stood on a species of shelf of the rock, over which they pointed out to us the object of their search. Holding up our candles, we were enabled to see a tolerably large nodule of plumbago, which thinned off in the vein, and disappeared. United with their late successes, the prospect was considered quite cheering. They thought they had got on a good track. 'She was going to climb the hill,' they observed of the vein, 'and they were determined to follow her.' And so, with high and renewed hopes, they recommenced, as we left them, their dreary knocking on the face of the rocky chamber. I often think of these men tapping at their lonely task in the heart of a Cumberland mountain.

Our return to the light of day being safely effected, and our respective toilets made at the margin of a rill of pure water which trickled past the mouth of the mine, I returned with my friend to Keswick, our vehicle, for the sake of variety, taking the road along the western shore of Derwentwater.

Having seen how the plumbago was dug, it was now interesting for me to learn how it was fashioned by the hands of manufacturers into pencils. This was fortunately not of difficult accomplishment. The staple trade of Keswick is pencil-making, and yet, curiously enough, such a peculiarity bears no natural relationship to the production of the raw material. All the plumbago excavated in Borrowdale is sent, in the first place, to London, where, being purchased from the company's *lépôt* by the Keswick pencil-makers, it is sent back to Cumberland for manufacture; consequently, black-lead pencils could be made as well in London and elsewhere as in Keswick, and no doubt good pencils have been fabricated in the metropolis. But that day, I am told,

is past. There has for years been a degeneracy in the London pencil trade, and the profession has concentrated its zeal and capital at Keswick.

Favoured by an accidental introduction, I had the pleasure of walking through the works of Messrs Bankes, Foster, and Company, the largest establishment for pencil-making in Keswick. The factory, as I may call it, consists of a house of several storeys, in the lower of which is a huge water-wheel, turned by the Greta, a brilliant stream flowing from Saddleback and the adjoining mountains. Outside were shown several logs of cedar-wood ready for use, which had been lately imported from Mobile. The quantity of cedar consumed annually by the establishment is four thousand cubic feet—a quantity so large that one might imagine the whole world could not require pencils to that amount. The fancies of the uninitiated, however, are always greatly below the mark in such matters. The visitor of a thread factory in Manchester would delude himself with the idea that more thread was made in a forenoon than the whole of womankind could consume in a century. From the water-wheel and the logs we went to the sawmill, where the wood was cut into planks, and from the planing-room we ascended to an apartment where a circular saw cuts the planks into smaller pieces preparatory for the grooving engine. This last-mentioned apparatus is a very clever affair. It consists of two revolving saws, going at inconceivable speed; one saw cutting the slips of wood into narrow square rods, and the other making a groove along the rod and cutting to size at the same time. Much, in fact, seems to be done by circular saws, all moved by the water-wheel beneath; wherever we turn, we see small instruments of this kind whizzing about with fearful velocity. Adjoining the grooving apparatus is a circular saw, cutting slips of cedar as covers to the grooved lengths. I was next shown the manner of preparing the plumbago. This article, if good, needs no refining; it is used precisely in the condition in which it leaves the mine. To ascertain its qualities, each piece is scraped with the edge of a knife, besides being otherwise tested; and in proportion as there is no gritty particles in it, so is it the more valuable. Some pieces are harder, some a little darker in colour, than others; and according to these peculiarities, they are employed for pencils of various hardnesses and shades. The whole knack of pencil-making seems to depend on the detection of these niceties in the bits of lead, and also of course in their honest adaptation to the varieties which are dealt out to the public. Plumbago of an impure kind is ground to powder; the grit, as far as possible, separated from it; and the cleansed material, mingled with a cohesive liquid, is dried and pressed into hard lumps for use. This process, however, is applied principally, if not exclusively, to the plumbago imported from India, and only in reference to pencils of the commonest sort. Pencils made with such stuff are valueless to artists; for, independently of their want of tone, they are never altogether free of grit. The only good pencil is one made from genuine Borrowdale lead, pure from the mine, and adapted by a skillful manufacturer to its assigned purpose. One or two of the finer kind, which I procured at Bankes's establishment, have thrown an artist into raptures, he seemingly beholding them as

* Cheaply purchased in their weight of gold.*

The mode of preparing the pieces of good plumbago for the pencil is very simple. All the bits, with their surface merely scraped, are glued to a board, in order to fix them in a position for being sawn. When so fixed, they are brought under the action of a saw, which divides them into thin slices or scantlings. These slices are now handed to the fitter. This is an operative who, with a lot of grooved rods before him, sticks slices of the lead in the grooves, snapping off each slice level with the surface, so as just to leave the groove properly filled. In the making of a single pencil, perhaps as many as three or four slice lengths are required; but

however many, each slice is fitted exactly endlong with another, so as to leave no intervals. The rods being thus filled, are carried to the fastener-up. This person, who is surprisingly dexterous in his operations, glues the cedar covers or slips over the filled rods; and having got a certain number arranged alongside of each other, he fixes them tightly together, and lays them aside to dry. When dried, they are ready for being rounded. I had, some years before, seen pencil rods rounded in a manufactory in Paris, the process being there performed by a plane, and, as it appeared to me, with a wonderful degree of quickness. This old planing system is exploded in England. At Keswick, hand-labour in rounding would now be considered quite a farce. The rounding is here done by an apparatus fixed to a bench—a thing of revolving planes, or turning tools. Into this engine the rods are fed one after the other, and out they come, as fast as the eye can follow them, rounded to a perfect tenuity. By this simple and efficient machine, a man will round from six hundred to eight hundred dozens of pencils in a day. After being rounded, they get a smoothing with a plane, and then they are polished by being rubbed with a peculiar kind of fish-skin; this latter operation being performed by girls. Being polished, the next step is to cut the rods into lengths with a circular saw, after which the lengths are respectively smoothed at the ends. Nothing now remains but to stamp on them the name of the maker, with the letters significant of their quality. The stamping-engine is as ingenious a piece of machinery as is in the establishment. Fed into it, the pencils are stamped in less than an instant of time. A girl, I was told, will, with this apparatus, stamp two hundred pencils per minute. Gathered from a box below into which the pencils fall, they are carried away to be tied in bundles. And such may be called the history of a black-lead pencil.

In the establishment of Bankes, Foster, and Company, which I believe is the largest of the kind in the world, from fifteen to sixteen hundred dozens of pencils are made daily; and here, as elsewhere, the more machinery introduced into the works, the greater is the number of hands who are employed. The wages realised by the workmen average about twenty shillings weekly; the time of labour—eight, I should think, in all its departments—being eleven hours daily.

I had now executed the purpose I had in view in visiting this part of Cumberland, and made the best of my way southwards through this charmingly picturesque district of country, to new fields of observation in Lancashire.

MINOR TRIALS.

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

The prick of a pin often gives more acute pain than the gash inflicted by a lancet. So, as we pass through life, our minor sorrows are frequently harder to bear than our great afflictions. Very heavy troubles often deaden our sense of suffering by the violence of the shock, or else excite an unwonted and unnatural strength, which enables us to stand firm against the blow. But the minor evils of life annoy us—irritate us; we chafe against them, and can neither patiently endure, nor manfully fight against them. And thus it is that we often see those whom we had most revered for having nobly borne great trials, the first to sink under lesser ones.

But enough of this moralising strain, into which we are too prone to fall. There is no sermon so good as example, and a plain story often does more service than all the essays on morality that ever came from old Wisdom's pen. In our childish days—alas! a long, long time ago!—we learned more from good Mrs Hoffland's simple tales, than Dr Aikin or Mrs Châpone could ever have taught us. Her diligent boys, and kind sisters, and patient companions, were like mute friends to us, ever

inciting us to emulate their good examples; silent monitors, who, without any prosy advice, by their own actions admonished us to go and do likewise. And thus we have ever loved and had faith in stories. Now for our own.

It was on a fine May morning, when earth and sky seemed full of hope and gaiety, that a bride was brought home to the small parish of Woodmanslea. It was a gay procession; the horses' heads were nodding under green boughs, and girls were strewing flowers on the road; for the bridegroom was no less a personage than the young rector, the Rev. Owen Thornton, who had brought to his English home Katharine Gordon, one of the fairest flowers that ever grew on the Highland hills. Katharine was that rare sight—a truly beautiful woman. She was not pretty—her stature was too tall for that; and her regular and somewhat strongly-marked features were too classically perfect to charm at once a common eye, which is generally dazzled by complexion or manner. She had the dark hair and aquiline character of face which, probably by some foreign intermixture, is often found in the highlands of Scotland in contradistinction to the fair face and sunny hair, which is perhaps less beautiful, but more winning. And Katharine's eyes—

* Her dark and intricate eyes,
Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death—

no other words than these we quote would adequately describe them. Her beauty was more noble than lovable; so that the village girls who clustered around her carriage were in some degree awed, until the inexpressible sweetness of her smile chased away all their doubts. The bridegroom was, as is nearly always the case, totally unlike his wife; mild in face and manner, with irregular but pleasing features, which, amidst all their sweetness of expression, bore a certain character of indecision. Quiet and gentlemanlike in his deportment, of disposition agreeing with his kindly looks, not particularly clever, but possessing considerable acuteness of perception, united with almost womanly tenderness of feeling, Owen Thornton was in every way what an English country clergyman should be.

The carriage wound slowly up the wooded hill, on the top of which stood the church and the rectory. The road through which they passed was bounded by thick hedges, out of which sprang noble trees—oak, elm, and chestnut with its fragrant white flowers. At times a break in these verdant boundaries showed glimpses of a lovely, wide extended landscape. But when they had passed the old church, and came to the summit of the hill, how beautiful was the scene before them! For miles and miles, as far as the eye could reach, lay a rich undulating valley; sunny slopes, of the graceful curve which is peculiar to the part of the country we describe; white mansions glimmering through trees; dark woods here and there; and the river winding amidst all, like a silver thread, now seen, now lost, until it hid itself in the blue distant mountains that bounded the whole; and above all hung the deep blue arch of heaven, fringed with the glorious sunshine of May.

Katharine Thornton looked on this scene, and her beautiful lip trembled with deep feeling. She took her husband's hand, and said in a sweet voice, which a slight northern intonation only made more musical, 'And is this your sunny England? It is beautiful, most beautiful.'

'And you will love it for my sake?' answered the delighted bridegroom.

His answer was audible to him alone; but the evident pleasure of the young bride had gratified all; and as the carriage turned to enter the heavy gates of the old rectory, the villagers and tenants, who had come to greet the squire's younger brother, rent the air with their shouts. And such was Katharine Thornton's welcome home.

A few weeks passed by, and the bride became settled in her new abode, and entered cheerfully on her new

duties. It was in every way a great change for Katharine. True, she had no distant home to cling to and regret for she was an orphan; and then she loved her husband so entirely! But yet everything she met seemed new and strange to the young Highland girl, thus suddenly transformed into an English clergyman's wife. Still she was happy—most happy! She moved about her beautiful garden on the slope of the hill, and amused herself with the arrangement and adornment of her pretty home, which Owen's care had filled with everything that could please his beloved wife—and she felt such delight in her new dignity, when she took the head of her husband's table as the mistress of the house. It was a girlish feeling; but she was so young—not out of her teens in truth. And then Katharine had to welcome and visit her new relatives—her husband's mother, and brother, and sisters. Her heart was overflowing with love for them all, for she had none of her own; and even before her marriage, she had looked forward to these new ties with intense pleasure. But when the young wife actually met them, though their greeting was not unkind, she fancied it was cold. In this Katharine was mistaken; for when her mother-in-law first kissed her cheek, and welcomed her as Owen's wife, a deep interest had sprung up in her heart for the stranger. But Katharine did not know this.

Mrs Thornton was an English gentlewoman of the old school, such as exist in the nooks where the manufacturing whirlpool has not yet swallowed up and mingled the gradations of ancient gentry, yeomen, and farmers. Dignified, reserved, but not forbidding—kind to the poor from nature and from custom—loving her children with a deep but not openly-shown affection, the sole remaining tie of a long-widowed heart—such was Owen's mother. John Thornton, her eldest son, the squire of the village, was the very opposite of his brother—bold, manly, reckless—the best hunter and best fox-hunter for miles round. Devoted to these sports, he lived unmarried with his mother and sisters at the Hall. Of these three sisters we must now speak, for it was to them that Katharine chiefly looked for society and affection.

Miss Thornton, the eldest, was what the world despitely terms an *old maid*. She might once have been handsome, but her younger sisters never remembered her otherwise but as she now appeared—a gentle and ladylike woman of middle age. There had been some shadow over her youth, Owen told his wife—some old and lost love; but no one ever spoke of it now. A broken heart is rare—blessings to old Time, the benevolent healer of all sorrows, for the same! And if some coldness was left in Elizabeth Thornton's heart, which gave a slight tinge to her manners, it was all that now remained of her early sorrows. Agnes, the second, was one of those every-day characters that are constantly met with—neither plain nor pretty, neither disagreeable nor particularly winning; but Florence, the youngest, was a beautiful and accomplished girl, and Owen's darling sister.* Of her Katharine had often heard, and had longed to see her; but when they really met, she was disappointed. There was an evident constraint in her sister-in-law's manner towards her. Florence seemed to watch so eagerly every word, every action, of her brother's wife; and then Owen thought so much of her. Every new ornament in the house, or improvement in the garden, was the result of Florence's taste, until the young wife became wearied of hearing 'Florence did that,' 'Florence said so and so.' Foolish Katharine! she was absolutely becoming jealous; while Florence, on her part, though of sweet temper in the main, almost looked upon her beautiful sister-in-law as a rival.

Now came various trifling vexations, which jarred on the spirit of the young bride, and often contracted her fair brow with a frown, at which she herself was the first to laugh and blush when the trivial cause that brought it thither was past. Katharine had borne nobly the loss of parents, of home, and many great sorrows too heavy for one so young; but now, in the

midst of her happiness, innumerable minor things arose to annoy her. She was so anxious that her sisters should love her; and yet it seemed that they always happened to visit the rectory when its young mistress was chafed by some household disaster; and Agnes looked grave, and praised English ways and habits in a tone which made Katharine's Highland blood rush to her brow, while Florence laughed at her, and Miss Thornton talked of patience and the beauty of gentleness of temper. And, in truth, this latter quality was what Katharine sorely wanted. She was a high-spirited woman, of strong deep feelings, but she wanted that meek loving spirit 'which endureth all things;' and she felt too keenly those chance words and looks in which even the best of people will at times indulge, not knowing how very bitterly some of them rankle in the memory of another.

Katharine certainly loved Mrs Thornton much, perhaps more than she did her sisters. It might be that she saw a likeness to Owen in his mother's face; and how suddenly, how immediately, does the heart cling to such a resemblance to one beloved, even when traced in a passing stranger! Still, Katharine's sensitive temper fancied that the reserved and sedate manner of Mrs Thornton sprang from an unloving heart.

'I would love her if she would let me!' thought the young wife many a time. 'But I fear neither she nor any of them love me.'

There is nothing so chilling, so repulsive to affection, as this doubt concealed in the heart; and Katharine's manner grew colder, and her visits at the Hall less frequent; so that her sisters, whose slight prejudices a little patient forbearance would have melted into warm regard, began to look upon Owen's wife as a stranger who could not share in any of their pursuits or enjoyments.

However, Katharine had her husband still. His love was unchanged. He had been gained, not by outward beauty or dazzling talent, but, as the dear old song says, 'his gentle manners won her heart;' and those 'gentle manners,' and that innate goodness of heart, could never alter in Owen Thornton. Some might have said that the young rector's wife was superior to himself: in some things perhaps she was; but the thought never entered Katharine's mind. Had it done so, she would have shrunk away from it in fear and shame; for there is nothing so bitter to a wife's peace as to think meanly of him whom she ought to reverence with her whole soul. If all the world had seen Katharine's superiority to her husband, alas for her on the day when it should be discovered to her own eyes!

The honeymoon was over, but many long, sweet evenings—almost lover-like—did Owen and Katharine spend together in the pretty room which overlooked the sloping hill-side. The husband and wife were still lingering in the shadow of the romance of courtship; and they loved to sit in autumn evenings and watch the brown and changing woods, and talk of the blue mountains and lakes, and wild, beautiful regions, where Owen had first met and wooed his Highland bride. One night the quick-coming twilight found them still here. Katharine had been talking to her husband of her own young days, long before she knew that such a person as Owen Thornton existed. These childish memories left a vague sadness behind; and when Owen brought her harp, and asked her to sing away all old thoughts, she sat down and poured forth her whole heart in the deep pathos of the ever-beautiful 'Flowers of the Forest.'

When she finished the last line, which seems to die away like the last sigh of nature's summer or of youth's hope—'The flowers of the forest are a wede away'—Katharine remained some moments silent. Her husband, too, did not speak. She turned towards him—Owen had fallen fast asleep during her beautiful song!

A sudden chill struck bitterly on Katharine's heart. She had felt so much, sung with such fervour, and all was lost upon Owen! Poor Katharine! she was disap-

pointed, wounded. She did not think how many times her gentle husband had listened to songs which his own different associations made him feel far less than she did, and which he entered into solely from his love for her. She had forgotten, too, that he had ridden five-and-twenty miles that morning to administer baptism to a dying child, and to comfort the last moments of a poor widow. No wonder that he was wearied, and had sunk to sleep even in the midst of his wife's sweet music.

When Owen awoke, an hour after, there was no smile on Katharine's face to greet him, and a slight pout sat on her lips, which made their beautiful curves more visible, but which gave to their very loveliness that expression of all others the most odious on woman's face—mingled scorn and sullenness. Katharine's good angel had fled; but it was only for a time. In the silence of night all this rose up against her, and floods of contrite tears washed away all the hardness and unkindness which had entered her heart.

Next morning, Katharine's loving care seemed determined to make amends for the unexplained and unconfessed error into which she had fallen. Owen's chair was placed close to the bright fire, which made the misty autumn morning seem cheerful; his favourite flowers, yet wet from the dew whence Katharine's hand had gathered them, were beside him, the breakfast which he liked best was provided; and Katharine, fresh and rosy as the morning itself, sat behind the breakfast-urn awaiting her husband.

Owen came in with an open letter in his hand. It was from his mother, asking them to one of her old-fashioned dinner-parties. Owen was all cheerfulness; he was always pleased to go over to the Hall—almost too much so his wife thought sometimes.

'My mother complains that they have not seen you so much of late, Katharine love,' said Owen.

She looked rather confused. 'It is certainly a good while since I went; but I have so many things to keep me at home; and then the girls seldom come here, it is their fault too.'

'Perhaps so. Well, we must go oftener, and to-morrow in particular; and you must make my mother happy by looking well and singing your best,' said the husband gaily.

Katharine felt anything but willing; but the mention of singing reminded her of her sins against poor Owen the evening before, and she knew atonement was needed. So she assented cheerfully, and they went together to the Hall the day following.

Mrs Thornton's was one of those formal entertainments so uninteresting to a stranger, when neighbours meet and discuss the public and private affairs of the country. All this was very dull to Katharine; but she looked across the table to Owen's happy face as he talked to an old college friend; and she bore bravely with her own prosy neighbour, and strove with all her heart to take an interest in names, and persons, and places of which she had never heard before. Florence, too, was merry, for she had her betrothed husband at her side; and Elizabeth Thornton's rare smile flitted more than once over her mild features as she talked to one who sat next her—a sweet-looking woman, whose pale golden hair, and delicate, almost transparent complexion, made her seem scarcely out of girlhood, though she was in reality about twenty-five.

When the dinner was over, and Katharine sat with Florence in a little recess in the drawing-room window, out of hearing of the rest, she could not resist inquiring about the stranger who had attracted her so much.

'Do you really not know who she is?' said Florence, surprised. 'Did my brother never speak of Mary Wynn?'

'No indeed: is that her name?'

'Yes: she was Owen's first love.'

An uneasy sensation made the young wife start, and look fixedly at 'Owen's first love'; but then she laughed, and asked Florence to tell her more.

'I hardly know if I ought,' said the mischief-loving girl. 'It is years ago; Owen was very young; and I do not suppose he long remembered her, though he certainly loved her at the time; but,' added Florence gravely, 'I know how much she loved him, and how deeply she suffered; for she was, and is, my dearest friend. However, she may have forgotten him now. She seemed pleased to see you, and speaks cheerfully to Owen. Poor Mary! I hope she has forgotten her "first love," as he has her.'

No more was said about Mary Wynn, but Katharine became thoughtful and silent; not that she doubted Owen's strong affection for herself, but no woman ever really likes to fear that her husband once had a 'first love.' And yet Florence was right; Owen had entirely forgotten his boyish flame. It is seldom that such endure; and perhaps it is well; for the silvery veil of romance and fancy which enshrouds man's first idol, would infallibly, when removed, leave an image far below this ideal standard of perfection. Nevertheless, Katharine, full of the happy fulfilment of her own young love, felt much more than perhaps Mary Wynn did herself. Had she known how much deeper and stronger is the love of the man than of the boy, of the woman than of the romantic girl, Katharine would not have so closely watched her husband and Mary Wynn, nor have returned home with such a weight on her heart.

Mary Wynn left the Hall, went home, and was forgotten; but still her visit had left a painful impression on Owen's wife. Katharine thought that much of Florence's distaste to herself—aversion it could hardly be called—arose from her strong love and sympathy for Mary Wynn. Day by day the bond between Katharine Thornton and her sisters-in-law was gradually loosening; and her quick eyes were ever discovering failings, and her mind becoming more alive to unworthy suspicions. Florence's mirth-loving nature was to her full of bitter sarcasm; Elizabeth's gentle gravity, which had interested her so much, appeared only the hypocrisy of self-assumed goodness; and Agnes's intolerance was insupportable. Katharine fancied they tried to make her husband love her less; and even Owen felt the results of her harsh doubts in her changed manner and anxious looks. Husband and wife loved one another still; but the perfect sunshine of all-hallowing, all-forgiving love was gone; and what trifles, what mere shadows, had done this!

In her unhappiness, Katharine's mind turned regretfully to her old Scottish home, and lingered sinfully on many former joys. At last her over-burdened heart would find vent: she told all the doubts and troubles of her wedded life to an old and dear friend—the wife of her former guardian. In this Katharine was wrong, very wrong. Such trials, even when they amount to real griefs, should be hidden in the depths of the heart; no eye should see them—no ear should hear them! True, of her husband himself—the kind, good-principled, affectionate Owen—Katharine had nought to complain; and of his family, the very knowledge that they were *his* should have sealed her lips.

Fortunately for Katharine, her friend, Mrs Lindsay, was *wise as well as kind*, and candid, although gentle, was the reproof she gave to the young wife.

'You are young, and I am old,' she wrote, 'therefore, Katharine, listen to me with patience. You tell me how much you are tried—ask of your own heart, have you been entirely in the right? Is there in you no discontent—no readiness to compare old things with new—no suspicious quickness in detecting slight failings, that, perchance, would best be passed over with a loving blindness? Katharine, you came a stranger to your husband's home—your sole resting-place was in his affection; having thus trusted him, you should strive to love what he loves, think as he thinks, see as he sees. All that are his are yours. When you married, his *life* became your own, and you should regard and love them as such, not with jealous comparison, not with eyes eager to detect faults, but with the loving

forbearance that is needful in a family bound together for life. And as for their want of love—if they see that you feel as one of them, which indeed you are; that to a certain degree you "forget your own people, and your father's house," to enter into their plans, and hopes, and sympathies; and, above all, that you are bent on conquering any slight obstacles to mutual affection—if they see all this, they will soon love you as your heart could wish. And, my Katharine, make no fancied sorrows for yourself. You are a beloved and happy wife—thank God each day for that blessing, so rare to many. Look not for perfection—it is not to be found on earth; but forget the past, and go on in your loving, patient, and hopeful way; it will surely lead to happiness at last.'

Mrs Lindsay's words sank deeply into Katharine Thornton's heart. But ere she had time to guide her conduct by their wise counsel, sickness, that harsh and fearful, yet often kindly monitor, came to her. Thus it happened: Katharine was a wild and fearless rider, and one sad day her high-mettled horse took fright, nor stopped until its burthen was thrown senseless at her husband's own gate. Many days she lingered between life and death, and when reason and consciousness returned, Katharine learned that her constant and unwearyed attendants had been the grave, cold-hearted Elizabeth, and the mirthful and often thoughtless Florence!

'How little I knew them—how deeply I misjudged them!' thought the repentant Katharine. But still she did not know, and it was well that she did not, that the untiring care of the two sisters had sprung at first more from duty than inclination—that Elizabeth's shy and seldom-roused disposition, and Florence's remembrance of old prejudices, had struggled long with their natural kindness of heart. Rare, very rare, in real life, is a character even distantly approaching to perfection—the angel nature after which we all unconsciously seek—else why do we love so much those deceptions of human goodness that abound in fiction? Most useful is it to bear and forbear; ever seeking to behold the sunny spots in the nature of all around us; and there are none of the sons and daughters of man—of man, made in the image of God—in whom some trace of that divine image does not linger still.

Katharine arose from her sick-bed, having learned much. In many a long hour, when she lay in the quiet silence that was necessarily imposed upon her, her thoughts were busy. Owen's image rose up before her, not as the adoring, enthusiastic lover, who submitted delightedly to all her fancies, and from whom she expected unwearied sympathy of thought and feeling, but as he was now, and would be more as they grew older—a helpmate not free from faults, *but* still most lovable, and worthy of the strongest trust and affection, with whom she was to pass through—not an enchanted valley of bliss, but a world in which there were sorrows to be borne, and cares to be overcome, and joys to be shared together.

Then Katharine would lie watching the lithe figure of her sister as she flitted about the room, until her growing love cast a charm even over Florence's outward attractions; and the invalid thought how very sweet her smile was, and what a pleasant voice she had when she came to the bedside to whisper the few words that were allowed to pass between them. She gratefully remembered, too, that Florence had left the society of her lover, and deprived herself of many amusements, to share with Elizabeth the care of a sick-room, and Katharine began to hope that her sister really loved her a little, and would love her more in time.

As Katharine grew stronger, this 'late autumn-spring' of affection in the hearts of the sisters still withered not, but rather gathered strength. No explanations were given or asked. Such are often very ill-judged, and evil in their effect. The new bud of love will not bear much handling. A silent hand-pressure, an affectionate smile, were all that marked the recom-

cillation. Katharine suffered no misgivings or seeming obstacles to hinder her in the path on which she had determined.

One evening the invalid lay resting, half-asleep, in her arm-chair. Elizabeth and Florence were with her; and after a long silence, supposing her asleep, they began to talk in low tones. Their voices broke through Katharine's dream; but they could not see her for the twilight, and it was some time before her roused faculties could distinguish what they talked about.

Elizabeth was saying, 'How very beautiful Katharine looked to-day; I thought Owen would never gaze enough at her.'

'Yes,' said Florence; 'and I think her illness has improved her beauty. She does not look half so proud. Do you know, Elizabeth, that once I thought her anything but handsome, and wondered that Owen could have chosen her after beautiful, gentle Mary Wynn.'

'Ah, that was because you did not like Katharine. You were hardly just to her,' observed the mild Elizabeth.

'Yet I really had no positive dislike to her; but she had such strange ways, and seemed to think herself so different from us.'

'Yet mamma loved her from the first.'

'Yes, and so do I now, and you too, and all of us. But she seems so changed, so gentle and affectionate: I begin to think it possible to love one's brother's wife after all,' said the gay Florence, giving way to a cheerful laugh, which she immediately checked, lest it should disturb her sister's slumbers.

But Katharine had heard enough to break her repose, though deep pleasure mingled with the slight pain which Florence's unconscious remonstrances had given her. It is so sweet to be loved; and after a prejudice conquered, that love delayed comes sweeter than ever.

Owen's entrance formed a glad relief and pretext for the termination of Katharine's sleep and Florence's revelations; and now her sister's recovering health enabled the latter to leave her. That night Florence was sent for to return home, and Owen came to deliver the tidings. Elizabeth, at Katharine's intreaty, remained; but Florence was imperiously demanded at home, and must depart. So, after a short delay, she was ready, and came to bid adieu to the invalid. It was not for long; but still it was the first time they had been parted since Florence had come, in horror and dismay, to her insensible sister's couch. Katharine rose feebly in her chair, and weeping, threw herself on Florence's bosom.

'Thank you, and bless you, dear girl, for all your care of me,' was all she could articulate.

'Nonsense!' cried Florence cheerfully, trying to withstand the unusual moistness in her own eyes. 'Do not quite overwhelm me, Katharine; I did nothing but what I ought, and what I liked too.'

'And you do love me now, Florence—a little?' whispered Katharine as her sister hung over her.

Florence's warm and kindly nature now entirely predominated. 'Yes, indeed I do, with all my heart,' she cried with affectionate energy, as she folded both her arms round Katharine, and kissed her repeatedly.

'Come, come; all this embracing will be quite too much for Katharine,' said the husband, coming forward with a smile, and carrying away his sister to the door, whither Elizabeth followed her. Owen came and sat by his wife's side, and the invalid rested her head on his shoulder, while they talked with full hearts of her happy recovery.

'Florence is a sweet girl, is she not?' said Owen after a pause.

This time no feeling of jealousy crossed the young wife's mind. 'Indeed she is,' Katharine answered; 'and I love her very much.'

'I thought you would in time, Katharine.'

She did not immediately answer, and then her voice trembled as she said, 'Owen, dear, I have not been all

good; I have been wrong in many things; I have made too much trouble for myself out of slight vexations.'

Owen stopped her. 'Now, love, I will have no more confessions! Your husband loves you, and you are all good in his eyes now.'

'And always will be, if the determination can make me so. And when we are old married people'—a curious twitch came over Owen's mouth as his wife said this—'when we are old married people, we shall be all the wiser, at least I shall, for remembering these minor trials of our youth.'

WHAT IS MACHINERY DOING FOR US?

THIS is a question which has been often asked, and one which has been as often and variously answered. That machinery has done much for us, both economically and morally, must be admitted on all hands; and, taking the recent progress of the arts into account, it is equally certain that it is destined to accomplish still greater marvels. It may be true that its adoption has, in some instances, been attended with temporary evils, but no one would argue from such a fact against the general and permanent employment of a power which tends to diminish human labour, and to extend human comforts—placing within the reach of the many what would otherwise be attainable only by the few. Besides, in the consideration of all such subjects, our estimate should be made for the general, and not for the particular; our object should be what is best for the whole race, and not what may be temporarily detrimental to a fraction of some peculiar section—bearing in mind that, ultimately, the interest of the individual is never more surely or more thoroughly secured than through the good of the entire community. Laying aside, therefore, all argument on this head as at once futile and unworthy, we mean to take a glance at the recent progress of the mechanical arts, in answer to the question with which we set out—a question which, every year, requires a more varied and extensive answer.

At the beginning of the current century, the mechanical apparatus of Britain was of a simple and scanty description; agriculture could boast of nothing like machinery; spinning and weaving were done by hand, our ships were wafted by the breeze, or lay at rest when there was no breeze to waft them; printing, paper-making, and in fact almost every art, was executed with primitive hand-machines; the joiner, blacksmith, and mason toiled on with patient ingenuity, little dreaming that the time was approaching when a machine, guided by a single hand, would accomplish with ease the work of fifty. Those things which we now regard as rude and primitive were looked upon as marvels: a common damask loom, or a thrashing machine, would have been a curiosity worth a fifty miles' journey. Now all this is changed, and there is scarcely a single manual operation, from the most simple and rude, to the most intricate and delicate, which is not less or more facilitated by mechanical aids.

In agriculture, the flail is superseded by machinery driven by steam; and this machine not only thrashes and winnows, but bags and weighs the grain for market. Sowing, drilling, and dibbling machines, of innumerable variety, are now on every well-regulated farm, doing their work with such nicety, that we might almost ascertain the number of grains necessary to the planting of a field. Ploughing has, in some instances, been executed by steam apparatus; and draining and drain-tile making have also come under the same omnipotent sway. Even reaping, one of the nicest and most careful of all agricultural operations, has been successfully accomplished by machinery, which does all but fasten the sheaf and arrange the corn in shocks. Thus one of the homeliest of all pursuits can boast of its mechanical triumphs in the steam thrashing-mill, in the recently-attempted ploughing apparatus, and in the more delicate and complicated reaping machine.

In operations little removed from agriculture as re-

gards nicety of manipulation or delicacy of finish, the potent arm of invention has also been exercising its control. An excavating machine has been perfected in the United States, and is now successfully employed in our own island, capable of performing the work of thirty ordinary labourers, and that in all sorts of soils unumbered with rock. Machinery now presses peat into fuel, and fashions tiles and bricks by myriads; it breaks stones for macadamising roads, and dresses their surface for pavement; it sweeps our streets with a precision and rapidity which the scavenger cannot equal; it saws and polishes the marble of the sculptor, and converts the most refractory granite into the most beautiful ornaments. The joiner calls in its aid to saw and plane his timber; the cartwright to finish his wheels; the cooper to build his barrels; the carpenter to fashion and finish his blocks, as in Brunel's wonderful blockmaking machine; and the worker in metals makes the same power roll his material into sheets, square it into bars, fashion it into nails—makes it pierce holes, fasten rivets; directs it, in fine, to cut, file, polish, or stamp with a rapidity and precision which is all but miraculous.

Again, if we turn to more delicate arts, we find its aptitude still more marvellous and universal. The sculptor and engraver perform their most delicate touches and finest tints by its aid—a few hours producing a delicacy, complexity, and regularity of lines which the human hand can never possibly accomplish. The jeweller and goldsmith makes it perform his most delicate operations in chasing and embossing; the watchmaker calls in its power and precision to fashion the nicest parts of his machinery; and the philosophical instrument-maker forms by its aid a screw, or divides a scale in proportions, which the microscope alone can decipher. In printing, we see its triumphs in the steam-press and the composing machine; and also in the kindred apparatus for stamping, embossing, and colouring of paper, cloth, and other ornamental fabrics. The paper-mill—in which rags are cleaned, converted into pulp, reduced to paper, and that paper sized, smoothed, and cut into perfect sheets—is indeed a curiosity; and yet it is only one of a thousand such inventions. Is it in spinning?—then we have the numberless improvements and complications of Arkwright's invention as applied to cotton, silk, linen, or wool—these machines not only cleaning and carding the material, but drawing it out in delicacy fine as the slenderest gossamer. Allied to these are the thread, cord, and cable-making machinery scattered over our island; as well as the curious inventions for braiding and plaiting straw, working network, lace, braid, crêtonne fabric, and the like. As in spinning, so in weaving we have a vast number of machines, which, though in every-day operation around us, must ever be regarded with curious interest. The Jacquard, damask, and carpet looms, either worked by steam or by manual labour, are, in reality, great marvels than the automata with which our forefathers puzzled themselves; and would be so esteemed, did not frequency and familiarity banish our wonder. To these we may add such recent inventions as the mechanism for portrait-weaving, for glass-spinning and weaving, for sewing and stitching, and for the fabrication of card-web. The latter, for example, at once unwinds the wire from the reel, bends it, cuts it, pierces the holes, inserts the tooth, drives it home, and lastly, gives it, when inserted, the requisite angle—with the same, or rather with greater precision and accuracy than the most skilled set of human fingers could; and with such astonishing expedition, that one machine performs a task which would require the labour of at least ten men of average ability.

Though wind, falling water, and animal power may be, and are in many instances, applied to the movement of such machinery as we have above alluded to, yet there can be little doubt that, without the aid of the steam-engine, many of them would have never been thought of, or at all events never brought to their present perfection. It is to this, the most powerful and

most uniform of all known motive forces, that the modern world owes its astonishing advances in the arts of civilised life—to this that we still look for further and still greater advances. It is in our mines and beside our furnaces; in our factories and workshops; in our mills, bakehouses, and breweries; it is on our roads and our rivers, and on the great ocean itself, bringing, as it were, the most distant and inaccessible places into close communion and reciprocation of produce. Exerting the strength of one man or the power of one thousand horses with equal indifference, the steam-engine, in all its variety of form, is the most powerful auxiliary which man ever called to his aid. In all its forms, whether atmospheric, double-condensing, high-pressure or low-pressure, rotary or otherwise, it is a curiosity of art, as is most of the apparatus with which it is connected. Perhaps the most wonderful forms in which its power now manifests itself are the railway locomotive, shooting along at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour; and in the giant iron steamer, crossing the waters of the Atlantic in as brief a space as, a century ago, our forefathers would have required to pass from Edinburgh to London.

Such are the physical triumphs of machinery: its economical effects are not less striking and important. Every invention and adaptation which lightens the toil of manual labour, which produces in a given time two bricks, or blocks, or barrels, instead of one; which cheapens the price of any article, so as to put it within the purchase of a greater number of consumers, confers a boon on human kind by increasing the means of their happiness and comfort. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the price of human food, there can be no doubt that, as a nation, we are better and more luxuriously fed than were our ancestors a century ago; and this mainly through the instrumentality of machinery bringing within the purchase of the working-man the grain, and fruits, and delicacies which formerly were reserved for the great and opulent. Poets may talk as they will of the simple and ample fare of our ancestors; but the matter is all a fiction, or at least but a coloured picture. The food of the peasant and artisan of those times was rude and innutritious at best; indifferent as to material, and still more so as to cooking; and that it was not always so ample, the fearful famines which so frequently overtook our country, and which are now altogether unknown, but too fully corroborate. Now, a bad season, or series of bad seasons, may befall us, such as happened from 1837 to 1841, and that in conjunction with commercial depression, and yet the result be comparatively harmless. Seasonal influences do not tell so severely upon our now better-cultured country; every process is now so materially shortened by the aid of machinery, that we are less, as it were, at the mercy of the weather; and, granting one section of a country or continent did suffer from seasonal severity, our roads, and railways, and steam-vessels bring us in immediate proximity with those portions which have enough and to spare. The same remarks are equally applicable to clothing—the next great want of man in all extra-tropical regions. Here the most prejudiced must admit that in beauty, quality, and price, the clothing of the present day is not for an instant to be compared with that of our ancestors; and that, had machinery done nothing more than so extend and enrich the produce of the spinning-wheel and loom, it would have been worthy of all the commendation that has been bestowed upon it. Now the girl that serves for her humble 'penny-fee' is clad in raiment which the mistress of the last century would have thought it extravagance to wear; and the toiling mechanic, week-day or Sunday, is habited in a style which no country, save a mechanical one like Britain, could supply. So also with our habitations; although the increase of population in some districts may press too closely upon supply in this respect, and leave the lower classes in circumstances frequently distressing to witness. Granting that this exception is to be made—and yet it might

be shown, we believe, that the lower classes are not one whit worse now than they were under the system of mud hut and straw hovel—a middle-class tradesman of the present day enjoys a habitation possessing more of the real comforts and elegancies of life, than most of the feudal barons of old, in all their pomp and power, could boast of. And it is to be hoped that, aided as we are by the power of machinery on every hand, and aware, as the country now is, of its necessities in this respect, the era has already commenced when healthful and becoming dwellings will be as common to our well-beloved artisans as is their Sunday's coat or their Sunday's dinner. In the three great requisites of life—food, clothing, and habitation—it must therefore be admitted that machinery has effected, and is still effecting, vast economical changes; nor will it be denied that, on the score of time and distance, it has already given to a single day the scope of a week, and compressed the journey of a week into the drive of a morning.

But all this, much as it is, would be saying little in favour of mechanical power, did it not tell in some measure on the moral and intellectual advancement of the human race. It has been well said, pointing to the higher attributes of our nature, that 'man does not live by bread alone;' and it is important to know in what degree machinery has contributed to the requirements of that more exalted nature. At first sight, anything that assists in the culture of the mere animal, which feeds, and clothes, and renders it more comfortable, and which raises it above the perpetual drudgery of simple existence, must have a tendency to elevate the mental faculties, by affording a fuller and freer scope for their development. And this—all that some are so blinded by prejudice as to deny it—has been one of the most direct and obvious results of our mechanical progress. Where people are well fed, and clothed, and housed, and have the amenities of life in greater abundance and beauty around them, they must be naturally more disposed to adopt a higher mental tone and standard. Nay, the very fact of continued mechanical advancement bespeaks of itself an intellectual progress; and though intelligence be not always a guarantee for the moral virtues, morality has never a surer basis than in a cultivated mind—the heart is never less liable to err than when directed by the judgment. But for machinery—the steam-engine and printing-machine—that diffusion of literature which is now almost as universal as the air we breathe, could have never been accomplished. True, there may be evil diffused along with the good, for what of human is perfect? But without mechanical aids, that information which it is the privilege of our meanest workmen to acquire, would have still been confined to the opulent few; that rapidity of intelligence which tends so much to whet and foster our mental activity, would have been unknown; and that leverage of civilisation which the missionary and philanthropist so beneficially employ, would have been altogether denied them.

Nor is it on the mere quantum of information thus supplied that we would found the claims of machinery: every new fact gained gives birth to others, it may be, of greater importance; and a population living as we do amid so many triumphs of mechanical ingenuity and skill, must, in the course of a few generations, become naturally more expert and ingenious. It is true that the mechanical tendencies of the present age have drawn men into new relations, and placed them in densely-congregated masses, where peculiar temptations more readily beset them. But, judging coolly on this point, we do not see that our countrymen have in the least become worse than their ancestors, while they have relinquished much of the rudeness and grossness of the vices which characterised former times. On the contrary, we would contend for an obvious improvement in all the social relations of life, for an order and external demeanour hitherto wholly unknown in this or in any other country. The order necessarily observed in all

our factories and public works, in consequence of their strictly mechanical nature, insensibly induces to an orderly disposition; while the fact of meeting together so frequently induces emulation, and this emulation leads to self-respect and self-improvement—facts which are amply illustrated by the establishment of educational institutions, lecture-rooms, benefit and temperance societies, baths, places of public recreation, and the like—features peculiar to this so-called mechanical era. Again, the facilities of travelling, recent as these are, are already beginning to tell on the social relations of our countrymen. As we know each other better, we are less liable to offend, and more likely to forgive; and on the development of these Christian doctrines the influence of machinery is much greater than superficial thinkers may imagine. As mechanical adaptations increase and are diffused, so will our social and commercial relations increase and strengthen; and to these we shall in time owe the extinction of warfare, one of the darkest stains on the history of our race. It is a curious fact, that warfare never raged more fiercely than under religious zeal and professional puritanism; and it will be more curious still, if under this sometimes scoffed-at mechanical age, national warfare be relinquished as a barbarity degrading to rational nature. Of course, as in all considerations of this kind, it is sometimes difficult to discriminate between cause and effect; but of this, we should think, there can be no doubt that machinery, if it has not been the cause, has been at least a close concomitant, of every case of advancement to which we have here hastily alluded.

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ARE THE PEOPLE TO BE EDUCATED OR NOT?

IN the summer of 1858 I made a tolerably deliberate tour through Holland, chiefly for the purpose of learning, from personal inquiries and observation, the nature of the elementary education of that country. Various articles descriptive of this educational excursion appeared, as it may be recollected, in the pages of the Journal during the ensuing winter, and the whole subsequently formed a volume in a series of books for popular reading. My reason for now referring to these bygone papers, is to recall the remembrance of their having made known the remarkable (though not new) fact, that in the Netherlands, a country almost at our own doors, there existed a system of universal instruction, which possessed the rare merit of being acceptable to every class of politicians, and all religious sects whatsoever. To enforce the recollection of this interesting fact, I may extract the following passage from the account given of my visit to a school at Haarlem:—

"Having seen all that was necessary, I asked questioned the schoolmaster on the subject of religious instruction. He answered, that he took every occasion of enforcing the principle of religious and moral obligation, when such a theme was appropriate in the exercises on words and sentiments in the lessons, but that no catechism or religious work formed a part of the course of instruction. The following conversation now ensued between us, through my excellent interpreter:—"Where are your pupils taught the doctrines and other essential matters in religion?" "All are taught these things by the clergyman to whose congregations their parents belong." "How is this managed?" "Two hours a week are allowed for their attendance at the clergyman's houses or churches, but I don't interfere in the matter, and leave parents to manage these affairs with their priests." "Do you know how the children in the school are divided into sects; that is, how many in each?" "Oh no, I never inquire of what religion a child is

when it is sent to me; indeed I cannot help feeling surprised how you should ask such a strange question." I told him that I was governed by no idle curiosity in asking these questions; that I was much gratified in observing the fervent piety and orderly manners of the Dutch, and therefore was interested in the manner of their religious education; that, if he had no objections, I should like to be permitted to ask the children, one after the other, to what religious party they belonged. This was good-humouredly agreed to. Selecting the first form in front, he began at the topmost boy, and, bidding him stand up, asked him in a kindly way what religion he was of. The child uttered the word "Ronsch," the next said "Reformaire," and so did the third; the fourth was a Jew; then followed Mennonite (Baptist) and Lutheran—and so on, there was a mixture of all sects as far as we went. "I am now perfectly satisfied," I see that there is a thorough mixture of all sects in the school. But may I ask if they ever taunt or abuse each other on account of their religion?" "No," replied the teacher, "they never, to my knowledge, do such a thing: in all my experience I never heard of such a thing." This closed the conversation, and we retired.

In 1839, when these papers appeared, England was torn by a controversy on the subject of elementary education: the government of the day was not undesirous of instituting a broad system of national instruction, but, as usual, the scheme was frustrated by sectarian fears—each religious body, to all appearance, being terrified at the possibility of others robbing it of its adherents. With the view of removing apprehensions of this nature, it was represented that in any system of elementary education which would be instituted by the state, there might be, as in Holland, an entire separation of secular and religious instruction; that while the duties of the schoolmaster should be confined to imparting the ordinary branches of education, the children of each sect should, at certain times, attend their respective clergymen for special religious or doctrinal instruction. These representations were vain: and the result is well known. Seven years have elapsed without anything having been done. Hosts of children, who might long ere this have been soundly instructed, remain in ignorance. Unfortunate as was the result of the efforts of 1839, the friends of national education have never despaired, assured that, sooner or later, an effectual and comprehensive system would be instituted. After an interval—a kind of dark age—of a few years, it is pleasing to find that the subject of national education is again coming under general discussion. The evil to be removed is, indeed, so monstrous, that it cannot fail to agitate the public mind, when other questions of a momentous kind are disposed of. That hundreds of thousands of children are to be allowed to grow up in ignorance of letters, and become in time the parents of children equally ignorant, is too great a crime to be much longer tolerated. The time, in fact, has come when the question must be settled, and settled in the right way.

From what fell under my observation in the Netherlands, I arrived at a conviction that national education should rest on the following broad principles:—First, that it is the duty of the state to furnish means for the elementary education of the whole people, insuring, as far as possible, that no child shall grow up in a state of ignorance injurious to his own interests, and dangerous to the community. Second, that it is of importance to educate children together, without reference, to the religious opinions entertained by the parents. And third, that the only way by which this latter principle can be carried out, without prejudice to feelings, is to separate secular from religious instruction—the schoolmaster taking the secular, and the clergy of

different denominations, as the case may be, assuming the religious department.

How far views of this nature coincide with the opinions of different religious bodies it would be difficult, in present circumstances, to say; but it will be received as a cheering piece of intelligence, that the Rev. Dr Hoyle, vicar of Leeds, a person enjoying a deservedly high reputation for his Christian graces, has, within the last few weeks, put forth a statement on the subject of popular education,* entirely coincident with the principles already adverted to—the principles, I believe, of every one who has given the subject any fair share of consideration. All honour to the heroism of this venerable churchman, whose sentiments, I hope, will be appreciated far beyond the circle of his own communion! Who can peruse the following passages without the liveliest gratification:—"We live in an age when the question is not *whether*, but *how* the poor are to be educated. And when I remember the difficulties with which the clergy had to contend five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, in order to convince men that the education of the poor is even desirable, I cannot but feel that much credit is due to the clergy, who have succeeded in raising a very different feeling in the minds of churchmen. They have, God be praised, preached down effectually that heresy of which I remember the prevalence, according to which even good men were induced to suppose that the All-wise God had given to man an immortal mind, capable of great things, without the intention, with respect to a large portion of the human race, that it should be exercised. That ungodly selfishness is now exploded, by which the upper classes of society were induced to suppose that mental pleasures were a luxury reserved for their exclusive enjoyment; although they were often forced to adopt the dog-in-the-manger system, and neither taste of those pleasures themselves, nor permit them to others. Whatever may add to the innocent enjoyments of our poorer brethren, we are bound, by common feelings of charity, to procure for them if possible; and this duty becomes the more important when the object in view is to call them from the world of sense without, by opening to them the world of thought within, and by adopting those means which cannot fail to soften, refine, and humanise the character. I am aware that some enthusiasts in the cause of education anticipate results from it which we know, as Christians, can never, through this instrumentality alone, be accomplished. To the unsanctified heart, education may often be a bane, and not a blessing; but I do believe that it is impossible for us, except by miracle, to sustain Christianity in this country, unless very decided and very energetic measures be speedily adopted to secure for our manufacturing population that moral training, which is the basis of all good education, and without which religion becomes a mere dogma—an illegitimate mode of expressing political sentiment. Although I would not confound moral training with what I consider to be religious education, yet such training may be used as the hand-maid of religion; and for want of it, thousands of our fellow-creatures are relapsing into barbarism, and becoming worse than heathens. I say worse than heathens, because, as your lordship well knows, one of the evidences in favour of Christianity is this, that he by whom it is rejected, when offered, has no alternative left: he must accept Christianity, or he can have no religion; he becomes the worst sort of infidel. A heathen has a religion, though a corrupt one: a corrupted or apostate Christian is without any God in the world, except his own belly."

After making due allowance for the many excellent schools already called into existence, he proceeds to point out that it is impossible for voluntary associations

* On the Means of Rendering more Efficient the Education of the People. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of St David's. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D. (Pamphlet, seventh edition.) London: Murray. 1844.

to meet the wants of the nation. Education is, at the utmost, general; we must endeavour to make it universal! The present schools provide for little more than a fourth of the annual increase of the population; three-fourths are not educated at all, or, for the greater part, receive instruction of a most imperfect kind. Assuming the population of England and Wales at 16,000,000, the number of scholars ought to be 2,000,000, or 1 in 8; and deducting small school fees, which the greater number of children would pay, there would be left to be imparted by the state, for purposes of education, the sum of £1,141,571. This, according to the doctor, is the utmost which would be required for the erection of schools, payment of teachers, &c. supplementary, of course, to endowed institutions already in existence. When such enormous sums are unscrupulously lavished on warlike objects in a time of peace, it would not surely be difficult for England to give this trifle to insure the education of her people. Money, however, is not the difficulty. The real obstacle is that already stated; yet there ought not any longer to be an obstruction on this ground. The present system—a competition of church and dissent—has been tried, and has failed. Education, to be sound and comprehensive, must embrace religion; but 'it is abundantly clear that the state cannot give religious education.' Were it to attempt it, the churchman would ask, 'Is education to be based on *my* religion? If it be, I am ready to sacrifice everything in order to work with the state. But no—this cannot be; for this would exclude a large and influential portion of the community—the Protestant dissenters. And then comes the question from the dissenters—Will you base education upon Protestantism, or the admission of every species of doctrine and opinion except those which are peculiar to the church of Rome? This cannot be, because it would lead to the rejection of Roman Catholics. Will you base religion, then, on the Bible, and the Bible only? The difficulty now occurs as to the version to be used, whether the authorised, or the Roman Catholic version.' Differing on these points, all that any religious body can expect is, that the state should make provision for literary or secular instruction, calling in the aid of church and dissent to complete the education. Nor, continues the doctor, 'even there be any objection, on the part of the church, to admit dissenters to an equality in this respect; because, so far as education is concerned, this question is already settled: the state *does* assist both the church and dissent at the present time, and, consequently, what I shall presently suggest will only be another application of a principle already conceded. The notion is now exploded which once prevailed, that the church of England has an exclusive claim to pecuniary support, on the ground of its being the establishment. Those who, like myself, are called high churchmen, have little or no sympathy with mere establishmentarians. In what way the church of England is established, even in this portion of the British empire, it is very difficult to say. Our ancestors endowed the church, not by legislative enactment, but by the piety of individuals; even royal benefactors acted in their individual, not their corporate capacity, and their grants have been protected, like property devised to other corporations, by the legislature. At the Conquest, the bishops were, on account of the lands they held, made barons, and invested with the rights as well as the responsibilities of feudal lords. It is as barons, not as bishops, that seats in the House of Lords are held by some of our prelates; not by all, for a portion of our hierarchy, eminently distinguished for learning, zeal, and piety—the colonial bishops—are excluded. The church, thus endowed and protected, was once the church of the whole nation: it was corrupted in the middle ages: it was reformed; and, as the old Catholic church reformed, it remains among us to this day one of the great corporations of the land. But it ceased to be the religion of the whole nation when, many departing from it, a full toleration of all denominations of Christianity was granted. It exists, therefore, now,

simply as one of the many corporations of the country, claiming from the state, like every other corporation, protection for its rights and its property. It is a pure fiction to assert that the state, by any act of parliament, has established the church of England, or any other form of Christianity, to which it is exclusively bound to render pecuniary support, or to afford any other support than such as every class of her majesty's subjects have a right to demand. This is proved by the impossibility of producing any act of parliament by which this establishment was ordained. The church has inherited property, together with certain rights, and it has a claim upon protection precisely similar to the claim for protection which may be urged by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London, who are also invested with certain rights and property handed down to them from their predecessors. The church has no more claim for exclusive pecuniary aid from the state, or for any pecuniary aid at all, than is possessed by any other of those many corporations with which our country abounds. To call upon parliament to vote any money for the exclusive support of the church of England, is to call upon parliament to do what is unjust. And if the church of England claims a right to the exclusive education of the people, it becomes her duty to seek to supply the deficiency of the funds required by appropriating her property to this purpose. Our bishops are, on this principle, bound to go down to the House of Lords and seek powers from the legislature to sell their estates, and their example should be followed by the more opulent of the inferior clergy. The help of the laity would be then sufficient. It would be better for the church to have a pauperised hierarchy than an uneducated people; and never could the hierarchy be more respectable than when papered in such a case. But though I shrink not from declaring what must be, and ought to be, the consequence of asserting the principle that the education of the people, secular as well as religious, pertains exclusively to the church, I admit that such a measure is not to be required, because the country will not accept the education of the church; and for the religious education of those who will receive education at our hands, we have at present sufficient funds, though they are insufficient for that which it is useless for the church to attempt—the general education of the people.'

Having made these honourable concessions, the doctor next shows how the church and dissent might co-operate to insure the religious training of pupils in the proposed national schools. 'There should be attached to every school thus established by the state a classroom, in which the clergyman of the parish, or his deputies, might give religious instruction to his people on the afternoons of every Wednesday and Friday—another classroom being provided for a similar purpose for dissenting ministers. Suppose this to be done, in addition to the requiring of the children an attendance at some Sunday school, and I do not ask whether such an arrangement would be preferred to any other by either party, for each party would prefer having everything in its own way; but I do ask whether there could be any violation of principle on either side? I ask whether, for the sake of a great national object, there might not be a sacrifice, not of principle, but of prejudice on either side?'

Frankly asked, this question deserves to be as frankly answered. It is evident that, carried out in an impartial spirit, the method suggested by Dr Hook would annihilate all objections to a state or national system of education. Can we, however, reasonably entertain the expectation of seeing antagonist parties and sects cordially uniting to execute this important undertaking? Perhaps not: there will not be wanting busy-bodies to excite fears and foment discord. Some will affect a due horror for the state 'moulding the national mind.' And others may, again, attempt to raise a cry still more discordant and unprincipled. The question, however, is before the country. Are the people to be

educated or not? When the proper time arrives, it is sincerely to be trusted that the country, through its representatives in parliament, will respond with an emphatic *THEY SHALL*, which shall bear down every petty form of opposition.

W. C.

CHEAP JACK.

Most persons must have been arrested in their pedestrian excursions by a crowd gathered round a yellow van, upon the platform of which was an individual violently gesticulating, and crying out 'Here you are: sold agin, sold agin!' This person is universally recognised as 'Cheap Jack'; and however much we may feel disposed to question the justice of the title, he glories in the name, and trumpets it forth into the ears of his audience with surprising vehemence.

'Cheap Jack' principally frequents those places where he is pretty certain of obtaining a considerable auditory. His powers of declamation, in fact, are called out chiefly in proportion to the numbers before him. On a wet afternoon, to be sure, he must put up with all he can collect, and may then be seen with ludicrous enthusiasm prancing to and fro upon the boards before a group consisting of three men and half-a-dozen of boys. These are people who, having nothing to do, prefer getting wet under his oratory to keeping dry without that stimulus. It is most frequently upon the market-place of our little villages, during the ferment of the two days' fair, that the scene of his drama is laid. On other occasions he pitches his tent in the quieter districts which surround a great city, where he can defy the policeman. In the first instance he is at work all day long, and contributes no inconsiderable quota to the din of the fair. You may hear his triumphant 'Sold agin!' rising above every other cry which stuns the welkin. But in the second, with a nice adaptation to the superior intelligence of his customers, it is at night that, under the delusive glare of a couple of melted tallow lamps, and with the steam power of full three red-hot parliamentary declaimers, he displays at one and the same time his wit and his goods.

Now of the man himself. Cheap Jack may be recognised out of a million of ordinary men. That is he; the man with the corduroy trousers, the cotton velvet jacket with the tremendous pockets, and the fiery stuff waistcoat, with the bronze countenance, the shining hair, the sharp eyes, and the greasy hat. He has not his fellow in one out of the hundreds who bustle about the market-place. Cheap Jack is attended by a boy of sharp looks and impudent demeanour. The airs which this young gentleman takes on are wonderfully similar to those of his master: he is Cheap Jack all over, only in miniature. With a degree of superciliousness wholly inimitable by any adult physiognomy, the boy overlooks the rustics below, honouring them now with a compassionate sneer, and now with a wink of ineffable acuteness. A gigantic ploughman, who will press too closely upon the stage, gives this young man an immensity of trouble and anxiety. And occasionally he is heard to cry out to him, 'Keep back there, my man; keep back there!' with an intonation and expression of haughty, thoroughly aristocratic pride in his puny voice, which is perfectly astounding.

Last of all, concerning the van. We hear a good deal about expanding trunks, warranted to hold ladies' and gentlemen's entire wardrobes in next to no space whatever: these are nothing to the yellow van. One would suppose it contained enough to cram a few ordinary shops to suffocation. There are within, if you will look down into it, piles upon piles of waistcoats and trousers, tools and stationery, books and tea-trays, guns and ammunition, brooms and hearth-rugs. And upon the platform, and a scaffold twelve feet high, is displayed a dazzling assemblage of similar articles; with the

addition of embellishment of sundry saws and hatchets, planes and workmen's baskets. Little French ornaments, dust-bellows, and ornamental wicker-work, are cheap commodities in suburban districts.

Now turn to the admiring crowd below. Here is a physiognomical treat! Here are sunburnt faces, blue and twinkling eyes, broad and innocent mouths, which are living representations of the human emotions—wonder, credulity, incredulity, gravity, and fun.

Here is a merry mob swallowing down poison as if it were honey. Here are a few knots of little boys enchanted with Cheap Jack's jokes, and laughing with more zest than all the others at every untruth which breaks from his lips.

But more particularly. 'Here, boy, bring me them weskitts—ladies and gentlemen—not the baskitts, you young stupid!' this is a pretty regular joke cracked upon the boy's head, to put the audience in good-humour at the opening of the scene. 'Baskitts and weskitts is so remarkably identicle—isn't they?' A sally which, considering the number of times the lad has to put up with it, he bears with surprising fortitude. The waistcoats are brought. 'Now, then, come here you, sir,' cries the orator to a thumping boy in a smock-frock. The boy attempts to mount the stage, and during this feat his awkwardness and shamefacedness are made the subjects of fifty fresh jokes, and the interest of the crowd rises to fever heat. With a countenance purpled with blushes, the young lout stands by the orator's side—a contrast of innocence and knavery. 'Why, bless the lad, if they aint a been feeding of him with beet-root!' a delicate allusion to the colour of his cheeks. The orator and his assistant then proceed to remove their young customer's smock-frock, and during this performance the crowd is convulsed at Jack's uncommon politeness. With an air of the supreme deference, he begs to be permitted to remove the garment; and then, to the violent aggravation of the poor victim, he holds it up for universal inspection. A superb waistcoat, all glittering with a double row of blue glass buttons, is now, with equal politeness, put upon the lad's back. By an extraordinary accident, it proves to be of proportions better becoming the frame of a full-grown Goliath. 'This ere wont do yet a whole, my man. Here, bring me another on 'em.' The same ill chance decides this to be still—seeing that it reaches to the boy's knees—a trifle too capacious; and great roars of laughter burst forth, when the orator informs the boy that he wants a few pads of bread and cheese ' afore that'll fit him.' Everybody but the boy is in ecstacy with the joke. Then comes a waistcoat of smaller dimensions; this, after a great ado, is got on, but cannot be made to button without pinning back the lad's shoulders and arms to a condition of erectness altogether foreign to those members. 'Well,' exclaims the declaimer in affected surprise, 'I never see sich a boy! We can't fit him no how at all.' The lad's self-respect now begins to take offence, and his lightning eyes are giving indications of a seriously combative character, when a word from the orator sets matters all to rights again. A properly-proportioned waistcoat is brought forward and put on, over it is put a superb velvet coat of the most recent construction, and the lad is then requested to inspect himself, and to ascertain whether he has clear conceptions of his personal identity. After this inspection, the orator proceeds—'Well, now, my lad, I'll make you a present on 'em'—great sensation in the crowd—if your 'spectable father, as I see yonder in the blue coat, 'll step this way and pay for 'em.' Immense cheering.

Thus far of the prologue. In the ensuing scene it must equally be understood that I am transcribing only what I have seen. 'This ere weskit is I'm a putting on, ladies and gentlemen, was hexpressly made for Sir Robert Peel, and a uncommon good taste he showed when he chose it. There was, however, one little defect in the pattern,' added the orator with a grin: 'Sir Robert, when it came home, found there was the exact

picture of a blade of corn in the pattern, and he says, says he to the tailor, "This won't do, my fine fellow, for me; why, the hoppelion would pull me to pieces about it." In consequence of which curious fact, Sir Robert wouldn't have it at no price. What's it worth, ladies and gentlemen? I believe as that ere tailor was a-going to put it down to Sir Robert at four pounds ten; here it is at the ten without the four pounds. Going at ten: well, no buyer at ten? Here it is at five! No one at five? Prices is a-coming down, to be sure. Here it is at half-a-crown. Here, ma'am, it'll jest fit that 'ere handsome husband of yours.' Great chattering. The waistcoat finally falls to eightpence, at which price it is bought by a rustic, envious of the ex-waistcoat of the now ex-premier.

No fewer than six or seven waistcoats, each claiming the patronage of some noble wearer, were subsequently sold at a shilling a-piece. The demand then slackened, and after receiving a temporary stimulus from the positive assertion of the man that each, as it was produced, was the very last in the van, it died away altogether. I would not detail the monstrous assertions which accompanied each. The subsequent articles of sale were one or two coats, some boys' caps, and sundry other portions of adult and adolescent apparel. It required invariably a brisk dialogue to keep up the buyers to the buying point. An immense exaggeration decided the fate of more articles than one, and a broad joke would bring out the pence by dozens. Cheap Jack possesses a vein of coarse humour, and a command over the muscles of his countenance, which makes all the wondering folk below think him an amazingly funny fellow. He certainly has the power of putting things into a ludicrous light. One would imagine that such things as saws, hatchets, and saltcellars were of too homely a character to afford materials for anything like jests and fun. In reality, a saw, with him, looks one of the oddest of all human creations. You may see him bend it athwart his head, and bow through it to an old housewife, whom he asks how she would like a steel bonnet. Then he will startle the old lady by letting the instrument spring back with a crack, which is in itself a very brilliant affair. Or he lays hands upon a hatchet, and whirls it in the air after a wild Indian fashion, to the vast enjoyment of a veteran forester hard by. Then, in an audible whisper to the man, whose cane stands beside him busy knitting stockings, he informs him if he will only buy that axe, he will have one thing at least of a capital temper about him. The appeal is irresistible. The hatchet changes owners at once; and the good wife deems it expedient to pocket the affront for a more convenient season. Then as to saltcellars, I have heard him protest that his saltcellars were of a peculiar glass, completely different from all other vitreous materials, and that you might dash them upon stone floors, or upon iron anvils, and they would only rebound again like India-rubber; to back which incredible assertion he makes a vast show of flogging them about, but takes particular care to avoid anything like the *experimentum crucis*.

A day or two pass away. Cheap Jack has stowed away his goods, and has departed from the village. And now we must look at the reverse of this picture of rustic whimsicality. A poor Carpenter, who purchased one of his planes, lost half a day in setting the tool, and when it was used, it broke in half. Five or six farmers' men discover that their waistcoats—the ex-premier's among the rest—and coats are dropping to pieces. The forester finds that his axe-head, instead of being cast-steel, is cast-iron; while as to temper, the comparison is decidedly in favour of the good wife's, which, after all, is not saying much. The instrument breaks after a few blows at the root of a young oak. Cheap Jack is universally execrated; and loud are the vows of retribution, in the event of his ever again entering the village. The confident simplicity of innocence has been replaced by a suspiciousness which is half guilt. At the same time a first and most effective lesson has

been imparted in the arts of mendacity. The little boys who laughed aloud as he succeeded lie from the lips of the deceiver, are now retelling them, the one to the other, as great delicacies of speech. They had been told it was an awful thing to lie. No such thing; how could it be, when here was a fine fellow, in glittering clothes, who told lies by the thousand, making folks laugh tremendously? Why, their very fathers and mothers laughed the loudest of all! Then mimic Cheap Jacks, of tender years, hawk about and tell falsehoods over mimic coats and waistcoats, saws and saltcellars, to the very life.

This eminent individual then, after all, turns out to be a liar and a swindler. All his fluent oratory comes to this. His jokes and gibes, his ranting declamation, his sham heartiness of manner, formed but the *plate* on the outside of a brass-hearted knave. He goes away from the deceived village with the satisfaction of knowing that he has filled his pockets by means of what appears to cost himself nothing; but what a melancholy picture does the *ex-querer* present, when we reflect on the real expense at which he has made these gains—an execrated name, the inability to appear twice in the same place, the consciousness of living the life of a skulker all his days. He might perhaps have harboured to scoff at any immoderate remonstrance against his proceedings; but even he might feel a little uncomfortable if he knew that his life is only calculated to excite, at the best, pity in many minds; pity that any human being should be so destitute of true wisdom, and so far given over to the worst of all deceits—self-deceit.

The thought, however, strikes me that Cheap Jack has his analogues in a different sphere. Our cheap shopman, our cheap tailor, our cheap grocer, bakers, butchers, haberdashers, general dealers, and a crowd of others, are the Cheap Jacks of the community. The travelling van is replaced by the gaudy, plate-glass-fronted, gilded, and decorated 'emporium,' 'establishment,' 'mart of commerce'—call it what you will; the blazing tallow lamps by glittering gas; the fearful uttered untruths by as fearful printed ones. The bombast comes out in handbills; the jokes in puffs; the long-winded speeches, so anecdotic and hyperbolic, in gigantic advertisements. And Cheap Jack, with his velvet-reen coat, glaring waistcoat, and jaunty demeanour, appears in the person of his sleek representative, in genteel apparel, all smiles and misnomers, bows and servility, honey and deceit.

The cheapening and cheap-selling spirit which is here lamented, is one of the crying evils of metropolitan retail business. It is an evil which, at first localised and isolated, has spread from street to street, from district to district, from city to suburb, and it is now infesting even village and hamlet. It is one which has the paternity of a host of others to answer for. It carries, like its embodied prototype, the subject of this sketch, moral and social poison in its path. This cheap-selling furor is the parent of that bargain-hunting spirit which is now so widely diffused among the various grades of society. It is, too, the evil which has tightened the chains of labour, and starved the labourer himself—that which makes these men regard human creatures as only so many useful experimental machines, out of which it is just a curious question as to how much work may be extracted at the smallest possible cost of working. Yes; your Cheap Jack regards ulcerated hands, disjointed fingers, bleared eyes, and wasted frames, not as the sad wrecks of a being like himself, but simply as temporary derangements, of no great consequence, of a piece of operative mechanism capable of going on still with all its work, without labour and without fatigue; and, what is uncommonly odd, with only half the complement of sustenance requisite for machines of iron and brass.

This is its progress downwards. Your Cheap Jack is, moreover, an infection to his neighbours. Such a bill as 'This is the cheap shop!' strips the old-established and respectable place of business, in opposition to which it is placed, of half its customers the first day. Things

then get to such a pass with the unfortunate owner of it, that he is compelled to imitate, to a certain degree, the conduct of his opponent, and he buys a cart-load of some staple article, and tickets it up at literally the cost price, as an inducement to his wandering customers to return. The disease spreads. It comes out in an eruption of blotchy bills. The whole street catches the complaint. It then presents a sad and fearful appearance. The disease puts on many phases. It comes out sometimes in hosts of travelling placards: the cheap grocer's, red; the cheap baker's, blue; the cheap mercer's, black; and the cheap general dealers, all colours. It has appeared pretty widely of late in the travelling van, 'perambulating advertiser' style; which is a curious fact, and appears to indicate a secret predilection for that conveyance, strongly suggestive of its being the original thing after all.

This is its progress around. It has a universal tendency as well. It steals to the vitals of society. It teaches us that no longer is it commonly held discreditable to be a teller of falsehood, an impostor, or a deceiver. The upper, middle, and inferior classes of men are feeling its baneful influence. What is the most alarming feature of this malady is its chronic character. It is not a disease like the measles—over and done with it; it sticks to one an incredible period. Ah, well, thou hard-hearted, face-grinding, poverty-crushing malady, thy days are numbered, the hour is on the wing when thou shalt be no more!

TRAVELLING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WHEN lately making a short stay at the Cape, I found some amusement in noticing the mode of travelling in that country. Advanced in many respects as the colony is, there are no public conveyances to be found in it, except a few omnibuses that ply between Cape Town and the neighbouring village of Wynberg, and a solitary mail-coach as far as Swellendam, a distance of about 150 miles. The roads are, for the most part, nothing more than the tracks of previous travellers, patched here and there, so as to render them passable for wagons. There are, therefore, only two modes of conveyance in general use; namely, ox-wagons and saddle-horses. The latter are preferable when speed is desired, and there is no luggage to carry; the former are vehicles peculiar to South Africa. They are mostly drawn by oxen; for horses require corn, which is dear, and often not to be had, while oxen are readily content with the herbage which they pick up while resting, even on the longest journeys. The Cape wagons have bodies little more than half the breadth of those used in England, set upon four wheels, without springs, and have movable tents of sail-cloth. For travelling, they are filled before and behind with chests to contain provisions, &c. which also serve as seats; and in the middle is hung a frame, with strips of hide-strained across, to support a mattress. In the tent is generally seen slung the formidable 'roer,' or long gun, of the proprietor, and a keg for water, and outside are lashed an axe and shovel, to remove obstructions on the road. These wagons are very well put together; and although not nearly so heavy as ours, are admirably adapted to stand the tremendous jolts which they have to endure. Five or six kinds of wood are employed by the wagon-makers, each being devoted to a particular part. The hind wheels are fixed with a couple of heavy wooden drags when descending steep places; and on some roads even a third wheel requires to be locked. From six to twelve pairs of oxen are commonly used for draught, according to the burden and the nature of the road; the load seldom exceeding 2000 pounds weight. The oxen are mostly large and heavy, somewhat resembling the Sussex, and possessing horns which might have graced an antediluvian breed. Their horns are lashed with thongs to the yokes, which are all attached to one enormous rope of hides, called the 'trekloer,' and this is their whole harness. A bam-

boo whip, much resembling a gigantic fishing-rod, with a long enough to enable the driver, seated on the wagon, to reach the farthest oxen, is the means employed to drive and guide them.

Besides the driver, a lad is requisite to lead the front oxen in difficult places, and to assist the driver in harnessing and unharnessing, processes which are there called *inspanning* and *outspanning*. The advance of a wagon in the rocky wilderness of South Africa is heralded by the sharp crack of the tremendous whip, and the loud cries of the driver to his cattle, for every ox knows his name. The hides of the poor creatures often testify the severity of the chastisement which they receive. They are covered with marks of the whip, and are sometimes so wounded, that the blood flows from cuts several inches long. As there are inns in very few parts of the country, the traveller must make his wagon his dwelling, and lead a sort of gipsy life; take a stock of provisions, and a pot and gridiron for cooking. On coming to water, which is a scarce article in this dry country, the oxen are outspanned; and while they feed, the Hottentots light a fire with fuel collected from the nearest bush, and cook the provisions. When halting for the night, the oxen are made fast to the 'trektoew,' to secure them from wandering, or the attack of beasts of prey. If there is room within the wagon, the traveller sleeps there; if not, he stretches his mattress under its lee, and sleeps in the open air, which, in the fine climate of the Cape, is no great hardship. In the hot summer weather, much of a journey is done at night and very early in the morning. About twenty or thirty English miles make an average day's journey. Should the original stock of provisions fall short, sheep may be purchased of the farmers; but little else can be depended upon, as they seldom provide food of any kind more than enough for their own daily consumption.

At convenient distances along the roads, and generally in the neighbourhood of water and good herbage, there are set places for outspanning; and if the route be one of some traffic, several wagons will often be seen collected together. When the time for inspanning arrives, the oxen are driven from their scanty feed, and marshalled in a row, with their heads side by side. The thongs are then thrown around their horns, and they are led forth by couples to the yokes. They generally submit with great quietness to the operation, but it is prudent on all occasions to avoid their heels, as they are apt to kick out. A traveller accustomed to railways will be apt to complain of wagon travelling as rather slow, yet it is well-adapted for the region of South Africa in its present condition. Through a country in which water and herbage are not very plentiful, with difficult roads and habitations widely asunder, the ox-wagon affords a comparatively safe and inexpensive means of transport. The African ox is a very enduring beast; it can subsist upon the driest and scantiest food, will sometimes go without water for several days, and is accustomed to perform journeys of hundreds of miles without relays or rest, often far beyond the colonial boundary. He is, in fact, the camel of the Cape. Without his invaluable assistance, and in the absence of canals and navigable rivers, the farmers of the interior could not bring their produce to market, and the traders would be unable to carry their goods among the surrounding native tribes.

Those who travel on horseback must rely almost entirely on the hospitality of the farmers. Although there have been great changes at the Cape in many things since Barrow and other travellers who have described it were there, the Dutch maintain their old character for hospitality, and the English settlers have, to some extent, adopted the time-honoured custom of entertaining strangers. In those parts of the eastern districts which are almost exclusively populated by the British, inns and lodging-houses have sprung up, and are usually to be found within the compass of a day's ride. The charges at such places are about the same as in England, notwithstanding articles of consumption

are so much cheaper; but visitors are not very numerous, and supplies have often to be obtained from a distance; besides, few will be troubled with keeping an inn, unless they receive pretty handsome profits. The Cape hawks are small, not at all showy in their appearance, nor are they made to captivate the eye by any superfluous grooming. They will, however, perform journeys that would surprise the stranger, over roads which are none of the best. Fifty or sixty miles upon the same horse make an ordinary day's work, and as much as seventy or eighty is not unfrequently heard of. For a long journey, the best plan is to lead a spare horse or two, but one horse will hold out a long distance with proper management. The best time to start is early in the morning, that a considerable portion of the day's journey may be done before the sun gets powerful. The saddle should be removed every two or three hours, and the horse allowed to refresh himself by rolling on the ground, and eating a few mouthfuls of grass. The usual pace, about six miles an hour, something between a canter and a trot, is called 'tripling.' On stopping by the wayside to off-saddle, it is necessary to 'knee-halter' the horse before turning him to browse, or he will very likely leave his rider in the lurch, and start home. Knee-haltering consists in making his head fast to one of his forelegs above the knee, thus allowing him to feed, but only the use of three legs if he attempts to run.

A traveller should endeavour to hit the meal-hours of the country people; for if he arrives after the table is cleared, he is not likely to get any other refreshment than a dram or 'soupe,' unless upon special request; and it is disagreeable to put one's host to trouble and inconvenience. The Dutch generally drink a cup of coffee early in the morning, and take their full breakfast about eight or nine o'clock, when they have sent their sheep and cattle out of the *lands*. Dinner, followed by a cup of tea, is eaten at one o'clock, and a meal at seven o'clock completes the day's meal. They usually turn into bed at nine. It is not etiquette to alight from one's horse till invited, or permission has been given to off-saddle. If forage (which consists universally of oats in the straw) is to be had, he will be supplied with it; but it is not always so plentiful as the horse or his rider may wish. Farm-servants, too, are scarce; and therefore, unless he is accompanied by a servant, he must on many occasions do the duties of groom. Upon entering the house, he will find a place reserved for him at the table, to which he need wait no invitation; indeed the more he makes himself at home the better. A knowledge of Dutch is almost indispensable; for the Cape farmers are very strongly attached to their own language, and will not use English if they can avoid it. Every traveller is expected to give a full, true, and particular account of himself and the objects of his journey. They display the inquisitiveness natural to their secluded life, and many of the questions asked are so personal, as at first to seem impertinent; but it is the best policy to answer frankly and good-humouredly, as any reserve is likely to breed unjust suspicions. Whatever the English traveller may have been told about the Dutch by some of his own countrymen, he will find them a social, kind-hearted people; and I question whether he will not prefer journeying amongst them to travelling amongst the British settlers. Whatever may be his fare, he may be sure it is the best the Dutchman's house affords. On departing, no charge is made except for forage, supplied at sixpence per bundle, the universal colonial price, and many will not accept payment even for that. About two bundles make one feed for a horse; and unless forage is scarce, the difference between the wholesale and retail price will probably reimburse the farmer for the cost of the other articles consumed. Highway robberies are nearly, if not altogether, unknown; and yet there is no country where there are greater opportunities for predatory practices, as numbers travel alone, and are often miles from any

assistance. This is no doubt owing to there being no scarcity of employment, and the ease with which a man may obtain the necessaries of life. Dangers from wild beasts exist more in imagination than in reality. Although some parts are infested by lions, and panthers are not uncommon, and it may not be altogether wise for a man to sleep out alone, yet accidents are seldom heard of.

With the view of improving the means of communication, and bringing it on a level with what is now beginning to be enjoyed in England, a railway has been projected from Cape Town to Simon's Town. I, however, am not a shareholder in this promising undertaking, neither, I fancy, will any one who reads this have the magnanimity to secure a few scrip.

A DANISH STORY-BOOK.

LATELY, the northern nations have been made favourably known in Britain for the elegance and truth-like effect of their fictions, in which qualities they greatly excel their mystic-loving German neighbours. The unstudied simplicity of the Swedish and Danish stories is also a charming feature in their character. Hans-Christen Andersen, a Danish writer, carries this to an extent which some would consider childish and objectionable; still, as popular fable legends, his pieces are executed with masterly skill, and must be appreciated who ever virtue and taste find a home. Translated by Mr Charles Bomer, the Danish stories of Andersen will, we have no doubt, soon become as familiar to young people in England as they deserve to be, and assist in the good old cause lately too much neglected of cultivating the feelings. The following is presented as a specimen of these sweetly-written fictions:—

THE DAISY.

Now listen! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country house. I am sure you have often seen it; in fact, there is a little downy garden, and white ribbans and the points pointed green, close by, in a ditch, and the most beautiful grass, green a little daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, then it stood full blown, with its tender white gleaming leaves, which outlined the little yellow sun in the middle like rays. That in the grass it was seen by no one, it never thought about; it was so contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school, and while they sat there on their forms and learnt, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is; and it was just as if the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do so. "Did I not see and hear?" thought she; "the sun shines on me, and the lark kisses me, and what rich gifts do I enjoy!"

Within the pulsating stem in my still, stately flowers, the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The pomeis pulled themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses; but it is not always the size that will avail anything. The tulips were of the most beautiful colours; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the little flower without; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful those are! Yes, the beautiful but certainly flies down to them; them he surely visits! What happiness to have got a place so near, whence I can see all this splendour!" And just as it was thinking so, "poor little!" there came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the pomeis or tulips; no, but

* A Danish Story-Book, by Hans-Christen Andersen. Translated by Charles Bomer, with illustrations by Count Pöckel; small volume. London: Joseph Cundall. 1846.

down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang: 'Well! how soft the grass is! and only look what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver!' The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around shone as white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden: they had beheld the honour and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend her joy; but there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the primies looked so thick-headed! Ah! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humour, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife, sharp and polished; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

'Ah!' sighed the little daisy, 'this is really terrible: now it is all over with them.' Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower—it was quite thankful: and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light and air, she recognised the voice of the bird; but what he sung was so melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be so: he had been taken a prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom—sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful: there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. It forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how beautifully white its leaves glistened—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing anything.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, huge and sharp, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

'Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,' said one of the boys, and began to cut out a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

'Pull up the flower,' said one boy; and the daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

'No; let it stay,' said the other; 'it looks so pretty.' And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly his lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

'There is no water,' said the imprisoned lark; 'they are all gone out, and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! Oh, I shall die; I must leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created! And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, 'You must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, when I had without! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!'

'What can I do to comfort him?' thought the little flower; but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance

which streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this; and although he was dying of thirst, and crushed the green blade in his suffering, yet he did not even touch the little daisy.

It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water: he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttered convulsively; his song was a complaining chirp. His little head bowed down towards the daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep; it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decorated with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box: he was to be buried royally—the poor bird! While he lived and sang, they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer want; now they showed him great honour, and lamented him.

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown to the dust in the street; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the little bird, and had wished so much to comfort him.

CALOMEL.

[The following satire on the profuse use of that potent calomel, was sung with exquisite humour by one of the Huttson family in their late visit to England:—]

PHYSICIANS of the highest rank—
To pay their fees we need a bank—
Combine all wisdom, art, and skill,
Science and sense in—calomel.

When Mr A. or B. is sick,
Go, call the doctor, and be quick;
The doctor comes with much good will,
But ne'er forgets his—calomel.

He takes the patient by his hand,
And compliments him as his friend;
He sets a while his pulse to feel,
And then takes out his—calomel.

Then turning to the patient's wife,
'Have you clean paper, spoon, and knife?
I think your husband would do well
To take a dose of—calomel.'

He then deals out the precious grain;
'This, ma'am, I'm sure will ease his pain;
Once in three hours, at toll of bell,
Give him a dose of—calomel.'

The man grows worse quite fast indeed;
Go, call the doctor, ride with speed.
The doctor comes like post with mail,
Doubbling the dose of—calomel.

The man in death begins to groan,
The fatal job for him is done;
He dies, alas! but sure to tell,
A sacrifice to—calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,
'Pray let me die a natural death,
And bid the world a long farewell,
Without one dose of—calomel.'

If men would but follow the advice which they bestow gratuitously on others, what a reformation would be effected in their characters! —*L. J. Hythe.*

'CONSISTENCY.'

For a man to say that he can never change his opinion, is either to imply that he is too obstinate to be taught by experience, or to claim infallibility.

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THE HOME AND THE HOSPITAL.

WHEN a man in active life throws his recollection back to the period of his boyhood, he remembers having received two distinct kinds of education: one the education of the school, the other of the parental home, the streets, the fields, and other places into which he found his way with brothers and companions. What he learned in school, he now feels to have been of comparatively small amount, apart from the art of reading and other details. What he learned out of school, he finds it impossible to reckon up, for it comprises almost everything he knows. At the fireside of his parents he became acquainted with the nature of domestic duties, he acquired notions of moral and religious responsibility, habits of order and perseverance, ideas of personal intercourse and general courtesy, and, above all, he was put in a position to cultivate feelings and affections the very recollection of which has been to him a continual feast. His remembrances of sisters, brothers, father, mother, and other relations, are innumerable and agreeable. Well does he remember the morning when he was first shown his little sister Lucy—now a middle-aged female, herself the mother of children, and thousands of miles away in India—how, standing beside the nurse, she was permitted to look in her soft round face, and touch her tiny hands: then he has remembrances of Lucy romping about with him on the lawn, along with a now deceased brother, whom he would give worlds to bring back to life. The remembrance of the death of that dear brother has in it something of a sacred and not unpleasing melancholy—the distress of the whole household, the mute and suppressed agony of the father, the tears and bursting heart of the mother, his own boyish and stricken feelings, all rush vividly into remembrance. The blank created by the loss is also not forgotten; and how cordially does he sympathise in the tender strains of the poetess:—

'Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone,
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Along the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh call my brother back!
The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh call him back to me!'

Old remembrances, however, centre chiefly around the mother. She is the divinity of the child, and was all and all to him before he knew of any other object of veneration. What hosts of remembrances of this

dear departed shade! her early attention to all his little wants; her anxiety about his personal appearance and behaviour, as she used to send him forth every morning to school; her attempts to shelter him from rebuke and punishment—perhaps her privations, her sufferings in widowhood, her struggles to maintain appearances, and get her boy forward in the world; her delight, finally, in living to see him in that position of respectability which for years had been the object of her most fondly-cherished hopes—all this, and much more, may be said to form an unextinguishable inheritance of pleasurable recollection—a very fountain of feeling, perpetually welling out and irrigating those dreary wastes of hard, hard every-day toil and thought, which he idly wanders in the path of life.

So much for what one gets by parental culture, or what is familiarly styled 'fireside education.' Yet this cultivation of the feelings, and plantation of delightful remembrances, is far from being all which the observing boy is able to realise. In the course of miscellaneous conversation, he hears of things and circumstances which do not usually form topics for special instruction. A long-absent friend of the family gives an account of his journeyings and voyagings in foreign parts; another individual discusses some novelty in science which has lately been making a sensation; a third makes a few observations on the state of society, and speaks of improvements which it is desirable to effect; and so on—something is continually being gleaned—the stock of ideas is increased—the mind is gradually awakened. But, probably, the perceptive and knowing faculties are more enlarged by out-door than home exercise. In the community of boys there is a free interchange of ideas. Everything interesting which one hears, he tells to another. Groups of archers pursuing their sport by river or mountain side, in fields or by hedgerows green, are in reality studying nature. What book on natural history can be compared to an acquaintance with nature's own productions? Every one who had the happiness of being reared in a state of freedom, will remember how much of the economy of birds, insects, reptiles, fishes, and four-footed creatures he picked up, he can hardly tell where or how—what a variety of things he learned, from hearsay and observation, about the seasons and their varying influences, plants and their culture, the arts and their applications. Visits to carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops gave lessons in mechanics; and holiday afternoons spent at Uncle John's farm are strangely remembered to have laid the groundwork of certain ideas of rural industry. Perhaps, nay, it is tolerably certain, that these rambles, and visits, and scamperings about were not undashed by mischief. But let us not lay too much stress on the mischief of boys, provided it has nothing in it like deliberate wickedness. There can be no doubt that boys, left to

their own natural cravings, very much prefer walking along the top of a wall, from which there is a good chance of having a tumble, to walking along the plain road. They would infinitely prefer climbing a tree, to sitting quietly on the ground—rather risk their life in a boat, than walk on dry land. Yet what is all this but the development of that spirit of enterprise and adventure which nature, for wise reasons, has implanted in the human constitution? The play and pranks, the laughter, hopes, and fears of youth, form a kind of education far from useless as regards physical exercise and intellectual improvement. The falls, tumbles, cuts, bruises, and other penalties paid for transgressing natural laws, are so many lessons which no mere reading or telling could half so well enforce.

Left free, or placed only under a reasonable degree of discipline, the home-bred youth is thus from infancy to manhood continually receiving an education to fit him for taking a part in society. By imperceptible degrees he glides into the ranks in which his previous experiences enable him to perform his assigned duty. Experience has created habits, and men are more commonly governed by habits than abstract principles.

On consideration of the different circumstances now presented, it appears to us that every violation of the plan of education which nature so demonstrably enjoins must of necessity be wrong. We say it seems an obvious law of the Almighty that children shall be reared under the parental roof; and we also say, that if they be reared in any other manner—that is, away from home, under some artificial system—an error has been committed, for which a due penalty will of course one way or another be exacted. This is no new view: yet, in the apathetic way in which social questions have usually been treated, it has never been very distinctly presented to general notice, and therefore may be said to possess a considerable degree of novelty. Let us, for this reason, go a little deeper into a subject of so much vital concern to the community.

According to what seems the unerring rule pointed out by nature, children ought to be reared from infancy upwards under the care and responsibility of parents; and in the case of orphanage, they should be placed under the direction of individuals who, for a reasonable compensation, will discharge a parental duty. This appears so plain and evident a truth, that it may be thought idle to recur to it; nevertheless it has become an inveterate practice, either from national custom, or from mistaken feelings of benevolence, to attempt the rearing of children by purely artificial arrangements. Taken from the parental home at an early age, they are inconsiderately clustered together in masses, hundreds confined together in large houses, away from all parental affection, and deprived of nearly all intercourse with the external world. In France, it is customary to rear children on this central-place and wholesale plan from almost the moment of birth, to the subversion of all natural feeling and ties of relationship, and, what is as bad, to the destruction of all social sympathies. In our own country, the parental home, we are thankful to say, has not been violated to anything like this extent. Children are, generally speaking, still nurtured in the happy homes of England. The domestic roof-tree has not been ruthlessly torn down. The fountain of the affections still wells out in bounteous and loving streams. No such may be said of us as a nation, while there exist institutions whose express design is the rearing of children on the undomestic, unholy, unnatural principles of wholesale aggregation and seclusion. It will be seen that we here allude to such establishments as Christ's Hospital, Heriot's Hospital, and the whole race of boy- and girl-hospitals, in whatever way they are supported, whether by legal assessment or endowment. Everything of the kind, however elegant in its externals, however well managed, however excellent its technical instruction, may in truth be said to be nothing else than a *monstrum*—a thing which substitutes a dry, measure, narrow routine of education for that system of

nurture blessed by God in its beginning and ending, and which men, with all his pitiful devices, cannot improve upon. We shall be told, perhaps, of the vast revenues of these conventual establishments, the care taken of the children, the abundance of food and raiment, the liberality of the course of instruction, and much more to the same purpose. All good in its way, we allow, but not the thing. Nature never intended children to be fed and lodged under salaried governors and secretaries, to sleep in large galleries under paid keepers, to march out for exercise in long dull processions, to enjoy the free air and sunshine by rule, or to smile, laugh, dance, and sing only at stated intervals. No doubt children may be so reared, and under certain alleviating circumstances, as, for example, frequent visits to parents, less injury will be done than in many instances could be expected; but, looking at the system in its broad features, it is founded in error, and evil must arise out of it. As for the affections, they are evidently blunted; the compass of general knowledge is necessarily circumscribed; in all that bears on the forms and feelings of society there is a deficiency. It is matter of notorious observation that apprentices from hospitals are, to a degree, ignorant of the most ordinary affairs and methods of management, which generally indisposes masters from accepting their services. And what else can be expected from their training? The hospital youth is essentially a monk, a being cut off from the world, a creature despising the ordinary mass of boy-kind, and proud only of his badges of pauperism—his gown, his bands, and his yellow stockings.

Nor are the evil tendencies of hospital nurture confined to its immediate objects. The parents who accept such relief from their obligations are also in a sense sufferers, but on this point we shall employ language better than our own. We are very apt to imagine that the family arrangement is entirely for the sake of the young—that the children are they who are exclusively benefited; and that, if it is disturbed or set aside, the young, the children, are the only persons who suffer. On the contrary, it appears to me that the old are as much interested in the divine institution as the young—that it is as beneficial to parents as to children; and that any departure from it must bring a penalty upon the parents equal to any which the children can suffer. We are accustomed to hear much, and very justly, of the obligations which children owe to their parents. But while they very wisely impress this on their children, people are very ready to forget, or not remark, that as the child owes much to the parent, so the parent owes much to the child; that he, too, has been a channel in which the all-pervading bounty of the Heavenly Father has been made to flow—that while he has been the object and receiver of good, he has also been the minister of good, and every loving thought, every toil, every sacrifice on the part of the parent, has received from day to day a return—a real and most precious reward. Surely those persons judge very erroneously who imagine that all the care, trouble, and expense they lay out upon their children is so much capital sunk, and from which no return is to be expected till the child has grown to maturity, or at least till he has reached the years of discretion. We are very apt to reckon nothing a blessing which does not come to us in a material form; and so we sometimes undervalue or overlook our highest privileges, because they do not address themselves to our eyes, and cannot be felt or handled by us. To any one who observes and reflects, it will, I think, be evident that the parent is as much the better for the child as the child is for the parent; that infancy, childhood, youth, bestow as much on manhood, womanhood, old age, as they derive from them; that this is an instance of that general law, that we cannot do good to others without getting good from them: in this field it is impossible to sow without reaping; for the same soil which receives the seed from the bountiful hand returns it with increase. What blessings, then, are children the

means of conveying to their parents? In other words, how is it useful, for the sake of the father and mother, as well as of their offspring, that the family life should be jealously guarded?

The celebrated Lord Erskine has told us that he never robed himself to plead at the bar, but he thought he felt his children pulling at his gown; and if the history of human thoughts were legible to us, as it is to the eye of God, we should doubtless find that multitudes of the greatest men—men who were great in the good which they were enabled to achieve, which is the truest greatness—draw their strongest stimulants from the families God had given them; and that, on the other hand, myriads who have lived usefully and well, had been saved from vices to which they were prone by the consideration that these would involve in ruin those who were dearer to them than their own life. I might add a great deal more to show that those persons are in a grievous mistake who fancy that however necessary the parent may be to the child, the child is not necessary or beneficial to the parent. It appears to me, on the contrary, that parents who do their duty, and keep their eyes open, will acknowledge that they have been amply repaid, day by day, for all their anxiety, labour, and pains; that the pleasure and instruction, the attentions to good, the salutary restraints which their children have supplied, the thoughts they have suggested, the feelings they have inspired, were cheaply purchased even with the cost and care of a family; and that children are not, as men hurried to selfishness esteem, a mere tax and burden, but truly a promise and a blessing, as they have pronounced them who lived in the ages of faith.

These well-expressed sentences we extract from a discourse delivered before the governors of George Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, on the 1st of June, 1844, by the Rev. Dr Robert Lee, who, greatly to his honour, has not feared to avow his objections to the whole hospital system, and to point out its manifest disadvantages to individuals and to society. Not hesitating to be practically acquainted with the evils immunitarily resulting from Christ's Hospital and similar institutions in London, we do not at present refer to them in particular. Human nature, however, is everywhere the same; and what proves injurious in the Scottish cannot surely be beneficial in the English metropolis. From all that has been said under our notice here, hospital nurture, in practice, is open to all the objections which have been directed against it in theory. It is injurious to all parties concerned—the boys and girls who become its objects, and the families who mistakenly embrace its privileges. That it may relieve some poor families from what is felt to be a pecuniary difficulty, is indisputable; but it is equally certain that, in most instances, the charity is misdirected. There would, indeed, seem to be no sense of decency in many of the applicants for presentations, it being no unusual thing for parents to drive their children to Christ's Hospital in their own carriage.

The clergyman above named, it may be interesting to know, is not the only individual in Scotland who, on close examination of circumstances, has become aware of the evils of hospital seclusion and nurture. Various intelligent minds have been for some time engaged on the subject. Two or three years ago, the hopeless condition and prospects of the Workhouse children in Edinburgh suggested the experiment of breaking up the establishment, and dispersing its inmates among the houses of the rural population, within a compass of twenty or thirty miles around—a family receiving one or two to rear and send to school along with its own children, and the whole being placed under the careful supervision of inspectors. This judicious and humane plan, it is gratifying to understand, has succeeded beyond expectation. The experiment has amply demonstrated how much better it is in all cases to domesticate than hospitalise children. Struck with this and other facts, a movement has lately been made by the provost

of Aberdeen to partially break up Gordon's Hospital in that city, and turn it into a day-school for its youthful inmates. The scheme, in effect begun in Heriot's Hospital. The improvement of devoting the large and accumulating revenues of such institutions exclusively to the nurture of boys will be reasonable, was a number of years ago, and will be a wise one. Christ's Hospital, a large orphan hospital, has been employed in the creation and support of day-schools, in which many thousands of poor children receive a useful elementary education. The effect of such a hospital itself could hardly be improved, and it would not be surprising to see the school of the orphaned orphans and the children of poor parents (except those sent home monthly to sleep under the parental roof, returning only during the day for the ordinary course of class instruction).

Supposed, yes, movement to advance in the north, its influence will be widely extended southwards, and Christ's Hospital, with the numerous variety of imitative institutions, may owe day to the astonishment perhaps of those who consider that the perfection of benevolence and wisdom is materially altered in character, and brought into harmony with the age. It need hardly be said that, with our present convictions, we shall not feel disposed to renounce over the evils which may be so easily remedied, provided they are governed by a prudent consideration of interests and other circumstances. Not even, indeed, as respects the most numerous of the labouring, should any one have cause to regret the substitution of a natural for an unnatural system of rearing for hospital training.

THE RAVEN OF THE REYNARDS.

A FABLE IN THREE ACTS.

BY HENRY B. STURGEON.

NEAR the confluence of the Wisconsin with the great River of America, at a short distance from the Prairie du Chien village on Turkey river, the French, in an ancient settlement, and in a family of Reynard Indians known as the "Dogs," called it the village of Prairie du Chien. In the present day, the place is famous as a station for the voyagers on the Mississippi, but at the date of which we write, it was a quiet and little frequented spot, in the very heart of the Indian country. The prairie on which the village is built is bounded in the rear by high bald hills, at the foot of which then dwelt a band of Reynard or Fox Indians. The principal settlers on the Prairie du Chien were the Ojibwa, the Anishinabe, and the Dubuques, while the post was commanded by a noble-minded officer, by name Joseph Renville. This Joseph Renville had recently heard of the arrival of his wife and only child at Antwerp, whence they were every day expected by a boat which made periodical journeys to the young settlement.

It was early dawn, and Colonel Renville, with a rifle on his shoulder, left the village accompanied only by two favourite dogs, with a view, it appeared, of hunting in the neighbouring forest. His object, however, was very different; it was one which for some time he had had at heart, and which the approaching arrival of his family made him still more anxious than ever to carry out. About half a mile from the village, commodiously situated on the borders of a limpid rivulet, and surrounded on three sides by the sycamore, cedar, and pine, was a lovely prairie, that sloped down in a gentle declivity to the water's edge. It was truly an exquisite spot, and one which the eye of any lover of nature would have immediately selected as suitable for a residence. Its soil, too, was most fertile, as the luxuriant and rank vegetation, the bursting and odorous flowers, abundantly testified. On this spot Renville had set

his heart, and had long been determined to build a house thereon, and to turn its natural meadows into productive fields. The stumblingblock which had ever stood in his path had been the presence of a small band of friendly Indians, whose wigwams gracefully dotted the surface, commanded by the renowned Raven of the Reynards, a young chief, whose valour and energy had raised him from a simple brave to the command of a select band of warriors. After a walk, during which the captain turned over in his mind every conceivable mode of obtaining possession, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion, save that force might be necessary, a sudden bend in the trail brought him in full view of the Indian hamlet.

Within twenty yards of the forest stood a wigwam of somewhat stately proportions, in front of which a group at once attracted the captain's attention. Near to him, leaning on a musket, was the erect form of the Raven of the Reynards. About thirty, his proportions, gracefully set off by his scanty dress, were singularly perfect. His limbs were round, and seemingly full of vigour and agility. A string of black bears' claws was round his neck, a shaggy cloak from the same animal covered his shoulders, while a tunic and moccasins of deer-skin completed his attire. His face was striking, though high cheek-bones, and a low retreating forehead, rendered it less attractive than it otherwise might have been. On a large felled tree near at hand, his back turned to the captain, and engaged in conversation with an Indian lad, was a white man. Bustling in and out of the tent was a young squaw, the Petit Gris of the Reynards, and wife to the Raven.

Advancing a few steps, the captain addressed the Indian chief in friendly tones; and, without touching on the topic which he had principally at heart, spoke of the probable arrival of his family, of the excellence of the hunting season, and various other matters, to which the chief politely responded. At length, unbidden by the Reynard's quiet and unassuming manner, he said, rather more loudly than he had hitherto spoken, 'Well, Raven, I am sorry to make you move on so short a notice, but I intend building on this prairie, and starting a farm; so, if you would provide yourself with a fresh camp as soon as possible, I shall be obliged.' Without moving a muscle, and appearing not to understand, the Indian chief grunted out an expressive 'Ugh!' Captain Rivenille then more plainly expressed his meaning. The Raven, as soon as he fully comprehended what the other meant, allowed a slightly sarcastic smile to play over his features, and then added he was sorry to disoblige his great scalped father (Rivenille was bald), but the camp was good, and he was not at all inclined for a change. The Frenchman's face flushed as he made answer: 'But, Indian, I tell you that it must be, and that I will hearken to none of your excuses. I require the land, and have it I must.'

A gleam of nearly ferocious meaning lighted up the eyes of the Reynard, and, standing erect, he said, 'Let my father bring his warriors, and try to take the wigwams of the Raven.'

'But, Captain Rivenille,' said the white man, who had hitherto been a silent auditor, 'do you intend to offer the chief no compensation for depriving him of this beautiful location?'

'Antoine Gird,' replied the irate soldier, 'I tell you land is to be found everywhere in the forest, and the Indian must find another camp.'

'Not while I have a voice and a right arm,' replied the young Frenchman rising. 'I will not stand by and see an act of such gross injustice perpetrated.'

'And you talk to me this way, Antoine, do you?' exclaimed the captain, approaching him, and speaking low. 'They say you aspire to my daughter's hand; another such word, and she is lost to you for ever.'

'Captain Rivenille,' said the youth, flushing crimson, and also speaking low, 'I love your daughter, and she returns my affection, but never will I purchase your favour by countenancing oppression and cruelty. Pray,

give the chief, who is my friend, some worthy compensation, and I will engage to talk him over.'

'Never!' cried the soldier. 'The land I will have, if I exterminate the Raven and his gang.'

'White man better go home,' said the Raven quietly, 'or perhaps Indian gun go off of itself.' The captain started, and at once moderated his tone, while Antoine Gird, after a brief colloquy with the Indian, who received his words coldly, took his future father-in-law by the arm, and led him away from a place in which might have proved somewhat dangerous for him to remain.

No sooner were the two white men out of sight, than the Raven summoned one of his principal followers, with whom he held a conference on the measures to be taken to prevent the contingency threatened by Rivenille. The Indian was an old, ugly, but experienced warrior, who had been engaged in many contests with the French, that had left no very pleasant recollections behind. He was, therefore, too ready to propose that the village of Prairie du Chien should be attacked, and every one exterminated. The Raven for some time listened to his insidious counsels with repugnance; but the artful old man brought to bear all his savage eloquence, magnified affronts, exaggerated neglects, painted the loss of their camp in glowing language, and wounded the pride of his chief as much as possible. At length up rose the Raven, and from his lips went forth the mandate that all the French should perish. This decided on, he gave rapid orders, sent couriers to summon assistance from neighbouring tribes, and acted altogether with a vigour and rapidity which was only equalled by the animation with which his directions were obeyed. As soon as everything was in train, the warrior turned to his wigwam, where the young and tawny beauty who called him lord awaited his coming. The Raven informed his wife that the hatchet had been dug up, and the war-path was about to be followed; and that from that hour he was to devote himself to the destruction of the whites. He bade her, with the other women and the old men, retire to the hills, whither he would soon come, decked with the rich trophies of victory. There was an elation in his tones, assumed to conceal his sorrow at their parting; but his feelings were not hid from the keen eye of affection, and the Petit Gris was happy, for she knew that her husband loved her. They parted. The chief took his way alone along the trail leading to the village, and his squaw busied herself aided by two Apache slaves, in taking down the tent, and in making other preparations for departure.

Not many minutes had the Raven trod the beaten trail, when he heard, behind and before him, the heavy tramp of armed men. His sharp and keen ear detected that a party had reached his wigwams by a lower path, while another was advancing along the one he was himself following. To dart into the forest and conceal himself, to take up a position within a few yards of the road, was the work of an instant—the next, Captain Rivenille appeared with some twenty followers, and accompanied by Antoine Gird, who lingered behind, as if disgusted with their errand, and yet anxious, by his presence, to check any excess. The leader headed his men with a sternness which foreboded no good, and crying to them to advance, quickly left Antoine alone in sight. He, too, was about to proceed, when the croaking of an antiquated raven made him pause, and next minute the Reynard and he stood side by side. The young Frenchman rapidly explained that Rivenille had decided on at once attacking the wigwams, and thus deciding the disputed point.

'Ugh!' said the Raven; 'he will flud squaws; with them he will be very brave.'

'And your young men?' inquired Antoine.

'Some are gone to call more warriors to defend my wigwams, some to take the boats in which are the scalped chief's women!'

'Heaven forbid!' cried Gird, turning pale; 'surely they will not hurt the women?'

'They have warriors in the boats, and my young men will fight; they will not see, when they fire, if they be men or women.'

'Raven of the Reynards,' exclaimed the young man with an earnestness and solemnity which riveted the chief's attention, 'in these boats is more than my life. One holds Marie Rienville, whom I love, and have loved long. We are friends; if she dies I hate you, and you are my enemy for ever. I shall turn wolf, and neither you nor yours would I spare in my anger.'

'Ugh!' said the Indian, deeply moved; 'go and see that the Petit Gris is not hurt, and the girl shall be saved.' With these words the Raven of the Reynards plunged into the forest, while Antoine Giard hurried to the scene of conflict.

Every wigwam was in flames, several of the old men and women were wounded, while two or three surrounded the Petit Gris, on whom Captain Rienville, as the wife of the Raven, was about to wreak his disappointment and revenge. To what extreme his violent feelings might have carried him can never be known, for just as he was about to give forth his orders, Antoine rushed forward, struck down the arms of those who held her, and cried, 'Hold, madman; your own wife and child, and those of many around, are in the hands of the Raven!' The captain and several of the armed colonists actually tottered with dismay, while to all rushed the fearful picture of what the retribution of the Indians might be. They had attacked and destroyed a peaceful settlement, had shot and wounded old men and women, and now the boats which bore long absent families to their new home, and to their husbands and fathers, were in the hands of the man whom they had made an enemy. Captain Rienville stood like a convicted criminal awaiting sentence of death. He now saw, by reflection, the full enormity of his conduct, and, overwhelmed with shame and grief, requested Giard to explain. The young man did so, and proposed that the picked youth of the party should at once embark and go to the relief of the boats. Rienville, who made no effort to command, acquiesced, and the Indians were immediately, under an escort, marched to the village of Prairie du Chien. Antoinette, with a gallant band, embarked on the river, and, aided by the current, made rapid progress downwards. Antoine was not without hope that he might meet with the boats ere the Indians by land could reach them, and accordingly urged his willing car-borne to the utmost. About three hours after sundown, however, they halted, and took a brief repose, but at the first glimpse of dawn prepared again to start. Just as the first stroke of the oars was given, a boat turned the corner of a bend and came in sight, as if hurrying for the life of its crew. They waited with intense anxiety the appearance of the second, its companion. There was, however, but one. Antoine felt a deadly sickness overcome him, as he saw that the one in view contained but men. As the scene approached, the young men gave forth a loud cheer, but no answer came from the fugitives, who came alongside, pale, downcast, and with averted looks. They had been attacked on the previous evening, the second boat being close in-shore. At the first volley, its passengers, principally women, had risen in alarm, and in an instant it upset. They saw no more, being too much occupied in fighting their way up, and in preserving their own lives. They were, however, quite sure that the whole had perished by the hands of the Indians, or by the waters of the river. Crushed by a sudden weight of sorrow, Antoine gave orders for the party to return, and bear the sad news to the settlement.

It was late in the evening ere they reached the landing of Prairie du Chien. It was a lovely spot, shaded on each side by trees, a space having been cleared in order to reach the water. Drawing the boats up close in-shore, the melancholy band turned their steps towards the village, when, suddenly springing from his leafy concealment, an Indian, unarmed, and in sombre guise, stood before them—it was the Raven! Advancing

towards Antoine, he laid his hand heavily on his shoulder, and said, 'The waters of the father of rivers sigh over the grave of the white girl; she is drowned, but the Raven of the Reynards caused her death; he is here to give his life to his friend!' Struck by this infallible proof of the warrior's grief at what he had done, the young man would have bid him fly; but it was too late; the men sternly closed around him, and bore him captive to the presence of Rienville.

The captain, who expected evil news, heard the detail of the events with savage composure; and when they had told all, smiled a bitter smile, exclaiming, 'Ay, ay, he shall die fast enough, but not now; he shall have time to think over it. At early dawn he shall die, and with him his squaw; he has robbed me of wife and child—I will have no mercy on him.' The Indian for a reply gave a disdainful smile, and followed his guards to the hut provided for his reception. His wife, who had mingled with the crowd on his arrival, and who had heard all, was nowhere to be found. The Raven, when he heard this, bowed his head, for she, whom alone he wished to see in his last hours, had deserted and left him. A moody and miserable man, he seated himself on a log, stern and cold to all outward seeming, but inwardly grieving to the heart; for it is in sorrow and in danger that, most of all, we covet the affection and companionship of one who, like a beloved wife, is more unto us than ourselves. The night passed, and the morning came—the morning on which the French commandant had sentenced him to suffer the death of a murderer—and the Raven of the Reynards appeared at his wigwam door, erect, firm, collected, as if he had bided with the world.

Before, however, any preparations could be made, before Antoine, left broken-hearted as he was, could commence his intended pleading for the Indian's life, there rose from the forest a wailing cry, half of joy, half of woe, and next minute the tawny Petit Gris came forth upon the prairie, half-carrying, half-dragging a female form. With garments saturated with mud and wet, with bare feet, with hands discoloured and enlarged, and her clothes torn to tatters, while her face, wan and begrimed, could scarcely be recognised, Marie Rienville stood before her father and lover, who received her fainting form in his arms.

'My child!' cried the captain, deeply moved; 'she is saved, but oh my wife!'

'Squaw saved too!' said the Petit Gris hurriedly, lest the fact that his daughter alone was saved might not suffice to extricate her husband from the position into which, from friendly feeling to Antoine, he had voluntarily brought himself.

The fact was, that when the boat upset, the Indians had been so busily engaged in saving the men, in order to secure the usual terrible and disgusting trophy, that they had not at first noticed the escape of most of the women, who had fallen in shallow water. When they would have turned to look for them, it was evening, and not one woman was in sight; and the Raven, out of breath, and terrible in his anger, stood upon the bank. Fearing to be blamed for not capturing all, the Indians represented the women as drowned, utterly unaware of the true state of their chief's feelings. When, however, the Raven of the Reynards was condemned to death, his young wife, persuaded that some might have escaped, had slipped away in the confusion, and hurrying towards the late scene of conflict, had fortunately met with the party of women, fatigued and weary, making their way towards the Prairie du Chien.

For what was passed there was no remedy. Captain Rienville, sobered by his reverses, agreed, at the earnest request of Antoine Giard, to conclude a solemn treaty of peace with the Raven of the Reynards, with a promise that he should never be molested in his location. This done, the Raven retreated to his home, which, with wonderful forbearance for an Indian, he retracted without a murmur. It was long before Marie, or indeed any of the women, recovered from the

scene of the hunt. The volley of the Indians, the leaping forth of hideously-painted warriors, the plunge into the river, the scrambling for shore, the flight in the woods, wandering, they knew not whither, in constant fear of being overtake, were thus not soon to be erased from their memories. At the end, however, of about six months, Antoine Grand persuaded Marie that she was as healthily, as happily, and as charing as ever she had been in her life;—indeed he rather thought more so; and that, accordingly, no better opportunity could offer for to make him happy. Marie suggested, that as she was so well as she was, she knew not why she should change; but ended by naming a day. They were married, and at their wedding were present the Indian and his wife. It was a merry wedding, and busy and varied were the gifts of the friends around to the happy couple. In the afternoon, sports and pastimes were commenced, and the spot chosen was the Indian camp. Thither, then, hurried the whole village, while the captain, his family, and the new-married people followed. The plan was deserted, and a program was to be seen, the Foxes had sought another home; and the long-cherished wish of Riverville was accomplished. What he had failed to obtain by violence and in enmity, had come to his daughter under the gentle influence of friendship. It was the wedding gift of the RAVEN or THE RIVERSIDE.

A VISIT TO THE CAPE.

AFTER a tedious voyage of nearly eight days, without sight of any land and after a point of expectation, it may be readily imagined that the first view of the Cape Mountains was very delightful. Indeed, under any circumstances, the prospect that we witnessed from the deck of our vessel was calculated to please us. The mountains, drawn into a long range of a badly-marked character, which forms the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope, descended abruptly to the sea. Moreover, they were partially wreathed in mist, and the sea was unrippled, and displayed their steep and rugged sides against a sky of copper or a dull, lower grey, but all scrutinize the shores of this, to some of us, the land of our adoption! Where would it lead to the land, which was a few miles south of the cape, and then a land had interfered with the works of nature. The mountain sides were covered with dark low bushes, beneath which, in a few scattered clumps, were of bluish-green, and approached the one of trees. Not until the breeze had carried us to the back of the mountains behind Cape Town, did houses and churches appear. After long-bordered till evening, an almost imperceptible breeze carried us round the cape, and by the light of a bright moon, and we dropped anchor in Table Bay. We all thought we had seldom witnessed a scene more beautiful than the bay, the surrounding mountains, the shipping, and the strange sea shining overhead on such a lovely night; nor has the impression then made upon my mind been dimmed by subsequent visits.

On landing in the morning, we experienced not a little surprise at the proportion of coloured persons; and perhaps at no one spot upon earth are to be found a greater variety of skins than at Cape Town. Negroes of every tribe, some bare-headed, others with bright-coloured handkerchiefs twisted round their heads; Malays, with pointed beards, drab jackets, and curious conical hats, resembling the thatch of a house; Hindoos, Chinese, and other eastern people; mulattoes of every shade; and last, both in size and personal appearance, though not in interest, the Hottentots, the descendants of the miserable aborigines. Here, too, are to be found Europeans of almost every nation under the sun—English, Dutch, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Portuguese, North and South Americans. We saw many persons wearing green gauze veils, to ward off the clouds of red dust which every south-east wind raises in the unpaved streets. The principal streets are broad and clean, and they all intersect each other at right angles, but few houses have any architectural

pretensions. The exteriors are universally whitened. Bricks are now the principal building material, but there are still standing many good houses, after the Dutch style, of tempered clay. They seldom rise above a ground-floor and rooms over. The interior, especially of the older houses, is far superior to the promise of the exterior. The apartments are spacious, lofty, and often furnished with taste and elegance. Ceilings are not common, but the floors and joists above, generally of a colonial wood called *quiltwood*, or yellow wood, are oiled, which turns them to a mahogany colour. In front of the houses there are raised platforms, ascended by steps from the street; this platform is called the *steep*, upon which the family assembles to enjoy the cool of the evening. It is at this delightful time, when the greater part of the population are without their doors, that the streets of Cape Town present their most lively appearance. Gardens are attached to the houses in the suburbs, but very few in the town possess any. There are two or three small hotels in the town, at which living is very little cheaper than in hotels in England. Strangers acquainted with the place, and who do not avail themselves of the hospitality of friends, generally frequent some of the numerous boarding-houses, which are well-conducted, and considerably cheaper. Their cheapness is in part owing to their escaping the heavy ground tax of £112, laid by the municipality upon retailers of wine and spirits. Persons of inferior station resort to the common houses.

Some of the public buildings would attract much attention from a European stranger. The principal is the Exchange, a lofty and building, with a front embellished with columns and pilasters. One wing is occupied by the library, which is a very good collection, and another by the town. It is supplied with the reviews and periodicals from England, and is supported by the subscription of the nobility; but it is freely open to strangers, and is only a small step from the centre of the town and daily where public business is transacted, and which is also open to the public. It is well supplied with books, Indian, and colonial papers. The other wing is a sort of a repository for goods, of which an almost any field by reason in the open space in front. This building is situated at the rear end of a large piece of open ground, of considerable size, surrounded by rows of statues for the called on Parade. On the whole, it is a fine town appearance, being clothed neither with grass nor gravel; a few tufts of bamboo, struggling to live, and an occasional break-bank, being all that are to be seen upon it, except clouds of dust.

For some little time the colony has been plagued with its Kaffir neighbours, whose audacity is in course of repression; and, apart from this affliction, the Cape may fairly boast of being one of the most prosperous possessions of the crown. In terms of the population with its previous Dutch masters, it is exempted from the English church as an establishment, and besides its generally Presbyterian polity, it possesses a system of elementary education rivaling that of Scotland or Holland. On the principle, perhaps, of like drawing to like, the Scotch have flocked in great numbers to the Cape, and in some sense it may be called a Scottish colony, of which various tokens present themselves. Besides different native Dutch churches, and an English Episcopal chapel, Cape Town has a Scottish Established and a Scottish Free church. The religion of the inhabitants, however, is as diversified as their complexion. A very large proportion of the population, being chiefly Malays, is Mohammedan. They have their priests, but, I believe, no buildings appropriated to worship. On festival days they parade the streets with processions. Another large section, principally negroes and Hottentots, are Pagans, without any form of religious worship whatever. Owing to the prevalence of Mohammedanism, which makes meat killed in the Christian fashion meatable by a large portion of their customers, the butchers employ Malays to kill for them; and all the slaughtering is

took more than half the time of the ascent. We started from Cape Town about three in the afternoon, and returned about nine, with no other injury than a few scratches from the prickly bushes, and a few slight wounds from the sharp edges of the granite rocks.

PEOPLE WHO 'MAKE' PRESENTS.

SOCIETY may be divided into two great classes—people who make presents, and people who have got to accept them. Among the former body there are some very clever persons, who seem determined to confute the truth of that precipitate old proverb of ours, which asserts that nobody can both eat his bannock and have it—experimental philosophers, who even exaggerate the suggested impossibility before they conquer it, for they always make other folks eat their bannocks for them, and nevertheless contrive to retain a proprietary interest in the same, in spite of all the ordinary laws of human nature.

A present is explained by the dictionary to be something ceremoniously given; a most apt definition, inasmuch as it acknowledges only the what to give, and the how to give it, and says nothing at all about the manner in which it is to be accepted and repaid. In fact, when a modern present is to be made, the unlucky recipient is quite helpless throughout the affair. He finds himself suddenly subjected to a very embarrassing process; and his first sensation afterwards is, that some ingenious individual has succeeded in laying him under an obligation—a position rather more unenviable than a nightmare. And this painful sense of obligation inseparably accompanies even the smallest gifts: a man cannot accept a penknife, or a pair of tweezers, without, so to speak, the iron entering his soul. They know this well, the monsters who make presents; and it is positively alarming to notice the unfeeling ingenuity with which they constantly manage to give other people all sorts of things that nobody wants, and nobody knows what to do with; especially the people such persons always give them to. For my own part, I shudder as I meet them out of doors. I know them by the large smile in which they seem, as it were, to soak their faces, to give them the expression of being everybody's most particular friend—and by the fact of their never wearing gloves, on account of the prodigious number of hands they shake in every street. Those hands they never let go until they have lodged in them some specimen of their malignant bounty; yet still they smile, and, describing their victim's uneasiness in a flood of fine speeches, look as if they thought they were coming down as handsomely—ay, as handsomely as the way in which the water came down at Lodore!

I never knew but one of these practitioners intimately; and him, strangely enough, I at last learned to like. Many years ago, Jack Cool—to be sure Jack was a thorough artist, a fellow out of whose box no man could take a pinch of snuff under a general invitation—Jack Cool commemorated one of my wedding-days with a compliment and a gilt toothpick. The compliment I have forgotten, but as for the toothpick, it was a harpoon in his hands: he dined with me upon the obligation of it regularly twice a month until he died. Poor fellow! he had a good temper, and something less than a hundred a year: the one he derived from his mother (how proud she was of him!), and the other from some inscrutable situation somewhere, of which he never mentioned any characteristic except its responsibility, which he always represented as curious. Out of this narrow stipend Jack always spent seventy pence in presents; and he has often assured me—in confidence, of course—that, to live like a gentleman, he could not afford to give away a farthing less. He was a wonderful favourite among the ladies, although his bounty to the fair sex was blighted in the tenderest

place—his hair. He couldn't give any of that away, because it wasn't his own. The number of heiresses who did not marry him on that account will never be known. One curl from his forehead, and no woman could have controlled her heart. But what avail, genius opposed by fate? Jack Cool wore a wig, and died a bachelor!

A very successful style of making presents is the didactic method—a careful and constant practice of which makes Mr Manna the bosom friend of all who know him. Mr Manna is a fine-spoken autumnal gentleman, uneasily full of good advice, and possessed of a responsible bald head, so shiny, that one might almost see to shave in it. He is accustomed to give away undeniably moral articles, of no value, to very little children, long before they can possibly know what to make of them. In fact Mr Manna's presents are the cheapest in the profession; but then he always strokes his 'young friends' hair so affectionately the wrong way up, and hopes they will 'make good use' of the trifles from Sheffield with which he endows them, and indistinctly murmurs some touching aspiration about 'futuraity,' and 'perpetual sunshine' (which, if it should come true, would tend to make parasols universal among the rising generation), and all with a demeanour so tender, yet so dignified, as nobody who knows what the feelings of a parent are, can witness unmoved; and so Mr Manna never wants a friend. It is true that sometimes—so very blind is fortune—he stands in pressing need of fifty pounds or so; but what then? Does there exist in human shape the monster who could refuse his purse, nay, his acceptance, to the worthy creature who gave his little girl, at two years old, a brown holland work-bag, and stuck into the dimpled fist of his son, at three, an ivory peaholder, with a flowery aphorism engraved all over it?

There is a thoughtful, sentimental system of making presents, very effective between ladies, where extreme sensibility on the one part demands extraordinary delicacy on the other. Miss Chilloff, who is admirable in this style, is so universal a favourite, as to extort from her whole sex the flattering title of a 'dear thing.' There is a romantic interest attached to this individual, who is thirty-seven, and very plain, owing to a report that she has taken the unnecessary step of vowing never to marry. She is, nevertheless, a great encourager of matrimony in others, and chiefly cultivates the acquaintance of young wives, whom she is very fond of 'coming and seeing, and bringing her work with her, to make a long day.' The presents she adopts are generally purses, kettle-holders, and comforters of her own manufacture. All these articles are rapturously accepted, not without a great deal of kissing between herself and her fair clients, who always declare them to be 'sweetly pretty,' and say 'they are sure they shall find them so useful, they can't think.'

By the by, people who make presents are very apt to inform us, the accepting classes of the community, that their little wares are tokens of admiration and esteem; and it is curious to observe the extremely odd forms in which their admiration and esteem are usually embodied. A friend of mine once evinced the warmth of his regard for me in the rather questionable shape of a sword-cane; and I am acquainted with a lady whose love literally lies in a nut-shell, in which a little glass dog with black eyes reposes on perfumed wool. In fact, the national industry has of late become alarmingly active in this particular. Presents now-a-days are not only made—they are manufactured. Witness those popular watches, so prodigiously flat, as to encourage the idea that some stout old gentleman has accidentally sat down upon them; or those little odd-shaped handboxes, labelled 'stationery for ladies,' which contain very romantic sentiments on very slippery paper; or those make-believe dressing-cases which are called 'vademecums,' and 'multum-in-parvum,' and are filled with all sorts of neutralised toilet-conveniences, such as a tooth-brush situated at the back of the razor, or a looking-

glass at the other end of a comb; or those particularly small diaries intended for the records of all the trials and vicissitudes of human existence, and arranged upon a scale of three-quarters of an inch to a day—a *space* which might admit of a tolerably faithful register of what vegetables one happens to eat at dinner; or those little thick gilt sticky books of poetry, with fanciful frontispieces, and no date; or those walking-sticks which terminate in monstrous heads; pencil-cases shaped like guns or crucifixes; remarkably little parasols; and excessively large brooches: these are but a few of the curious articles concerning which the philosopher, when he inquires their use, receives from behind mahogany counters a polite assurance that they are 'admirably adapted for presents.' If the philosopher enjoys the acquaintance of any Mr Cool, Mr Manna, or Miss Chilloff, he will admit at once the full force of such a recommendation.

RANSOMS.

DURING the middle ages, a lucrative species of commerce was carried on in the ransom of captives taken in battle, or seized on journeys, which, in our times, commercial as they are, is wholly unknown. Before the use of gunpowder, the fame of personal prowess in fight was ardently sought, and the system of warfare then pursued afforded many opportunities for the acquirement of such fame. Bodily force was the only force wielded in the battles of those days, and the desire to obtain distinction by its heroic exertions, necessarily caused the leaders of an army to be much exposed to danger and to capture. Many distinguished prisoners were accordingly taken by the victors in battle, and these were seldom restored to their friends or their country until a sum of money had been paid as their ransom. The amount varied according to the rank of the prisoner. For kings most exorbitant sums were always demanded. A regular acknowledged source not only of revenue, but likewise of taxation, was thus maintained, which was felt as a most grievous burden in the countries where the ransom had to be raised. So regular and necessary did the system of ransoming become, that, by the feudal law, the vassal was bound to contribute very largely to the ransom of his lord. It seemed so essential that provision should be made for the redemption of royalty, that when many exactions of the English kings were relinquished, the power of taxing his subjects for his ransom was retained. The fourteenth article of *Magna Charta* declares that 'no scutage [or military service, which was often commuted for money] or aid shall be imposed in our kingdom, unless by the common council of our kingdom, except to redeem our person, and to make our eldest son a knight, and once to marry our eldest daughter; and for this there shall only be paid a reasonable aid.' The insecurity of travelling during the middle ages, and the little regard in general paid to international law, rendered such a provision still more necessary. We find numerous instances in history of persons of distinction being seized while travelling, and retained captives, with apparently no other object than the obtaining of a large ransom for their release. This want of safety introduced another stipulation, never omitted in treaties of this kind; namely, that the ransom money should be conveyed at the cost and risk of those who were paying it.

In English history there are several cases mentioned of royal ransoms. The circumstances connected with them are highly interesting, and place in a striking point of view the manners of the times, and the way in which the business of nations was then transacted.

Richard I. was the only English king who was ever detained a captive in a foreign country. On his return

from his celebrated crusade in the Holy Land, his ship was wrecked in the Adriatic Sea; and, in the hope of escaping detection, he pursued his journey in the disguise of a pilgrim. Historians differ in their accounts of the manner in which he was captured; but it is certain that he was seized by the Duke of Austria, who was obliged to give up possession of his prize to the Emperor of Germany. By him the 'lion heart' of England was confined a close prisoner in various fortresses, and subjected to very ignominious treatment. The emperor expected that he would receive a large sum from the English people as the ransom of their king, which he promised to share with the original captor, the Duke of Austria.

During his captivity, Richard cheered himself by composing songs, some of which have been preserved. One of these, as translated in Sismondi's History of Literature, thus begins—

'No wildest captive of his prison quaked,
I sleep with pain and bitterness of soul;
Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks,
Whose voice alone misfortune cannot control.
While now is such day, each baron, friend,
Whose face I never beheld without a smile
Will name his sorrow to redeem, expend
The small part of what his treasuries hold.'

It would have fared hard, indeed, with Richard if the Muse had been his last and only consolation in captivity. The Muse did him little service, but the 'treasures vile' of the people of England procured his liberty.

After much negotiation and intrigue, it was agreed that Richard should be set free, on condition that the Emperor of Germany received 100,000 marks, the Duke of Austria 50,000; that hostages for the latter sum should be delivered; and that the Princess Eleanor of Bretagne, niece to the king of England, should be given in marriage to the eldest son of the Duke of Austria. Though a mark is only two-thirds of a pound, yet in those days the value of money was much greater than it is now; that is to say, if purchased a larger quantity of commodities and labour. So great did the amount of Richard's ransom appear, that an old French historian, in writing on the subject, would not specify the amount, as he said he could not expect his statement to be believed.

In England, the most active measures were adopted to raise the money. Taxes were imposed by the authority of the great council of the realm, and most rigorously collected. The land had been divided by William the Conqueror into about sixty thousand portions, called knights' fees, each of which was now taxed to the extent of twenty shillings. Many of the gold and silver vessels belonging to the church were melted into coin, and the Christian monks were compelled to give the wool of their sheep for one year, on the sale of which they mainly depended for subsistence. Such exactions, coming immediately after the payment of large sums for the expense of the Crusades, created great dissatisfaction and distress in the country. The people were, however, anxious to redeem their king, whose warrior-lime had filled all Christendom. The citizens of London contributed 1500 marks, and William of Scotland gave 2000. These payments made by Scotland rendered money in that country so scarce, that a new coinage was made, which appears to have been debased, and to have led to many dissensions.

By such means 100,000 marks were obtained, which, after various delays, caused by the intrigues of Richard's brother, John, and his former companion in arms, the king of France, for the continued imprisonment of the English king at last opened his prison doors, and he was restored to his subjects on the 20th of March 1194.

The German emperor seems to have left the Duke of Austria to obtain his share of the ransom as he best could. The duke, however, was mortally wounded by falling from his horse near Vienna, and before he died he made a will, declaring that the captivity of the Eng-

lish king was unjust, authorising the sending back of the hostages, and releasing Richard from all further payment and all the other obligations of the treaty. His son and successor refused to carry this will into effect, and the thunders of the Vatican were necessary to compel his compliance. The pope threatened to excommunicate him, and the bishops of his own dominions refused to allow his father's body to be buried until his orders were performed. The young duke was constrained to obey. He therefore sent the hostages back to England, resigned all hopes of obtaining a single mark, and, as the ungallant historian Rapin very coolly relates, 'finding he had no great inclination for the Princess of Bretagne, the duke sent her back also to England.'

During the reign of Richard, a very curious case of ransom occurred. A certain French lusher happened to be taken prisoner in one of the many skirmishes that were then constantly occurring. His high birth, and other circumstances, caused his ransom to be fixed at a most enormous sum. The bishop applied for protection to the pope, who strongly interested for his 'dearly beloved son.' The reply of Richard was characteristic of the times. He sent the armour, all black-stained, which the bishop had worn in battle, to the pope, and asked him whether he knew the dress of his 'dearly beloved son.' The pope thereupon declared that, as the bishop had relinquished the warfare of the cross for that of the sword, he must stand the consequences. The bishop was ultimately released on payment of 2000 marks.

It fell to the lot of Edward III. of England to have two royal captives during his reign, and to receive considerable sums as their ransom. At the battle of Neville's Cross, fought near Durham five hundred years ago, namely, on the 17th of October 1296, between the English and the Scotch, the latter were defeated, and their king, David II., taken prisoner while fighting gallantly, and badly wounded. 'The squire of Northumbria, named John Copeland, who, as soon as he got him, pulled through the crowd, and with eight other companions, took him, and never stopped until he was distant from the field of battle about fifteen miles. He came about a person to Cade Castle on the river Blythe, and there declared that he would not surrender his prisoner, the king of Scotland, to man or woman, except to his lord the king of England.' Edward was then at Calais; but his queen, who had remained at Newcastle during the battle of Neville's Cross, went to Copeland, ordering him to deliver up his prisoner. But John positively refused to deliver his captive to any one except to his sovereign, and told Queen Philippa that she might 'depend on his taking proper care of his ward, and that he would be answerable for guarding him well.' The circumstance was reported to King Edward, who summoned Copeland to appear before him at Calais. The English squire departed after he had 'placed his prisoner under good guards in a strong castle on the borders of Northumbria.' He was received with great favour by Edward, who, after complimenting him highly, concluded by saying, 'You will now return home, and convey your prisoner to my wife; and, by way of remuneration, I assign lands as near your house as you can choose them, to the amount of £500 sterling a year, for you and your heirs, and I give you a squire of my body and of my household.' When Copeland returned home, he assembled his friends and neighbours, and, in company with them, took the king of Scots and conveyed him to York, where he presented him, in the name of the king, to the queen, and made such handsome excuses, that she was satisfied. David was conveyed to London, and lodged in the Tower, and Queen Philippa crossed the sea to Calais, where she interested so effectually for the inhabitants of that town.

David was afterwards removed to the castle of Odham, in Hampshire, the remains of which are still to be seen about a mile from the small town of that name. Edward, being still engaged in a war with

France, and greatly in want of money, sent commissioners to Newcastle to make arrangements for peace and the ransom of David. The commissioners of both realms agreed to a treaty on the 13th of July 1354, in which it was, among other things, stipulated that the king of Scotland should be liberated on payment of 90,000 marks. While the Estates of Scotland were deliberating on the ratification of this treaty, they were offered a large sum by France if they would resume war with England; and 'they readily adopted,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'at whatever future risk, the course which was attended with receiving money, instead of that which involved their own paying it.' The treaty was not ratified, and David's captivity seemed to be renewed. The English treasury was then so greatly impoverished by the wars with France, &c. that Edward was obliged to resort to a tax for six years of fifty shillings on every sack of wool sold in the kingdom, by which, it is related, he obtained a yearly revenue of more than 350,000 marks. Many proposals were made by David for the recovery of his liberty, but without success, until 1357. On the 26th of September in that year a full council of the prelates, nobles, and commons of Scotland was held at Edinburgh, to consider the subject of ransoming their king. In that council seventeen towns were represented, of which number no less than four were in the county of Fife; and the town which is now the largest in Scotland, namely, Glasgow, was not represented at all. On the 5th of October, that council agreed to the terms proposed by Edward; and the bishops, nobles, and burgesses, then assembled bound themselves, their whole property, and their heirs, for payment, in ten years, of the sum of 100,000 marks, as the price of David's liberation. 'For the discharge of the sum of the first two years, and for the remainder of the term, the council sold the sword, which was the sword of the king, and for further security, those of the great lords of the realm were to place their lives at the disposal of the English.' Speedy delivery of payment of the money caused the amount to be increased two-fold, thus making it more than the ransom paid for Richard of England. This enormous sum was actually raised, and every fraction of it paid in gold and silver. The last payment was made in 1361.

Sir John Froissart commences one chapter of his 'Chronicles' with the quaint remark, that 'it often happens that fortune in war and love turns out more favourable and kinder than could have been foreseen or expected.' The good fortune of Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers is a striking illustration of Sir John's sage remark. The conduct of the English previous to the battle appeared so hopeless, that John, the French king, expecting they would make some sacrifice to be allowed to depart unharmed, wished to conclude a peace, on condition that the Black Prince, who commanded the English army, should surrender himself a captive. Historians tell us that the French king was induced to propose these terms in the hope that the English would restore to him the town of Calais as the ransom of Edward. His offer was rejected, the English prince declaring that he would never allow the English people to be at any expense or loss in ransoming him. The result was the battle fought on the 19th of September 1356, in which the French were defeated, and John became a captive instead of a captor.

The generous treatment which he experienced from the English is well known. He was lodged in the place of the Savoy, not far from Charing Cross, in London; and it is related that 'there he was visited by the king and queen of England, who often entertained him sumptuously, and afterwards were very frequent in their visits, consoling him all in their power.' After he had been a prisoner in England for some years, the famous treaty of Brestigni was concluded on the 8th of May 1360, in which it was agreed that, besides many solid concessions to England, 'the king of France shall pay to the king of England 3,000,000 of crowns of gold,

two of which shall be of the value of an English noble, whereof 600,000 crowns shall be paid to him or his deputies within four months after the king of France shall arrive at Calais; and within a year following, 100,000 crowns to be paid at London; and so every year 100,000 crowns to be paid there, until the whole shall be discharged. Many hostages for the fulfilment of this treaty were sent to London; among these were two of the king's sons, his brother the Duke of Orleans, and many of the French nobility.

Long and expensive wars had impoverished France, as they do all countries, and they seemed little prospect of such a sum being ever raised. Schemes of all kinds were adopted to procure money. In the *Universal History*, it is related that John gave his daughter Isabella in marriage to Gallas, the son of John Visconti, Duke of Milan, who purchased that princess at no less than 600,000 crowns. Another of his plans to raise money was permitting the Jews to return to France, and remain for twenty years. For this privilege, they paid large sums; but the measure was very unpopular with the French people. Many of the cities loved themselves, and the benefices of the clergy were, with the sanction of the pope, laid under heavy contributions. The utmost difficulty was experienced in procuring money, and John was able, during his lifetime, to pay only 500,000 crowns. Other articles of the treaty remained unfulfilled, and John, either being that he would not be able to fulfil them, or desirous of entering into some new arrangement, resolved to return to his captivity in England. He was received there as a conqueror, though a captive. As he came near London, he was met by the citizens dressed out in their proper companies, who greeted and welcomed him with much reverence, and attended him with large bands of mounted men to the palace of the Savoy, which had been prepared for him. There were then a English king of Scotland, who was before on a visit to Edward III., and the king of Cyprus, who had come, with the view of returning the aid of Edward against the Saracens. These two kings, as well as John of France and Edward of England, together with the Black Prince, and many noble gentlemen, were apparently fastened in chains of iron, and escorted by St. Henry Church, who, mercifully, then led away, but his horse, which stood over against St. Martin's church, in a place called the Ventry. Three months after his arrival in London he was seized with a violent illness, of which he died. At his death, there were one more thousand pounds of crowns of his ransom. His sons, or next of kin, as to evade payment, and all that England could raise for him was 100,000 crowns. He made most exertions certainly to raise the money, but it was devoted not to the payment of the ransom, but to preparations for retaining those provinces ceded to England in the treaty of Brétigny. The whole amount of this ransom was never paid; and if it were not that such debts and such treaties naturally came to their own end, it might be said that France is, at the present moment, England's debtor to a large amount, for the ransom of a king who lived four centuries before that memorable day on which the French Convention declared royalty in France to be abolished for ever.

The history of Spain during the fourteenth century presents many cases of ransoming. The principal of these was that of James, the king of Majorca. His kingdom had been seized by the king of Aragon; and James, in his intrigues to regain it, found himself engaged in a war with Henry, king of Castile. James was taken prisoner by Henry at Valladolid. He was married to the queen of Naples, who paid Henry 100,000 francs as his ransom.

During these wars in France and Spain, the number of persons of noble birth taken prisoners was great, and many fortunes were made by the ransom derived from them. There was far less difficulty in negotiating the ransoms of knights than of kings, and the business was conducted in an easy, brotherly manner. Froissart

relates that, after the battle of Poitiers, those who had taken prisoners asked them 'what they could pay for their ransoms without much hurting their fortune, and willingly believed whatever they told them; for they had declared publicly that they did not wish to deal harshly with any knight or squire, that his ransom should be so burdensome as to prevent his following the profession of arms or advancing his fortune.' At this same battle a French squire from Poitiers, named John de Helemes, was pursued by the Lord of Berkley, in Monmouthshire, who was anxious to make the Frenchman prisoner. A combat ensued, in which the English lord was severely wounded, and after he had surrendered, John very touchingly said, 'I will place you in safety, and take care you are healed, for you appear to me to be badly wounded.' John kept his word, and in a year the Lord of Berkley was cured, and able to return home, after having paid as his ransom 6000 nobles. With this sum John de Helemes was greatly enriched, and became a knight. Edward III. received 350,000 crowns as the ransom of Charles de Blais, Duke of Brittany, who was captured in a skirmish with the English. About the same period a body of Frenchmen and Germans, who were carrying on a private war in the north-east of France, paid to two French lords the sum of 25,000 livres, the ransom of a knight whom they desired to obtain as their leader, and who might be literally said to have been 'worth his weight in gold.'

That great military hero, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, constable of France, had the bad fortune to be twice captured by the English. On the first occasion his ransom was fixed at 100,000 francs, a portion of which was paid by the king of France, and the remainder by himself. On the second occasion he was kept a prisoner for some time, before any ransom would be taken, it being considered impolitic to allow the French to have the benefit of his great military talents. Froissart relates the following conversation which took place between the Black Prince and Sir Bertrand, and led to his being ransomed from his captivity. 'One day, when the prince was in great good humour, he called Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, and said to him, how he was. "My lord," replied Sir Bertrand, "I was never better. I cannot do worse but be well, for I am though in prison, the most honoured knight in the world." "How do you regard the prince?" "The king of France," answered Sir Bertrand, "as well as in other countries, that you are so much afraid of me, and have such a dread of my entering my library, that you do not let me free, and this is my reason for thinking myself so much valued and honoured." "The prince, on hearing these words, thought Sir Bertrand had spoken to them with much good sense, for in truth his counsel were unwilling he should have his liberty, until Don Pedro had paid to the prince and his army the money he had engaged to do. He answered, "What, Sir Bertrand! do you imagine that we keep you a prisoner for fear of your prowess? By St. George it is not so; for my good sir, if you will pay 100,000 francs, you shall be free." Sir Bertrand was anxious for his liberty, and now, having laid upon him terms, he could obtain it, taking the price at his word, he replied, "My lord, through God's will I will never pay a shilling." The prince, when he heard this, began to repent what he had done. It is said that some of his council went further, and told him, "My lord, you have acted very wrong in thus ransoming him, for he has his ransom." They wanted to break through the agreement, but the prince, who was a good and loyal knight, replied, "Since we have granted it, we will keep to it, and not act in any way contrary; for it would be a shame, and we should be blamed for every one for not being true to his ransom, when he has chosen to pay so largely for it as 100,000 francs." Sir Bertrand paid the money within a month; and as soon as he was released, he went to assist the Duke of Aragon, who was then besieging a town in Provence.

Edmund Burke spoke truly when he said 'the age of

chivalry is gone.' Of that age this system of ransoming formed a prominent feature, and the progress of society has rendered it certain that never, never more shall we behold the slightest revival of a system that beggared countries to redeem their kings, and impoverished families to buy back their captive members.

THE LITTLE ABYSSINIAN SLAVE.

THE following instance of a thirst for knowledge, and the most persevering industry in acquiring it, in a poor slave girl, can scarcely be read but with interest, if not with profit, by old and young:—

In a province of Abyssinia, a poor child was taken prisoner at seven years old, and brought captive into Semhar, thence to Nubia, and subsequently to Egypt. Sold over and over again upon the way, she was obliged to perform on foot, under a burning sky, and over sandy deserts, the journey of the hundreds of leagues between Abyssinia and Cairo. As she approached that city, her value was doubled to her master; for the other slaves had sunk under fatigue and hardship of every kind, and their corpses strewed the sand, marking thus sadly the traces of that dreadful caravan. Arrived at length at Cairo, Fatmé, who was then ten years old, was conducted to the bazaar, and placed in one of those wretched dark halls where this vile traffic in human flesh is carried on. There, exposed to sale with other young girls, decked out in filth, and shivering in dirty garments—for the warm climate of Egypt was to her the north compared with that of Abyssinia—the poor child awaited her fate.

But, with intelligence beyond her years, her mind might have been wearying itself in conjectures to what new master she was to belong. Perhaps she might have been thinking of the distance she might yet be dragged, the new countries she might yet have to visit, if no purchaser were now found for her; but there was a strength of mind in this child, a confidence in the Providence of God, that triumphed over degradation and wretchedness.

The bidders arrived; the merchant extolled his wares, made Fatmé and her companions get up and sit down, walk about, show their white teeth, their bright eyes—so many tokens of health; their small and tapering fingers, promising so much manual dexterity. They were spoken to, in order to ascertain if they heard and understood; and at length the bargain was concluded. They were now slaves to the viceroys of Egypt.

It was not, however, for ordinary labour that these children were reserved. Bought in the market without being told what was expected of them, without being informed of their destination, they were, by order of Mehmet Ali and of Cloot Bey, to be first students of medicine, that they might afterwards act the part of physicians for women. They were intended to found a female college, where were to be trained pupils capable of discharging in hospitals at once the functions of physicians and Sisters of Charity. They must be taught Arabic, at least the common dialect, of which they knew nothing; must be taught to read and write; afterwards they must be instructed in the written language, in order to be able to read the remarkable translations, which have been made into Arabic, of the principal medical treatises. Fatmé distinguished herself among them all by the rapidity of her progress and wonderful aptitude for knowledge.

Always occupied, always industrious, she suffered less from the climate than her companions. Of the nine Abyssinians purchased at the same time with her, five died of consumption; and in 18th, when the letter was written to Paris whence this account is taken, the remainder were dying. Hitherto, says the writer, it has pleased God that Fatmé should escape this fatal malady. She is gay, healthy, and of a good constitution. Providence seems to have destined her for something remarkable. He has given her great intellectual powers, and a wonderful memory: He has conducted her through a thousand dangers, a thousand hardships, from the

interior of Africa, where she would have lived a life wholly useless, to a bazaar at Cairo, whence she was to be taken to commence, poor slave as she was, a new era of civilisation.

Fatmé is kind and considerate to her companions, ever eager to do them any good office, and her influence over them is owing rather to the gentleness and evenness of her disposition, than to the superiority of her mental attainments. She lavishes every attention and tender care upon the two companions and schoolfellows mentioned as dying. One of these, named Reizeroun, was making sad complaint of weakness: she was told to rest for a little time, as too much study would injure her. 'I would rather die than not study,' answered the young girl; 'I will never stop till I know as much as Fatmé.' When this answer was translated to us, Fatmé modestly blushed at this tribute from her companion.

We put our questions in French to the principal pupils, which were given to them in Arabic, and their answers interpreted to us again in French. The visitors for the first time to the hospital of Esbeckia were quite astonished at the amount of knowledge evinced. Fatmé gave clear answers to an examination in physiology, natural philosophy, and chemistry. It was singular to hear amid the Arabic, from a woman's lips, the words carbonic acid, oxygen, hydrogen, &c. which had not been translated into that language. She told us the component parts of the air, the office of oxygen in the functions of the body, explained to us the use of carbonic acid in nature, the circulation of the blood, &c.

This was not, however, the first occasion upon which these young girls gave proof of their acquirement of knowledge to strangers. The most learned of the Ulemahs had visited the college, and after the examination, one of them had exclaimed in wonder, 'Our children could have taken twice as much time in the mosque of El-Azar as these have done in learning what they know.' Another, stroking his beard, gravely said, 'This is above everything,' or, more literally, 'This is beyond the beyonds'—surpassing everything that has even been seen of extraordinary.

The reputation of Fatmé went abroad, as may be supposed, and some days before our arrival at Cairo, the daughter of the viceroy had expressed a desire to see the young Abyssinian, in order to obtain from her some information in anatomy. Fatmé made her appearance at the harem with some anatomical preparations in wax. She pleased the princess so much, that she made her a present of a splendid diamond ornament to wear in her turban, and saluted her by the title of Effkide (learned), a title she still retains.

When I asked to see her jewels, Fatmé, whose modesty appeared to suffer from the exclamations of surprise and admiration which the degree of her knowledge called forth from us, seemed reluctant to comply with my request. But a young negress amongst her companions quickly lifted the muslin veil which was thrown over the turban, and we beheld a splendid diamond ornament as large as my hand; but it was more gratifying to see that, instead of any of the pupils appearing to envy her its possession, they seem to feel a kind of pride in exhibiting it. 'Fatmé is a mother to us,' said Abyssinian, Fellah, and negress; for the pupils were made up of every race, admitted into the school from a mendicity-house opened to give asylum to destitute females of all countries.

The Abyssinian race, remarkable for a mild and pen-sive cast of countenance, is superior in intelligence to the Fellah race, and this again ranks above that of the negro. These degrees of capacity were strikingly obvious in the progress of the young women before us.

The introduction into the hospital of Esbeckia of a regular female medical establishment had the most happy results. The internal arrangements of the wards are admirable, and the attendance is most orderly and excellent. Besides which, the poor women no longer object to seek medical aid, since they are now certain

of being treated by persons of their own sex. 'These young practitioners take peculiar interest in the children born in the hospital and intrusted to their care. We were repeatedly called upon to admire the sound health of their adopted children, each crying, 'This one is mine—does it not look by far the best?'

Formerly, too, no one cared to bring her children to be vaccinated so long as it was done by men; being under the impression that the pacha employed this means to mark the children, in order that they might not evade the conscription. But since women have been charged with the operation, their fears have been so dispelled, that in eight months three thousand have been vaccinated—an average of twelve per diem. I have seen prescriptions of theirs doing as much credit to their medical skill as to their handwriting.

I said to Fatme when leaving, 'Fatme, you are as pretty as you are well-informed.' 'What matters it being pretty,' was her reply, 'provided I get knowledge. I have espoused myself to knowledge.' 'Indeed, Fatme, you are an honour to Africa.' 'I would gladly be so,' said she; 'but I am labouring, and one day I shall know something, if it please God.' It is gratifying to see this kind of merit understood, appreciated, and honoured in Egypt.

THE MAGAZINES.

SEPTEMBER.

It would appear as if a form of literature could only flourish for a time, and that, limited in a great measure by the life or vigour of the men concerned in creating it. Hence the era of reviews and magazines may be said to be already almost past. They go on as before, but they no longer excite the attention they did. There is a need for some new arrangement in this line: the time has come for another *Jaffier*, and another *Blackwood*. Come when he will, he will find a great field open to him.

Wishing to take a glance at the magazine literature of the past month, we commence with the proper head of the class, *Blackwood's Magazine*. Although we here miss the traces of youthful talent which have made this work so provokingly attractive, it still keeps the superior place it originally took. Less violent and personal than was its wont, it continues to show something of its old spirit; there is a worldly sagacity in its graver papers which we miss in the London periodicals, and its drollery is not the drollery of overdrawn and those invention, but of a shrewd observation of living and living life—peculiarities accounted for probably from the circumstance that the writers in *Blackwood* are not all authors by profession, but men (as, for example, Mr Moir) who are less or more engaged in miscellaneous pursuits. In the number before us for September, at least two articles would seem to verify these comments—'How to Build a House and Live in it,' and 'How I became a Yeoman.' In the former are some useful though rather sarcastic observations on the prevailing taste in villa architecture. The writer recommends, in all cases of imitation of old models, to hold closely to the original styles.

We apprehend the true rule of aesthetics in this case to be, as we implied before, that for restorations or exact facsimiles of buildings, whether classical or mediæval, the very form as well as the spirit of the ornaments contemporaneously used in such buildings should be most strictly adopted. An imitation, unless it is an exact one, is good for nothing, as far as architecture is concerned. But should we prevail on ourselves either to depart from these styles, or to carry out their main principles, so as to form a national style of our own—not a fixed one, but a style varying through different ages, suiting itself to the social requirements of each—then we should be prepared not only to call in the aid of natural beauty to the fullest extent, but also to avail ourselves of all that rich fund of form which results from the extensive use of scientific knowledge, and the investigation of physical curves. There is no reason why such a style, or succession of styles, should

not be formed, if the great principles of science and utility be taken as the substructure on which imagination may afterwards raise its enrichment; and, if ever it come into existence, we have the unlimited expanse of the universe to range through in search of beauty and harmony. Why should the Greek and Roman ovolo, cavetto, and square, be the only combination that we know of in our common mouldings? How much richer were the architects of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who drew with 'free hands,' and gave us such exquisite effects of light and shade? We are firmly persuaded that an architect, deeply imbued with the scientific principles of his profession, and endowed at the same time with the hand and the eye of a skilful artist, may cause a most happy and useful reformation of our national architecture.

In continuation, it is remarked that all kinds of imitations of material in the decorative part should be abandoned as tasteless. There ought to be no sham, or make-believe. This may be correct in principle, and yet we would submit that, carried out in practice, it would reduce the greater number of our dwellings to primeval unsightliness. We give up stucco for walls, and should prefer brick to imitative stone; but are we also to be called on to dismiss all imitations within doors? Our carpets have flowered patterns: are we to lay down carpets of undyed wool? Our walls are hung with papers prettily covered with figures in elegant combinations: are we to have them washed off, and delight our eyes with acres of bare plaster, or bare stone, or brick? Our ceilings are decorated with some rather good 'trece cornices': must these go? We have doors of painted deal: are we and everybody else to substitute doors of mahogany, oak, or satin-wood? As it would be hard to put us and the world besides under this compass, we hope the writer of 'How to Build a House and Live in it' will, in his next paper, show us some rational method of squaring his principles with what is practicable and expedient.

An article follows on 'The Water Cure,' in which a handsome and just compliment is paid to the 'temperance' and 'greater supply of water' movements. One could scarcely have expected the following from *Blackwood*:

As we believe national temperance to be practicable, so we believe it to be desirable, on the lowest and most selfish, as well as on the loftiest and purest grounds. As politicians, we are satisfied that the temperance of the people is an auxiliary in securing assistance, and facilitating good government, little inferior to many of those invaluable institutions for which Britons are ready to shed their blood. The national tranquillity, energy, industry, and influence, ought to be the aggregate of the contentment, temperance, diligence, and wealth of each individual. Anything, therefore, which will convince a man that sobriety makes a happier life, that hereafter, gives to him, at all hours of the day, a cooler head and a stronger hand than he used to have, and that at sunset a shining in the purse which he could never find there during the reckless season of his dissipation, is not merely a direct benefit to the individual, but a substantive addition to the resources and strength of the community. We wish to preach no ascetic doctrines, nor to entail the enjoyment of life of any of the least of its ten preparations. Our fasting and over feasting are alike repugnant to our ideas. What we delight to see is, that hundreds and tens of hundreds, voluntarily turning off from a road which leads inevitably to misery, poverty, and crime, are now treading a more salutary path, where, as they proceed, an uninterposing conscience and domestic happiness must greet them with their blessings; and, in all probability, worldly prosperity will reward them with its comforts. The first part, then, of our 'Water-Cure' is temperance; by which we do not mean other than that water is the only fluid which mortals shall imbibe, or that water, even if so exclusively imbibed, is the chief of life. We mean a general recognition in the conduct of life, that while intemperance is, senseless, foolish, dangerous, and guilty, temperance, on the contrary, without stinting enjoyment, or balking forth, or letting the finest exhilaration of his nature, seems to man at all times, whether of relaxation or of toil, the healthful development of his faculties, and would, in the our own country, predominate as his industry is, and magnificent as its achievements have been, redeem

a quantity of time and means wasted, which, rightly employed, could so easily elevate the social security and improve the material and commercial ascendancy, the public and the private splendours of the British empire, and the material splendours of a Utopian commonwealth.

Rings, which may be taken next in order, usually contains, at its articles more solid and world-like than those of its metropolitan brethren, while its lighter papers seldom if ever descend to the purely imaginative. From the out of *Tait's Magazine* has aimed at being the organ of a party, the very antipodes of that which supports *Blackwood*; but politics have long been wisely subordinated in its pages to miscellaneous literature, leaving only a certain under-tone of sarcastic remark, which, to our apprehension, were better away. In the number for September, among other interesting articles, is one on "Rings," from which we select a few paragraphs:—

"From the earliest times, and in all countries, a little hoop of metal has played no insignificant part in the drama of life; and to this day a ring is the emblem to many a comedy. Rings are mentioned by Moses, the first of his torments; and we discover, from several passages of Scripture, that at an early period they were in common use by the Jews. These were chiefly of iron, the material of which was equivalent to a seal-ring, the symbol of authority and government. Thus, when Pharaoh placed Egypt under the command of Joseph, he gave him a ring to the viceroy, and made him ride in the second chariot he had. The ring bestowed on them, who had his seat above all the princes that were with him, was set away by the king and given to Joseph. Part of the displeasure excited in the mind of the patriarch's brother, when he came in from the field, by the discovery that the returned wanderer had been a ruler, arose from the notion that power in the hour of trial had been given to one who had proved himself unworthy of it; for the events were commended not only to him, but to the servants, and put it on him but to put a ring on his finger. Almost every one, who is not strictly poor, wears the modern Egyptian, carries a seal ring on the little finger of his right hand. It is usually of silver, with an amethyst stone, on which is cut the wearer's name with words significant of the servant of God. The value of the impression is ranked above that of a simple signature by hand. The method of using it is to spin a little ink over the stone, and then to apply it to the proper place on the paper, which has been previously fitted to receive the stamp by being moistened. If the writer is potterily desirous of expressing his humility, the seal is affixed below the signature, but the general custom is to place it in a line with, and on the right of, the name. Those amusing stories of our childhood, the Arabian Nights, contain numberless allusions to the Eastern method of using seal-rings; and perhaps our readers may not have forgot a fine tale of the lady who took from her pocket a purse and drew out from this a string, on which were the ninety-eight seal-rings of her different lovers.

"The Greeks, and most of the Romans, wore their rings on the third finger of the left hand. It has been remarked, however, by Pliny, that in the portraits of the heathen deities, the ring was placed on the finger next the thumb. A passage in Juvenal shows that the ring was used by the Romans in their marriage ceremonies.

"We can easily conceive, that as soon as the art of working in metal became known, that love of personal finery which seems a part of our nature would express itself in fashion; and amatory ornament. Eastern ladies still wear, as they were in the days of the prophets, three rings round their ankles, to which smaller ones are attached, so as to produce a tinkling noise at every motion. At the Decree almost every woman carries a glass ring on her wrist. The more closely the ring sits, the better it is pleased, because, as it must be passed over the hand, the smoothness of that member is thereby proved. In forcing the hoop over it, the skin is very frequently rubbed off, and as the glass is apt to break, these dusky beauties suffer a good deal from their love of adulation. Neither has the thumb been without an ornament of this kind, though, to modern notions, a ring in that situation must have had an awkward appearance. The English formerly wore a metal hoop on the shortest and thickest of the processes of the hand.

"In the marriage ceremonies of Christendom, the link from earth that reaches heaven" has always found a place. Whether the Christian church adopted a heathen rite, or made use of the ring, as some are inclined to think, merely as a symbol of the authority wherewith the husband endowed the wife over his worldly goods, seems a matter of little moment; but the taint with which the sacrament of marriage was thought to be infected, in the former supposition, almost induced the Puritans to abolish its use. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, has a passage alluding to the views of the ascetics on this subject. The fourth finger of the left hand was formerly believed to be selected to carry the badge of espousal; "presuming therein," says Sir Thomas Browne in his *Latin declamation*, "a cordial relation that a particular vessel, nerve, or artery is connected thereto from the heart; and, therefore, that especially both the honour to bear our rings." When that curious observance, the wedding of the dove to the everlasting sea, took place in the palmey days of Vespasian's prosperity, a ring was thrown into the water.

"The ring, which forms part of the Episcopal apparatus, was used at a very early period, being deemed a symbol of the spiritual union of the bishop and his church. A ring is employed in the excommunication of an English canon; and amongst the treasures which each pope transmits to his successor in St Peter's, is a signet-ring, called the *anulus* of the pope, because tradition declares that it belonged to the apostle from whom the pontiffs derive the keys.

"It was much more the usage at one time than it is at present to distribute rings in great numbers on the occasion of any notable event. We are aware of only one instance of the usage existing now-a-days, and that is on the appointment of a serjeant-at-law. Rings with mottoes in Latin, befitting the grave occupation of the distributor are presented to her majesty, the lord chancellor, and the judges. A marriage was especially an event of a nature to be commemorated by gifts of rings. Anthony Wood mentions that Edward Lilly, a man of note in Queen Elizabeth's days, was equally pious beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, and did not care away in gold wire rings, at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of ten thousand pounds. At the marriages of her present majesty, Queen Victoria, some dozens of gold rings were presented to distinguished persons. A profile of the Queen, so small as to require the aid of a lens to perceive the truthfulness of the likeness, with a legend, "Victoria Regina," adorned each ring. Mourning rings were wont to be distributed at funerals; and still a testator who would link himself to his surviving friends for "a little month" after his departure, will bequeath them a ring with a *mondo non mori* inscription.

In point of general ability, the *Dublin University Magazine* may be allowed to stand the next on our list, some of its articles being quite as good as those of *Blackwood*; and its only disqualification for a more extended circulation on this side the channel being a certain strong sectarian and party leaning, of which we should be glad to see this, as well as every other Irish journal, properly rid. Lately, we think, the magazine has been improving—that is, moderating—in tone; and from the manner in which it is supported, we are in good things for its future career. In the September number there is a tale of Irish famine, by that child of genius, Carleton, which will repay perusal. We notice this paper in particular, in order to draw attention to what seems a not unimportant admission to come from the pen of an Irishman at the present moment:—

"Much, for instance, is said, and has been said, concerning what are termed 'Years of Famine'; but it is not generally known that since the introduction of the potato into this country, no year has ever passed which, in some remote locality or other, has not been such to the unfortunate inhabitants. The climate of Ireland is so unsettled, its soil so various in quality, and the potato so liable to injury from excess of either drought or moisture, that we have no hesitation in stating the startling fact of this annual famine as one we can vouch for, upon our own personal knowledge, and against the truth of which we challenge contradiction. Neither does an autumn pass without a complaint peculiar to those who feed solely upon the new and unripe potato, and which, ever since the year '32, is known by the people as the *potato cholera*. With these circumstances the legislature ought to be acquainted, inasmuch as they are

was 1,192,000. At the commencement of the present century it had increased to upwards of 5000 tons, and its value then was nearly half a million of pounds sterling. A quarter of a century later the supply was upwards of 8000 tons, and its value reached £750,000; while in 1836, 11,527 tons of copper, obtained from 145,683 tons of ore, were raised, and the metal was £357,779. Of the Cornish mines, those known by the name of the Consolidated yield the largest amount of profit from copper mining.

Let some fast growing plants be placed against a southern wall; the grape-vine and the hop are good specimens. Early in the morning, when there is likely to be a hot, sunny day, make a mark on the wall level with the top of the shoot, and though the sun shine hotly on that shoot all the day, it will not increase. But observe it the next morning; it will have grown from half an inch to two inches. The common white clover opens its leaves in the morning, and closes them at night; when they are open to the sun, they do not increase, but when they are folded in sleep, they do, and they are larger the next morning than they were at night. And this growth will be in proportion to the heat and light of the previous day. This appears to establish two facts: first, that plants increase during sleep or repose; and secondly, that growth is something reflex, it being proportioned to previous exercise or excitement—nutrition and growth going on while there is the least excitement from external things.

It is a fact not a little interesting, says Sir H. De La Beche, that sand thrown by the sea upon the coast of Cornwall is very extensively employed in the interior of the country for agricultural purposes. Vast quantities of this sand (estimated at one hundred thousand tons) are annually taken from Padstow harbour to the interior; and this cannot be considered more than one-fourth part of the whole continually removed. Between five and six millions of cubic feet of sand are thus annually conveyed from the coast, and spread over the land in the interior as mineral manure. In this case, however, the sand is not siliceous, but consists almost entirely of consolidated sea-shells, and thus affords the requisite supply of carbonate of lime to the clayey lands of the interior.

It appears, on the whole, that 37,500 tons of china clay are annually shipped from the south-west of England to the potteries, and the value of this export must amount to nearly £50,000. A curious anecdote does not seem that any part of it was made use of, or that this important produce was then of any value whatever.

KEEP BITS!

A French bishop being about to make his annual visitation, sent word to a certain curate, whose ecclesiastical beneficence was extremely trifling, that he must to dine with him, at the same time requesting that he would not put himself to any extraordinary expense. 'The curate promised to attend to the bishop's suggestion; but he did not keep his word, for he provided a most sumptuous entertainment. His lordship was much surprised, and could not help censuring the conduct of the curate; observing that it was highly ridiculous in a man whose circumstances were so narrow, to launch out in such expense, nay, almost to dissipate his annual income in a single day. 'Do not be uneasy on that score, my lord,' replied the curate, 'for I can assure you that what you now see is not the produce of my curacy, which I bestow exclusively upon the poor.' 'Then you have a patrimony, sir?' said the bishop. 'No, my lord.' 'You speak in riddles,' rejoined his lordship; 'how do you contrive to live in this manner?' 'My lord, I have a convent of young damsels here, who do not let me want anything.' 'How *you* have a convent? I did not know there was one in this neighbourhood. This is all very strange, very unaccountable, my Curate.' 'You are jocular, my lord.' 'But come, sir, I intreat that you would solve the enigma; I would fain see the convent.' 'So you shall, my lord, after dinner; and I promise that your lordship will be satisfied with my conduct.' Accordingly, when dinner was over, the curate conducted the prelate to a large enclosure, entirely occupied by bee-hives, and pointing to the latter, observed, 'This, my lord, is the convent which gave us a dinner; it brings me in about eighteen hundred lives a-year, upon which I live very comfortably, and with which I contrive to entertain my guests genteelly.' The surprise and satisfaction of the bishop may be

readily conceived. The sequel of the story informs us that ever afterwards, whenever a curate made application to his lordship for an improved living, he would only energetically reply—'Keep bees!—keep bees!'—*From the French.*

THE GEOLOGIST'S WIFE

TO HER HUSBAND SETTING OFF UPON AN EXCURSION.

ADIEU! then, my dear, to the Highlands you go,
Geology calls you, you must not say no;
Alone in your absence I cannot but mourn,
And yet it were selfish to wish your return.

No, come not until you have searched through the gneiss,
And marked all the smoothings produced by the ice;
O'er granite-filled chinks felt Huttonian joy,
And measured the Parallel Roads of Glenroy.

Yet still, as from mountain to mountain you stride,
In visions I'll walk like a shade by your side;
Your bag and your hammer I'll carry with glee,
And climb the raised headlands, my own love, with thee.

Me, too, you'll remember, for love claims no less,
And all your proceedings a fondness confess;
Each level you take, be it not from the sea,
But above the dear place where your Susan may be.

Let everything mind you of tender relations—
See, even the hard rocks have their inclinations!
Oh, let me believe that, whenever you roam,
The axis of *your* cars can be nowhere but *home*!

Suppose that you find on the mountains of Lorn,
A boulder that long since from Nevis was torn,
'Twill seem like that fond one who left his own shore,
'Perhaps to return to Lochaber no more.'

And if, in your wanderings, you chance to be led
To Ross-shire or Moray, to see the Old Red,
Oh, still, as it mind covered fables you view,
Remember the colour is *love's* proper hue.

Such being your feelings, I'll care not although
You're gone from my side for a fortnight or so,
But know, if much longer you leave me alone,
You may find, coming back, you have two wives of stone!

HOW THE POLYNESIANS BECOME SWIMMERS.

One day I had repaired to the stream for the purpose of bathing, when I observed a woman sitting upon a rock in the midst of the current, and watching with the liveliest interest the gambols of something, which at first I took to be an uncommonly large species of frog, that was sporting in the water near her. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, I waded towards the spot where she sat, and could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I beheld a little infant, the period of whose birth could not have extended back many days, paddling about as if it had just risen to the surface, after being latched into existence at the bottom. Occasionally the delighted parent reached out her hands towards it, when the little thing, uttering a faint cry, and striking out its tiny limbs, would slide for the rock, and the next moment be clasped to its mother's bosom. This was repeated again and again, the baby remaining in the stream about a minute at a time. Once or twice it made wry faces at swallowing a mouthful of water, and choked and spluttered as if on the point of strangling. At such times, however, the mother snatched it up, and, by a process scarcely to be mentioned, obliged it to eject the fluid. For several weeks afterwards I observed this woman bringing her child down to the stream regularly every day, in the cool of the morning and evening, and treating it to a bath. No wonder that the South Sea Islanders are so amphibious a race, when they are thus launched into the water as soon as they see the light.—*Motril's Residence in the Marquesas.*

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A YARN OVER THE CAPSTAN, IN THE SECOND DOG-WATCH.

— As a stately deck
Which to and fro the mariner is used
To tread for pastime; talking with his mates,
Or haply thinking of far distant friends,
While the ship glides before a steady breeze.*

Wordsworth.

THE first few days of an outward-bound voyage, as everybody knows who has seen blue water, are always delectable, both to sailor and landsman. The disagreeable circumstances are of various kinds:—from the lowest physical discomforts, up to the most incommunicable disturbances of feeling. If you are so much accustomed to the undulatory system of things as not to be sick in body, you are at least sick at heart, and that is the harder of the two to bear. I should say sea-sickness is the grand reconciler for this inner repugnance to an element so foreign to our nature. One comes up so exhilarated from a close berth and its accompaniments to the fresh, sharp sea-breeze, that he is prepared to take everything cheerfully, and already thinks of home and home matters at thought's length, though affording food for many a mood of quiet recollection under the shadow of a sail by the bulwarks, or set to music by the water rippling past his bed at night. Otherwise, a thousand feelings, shaken, uprooted, and set loose, have room to dash together, not having got, as it were, their sea-fastenings on; what you would have, behind or before—between wishing to be back again by the fireside, amongst that friendly circle, looking out at those green trees, and feeling, on the other hand, that it was necessary to go where your only way of life lies onward—you do not know. The discipline has all to be gone through consciously, which that aforesaid gross nausea would have concealed. It takes some time to make one throw off the weakness, and look with straightforward manliness at the business in hand, getting into the bold free character of winds, waves, and clouds.

Officers and crew, too, after a ruder fashion, and less sentimentally, do not find themselves at all at home till towards the end of the first week. You can get little out of them in the way of information or encouragement as long as the former are getting the ship in hand, and the latter have not fallen into each other's habits. For the above-mentioned space of time, the captain, except at meals, is scarcely seen out of his state-room, and does not appear on deck—although what he is doing but keeping out of the confusion it is hard to conceive. The mate is not conversable until he has got the great atrocieties of dock and harbour corrected, and their eyesores somewhat obliterated, by innumerable fine touches, such as a first-mate only can administer. Peering with head aside from bowsprit, stern-bow, maintop, and every

possible vantage-point, he has shrouds to bring taut, backstays to set up, masts to get in a line, concessions to the land to be retracted in the shape of sundry coverings and uncoverings; while his subordinates bluster after him, and the merits of the several hands are elicited in this bustling toilet of the ocean beauty, as if she were watched by some secret Presence, or were about to enter on an assembly of old Tritons, and the waste of waters were not growing more and more desolate around her. Meanwhile water-casks are not yet lugged into the hold, spars and booms are in the gangways, long serpent-like bundles of sails are across the deck, the extempore arrangements of departure still subsist, and every now and then, with a lurch of the vessel, some unfashioned piece of nautical furniture trundles over to leeward. Till this state of things has subsided, and got into a degree of order, one has no idea of the placid alternation of a ship's routine; watch is confounded with watch, and there is not a leisure hour for man or boy, nor any time when a passenger does not seem to be in the way: a piece of land-humber he seems to mate and foremast-man, which no fastening can give steadfastness to, as he makes his advance to leeward by successive clutches of rope and skylight.

Gradually, however, all settles down into tranquil harmony:—the obstacles are cleared away into their various receptacles, watch and watch is set, the anchors are got in, and the chain-cables stowed; that most vivid realisation of being fully at sea! When you come upon deck, the sky first bursts calmly overhead, then the broad heaving ocean round; the large white sails, sheet beyond sheet drawn downwards, are full of quiet wind, a faint motion now and then stirring their stately bosoms, the ropes and reef-points lying on them silently, and their long seams and quaint fresh-coloured patches are picturesque as the touches of the woods. Compared with her look in the docks—bare, lurid, and rigid—the moving ship is as a shadowy, rustling summer tree to its wintry skeleton. The mate is looking up aloft, while at their separate occupations above and under, up on a solitary yard, or far out on the bowsprit, the sailors are pursuing tasks more genial than those of labourers in the field, mowing in the hot meadow or following the dusty plough. While one passes the ball of spun-yarn round the rope for the other's instrument, remote from hearing, what hints of wondrous things, so lightly seen, do pass between them. The two have come together from all regions of the globe, and will part again after this voyage, yet how coolly do they exchange their confidence, as it were by accident, glancing now and then on the smooth horizon for a speck upon it, the only object that could touch their indifference! The man at the wheel, now eyeing the compass, now the trembling corner of a royal through the round-house opening, looks contemplative as a sage. There is

no time or place more favourable to pure thought than are a voyage and a ship's weather bulwarks at sea. The foundations of one's opinions, nay, of his character, may naturally undergo a thorough revision—all tends to grow clearer, purer, deeper, and freer too. Then how tenderly and completely do affections, remembrances, afflictions, arrange themselves in that tranquil, spiritual medium, in that resignation of all actual possession; and we measure and try everything as by a water-balance—the standard of just and equal! It is somewhat difficult to say whether seafaring men do acquire from circumstances, confessedly more thoughtful and solemn than those of worldly life, the cast of mind to be expected; for of all men, a sailor is the farthest from sentiment or consciousness of anything extraordinary in his experience, as well as the quietest and most difficult to compare with others. But those very peculiarities imply superiority; manly energy and directness of view are the first to be developed in him; and if he reflects, it is a thing either kept secret, or revealed only to those who understand him, in a language of his own, in some quiet middle watch, or by the way, in some half-coined story, to the windlass-group of hearers. I believe that, in proportion to his education, the seaman is indeed greatly superior to any other class of natural liver, and that nature in this element teaches both forcibly and by calm negations.

Some of the things that were my musings on the ninth afternoon since leaving Bristol, as, with studying-sails set to a light breeze, across the Maria, a small West Indian, in which I was the only passenger, kept on her course across the Atlantic; slightly rolling as a vessel does, more or less, with a fair wind. Fair white clouds were moving gently over the sky from east to west, and I fancied their peculiar delicacy and streaky shape already indicated our approach to a new climate. The red ocean-floor was unutterably blue around us, hardly rippling with the slight wind, but cool to look upon out of the hot sun, from the shadow of the towering fabric of sails to the quiet horizon, where not a speck appeared to break the spell of solitude. One can hardly believe, amidst the magic circle of the sea, that earth has any other shape save that which, indeed, is not even an outline, and is unapproachable. The glittering flying-fish, in showers, darted like swallows from one depth to another, or now and then a single one fell on board; otherwise, no living thing but ourselves was in sight. It was pleasanter to yield to the romance of the situation than to moralise, so, lighting an after-dinner cigar, I sat and dreamt, to the influence of its fumes, of verandahs open to the sea-breeze through large green palm-leaves, of aloes flowering against the Venetians, fields of sugar-cane, mountains rising from odorous woods, of graceful Creole ladies, and all tropical-breathing things, as well as of those I had seen in another region. We were in the track of old Columbus, passing to a new world. I watched the men descending the shrouds from their several occupations, while the ship was beginning to assume the leisurely appearance of evening. The decks were cleared of their signs of work; the sailmaker and a boy, who had been busy near me, began to roll up the topsail they had been repairing, as four bells were struck from beside the wheel—six o'clock, commencement of the second dog-watch. At the galley fire the black cook was baling out the tea for the ship's company into their various tin pots, and a group of the crew, in their red or blue shirts and canvas trousers, were gathered about the windlass to their evening

gossip; while the boys were swapping the decks fore and aft of rope-yarns and shavings, and coiling up the stray ropes to the belaying-pins.

This second dog-watch, by the way, is the most pleasant, easy time of the routine of a ship's twenty-four hours. Unless the sails need to be trimmed, no one, even of the watch on duty, is required to do anything; it is the interval when sailors may despatch all their own little matters unmolested, join to speculate on the weather, or talk of whatever casts up. Before the mast, all is cheerfulness and quiet abandonment—rest, joke, supper, and smoking, behind the veil of a sanctuary not then to be intruded on by first mate or subordinate. On the quarter-deck, a like relaxation prevails then: before tea-time, in the quiet evenings, the mysterious captain is seen walking to windward, or snaking a cigar from that side of the capstan, while he chats with the mate, the others having disappeared to enjoy their privacy.*

On this same evening the captain of the Maria, with whom I had already got pretty well acquainted, emerged from the cabin companion soon after the bell had struck; and for the first time I found myself along with him and his first mate—a good-looking, fresh-coloured young man, leaning on the capstan, disposed apparently for an easy conversation. The round flat top of that piece of naval furniture lay between us, covered with its green-painted canvas envelope—a table across which many more dialogues and professional anecdotes had been exchanged than over that down stairs. It has so confidential a look, and yet so business-like, that narrow circle of green canvas, and seems made to relax the steepest forms of seafaring etiquette that are preserved apart from it, as much as to tighten the topsail balliards, when it swings round amidst the bars to the chant of the after-guard. Our captain was a hale, weather-worn, elderly man, with hair grayer than his years alone, as I found, would have made him; and as much like a respectable grave country practitioner who had ridden at all hours to see his patients, or a retired lieutenant who still talked to his neighbours of old sea matters, as he was like an acting merchant skipper. Save for his Aquilla straw-hat, you might even have taken him for a parson. However, be that as it may, we now gradually fell into a strain of dialogue which led to the worthy old man's relating to us a portion of his biography; not, as he remarked, for anything extraordinary in it, but merely by way of a capstan yarn of a fine night, when the dog-vane was making a parallel with the taffrail. The mate had never sailed in the Maria before, so that the recital was as new to him as to me.

"It's thirty-six years now," said the captain, "since I first went to sea; and the more I look back on it, the more I wonder why I went at all, or what port I shipped for at last. The truth is, we're every one of us steering in this life by a sort of compass which tells us what we need only by our wisdoms shifting from it; as for the chart, that's in the Master's hands, and He gives us the course, a point at a time. There's one book I'm very fond of myself, amongst the few I have below there—it's 'the Pilgrim's Progress;' but I've thought, often as I've read it over, some one that knows the sea should write another like it, only more proper to sailors, and call it 'the Mariner's Progress.' Here I am, at last, fifty-

* The two dog-watches are half the time of common watches—namely, two hours each, from four to six, and from six to eight; one-half of the crew being permitted to go below in turn with the other, which they do ordinarily every four hours; and the steersman is changed.

two, and old for my years: the forty voyages or so of various kinds I've made seem like one long one, in which I've touched land, no doubt, but a strange one, and begin to weary for the same I left. I do think at times, now, I feel the air more homelike, although they haven't yet hailed land from the mast-head; and I've sought latterly to get the anchor out, and see all clear, as well as painting the vessel, before coming into harbour. How it is I don't certainly know, that one should be coming back when he has seemingly been sailing all the while straight on, farther and farther away; and so painful as it is to think that the old happiness of home is gone for ever from the earth, unless it be that the world's round, and one may come into port without ever once wearing about.

When I was a boy, I can't say I had any particular fancy for the sea. Many take up the notion out of books, and keep a hold of it in spite of all that can be said or done, thinking of the adventures they have read about, or longing to see foreign countries, and something out of the common way. For my part I didn't read much, nor did I ever set any object before my mind more than another. The thing was in me; a sort of restlessness that kept me from settling to one occupation, led me into mischief. I couldn't help it, it appeared to me; for even after I had vowed to keep clear of scrapes in future, when my spirits rose again, I found myself in the middle of another before I knew it. Far from troubling my head about the sea and ships for the romance of them, I ordinarily cared not a straw for the particular scheme of amusement in hand, for it seemed only to rise like a natural vent to the wild pleasure of standing and feeling life. I never lived long enough on land to experience the admiration for scenery I have read of; but I do believe now, that many a time, as we were breaking into some orchard at night for the first, even while I scrambled over the pales after my companions, there shot into my heart a secret feeling of the beauty of the trees and grass covered with dew, or the harvest corn-fields out beyond, since I sometimes start at such recollections, and seem at that very period to have had delight in the things, and they waiting all this while to be reflected on, as it were the echo of one's voice after he had given up expecting it. I fancy boys and common folks have the same pleasure in natural things as writers and poets, only they take a round-about way to come at it, and see them more beautiful when they are doing something else.

The place we lived in was a little country town, where my father lived independent, although he farmed some acres of ground; and our house stood on the outskirts of the town, looking out over a front flower-plot to the street, and beyond to the open country. My father was the least of all characters likely to guide me right: he was a stern man, and hated anything of wild spirits; he was upright and religious withal, but his religion was too formal, and he did not make it come down to children. The smallest prank was rated as a crime; and my mother, a mild, gentle woman, would not interfere to make his authority less, although herself she treated us far otherwise, and my worst grief has been that I minded her precepts too little. The consequence of my father's sternness was, that my younger brother and I feared him, and made all our plans of enjoyment secret as much as we could, which was a habit that led us farther astray than if we had been allowed to be open. I, however, was the worst, chiefly in wild tricks of mischief with my school-fellows; for Ned was a year younger, and naturally less boisterous, and he often stayed to play with our little sister when I was heading the band to plunder an orchard or destroy some of the neighbours' cats, if nothing less innocent was preferable. An elder brother, by a previous marriage on my father's side, was grown up, and engaged in business: he was the most dis-

agreeable of the family, being of a tyrannical disposition, without my father's uprightness; and I even hated him at that time, while fearing him as much; for if the least provoked, he did not let the difference of age prevent him from using me as ill as I believe my father had done him when he was the only boy. This state of things was not quite so bad when I was near fifteen, and had been at school a year or two, where I learnt some Latin and Greek, and used even to read pieces of Homer, and I had begun to sober down a little. But at that age I was article'd to an attorney in the place for three years, and soon began to tire most thoroughly of copying deeds and law-papers at a high desk all day, and to wish for some other course of life. There was another lad of my own age in the office, with whom I got intimate, and he being of as frolicsome a turn as myself, we contrived, every way we could, to make the burden light. We were fond of shooting, and he and Ned and I frequently on a Saturday afternoon went out together to enjoy the sport. As my father allowed us no money to ourselves, however, in connection with this amusement, we were put to great shifts for obtaining materials; and although our mother often supplied us with small sums, we, along with our companion, gradually got into considerable debt, which we had no means of paying. The shopkeeper having threatened to send in our share of the account to my father, we were in great terror, but it only hastened our carrying out the plan of running away from our apprenticeship, which my companion and I had several times started, with no purpose I know of but to escape. The situation was growing so uncomfortable to us, though we had always put off our scheme, since it could be managed at any time, till this circumstance capped matters. We contrived to raise a few shillings between us, and appointed the day, fixing to leave early in the morning, and give ourselves a safe start. We had a good deal of work to persuade my brother Ned, poor little fellow, to join us; but at last he yielded, for he was terribly afraid of the discovery by my father, and maybe more of the disgrace in his mother's eyes, of whom he was very fond, as she made him a favourite. That night I thought my father was much kinder than ordinary; he was in a good-humour, and had promised to take us all a jaunt next day; and though this made it more disagreeable to think of his anger, I own it cost me a sore struggle to bid him good-night when we went out of the parlour to bed. If he had spoken in other words, or only looked at me, I would have told him all; but he was looking down at the newspaper, and somehow I didn't like the thought of seeing him look up and say, "What is it?" I never saw him again.

The light was just breaking over the woods as Ned and I stole out at the front door in the morning to meet our friend at the corner of a lane which led into the high road. I glanced up at the windows to see if anybody would notice us when we should get into the street; but not a soul was stirring, and the white blind of my father and mother's bedroom was down. My heart smote me at taking advantage of their sleep; but I plumed myself on never going back from what I had begun, and I cheered Ned in whispers as we hastened down the street. I cannot remember looking back again, yet the house is before me now, and often has been; although, when I came back there three years after, there was a new canal made right through where it stood, and across the little green garden. I think I see it, standing so still and gray in the dawn, with all its window-blinds down, and the flowers within the rails drooping with dew, and the edges of the fruit-trees behind stretched over the garden hedge above the field, without moving a leaf. I little knew or cared what I was leaving it for; but I daresay, if I had thought it was for a brig's fore-castle, the bare sea, and such tyranny as one could not conceive till he knew it, I should have turned round in time, and slipped up stairs with Ned into bed again, come what would. However,

it's no use talking: here I am, no doubt; and I'm more certain than I was then as to a wiser head than mine that's working the traverses, and making the course, though I can't see him. The log shows a good deal of leeway, but a skilful navigator knows how to meet that too. Mr Adams," said the captain here, in a different tone, "I think this wind's shifting a point already; you'd better get those lower stunsails in, and take in the slack of your starboard braces." The dog-vane on the taffrail was evidently slanting a little inboard, and the lower sails fluttered on their one edge; so the mate left us to alter their trim, the captain of course pausing in his narrative till that duty should have been performed. "Haul down the lower stunsails," called out the former to the group on the forecastle; and in a few moments those large dark sheets of canvas were coming flapping in from the booms. "Brace round the foreyard," said the mate, "and lie aft here, the larboard watch, to trim sails. Take a pull there on the starboard main-brace." In a short time all was right, and we were together at the capstan again; while the lamp in the binnacle was lighted, casting upward a warm glow on the steersman's rough face, as he kept the vessel a point away from 'sou'-west-by-south, in his silent communion with the mysterious pole and its magical witness. The azure vault of heaven was deepening above into intense, unutterable blue, and a star or two had come forth imperceptibly into its empty amplitude. The men forward were already at their confabulation again by the windlass, and the captain resumed, leaving in thought the ocean for those scenes which were written secretly in his heart.

"Strangely enough," said he, "I remember all this far more clearly than I do last voyage: the first voyage I made, too, is as fresh to me, while most of what has befallen me since is as confused as a bundle of ruyans, and I couldn't spin a story out of them that would hold together. I recollect, after we joined Tom Miles, my fellow-clerk, in the lane, we set off at a pace as if all the town would have been after us in an hour's time; and by seven o'clock or so we were in a new country altogether. We bought some bread and warm milk for breakfast, although we kept away from the towns, lest people might suspect we were runaways by our appearance; and by the afternoon, having got into the spirit of the thing, we were all three quite happy. Miles and I were determined never to go back, though we had no idea what we should take to; for if we did go back, we had a chance not only of being fixed to the desk, which was certain, but of jail to the bargain, for breaking indentures. As for Ned, we did not give him time to think of home; and he laughed and talked as much as either of us. At night, however, when we were beginning to think of seeking out some shed or other to make ourselves comfortable in, we got a fright which we did not expect. It turned out that we were not so far from home as we thought, and we were sauntering along the public road, forgetful of our former caution, in the dusk, when I caught a glimpse of a man on horseback talking to a woman at the door of a house we had passed at the turning. I am not sure why, but the fancy came into my head of its being my step-brother sent after us. I gave the hint to my two companions, and we immediately scrambled through the hedge, and ran along behind it into a plantation further on, where we concealed ourselves amongst the underwood. I could not stand the temptation to see him hallooed though; so I crept near to the road, and looked through the fence just as he came galloping up. Sure enough it was he, and I can't forget the expression of his features, as I saw them in the dusk against the sky, when he fixed on his hat firmer, and went flying past, as if he was to catch us next minute. I do believe he would have half-killed me, at least, in his passion; I being particularly hateful to him, I suppose, from my stubbornness when he domineered over me. We waited a while, expecting him to come back when he found he had missed us; but he did not; and thinking the quest

quite clear, we had nearly fallen into a trap. We were quietly walking past the little public-house at the corner again, when our own old house-dog leapt out on N°1, barking for joy, and jumping up about us. This would not have troubled us; but we were scarcely past when we heard a shout from the door, and saw one of our father's farm-servants, bareheaded, coming after us full speed, followed by the landlord. We fled, the dog keeping up, and, as it was almost dusk, had little fear of distancing our pursuers, when we were stopped by a gate, over which the other two were climbing, when John, my father's man, seized hold of me, though too much out of breath to speak. I struggled, but it was no use, when his companion came up and laid hold of me too. "You may as well come, Mr Tom," said the ploughman. "I won't—let me go," said I, renewing my efforts as I thought of my comrades, whom I supposed to be far off by this time. "You can't get off at any rate," said he; "your father's firm on working the devil out o' you; and he says you only want to go to sea to be a perfect 'un of a devil." "You'll never get me home," I said; "and I'll go to sea in spite of any one."

John laughed at this, and so did his companion the publican; and they had shouldered me half high, to carry me off bodily, when I got hold of the gate, and suddenly Miles, who had been behind the hedge all the while, and was a quick fellow, swung it open against their legs with all its force. The two men stumbled, and let me go, and I fell over, with the gate between. "Run now, Tom," cried Miles, and off we started again, the men after us; but as we were more than their match at running, and the field led down to a shadowy hollow, they gave it up at last. For another hour we struck onward, and across a common, till we reached an old barn standing in a field alone by the side of a brook, where we made a bed of fern, and lay down together as happy as if we had escaped a press-gang. How we enjoyed ourselves that night, talking over the adventure! We had turnips out of the field to eat, and some apples, with a piece of bread; and we delighted in the very shifts we were put to. We soon fell asleep; but I remember I awoke in the night, and saw the white sky through the open door glimmering low beyond a hill, and Ned was sleeping as quietly as he had done in our little bed at home, with his fair hair tangled in the pieces of fern. I couldn't help thinking how his mother came in, before she went to her own room, to fasten the clothes about him, lest he should catch cold; and it smote me to the heart that I should be helping to lead him away, when she was perhaps at the very moment awake with anxiety about where he was. I was resolved to take the chance myself; indeed the apprenticeship to the lawyer could not be undone; but I fell asleep again, intending to ask Ned if he would go home. The bright morning and the cheerful country put it out of my head again, or, if I did think of it, I couldn't make up my mind to part from Ned. As long as he was with me, I felt myself at home still, for all that was best of it. So we went on in the same way for another day, winding through the sequestered by-paths, and coming out now and then at a farmhouse, where we got milk and bread for the asking, however surprised they looked at our wandering air. I noticed Ned rather duller as this second night drew on, but he said nothing. We took shelter in an open shed, where there were several carts put up, near a farmhouse, and found the straw and sacks more comfortable even than the fern. "Tom," said Miles to me, as we sat here eating our supper, and looking out at the late moonlight night, in which the country was spread far and wide, with a church tower and some house-tops peeping over the trees—"Tom, d'ye think it was such a bad idea that of your going to sea? What do you say, shall we all three go and try our fortunes in that line? We'd sail together of course?" Ned looked up and smiled, as if he thought it a good joke, but he saw me grave enough. "Tom," he whispered at last, "shan't we go home now? Father wont say anything by this time, you know;

and mother 'll be getting anxious." "I'm not going home at all," I said, and Ned burst into tears. "Tom Miles," said I, "my brother Ned must go back, either by himself, or I must go with him. Could you find your way alone, Ned, my boy, or not?" "Oh yes, Tom," answered he. "Let me go to my mother—I hate the sea, and I know mother would break her heart to think of it. I don't mind going back myself, if you won't come too." "Then you shall, as soon as we wake in the morning," said I; "so let's go to sleep."

"Many a time I have blessed God that it was so; when I've been up on the royal yard alone in a squall, and the sail thundering about my head, with the yard perhaps swinging loose, and I could not get the brace hauled taut from below, in a dark night, where the sea was one sheet of foam, and the wind went through one like a blade of ice. Poor little Ned's fair face would have pined whiter and whiter under a sailor's life, and his gentle heart would never have borne up against hard usage and hard words; for the sea isn't the best school for pity, save that a man who did his duty well is respected. For my part, I was somewhat hardened by my Latin, and my brother, and my nature was more obstinate. I never think of that parting without pain no words can tell. We went back two or three miles with Ned, gave him all our money but a shilling, and then he bade him good-by at a sign-post; after which we struck out boldly for Plymouth, about twenty miles off. I may say it was a parting-place for all three. Ned grew to be a man, but I never saw him again save once, and so I don't have known him; and now he's gone down into his grave before the time. Poor Tom Miles too!—it was a bad resolve for him, better had he gone back with Ned. We never parted, indeed, till his hour of death, but it was a bitter death to die without a word of "God speed," and none to see it, though I was little further from him than I am from you two. He had no mother, it was well, or else the very thought of that moment, and the cruel months he had to go through before it under the treatment of a dog, would have been sufficient to turn his brain at once I think."—(*To be continued in next number.*)

WHAT NATURE HAS DONE FOR IRELAND.

Among the great tendencies which characterise the present age, none is more striking than the movement of industry, urging its way onwards with resistless energy. The crusaders of our own days are not less enthusiastic or daring than those of the middle ages, but their war is against prejudice, ignorance, and inertia. Hence all which follows the true lead, which bears upon it the stamp of earnestness, is at this juncture peculiarly valuable. Such is the nature of a work, which we are glad to see come to a second edition, on the natural resources of Ireland.* This country, as is too well known, lags behind the sister countries in concentrated labour and prosperity; yet it appears that, in *means*, she exceeds them both. The work of Dr Kane has had a startling effect in impressing this fact.

Dr. now Sir Robert Kane, published his book under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society. As an Irishman, he writes in real earnest for the improvement of his native land. "In other countries," he observes, "it has been the most anxious care of government, and of those intrusted with the superintendence of education, to ascertain the nature and amount of their means of promoting industry, and extending the employment of the people. It is thus that every year sees the continental nations making such giant strides in manufacturing activity. It is thus that the physical disad-

vantages which had so long kept them back, are gradually being lessened in importance. I had always found," he continues, "that real progress was effected only by genuine labour. I knew that all that is sound and permanent in England's industrial power grew, not out of oratorical elegancies, but from hard-headed, stern, and persevering work. By such work alone—work of mind and of body—can a people hope to advance."

The general character of the work may be inferred from a summary of its contents. The first two chapters are devoted to fact—comparisons of the quality and cost of Irish coal with that of other countries and with turf—with a view to elicit the most economical means of applying it to the generation of steam-power, which the author rightly judges to be one of the great means of promoting the national industry. Next comes a chapter on the water-power of Ireland, accompanied by some interesting details, to which we shall advert more particularly farther on—followed by others on mines and minerals—agriculture, flax and linen trade—means of internal communication, and the necessity for the diffusion of industrial knowledge among the people.

Excavations for coal appear to have been carried on at a very early period, in the working of a mine in Antrim in 1770, the miners broke into an old gallery, the walls of which were lined with calcareous, evidently of great age, and antique mining tools were found therein. The coal-fields are situated in the counties of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught; the northern include the bituminous, the southern the anthracite beds. The vicinity of Lough Allen is said to contain a supply of 20,000,000 of tons; and in Tyrone, scarce from twenty to thirty feet in thickness, lie within 120 fathoms of the surface. For a long time anthracite was, for the greater part, comparatively useless; for although the heat produced by this coal is so intense as frequently to melt the bars of the fireplace and the bottom of the boiler, yet the temperature of the air passing into the flues was but little altered. In such case we must call in the aid of science to free our fuel from this disadvantage. It is at once done by passing the vapour of water through the mass of red-hot anthracite; the water is decomposed, its oxygen combines with carbon, and forms carbonic acid; its hydrogen is set free. These mixed combustible gases, continues the author, "pass into the flues, and inflaming in the excess of air which enters, give a sheet of flame which I have seen to extend for thirty feet under and through a boiler."

On the subject of turf, we learn that this useful substance covers 2,830,000 acres, or nearly one-seventh of the entire surface of Ireland. "The characteristic fault of turf, as a fuel, is its want of density, which renders it difficult to concentrate within a limited space the quantity of heat necessary for many operations. The manner of heating by turf is, indeed, just the opposite of that of anthracite. The turf yields a vast body of volatile inflammable ingredients, which pass into the flues and chimney, and thus distribute the heat of combustion over a great space, whilst in no one point is the heat intense. Hence for all heating purposes turf is applicable." The use of turf in mills, distilleries, and in steamboats on the Shannon, has of late years greatly increased. In the ordinary state, it costs 4s. per ton, or 5s. if compressed; while the price of coal is from 5s. to 11s. 6d. The weight of a cubic yard of turf is about 900 lbs.; that of a similar mass of coal would be nearly a ton. It may be remarked that turf charcoal, from its extreme combustibility, is said to be much better fitted for the manufacture of gunpowder than wood charcoal. In a comparison of the cost of working an engine, it is shown that turf did as much work as coal at half the cost. On board the *Lawsdowne*, one of the steamers belonging to the Inland Navigation Com-

*The Industrial Resources of Ireland. By Robert Kane, M.D. Second Edition. Dublin. 1845.

pany, 'before the use of turf was introduced, there was burned in a week, which comprises forty-nine hours of work, twenty-four tons of coal, which, costing in average at Killaloe 15s. per ton, amount to L.18, or 7s. 5d. per hour. To do the same work at present, burning nothing but turf, there are consumed per week 315 boxes of turf, which, at 7d. per box, cost L.9, 3s. 9d., or 3s. 9d. per hour of work—but a shade more than half the cost of coal.' Tabular statements of the cost of working a factory in England and in Ireland, show an economical advantage in favour of the latter country; and after fully discussing the question, Sir R. Kane states his object to have been 'to break down at once that barrier to all active exertion behind which indolent ignorance constantly retreats. The cry of "What can we do—consider England's coal mines?" is answered by showing that we have available fuel enough.'

The water-power of Ireland is estimated as equal to that of 3,038,865 horses; the Shannon, in its fall of ninety-seven feet in fifteen miles of rapids near Limerick, furnishing in itself no inconsiderable portion. The author condemns the present system of constructing mills to suit the lowest depth of water in a river, by which, during a great part of the year, most of the power runs to waste, stoppages are incurred, orders remain uncompleted, and the workmen dissatisfied. He compares this with the more enlightened system adopted at Greenock, where the water is brought from a distance of six miles to the town, and poured into reservoirs containing in the whole 310,000,000 gallons of water; furnishing a power equal to thirty-one million of fifty horses each; equal to a productive capital of L.75,000, which employs 7000 people, and creates an annual expenditure in wages of L.300,000; and all by simply making the best of what were previously nothing more than small and useless rivulets. 'In place,' the writer contends, 'of wretched mill-ponds, by which a stock of water is scarcely secured for a week, there should be a basin so capacious, that the floods of an entire winter might be received, and thus invested for most profitable expenditure in the summer.' A case in point is instanced of two floods in Lough Dearg, where in four days the water rose twenty-six inches. 'Now each inch of water on this lake amounts to 3,000,000 of tons in weight. These floods brought down, therefore, in four days, 78,000,000 of tons of water, over and above the vast discharge constantly going on at the orifice of the Lake. If these masses of water could have been, by suitable engineering arrangements, preserved from immediate and useless expenditure; if their discharge could have been spread over the entire year, these two quantities alone, of twelve and fourteen inches of rise of surface, the fruits of four days and nights of winter flood, would be able to generate, on the fall of the river (Shannon) below Killaloe, a force acting throughout the entire year, night and day, of 967 horse-power.'

Another instance of what may be done with comparative small streams is pointed out in the Irwell, in Lancashire, which Sir R. Kane states to be probably the hardest-worked stream in the world. In its fall of 900 feet from the first mill on its banks to Bolton, 800 feet are actually economised by mills. He further shows that many parts of the flat shores of Ireland are particularly adapted for the establishment of tide mills, which, by the application of the turbine, a recently-invented water-wheel, may be rendered available for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

It appears that, some centuries ago, Ireland presented a somewhat similar appearance to the interior of Russia at the present day. 'Covered with forests, and possessing iron ore of the highest purity in great abundance, Ireland was sprinkled over with small iron works, in which the wood charcoal was employed, and thus iron manufactured of excellent quality; in fact, such as we now import from Sweden and Russia for all the finer purposes of cutlery and mechanism.' Leinster and Connaught produce iron ore equal, if not superior, to any

found in England; and for the smelting and manufacture, Ireland is placed on an equal footing with other countries whose materials lie beneath the soil, by the abundance of valuable fuel which she bears upon the surface. The iron of Sweden and Russia is worth from L.15 to L.35 per ton, simply in consequence of the smelting having been effected with wood instead of coal. Turf answers equally well as wood for the same operation, and is, in fact, exclusively used in the extensive iron works of Bohemia and Bavaria.

The copper mines of Ireland are all on the coast—in the counties of Wicklow, Waterford, Cork, and Kerry. The aggregate value of copper ore raised in 1843 from these four districts amounted to nearly L.124,000, with an outlay of about half the sum in wages. A remarkable fact occurred in the history of the Mucross mine, which is thus related:—'There was found, in great profusion, a mineral of a granulated metallic appearance, as hard as stone; its colour on the surface dark-blue, tending to a beautiful pink. It was not copper ore: it was thrown away as rubbish. Nobody knew what it was except one workman, who recognised it to be cobalt ore (arseniferous cobalt), a mineral of great value, from which the beautiful blue glass and small blue is made. This man managed to get away upwards of twenty tons of it as rubbish. Long afterwards, a more candid miner who visited the works, and saw some specimens of it, told the proprietor its value. But the deposit had been worked out in order to explore for copper; the produce had been thrown away as useless; and it only remained for the mine owner to ruminate on the fortune he might have made had he possessed a proper knowledge of his business.'

Lead is more abundant in Ireland than copper; that which was formerly manufactured was sent away to Holland and England to be refined, being too brittle for practical use. But the whole operations of smelting and refining are now carried on in the highest perfection in the works at Ballycurnus. The quantity of silver extracted from the lead amounted to 4261 ounces in 1843; this amount will doubtless be increased, as several veins of native silver have been recently discovered. Gold, too, has been found in Wicklow, in the streams descending from the heights of Croghan Kinshela, in lumps varying from seven to twenty-two ounces in weight. Workings were commenced by government for the exploration of gold-bearing veins, but the small return led to their abandonment within the past three years. The quantity collected in two years was valued at L.3675. It is certain, however, that deposits of native gold were known to the early inhabitants of Ireland. 'The abundance of gold ornaments and weapons which are so peculiar to this island, and for which no source by importation can be assigned, is sufficient evidence of this, as well as the testimony of our ancient writers descriptive of the use and manufacture of this precious metal.' After the Norman Conquest of the British islands, treasure was exacted from both to the exchequer of Normandy: the tribute exacted from England was 23,730 marks of silver; but from Ireland, 400 marks of silver, and 400 ounces of gold—an enormous quantity for those times.

A comparison with England and Scotland, in an agricultural point of view, shows the advantage of natural fertility to be all on the side of Ireland. Of the six and a quarter millions of acres lying waste, more than four and a half millions may be profitably cultivated. Sir R. Kane explains, however, that of the thirteen millions of acres of arable land, much has not been brought under tillage, from a fault in the character of the great landholders, who held farming to be a degradation. 'The possession of the land, with perfect idleness, constituted in itself the criterion of respectability. The working of a tillage farm, even if more profitable, was thus fatal to the social position of the occupier; whilst, if he kept only a herd to mind some cattle, and spent his time and money in hunting and in drinking, trusting to protection for high prices, and to Providence to pay his debts, he mixed with the nobles of the land, and looked down

with scorn ineffable on all that savoured of occupations vile, of industry or intelligence.' Of farms above thirty acres, the number is 48,312; but of those varying from one to three acres, 306,915.

Sir R. Kane is of opinion that were the duties on sugar not so high, the cultivation of beet-root for the manufacture of sugar might be profitably introduced into Ireland. We doubt, however, if fiscal arrangements will ever leave this course open to capitalists. The cultivation of flax is one of the great resources of Ireland; one which, properly managed, does not exhaust the soil. The fibrous portion of the plant, the part used by the manufacturer, takes nothing from the land. Consequently, if the water in which it has been steeped, and the stalk removed in 'scutching, be returned to the land, the fertility of the latter will be restored, and thus materials at present utterly neglected, and even a source of inconvenience, may be converted into most valuable manure.'

Want of space forbids our noticing many other valuable topics treated by Sir R. Kane: we cannot do more than advert to some moral reforms which he adduces in connexion with the question of industrial education. 'In Avoca,' he tells us, 'on pay-days, where 2000 men are employed, 500 gallons of whisky used to be bought by the miners, and drunk upon the work. The men spent the night in fighting, whilst their wives and children begged in vain that some of their wages should go for provisions and clothing. . . . There is now upon pay-days no whisky whatsoever sold. The wives of the workmen receive their wages for them, and quarrelling is unknown. . . . Some years ago the village of Bonmahon presented, on pay-days, a scene of strife and drunkenness, which always required the intervention of the police, and often rendered the position of the superintendents dangerous. At present nothing of the kind is known; a temperance hall for social quiet meetings, and extensive school-rooms for the education of the children, are now built, and the same number of individuals are able to earn £2000 per month more than they formerly received, by the greater steadiness and attention to their work which accompany their improved domestic habits.'

Sir R. Kane exposes the folly of the outcry that Ireland can do nothing unassisted. 'The fault,' he says, 'is not in the country, but in ourselves: the absence of successful enterprise is owing to the fact, that we do not know how to succeed: we do not want activity—we are not deficient in mental power, but we want special industrial knowledge. England, which in absolute education and in general morality is below us, notwithstanding our criminal violence, is far above us in industrial knowledge. The man who knows not how to read or write, who has never been at church, who never taught his child to reverence the name of his Creator, will be a perfect master of his trade. The machines he constructs, or the products he elaborates, will be most perfect in their parts, most suited to their purpose, and most economical in their cost; from the tasks which he undertakes, nothing will turn him aside; he knows that time as well as labour is required for an industrial result; he invests his time as he invests his money, as regularly and as extensively; his steadiness and perseverance in his pursuits are thus part of his industrial knowledge; his acquaintance with the probabilities of his trade prepares him for difficulties, and hence enables him to surmount them. Such things, he knows, must be in ordinary course; and thus he works constantly on, through alternations of success and failure, to his final triumph.'

These are wholesome truths, and we only wish that the writer had gone one step farther, and endeavoured to impress on his countrymen the absolute necessity of their abstaining from those acts of violence which intimidate capitalists and the skilled labourers from England, whom they consider it desirable to employ in their Irish enterprises. The fear of encountering such acts may now be unfounded, but it must be long before

impressions of this kind become obliterated. We are not without hopes, however, that the measures in course of adoption will tranquillise that unfortunate country, and help greatly to push it forward in a career of prosperity.

THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

THE various moods and tenses of the verb *To Do* are in very different degrees of favour with men. Some indulge much in the imperative—*Do*. Many worthy souls are almost wholly for the indicative, *We do*, *We have done*, *We will do*. There is another class, and a pretty large one, who are only known in connexion with the Subjunctive. They *may* do, or they *could* do; but they never *do*. The predominant forms of speech of this class involve, with serious frequency, the words *ought*, *might*, *could*, *would*, and *should*. The fact is, their mission (since everybody must have his mission now-a-days) is to look on, to speculate, to advise, and to censure. They devote themselves to telling what others *ought* to do—what *might* be done if things were as they ought to be—what you *should* have done in such and such bygone circumstances—and what they *would* do if it were their case, which it somehow never is. The Opposition is the type of this class. Relieved from the duty of doing, they bask in the glory of telling what ought to be done, and that without any dread of consequences from their advice being followed. What a nice, easy, pleasant sort of life is that of the Subjunctive!

The Subjunctive men are great in their censure of magistrates and all others who have the unfortunate duty of actually *doing*. They cannot hear of a step being taken by any public body, but they at once pronounce that some other obvious course *should* have been adopted, never dreaming that men with their senses awake could not have failed to see and deliberate upon that possible course, and must have taken the other for reasons good. They never see a building, or other public work, but they point out the folly that has been committed in not making certain modifications of the plan, although it must be quite clear that these would have been adopted but for certain counterbalancing considerations. Even when a battle has been triumphantly gained, it *ought* to have been gained in some other way, and the victor knew nothing of what he was about. One wonders, after a little acquaintance with your Subjunctive men, what would be the result if they would only condescend to direct or to do something themselves.

We shall fancy a case for the exercise of subjunctive wit and judgment, in a proposed local improvement, say a project for paving a country town, and giving it a better supply of water. The affair is to cost something over and above certain funds at the public disposal. You call for a subscription all down the alphabet of the Subjunctive, when the following donations in advice and criticism are obligingly handed in—

A. Don't think the town needs improvement. People *should* begin by improving themselves.

B. The committee are quite wrong as to bringing the water from Glenslyke: it *should* be brought from Glendub. Cannot encourage such nonsense.

C. Have just been seeing the plans for the drains, which are to be only two feet wide by three feet deep: they will all be choked up in no time, and *ought* to be at least two feet three inches wide, and three feet nine inches and a half deep. *Could* not countenance such bad engineering.

D. Have no objections to the improvements, but dislike subscriptions on principle. Things of this kind *should* be done by general assessment, so that all might pay alike.

E. Rather approve of public subscriptions, but they

ought to be only for objects of a purely benevolent character, which this is not. Were a subscription opened to civilise Asia, Africa, and the western part of America, would not mind giving sixpence.

P. A great deal too much fuss made about cleanliness and supplies of water. The present pumps *should be* let alone. Greatly prefer pump to pipe water.

G. Don't at all like the wording of the prospectus issued by the committee. In one of the sentences there is a confusion as to the nominative of the verb. Cannot sanction bad grammar. *Should have* consulted me on the subject.

H. Understand that it is proposed to remove dung heaps. Consider this an objectionable innovation on old usages. The dung-hills *should be* let alone: they are respectable, and have heard an artist say they were picturesque.

I. Dissent from the plan of repairing the streets. Don't like flat pavement; *should* let the old small stones remain, in order to keep up youthful remembrances.

J. Very much displeased at the idea of giving the contract to a stranger. Anything good going *should be* kept to ourselves.

K. Cannot approve of the manner of appointing the committee of management. *Might have been* done by ballot from the ten-pounders. Won't give a farthing.

L. Don't think that the town should tax itself for anything of the sort. All public improvements *should be* done by government. London and Dublin get grants of money; why *should not* we?

M. The Town-Council *should not* have foolishly squandered the town funds, and then there *would have been* plenty of money for this affair. To punish them, I won't contribute a shilling.

N. Dislike alterations—miscalled improvements. *Could show* that the introduction of gas some years ago will prove the ruin of Britain, by destroying the whale fishery. *Would not* have minded subscribing to restore the old oil-lamps.

O. Can call again about Christmas or next spring. People *should not* ask for money at this time of the year.

P. Will wait to see how the thing looks. You *could* easily have had a drawing of the streets as they are proposed to be.

Q. Object, as every reasonable man *would do*, to entering into these operations at present, when wages are so high. *Should* wait till February or March, when labourers are half starving; and then, besides getting the job done cheaply, we *should be* giving a kind of charity at the same time.

R. Cannot afford to give anything. Have enough to do in paying for my toddy. *Should* let the town alone.

S. Do not like to put down my name for a small sum, and equally dislike giving anonymously. *Should* apply to the landed gentry; they can afford to be liberal.

T. Those who have proposed the improvements *should* pay for them; it is none of my business.

U. The plans are all wrong; they *should have been* exhibited at a public meeting before commencing operations.

V. Intend to give something, but have not yet made up my mind. People *should not be* pressed all at once to say what they will do.

W. Expect that everything, as usual, will be mismanaged, and therefore decline subscribing. Matters of this kind *should be* very carefully considered.

X. Am told that the project has altogether been got up by So-and-so. So-and-so is a great deal too forward, and *should* keep his proper place. Consider it my duty to discourage such forwardness.

Y. Partly agree with *X.* in his observations. It *would* certainly have been far more respectable if the plans had been proposed by one of the neighbouring gentry.

Z. Am just going out to dinner, and cannot be troubled about such absurdities. Persons with begging-

papers are a nuisance, and *should be* taken up by the police.

We have but one addition to make to this series of illustrations of the Subjunctive, and that is—

That if improvements of any kind, or indeed any sort of public business, were to be left to the men of this class, we *should* undoubtedly see them prove the most helpless of mortals, and the world *would* not thenceforward stir one step in advance.

THE PARLIAMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE meeting of the British Association took place this year (Sept. 10-16) at Southampton, under the presidency of Sir Roderick Murchison, whose recent work on the Geology of Russia, joined to his former productions of a similar kind, undoubtedly entitled him to the honour. Overlooking altogether, as only matter for an after-dinner laugh, the ridicule vented upon this learned body in some of the newspapers, which really are as ignorant of its true weaknesses as they are incapable of appreciating its utilities, we find the meeting described by competent authority as only one of medium interest, and rather less than the usual amount of attendance. It received a visit from Prince Albert, with whom came, as a consequence, Lord Palmerston; but the éclat inappropriately ascribed to this circumstance by the president was a poor compensation for the absence of such ancient props of the body as Sir David Brewster, the Dean of Ely (Dr Peacock), and Professor Sedgwick. There was, however, an unusually brilliant list of foreign visitors: Forehammer and Oersted from Denmark, Agassiz and Schönbein from Switzerland, Rosé from Prussia, Koningk from Belgium, Matteucci of Modena, and Middendorf from Russia. These men, with our own Herschel, Owen, Faraday, Grove, Daubeny, Playfair, Wheatstone, Whewell, Delabèche, Darwin, and many others of scarcely inferior note, were amply sufficient to constitute a venerable assembly. Amongst drawbacks, it seems strange to have to mention indifference in the townspeople and surrounding gentry. On this subject the Literary Gazette is powerfully eloquent. To us, who always observe matters in England with the eyes of foreigners, nothing of the kind could be surprising, as the unfortunate fact is, that, except in a few peculiar spots, such as the university towns, and a few limited circles of society in the great cities, there is no mental life in that country with respect to purely intellectual matters.

In his opening address on the evening of the first day's meeting, Sir Roderick adverted in just terms to the services hitherto performed by the Parliament of Science—the reports which it had published, and the researches it had instituted. He remarked the many occasions on which the Association had served as a means of directing government to inquiries where a small expenditure of the national funds could much advance the interests of science. There were even, he said, men of science now performing great feats in the cause of knowledge, who might be said to have sprung from the Association, and to be dependent on it. All this we believe to be no more than the truth. Owen, Agassiz, and Edward Forbes, have themselves announced that, in default of the countenance and assistance of the Association, 'they would not have undertaken, and never could have completed, some of their most important inquiries.' Agassiz, for example, had not otherwise the means of comparing the ichthyolites of the British Isles with those of the continent of Europe. Without this impulse, Owen would not have applied his profound knowledge of comparative anatomy to British fossil saurians; and Edward Forbes might never have been the explorer of the depths of the Ægean, nor

have revealed many hitherto unknown laws of submarine life, if his wishes and suggestions had not met with the warm support of this body, and been supported by its strongest recommendations to the naval authorities. There are even men, such as the ingenious and industrious Andrew Ramsay, now of the Ordnance Survey, who have been, as it were, discovered and brought to light by the Association, in consequence of its ambulatory character. We could, from our own knowledge, add several names to this list.

Sir Roderick spoke of the great advances made in geology since the early days of the Association, most of the countries of Europe, as well as America, having now been examined, and found to accord with that arrangement of the strata which had been first laid down in England. 'If, then,' said he, 'the astronomer has, to a vast extent, expounded the mechanism of the heavens; if lately, through the great telescope of our associate the Earl of Rosse, he has assigned a fixity and order to bodies which were previously viewed as mere nebulae floating in space, and has also inferred that the surface-cavities in our nearest neighbour of the planetary system are analogous to the volcanic apertures and depressions of the earth, the geologist, contributing data of another order to the great storehouse of natural knowledge, has determined, by absolute and tangible proofs, the precise manner in which our planet has been successively enveloped in divers elements, each teeming with peculiar forms of distinct life, and has marked the revolutions which have interfered with these successive creations, from the earliest dawn of living things to the limits of the historic era.' Referring to a paper by Edward Forbes, presented at last meeting, and since expanded in the publications of the Ordnance Survey, the president remarked on the light which it would throw upon the distribution of animals and plants over the earth. 'In short,' he said, 'this paper may be viewed as the first attempt to explain the causes of the zoological and botanical features of any region anciently in connexion. Among the new points which it contains, I will now only mention that it very ingeniously (and, I think, most satisfactorily) explains the origin of the peculiar features of the botany of Britain; the theory of the origin of Alpine Floras distributed far apart; the peculiarity of the zoology of Ireland as compared with that of England; the presence of the same species of marine animals on the coasts of America and Europe; the specialities of the marine zoology of the British seas called for by this Association; the past and present distribution of the great Mediterranean Flora; and lastly, it applies the knowledge we possess of the distribution of plants to the elucidation of the history of the superficial detritus, termed by geologists the "Northern Drift."'

The learned president likewise spoke in terms of admiration of a recent report, by Sir John Richardson, on the fishes of China, Japan, and New Zealand. Coupled, he said, with Sir John's account of the Fauna of North America, 'it may be regarded as having completely remodelled our knowledge of the geographical distribution of fishes; first by affording the data, and next by explaining the causes through which a community of ichthyological characters is in some regions widely spread, and in others restricted to limited areas. We know now, that just as the lofty mountain is the barrier which separates different animals and plants, as well as peculiar varieties of man, so the deepest seas are limits which pre-emptorily check the wide diffusion of certain genera and species of fishes; whilst the interspersed of numerous islands, and still more the continuance of lands throughout an ocean, insures the distribution of similar forms over many degrees of latitude and longitude.' Many other points of profound interest were adverted to; but a regard to the popular character of the Journal forbids our entering upon them. We can only proceed to select, from the many matters brought before the Sections, such as we think may prove at once intelligible and interesting to unlearned readers.

DAUBENY ON CERTAIN PRACTICES IN AGRICULTURE.

The learned professor specified, in particular, the use of quicklime and gypsum as fertilisers of land. 'The former of these substances he supposes to act in part, by rendering those inorganic substances which are present in the soil more soluble, or—in accordance with the views laid down by the author in a memoir which he has published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of last year—by converting the dormant constituents of the soil into active ones, or into a state in which they become immediately available. He appealed to the authority of Professor Fuchs, confirmed by that of Mr Pridmore of Plymouth, as showing that the alkali may be extracted from granite readily by water, after the rock in a powdered form has been heated together with quicklime; and he stated that a soil exhausted by long-continued cropping, was found by himself to yield to water twice as much alkali, after having been mixed with quicklime, as it had done before. Hence the frequent application of lime tends to produce exhaustion in the land—not only because it supplies in itself no fresh alkali, but likewise because, by rendering that which the soil contains more soluble, it causes it to be washed away more readily by atmospheric water. Ploughing, and other mechanical methods of pulverising the soil, appear to act in the same way; and so also may we suppose to do the sprinkling of the soil with sulphuric acid, as is practised in some parts of the continent. The author then alluded to the various modes of explaining the advantage attributed to gypsum, which certain leading agricultural chemists had ascribed to one ascribing its virtues to the direct influence of the salt; another to the indirect good resulting from it, owing to its property of fixing ammonia; a third regarding its acid constituent as of the principal utility; and a fourth, its base. Dr Daubeny gave reasons for rejecting the third and fourth of these hypotheses; but considered that the use of gypsum may be in part attributable to the first, and in part to the second, of the causes pointed out. He supposes that this substance is generally useful to all plants, from its property of fixing ammonia; and also especially serviceable to certain species, by supplying them with a salt which they require for their development.'—*Athenæum's Report*.

GROVE ON THE DECOMPOSITION OF WATER BY HEAT.

[The great interest of the discovery here professionally made by Professor Grove, caused the attention of the Association to be concentrated upon the Chemical Section on Friday.] The ingenious professor commenced by asserting that every process that will combine gases can separate them. He was led to this result from the use of the eudiometer invented by him, which he briefly described. Water is known to be composed of two elements, oxygen and hydrogen, from a chemical union of which it can be easily formed. By passing water through a red-hot gun-barrel, the oxygen unites with the iron, which becomes incrustated with rust, while the hydrogen is eliminated separately. This is the old mode of proceeding; but no success has as yet attended any attempt to collect both the gases in one experiment, without having either absorbed by any other substance. The new process, discovered by Mr Grove, consists in introducing two platinum wires into the lower part of a glass tube, hermetically sealed and filled with water, from which the atmospheric air has been first expelled by boiling. The wire is then heated almost to the point of fusion, by means of the galvanic current, and the intense heat has the effect of completely decomposing the water, the gases rising in small bubbles, which were collected at the other extremity of the tube. As it might be supposed that the decomposition was produced by the action of the galvanic fluid, he next tried the oxygen-hydrogen blow-pipe, by which the greatest known heat can be produced, and the result was precisely the same. [Some remarks were made by Professors Faraday and Playfair, and in the evening by Sir John

Herschel, tending to inspire caution with regard to the reception of Professor Grove's discovery. Testing experiments will of course be quickly made.]

DOCTORS DIFFERING ON THE POTATO DISEASE.

[What follows is a conversation elicited by a paper of Mr W. Hoggan, 'On Potatoes raised from Seed, as a means of preventing the extension of the prevailing disease.'] Mr W. Ogilby thought growing potatoes from the seeds might prevent the scurf and dry rot, but not the present wet rot of the potato. He quoted several instances in which seedling crops had been destroyed. He had been most successful in growing potatoes from a little tuber which sprung from the 'eyes' of the old ones going to decay.—Dr Crook attributed the attack in the year 1845 to 'cold.' The cold burst the vessels; and then came the disease. Heat produces the same effects as cold; it bursts the tissues of the vessels, and the consequence is disease.—Dr Daubeny did not think that atmospheric changes had anything to do with the disease at all. He thought that the most satisfactory theory was that which referred the disease to fungi. He had understood that there was no potato disease in the neighbourhood of the copper furnaces in Swansea.—Dr Buckland had lately visited Professor Payen, who advocated the doctrine that the disease arose from fungi; and he (Dr Buckland) believed so too. There was, in fact, a fungiferous miasm existing, which, like cholera, attacked not all, but those who were predisposed. It was the weak and intemperate that were attacked with cholera; it was the debilitated potato that had the disease. Extraordinary additions of temperature debilitated the potato, and then it became diseased. The potatoes were suddenly attacked. He knew a case in which a whole field became diseased in three days. He believed the only remedy was mowing down the haulm of the potato the moment it was attacked.—Professor L. Playfair was certain of one thing—and that was, that the disease was not due to fungi. The nature of it was evident, as it could be produced artificially. If you scraped a potato, and placed it in the open air, it became diseased, and in the course of a few hours the fungi would appear on it.—Mr E. Solly believed that the disease depended on chemical changes, not on the attack of a fungus. Mr Bush had examined the diseased potatoes under the microscope, and in its early stages had always failed to discover the slightest indication of the existence of a fungus. As the disease advances, first one fungus appears, and then another—and at last animal life. This was the progress of all vegetative decay. The disease always commences on the outside of the potato, and proceeds to the centre. He had also found the disease constantly attended with the development of crystals of oxalate of lime.—Professor Balfour stated that some fungi attacked living and healthy structures, others only diseased ones. The fungus of the potato was a botrytis, which he believed attacked healthy structures.—Mr A. Strickland said, in reference to Dr Buckland's recommendation to mow down the potatoes, that, when his neighbours mowed down their potatoes, he dug his up. They had lost nearly all theirs, whilst he had saved nearly all his.—Dr Lankester observed on the want of evidence to support the theories of either cause or remedies that had been brought forward. Cold and heat had been assigned as causes, by destroying the tissues of the potato; but no destroyed tissues had been shown to exist. Debility had also been supposed to exist; but no proof was given of the existence of debility: and the Dean of Westminster himself had admitted that he had seen the healthiest potatoes destroyed in three days. Positive observation was evidently opposed to the fungus theory. As to the remedies recommended, seedlings had been known to be attacked in more cases than they had escaped, and therefore sowing the seeds could not be recommended. Mowing down the stalks had not been more successful than letting them alone; and it ought now to be known that this meeting had done nothing more valuable than to show the insufficiency

of all theories and remedies hitherto advanced.—*Athenæum's Report.*

MR LYELL ON THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Mr Lyell delivered a lecture on this subject on Monday evening. The delta of the Mississippi is the alluvial flat at its mouth, produced by the matter brought down by the waters in the course of ages. For nearly fifty miles of its extent in that district, the Mississippi presents a vast river running nearly parallel with the sea, from which it is separated at particular places by an embankment of only half a mile across. The valley is nearly level, there being only a rise of nine feet between the mouth of the river and New Orleans, a distance of 150 miles; and the inclination is equally trifling still further inland, being never more than six inches in a mile. This uniformity is explained by the fact, that the moment the river reaches its banks it overflows, and so the velocity, which is only four miles an hour, is instantly checked. The debris carried along by the flood is deposited over the surrounding plains, the principal part being left near the bed of the river; the necessary result being, that the banks have been gradually raised to a higher level than the lands adjoining them. This slope from the river to the interior is as much as eighteen feet in a distance of a few miles. The interior consists of vast swamps, covered with trees, the tops alone of which are visible in time of floods. Sometimes the inhabitants on the banks of the Ohio or Red River, after making a large raft, on which they prepare to bring all the produce of the year, for 1800 or 2000 miles to the market of New Orleans, find themselves near the termination of a journey of some two months—entire weeks of which may have been passed by them aground, waiting for a flood to float them off again—suddenly hurried through one of the openings which the river makes in its banks, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour and left aground in the midst of a vast morass, where they are obliged to climb a tree for safety, and await the chance of a boat coming to their rescue. Nevertheless, the course of the river cannot be permanently altered by these violent torrents, on account of the great depth of the main stream. Respecting the age of this vast formation some curious points were stated. It appears that the delta has not, in point of fact, advanced into the sea—notwithstanding all the assertions to the contrary—more than one mile in 100 or 120 years past: the amount of sediment in the water is only 1 in 1800 by weight, or 1 in 3000 by volume. The time required for the accumulation of matter found in the delta and valley of the Mississippi must have been 67,000 years; and another 33,000 years must have been required for bringing down to its present position the great deposit above. The larger fossil animals found in the soil of the valley of the Mississippi are the mastodon, the megatherium, an extinct elephant, an extinct species of horse, some bovine animals, and a kind of tapir. Taking the period which he assigned for the formation of the delta as a unit, it would be necessary to conceive as many of these units as the unit itself contained years, in order to arrive at the vast antiquity of even the comparatively modern formations beneath it.—*Spectator's Report.*

SCHONBEIN'S EXPLOSIVE COTTON.

This singular substance was partly the subject of a lecture by Professor Grove at the general meeting on Thursday. The learned gentleman commenced by an explanation of the rationale of the composition of gunpowder, which depends on mixing combustible substances with a substance that supplies abundance of oxygen, for the support of combustion, without depending for the supply on the oxygen of the atmosphere. Nitrate of soda, or saltpetre, was a substance that answered these conditions, and when intimately mixed with charcoal and sulphur in proper proportions, it supplied those combustible bodies at once with sufficient oxygen, and the composition became explosive at a given

temperature. There was, however, a considerable residue after the explosion of even the best gunpowder, which showed that the combustion was not perfect, and the residue proved greatly inconvenient by soiling figures. In the invention of Professor Schönbein this inconvenience was entirely remedied, and the explosive force was said to be double that of gunpowder. The substance was, in fact, cotton, which was prepared in some manner not yet made known, and could not be distinguished in its appearance from ordinary cotton. There were two qualities of the preparation, one of which was intended for common purposes, and evolved a small quantity of smoke on explosion; the other, which was more expensive in its preparation, emitted no perceptible smoke, and left no residue whatever. The gun-cotton, he said, explodes at the temperature of 400 degrees—the explosive point of gunpowder being about 600 degrees; and it might be exploded on gunpowder without igniting the latter. Mr Grove then exhibited the experiments. He first exploded a small quantity of gunpowder, for the purpose of showing the large quantity of smoke evolved. He then exploded a small lock of the gun-cotton of the second quality. It flashed off as rapidly as gunpowder, and but a very small quantity of smoke was perceptible. The paper on which it was exploded was but slightly stained. The better kind of the gun-cotton exploded still more rapidly, without any smoke whatever; and it gave out an orange-coloured flame. The exhibition of the experiment was received with loud applause. Mr Grove next exhibited that peculiar property of the cotton not being injured by water. He steeped a piece of the cotton in a glass of water, and then pressed it between blotting-paper to dry. Though it could not have been thoroughly dry in the time, the cotton flashed off when the heated wire was applied to it, and without any perceptible smoke. The flash, however, was not in this case so instantaneous as that of the perfectly dry cotton. The last and most curious experiment was the explosion of a piece of the gun-cotton when placed upon loose powder, without igniting the latter. The experiment succeeded perfectly, though it requires the cotton to be quite dry to insure its success; for if the combustion be less rapid, the gunpowder explodes.

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

IV.—THE VOYAGE OF THE TWO KNIGHTS.

HITHERTO our extracts from the *Gerusalemme* have been chiefly delineations of human passions and sentiments, which are to the poet as scenes of history and imagination to the artist. We now give an instance of the landscape-painting, the mere descriptive portion of the work. In this we can hardly choose a succession of more striking passages than the voyage of the two knights to Armida's magic island, if we except the bower of bliss of the enchantress herself.

Armida, the beautiful magician, has, by her wiles, led away the young Rinaldo, whom she detains in a delightful garden—a paradise of love. Rinaldo, the bravest of the crusading heroes, is needed to join in the last attack against Jerusalem; and Godfrey of Bouillon, the leader of the army, despatches two bold knights in search of him. These knights are Carlo, a German, and Ubaldino, an aged man, who in his youth had traversed many lands, and was now the companion of the wise Guelph, Godfrey's friend and counsellor. Carlo and Ubaldino proceed on their journey, and, arrived at a river near the sea-shore, they meet an old man crowned with beech-leaves, and attired in long robes of snowy linen. He bears a rod, and as he waves it over the stream, the waters become solid, and he walks over it dry-shod. This wondrous old man takes the knights into his cavern beneath the earth, whence spring all

the rivers that water its surface. He there gives them wise counsel, in what manner they may best overcome the spells of Armida, and free Rinaldo from her power. To this intent he promises to bestow on them a shield of polished steel, a scroll, and a branch with golden foliage; all possessing some charm or other which he describes. He then leaves the two warriors to repose for the night, and retires.

Having thus given them prelude to the story, we proceed to the next canto, which describes the voyage:—

Soon as the glorious dawn with growing ray
Recalled earth's dwellers to their labour due,
The sun to the two warriors lent his way,
Gearing the scroll, the branch of golden hue,
And mirror-shield. 'Rise, ere the advance of day,
And gird yourelves your journey to pursue.'
He cried: 'Behold my promise of gifts, whose charm
Alone can the enchantress' spells disarm.'

The knights depart. Around each neckous limb
The shining mail they clasp, and 'twixt dark ways,
Unvailed by day or twilight dim,
The road guide preceding, through the maze
By the same path they come; they follow him,
Untill the river bed their feet no longer slays.
Then end the song: 'Here does my guidance cease;
Fare each, oh friends! be blessed on to peace!'

In its deep bed, on the broad stream receives
The warriors' train, and lightly wafts them on
With gentle face, as float autumnal leaves.
Upon its placid surface mildly brown,
Fall'd on the soft shore that rising waves,
They see the promised boat to them drawn.
A little boat upon which both passengers
The maiden, bated and toothed, stands

Her way, but circles her son head bright,
Courteous and favourable beam her tranquil eyes;
Her face is like an angel's, such clear light
Flooded the vessel's floor. Of waving green
The verdant water seems to roil in sight.
Now red, now azure, now in thousand dyes,
So that the boat in many times is changing vision,
Dances and dappled appear these tints of Asian.

Each vessel plies towards the beauteous meek
Of the fair castle door, which yet seems
On green line, but are open to take
His charge and ransom from the knight's bright beams,
One carthly and one blue for smoke,
On glowing sides, now blue, now red flames;
They both are muzzled. In a hundred dyes,
Dances, it is made the water's eyes.

'Behold, my fortune tell, the maiden cried,
'The luck in which come I, too, these seas,
For which all health is light, each time a tide
Is ebb'd, and from the ebb I have;
'A modest and my husband's mid guide,
'To save the glory of his wish to please;
She said, and quickly then with active hand
Saw the carved vessel near to the strand.

Soon as her skirt receives the noble pair,
She on her from the shore the anchor's force
Loosens, unminds the sails before the air.
She sits beside the helm and guide their course.
Here swell the waves, till madders scarce dare
To trust their frail ships to the turbulent sea;
Yet by its brightness, do the maiden's back
Floats, hunc security over the billows dark.

Far swifter than its wont, the favouring wind,
Filling the sails, impels them from the shore;
The waves grow white with silver foam, behind,
The boat's deep swell sounds murmuring evermore.
But now they reach where the dark waters find
An ample rest, and calm than before
The river flows, till the maddening sea
Swallowed, it vanishes by slow degrees.

Scarcely that wondrous bark had touch'd the bound
Of the still troubled main, when in mid air
The loud-discharge; the south wind's moaning sound,
Foreboding sudden storms, sinks mutely there;
Smoothed by the gentle breeze, the waves around
Calm lightly over the blue sea's bosom fair,
And such the heaven in sweet serenity,
Which never did itself more lovely see.

There is something very beautiful in this picture of the poet's fancy. The description of the unearthly

maiden, with her 'tranquil eyes,' and her changing rainbow-coloured robes, is a fine specimen of the purely imaginative in poetry. The voyage in the wonderful boat is a fanciful creation, which Southey in his *Ship of Heaven*, and Shelley in his exquisite description of the voyage of Iacon and Cythna after death to their blessed home, have so beautifully followed up; and nothing can be more faithful to nature than Tasso's picture of the sea at rest in the last stanza.

But we must pursue the voyage. The boat sails down the sea—the Mediterranean is meant; but this fact a little injures the supernatural character of the voyage. The vessel passes the plains of Gaza, where the knights behold armies gathered like sand on the sea-shore. In the harbour were numerous ships, some at anchor, others unfurling their sails, others, swiftly impelling their oars, so that the bosom of the sea was covered everywhere with foam. Then said the maiden, 'The sea and the shore are thronged with foes, yet the powerful tyrant of Egypt who rules them has not all his troops even there. These come only from Egypt: he awaits others from his vast empire, which extends afar southward and eastward.' While the guide thus spoke, the boat sailed on:—

As a swift eagle flying through the air,
Midst other birds securely pressed by,
Soarst above in lofty regions where
The blazing sun conceals it from the eye,
So floats between the numerous vessels there
That heavenly boat, unharmed and dauntless by;
Fearing pursuit nor battle, till it glides
As ~~it were~~ from thence, safely o'er the tides.

The poet goes on to describe their course, and the lands they pass by; among the rest, Greece, Egypt, Crete, Tripoli, and Alzerbe, which, he says, was the abode of the lotus-eaters. Indeed the minuteness and correctness of Tasso's geography, and the curious historical illustrations which he gives, are surprising. At last the guide points out to the two warriors the place where Carthage once was, in the following stanza:—

'There lies proud Carthage; on the barren shore
Even of its ruins scarce a trace remains;
Thus empires, cities, perish evermore.
And graves and herbage creep o'er her laughing fann;
And yet man murmurs that his life is o'er,
His foolish heart such greatly prize retains.
The vessel touches now Diocetes' land,
And Sardinia's isle is on the other hand.

'They now reach the Pillars of Hercules, 'where,' says the poet, 'Spain and Libya have been separated by volcanic fires, such changes does time work on the earth:—'

Four times the sun had risen in the east
Since the fastidious boat had left the shore;
Nor harbour sought, nor anchorage and rest
Were needless. And, her voyage thus far o'er,
Beneath the narrow straits the vessel passed
On towards the infernal ocean's roar.
If the storm-bounded sea be great, how grand
When cradling on its bosom many a land!

No more above the towering waters near
The fertile Gades and its neighbour coast;
Land, shores, before the dim sight disappear,
Waves, ocean, sky, in distance mingled, lost.
Said brave Ubaldo then, 'Oh thou, who here
Hast taken o'er this boundless ocean tossed,
Say, has it any shore? this world so strange
To which we go, do living creatures range?'

The maiden answers by relating the story of Hercules, how he is fabled to have set up a sign at the Straits of Gibraltar, that no one might go farther in safety. She then speaks of the supposed fate of Ulysses, who, in striving to pierce beyond, was engulfed by the ocean. The knight still questions her, and she describes the inhabitants of these unknown lands, still in darkness and barbarism, but which, she foretells, should one day rejoice in the light of Christianity. She continues thus:—

'The time shall come this tale of Hercules
Shall be to mariners like fable told;
These unknown kingdoms and these nameless seas
Shall glories yet to Europe's eyes unfold:
A nobler bark than ever faced the breeze
Shall measure this wide ocean, fearless, bold,
And, emulous of the sun on his bright way,
Trace the broad regions towards the setting day.

A man from fair Liguria shall be first
To enter bravely on the unknown path;
Nor whirlwinds, tempests, in due fury burst,
Nor climate strange, nor the rude billows' wrath,
Nor troubles great as e'er on man's head burst,
Nor perils strange that the deep ocean hath,
Shall daunt his spirit, till in lands untried
His noble thirst for fame be satisfied.

Thou, oh Columbus, to another world
Shalt stretch afar thy happy vessel's sail;
Till Fame herself, with thousand pinions curled,
Following thy glories, even her swift eyes fail.
She, who bestows Bacchus, sung—unfurl
Displays thy triumphs now; the wondrous tale
Shall reach thy children's children; long and long
Renowned in history and embalmed in song.'

Thus said she; and along the watery road,
To the south-west, the guide pursued her way;
Before the vessel the red sunset glowed,
And far behind it, dawned the rising day:
But while Aurora on the bark yet sowed
Her dewy pearls, and scattered wide her ray,
Far in the dim obscure a mount appeared,
That high amidst the clouds its bold front reared.

As the voyagers drew nearer, they saw that this mountain was shaped like a cone, large at the foot, and tapering gradually towards its summit, whence smoke burst forth during the day, and which at night lighted up the sky with flames:—

And now more isles appeared, more hills, whose breast
Far less precipitous and lofty seemed:
These were the lovely islands of the West,
As in the world's first youth our fathers deemed;
Upon whom smiled the fair skies of the west,
Whose land unploughed with willing plenty tamed;
Whose soil untilld brought forth a goodly store
Of fruits, whose vines unpruned rich clusters bore.

Here flowering olives never lose their fruit,
And honey sweet from ancient holms distils;
Here leap fresh rivers to the mountains' foot,
And, flowing gently, glide the nummuring rills;
Here summer dews fall soft on every root,
Tempering the heat with breezes from the hills:
These were the Elysian fields, where, full of rest
And peace, abode the spirits of the best.

The maiden arrives with her charge at these fortunate islands, and stays her course at the first of the ten. Carlo then began: 'If the work on which we are bent permits it, let me land, I pray thee, and see these unknown shores, their inhabitants, and their mode of worship; that when I return, I may relate these new wonders, and say "I have been there." The maiden answered, 'Such a desire is worthy of you, O Young knight; but God forbids it, who has placed bounds to such a discovery. None may as yet bear news of this deep ocean to your world.'

From a distance the voyagers beheld traces of human habitations of cultivated lands: then they came to a lonely place, where the wild beasts only appear to live:—

Afar in this deep solitude, the shore
Bent inward, stretching far into the sea,
Two arms, that in their clasp a wide bay bore,
For whose defence a cliff all suddenly
Rose up: the dashing waves its foot broke o'er,
Chafing in vain against their boundary;
Two lofty rocks behind, as signals were
To sailors who this perilous voyage dare.

Below, the hidden sea lies safe and still;
Above, dark forests crown the rocky height;
Between them, sounds of pleasant waters fill
A cave which creeping ivy shades from sight:
Vain in this place the tired sailor's will
To make the anchor cling to sands so light;
But the strange guide enters this lonely bay,
And furls her sails, that in the breezes play.

The voyage is now over—the knights have arrived at

their destination; for in this island is Armida's bower of bliss. The maiden gives them her parting counsel, and leaves them on the shore. They wait until the early morning has melted into the broad light of day, and then pursue their adventurous course.

D. M. M.

'DOMBEY AND SON.'

THE friends of Mr Dickens must be happy to find him again in his proper walk, and as original and amusing as ever. He has given us an excellent *first number* of his new novel; the scene and characters in mercantile London; the humour all his own, as usual. Any sketch of a story as yet only in its first steps were of course absurd: it may be enough, for the benefit of the many into whose hands the work has not yet fallen, to bring a few peculiarly *Bozian* touches under attention.

A Miss Tox, a good-natured female hanger-on, is introduced as "a long lean figure, wearing such a faded air, that she seemed not to have been made in what linen-draperies call "fast colours" originally, and to have, by little and little, washed out. But for this she might have been described as the very pink of general propitiation and politeness. From a long habit of listening adoringly to everything that was said in her presence, and looking at the speakers as if she were mentally engaged in taking off impressions of their images upon her soul, never to part with the same but with life, her head had quite settled on one side; her hands had contracted a spasmodic habit of raising themselves of their own accord as in involuntary admiration; her eyes were liable to a similar affection; she had the softest voice that ever was heard; and her nose, stupendously aquiline, had a little knob in the very centre or key-stone of the bridge, whence it tumbled downwards towards her face, as in an invincible determination never to turn up at anything.

Miss Tox's dress, though perfectly genteel and good, had a certain character of angularity and scantiness. She was accustomed to wear odd weedy little flowers in her bonnets and caps; strange grasses were sometimes perceived in her hair; and it was observed by the curious, of all her collars, frills, tuckers, wristbands, and other gossamer articles—indeed of everything she wore which had two ends to it intended to unite—that the two ends were never on good terms, and wouldn't quite meet without a struggle. She had furry articles for winter wear—as tip-pets, boas, and gulls, which stood up on end in a rampant manner, and were not at all slack. She was much given to the carrying about of small bags with snaps to them, that went off like little pistols when they were shut up; and when full-dressed, she wore round her neck the barest of lockets, representing a fishy old eye, with no approach to speculation in it. These, and other appearances of a similar nature, had served to propagate the opinion that Miss Tox was a lady of what is called a limited independence, which she turned to the best account. Possibly her mining gait, encouraged the belief, and suggested that her clipping a step of ordinary compass into two or three, originated in her habit of making the most of everything.

A need occurring, in consequence of a melancholy event, for a nurse to the newly-born heir of Mr Dombey, Miss Tox, in concert with Mr Dombey's sister, Mrs Chick, endeavours to get the want supplied; which gives rise to the following scene:—

"My dear Louisa," said Miss Tox, "is the vacancy still unsupplied?"

"You good soul, yes," said Mrs Chick.

"Then, my dear Louisa," returned Miss Tox, "I hope and believe—but in one moment, my dear, I'll introduce the party."

"Running down stairs again as fast as she had run up, Miss Tox got the party out of the hackney-coach, and soon returned with it under convoy.

"It then appeared that she had used the word, not in its legal or business acceptation, when it merely expressed an individual, but as a noun of multitude, or signifying many; for Miss Tox escorted a plump, rosy-cheeked, whole some apple-faced young woman, with an infant in her arms; a younger woman not so plump, but apple-faced also, who led a plump and apple-faced child in each hand; another

plump and also apple-faced boy, who walked by himself; and finally, a plump and apple-faced man, who carried in his arms another plump and apple-faced boy, whom he stood down on the floor, and admonished, in a husky whisper, to "kitch hold of his brother Johnny."

"My dear Louisa," said Miss Tox, "knowing your great anxiety, and wishing to relieve it, I posted off myself to the Queen Charlotte's Royal Married Females, which you had forgot, and put the question, 'Was there anybody there that they thought would suit?' 'No,' they said, 'there was not.' When they gave me that answer, I do assure you, my dear, I was almost driven to despair on your account. But it did so happen that one of the Royal Married Females, hearing the inquiry, reminded the matron of another who had gone to her own home, and who, she said, would in all likelihood be most satisfactory. The moment I heard this, and had it corroborated by the matron—excellent references, and an unimpeachable character—I got the address, my dear, and posted off again."

"Like the dear good Tox you are!" said Louisa.

"Not at all," returned Miss Tox. "Don't say so. Arriving at the house—the cleanest place, my dear! You might eat your dinner off the floor!—I found the whole family sitting at table; and feeling that no account of them could be half so comfortable to you and Mr Dombey as the sight of them all together, I brought them all away. This gentleman," said Miss Tox, pointing out the apple-faced man, "is the father. Will you have the goodness to come a little forward, sir?"

"The apple-faced man, having sheepishly complied with this request, stood chuckling and grinning in a front row.

"This is his wife, of course," said Miss Tox, singling out the young woman with the baby. "How do you do, Polly?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, ma'am," said Polly.

"By way of bringing her out decorously," Tox had made the inquiry as in condescension to an old acquaintance whom she hadn't seen for a fortnight or so.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Miss Tox. "The other young woman is her unmarried sister, who lives with them, and would take care of her children. Her name's Jennima. How do you do, Jennima?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, ma'am," returned Jennima.

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it," said Miss Tox. "I hope you'll keep so. Five children. Youngest six weeks. The fine little boy with the blistery nose is the eldest. The blister, I believe," said Miss Tox, looking round upon the family, "is not constitutional, but accidental?"

"The apple-faced man was understood to groan. "Flat iron."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Tox; "did you——"

"Flat iron," he repeated.

"Oh yes," said Miss Tox. "Yes; quite true. I forgot. The little creature, in his mother's absence, snufft a warm flat iron. You're quite right, sir. You were going to have the goodness to inform me, when we arrived at the door, that you were by trade a——"

"Stoker," said the man.

"A choker!" said Miss Tox quite aghast.

"Stoker," said the man. "Steam-engine."

"Oh—h, yes!" returned Miss Tox, looking thoughtfully at him, and seeming still to have but a very imperfect understanding of his meaning. "And how do you like it, sir?"

"Which, mum?" said the man.

"That," replied Miss Tox. "Your trade."

"Oh pretty well, mum. The ashes sometimes gets in here," touching his chest, "and makes a man speak gruff, as at the present time. But it is ashes, mum, not crustiness."

"Miss Tox seemed to be so little enlightened by this reply, as to find a difficulty in pursuing the subject. But Mrs Chick relieved her by entering into a close private examination of Polly, her children, her marriage certificate, testimonial, and so forth. Polly coming out unscathed from this ordeal, Mrs Chick withdrew with her report to her brother's room, and as an euphatic comment on it, and corroboration of it, carried the two rouiest little Toodles with her: Toodle being the family name of the apple-faced family."

To these bits may be appended part of the description of the shop and neighbourhood of a somewhat obsolete old ships' instrument-maker of the city of London:—"Just round the corner stood the rich East India House, teeming with suggestions of precious stuffs and stones, tigers, elephants, howdahs, hookahs, umbrellas, palm-trees, palan-

quins, and gorgeous princes, of a brown complexion, sitting on carpets, with their slippers very much turned up at the toes. Anywhere in the immediate vicinity there might be seen pictures of ships speeding away full sail to all parts of the world; outfitting warehouses, ready to pack off anybody anywhere, fully equipped in half an hour; and little timber midshipmen, in obsolete naval uniforms, eternally employed outside the shop-doors of nautical instrument-makers in taking observations of the hackney-coaches.

'Sole master and proprietor of one of these offices—of that which might be called, familiarly, the woodenest—of that which thrust itself out above the pavement, right leg foremost, with a suavity the least endurable, and had the shoe-buckles and flapped waistcoat the least reconcilable to human reason, and bore at its right eye the most offensively disproportionate piece of machinery. Sole master and proprietor of that midshipman, and proud of him too, an elderly gentleman in a Welsh wig had paid house-rent, taxes, rates, and dues, for more years than many a full-grown midshipman of flesh and blood has numbered in his life; and midshipmen who have attained a pretty green old age have not been wanting in the English navy.'

'The stock in trade of this old gentleman comprised chronometers, barometers, telescopes, compasses, charts, maps, sextants, quadrants, and specimens of every kind of instrument used in the working of a ship's course, or the keeping of a ship's reckoning, or the prosecuting of a ship's discoveries. Objects in brass and glass were in his drawers and on his shelves, which none but the initiated could have found the top of, or guessed the use of, or, having once examined, could have ever got back again to their mahogany nests without assistance. Everything was jammed into the tightest cases, fitted into the narrowest corners, fenced up behind the most impertinent cushions, and secured by the most accurate angles, to prevent its philosophical composure from being disturbed by the rolling of the sea. Such extraordinary precautions were taken in every instance to save room, and keep the thing compact, and so much practical navigation was fitted, and cushioned, and screwed into every box (whether the box was a mere slab, as some were, or something between a cocked-hat and a star-fish, as others were, and those quiet, mild, and modest boxes as compared with others), that the shop itself, partaking of the general infection, seemed almost to become a snug, sea-going, ship-shape concern, wanting only good sea-room, in the event of an unexpected launch, to work its way securely to any desert island in the world.'

It will, we trust, be readily seen, from these extracts, that the good ship *Box* is righted, and once more fairly afloat. May her new voyage be the most prosperous she has yet made!

THE 'WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.'

ONE hears so much about the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' that it is exceedingly desirable to have some sort of idea of what this wisdom consisted. Fortunately, we are able to throw a little light on the subject, not from vague tradition, or scented memorials of the past, but from a rare and curious volume which has accidentally come into our possession. 'The Book of Knowledge, or Wisdom of the Ancients,' as this learned production is styled, purports to embrace every species of information which it is necessary to be acquainted with in the natural and occult sciences, and has all the appearance of having been a universal directory in the days of our great-grandfathers.

A chief part of the wisdom of the ancients, we are told in the outset, was the 'observation of days and times, and thence foretelling good and bad events.' As this was a very useful kind of wisdom, it occupies a large section of the work, and, untrammelled with reason or argument, everything is set down with a very charming degree of simplicity. The first occurrence which demands attention is the day of the week on which New-Year's Day falls. A great deal of good and evil, we are assured, depends on this. For example: should New-Year's Day fall on Sunday, 'the winter following will be pleasant, the summer seasonable; there shall be plenty of corn, though the weather in harvest will prove but indifferent; fruit shall very much abound, and there will be a very good seed-time; there will likewise be good

flocks of sheep, and cattle shall increase and prosper; but there will be robberies in most places, and perhaps war before the end of the year. Also it denotes the death of prelates and princes, dissension and discord among preys, but not of long continuance.' So much for a New-Year's Day falling on Sunday; and for every other day in the week there is a prognostication equally lengthy and portentous. We observe that if it fall on Monday, there are to be many marriages among the common people; if on Tuesday, there are to be very serious differences in the state; if on Wednesday, there is to be a terrible amount of sickness; if on Thursday, the clergy are to have numberless divisions and contests; if on Friday, there are to be plenty of high winds, thunder and lightning; and if on Saturday, corn is to be more than usually cheap, 'but old people shall generally die.'

Not satisfied with these pronouncements, the author gives a chapter on what is to take place when Christmas falls on the different days of the week, every day having similarly its own special warnings. Besides the social and seasonal peculiarities that are to ensue, we find that it is a matter of serious moment to be born on the day on which Christmas falls. If Christmas falls on a Tuesday, it is said to be a very capital thing to be born on that day, for it insures long life and plenty; quite as good as being born to a large estate, if not much better. If it falls, however, on a Saturday, it is a sad misfortune for a man to be born on that day; 'for he shall be poor and in disgrace.' Good and bad fortune, however, as it appears, depend more on what day of the moon we are born than on the days of the week. Thus, for every day of the moon's age there is a special prognostication. Those who come into the world on the first day, shall always sleep remarkably well, and shall have pleasant dreams; if on the tenth day, they shall be great travellers; if on the twenty-fourth day, 'the child shall be a prodigy in the world, and make all men admire at his surprising and wonderful actions;' and so on with other days.

The 'wisdom of the ancients' having exhausted itself in vaticinating from days and planetary phenomena, next comes to the art of physiognomy, palmistry, the signification of moles, and the interpretation of dreams; all very important things in their way, whatever modern sceptics may say to the contrary. After much edifying discourse on such matters, the author proceeds to what we should consider to be a very useful department of knowledge: this is the art of finding out beforehand which party shall win in going to law or going to war. The mode of discovering this profound secret, we are told, is wonderfully simple, and only depends on properly understanding a certain table, composed of letters and figures, and comparing these with the names of the belligerents or litigants, 'put into Latin in the nominative case singular.' Such is the whole gist; and one cannot but admire its singular perspicuity.

The Book of Knowledge now comes to a more immediately serviceable department—the farmers' calendar, which includes a variety of knowing prognostications respecting the weather, as well as learned explanations of meteorological phenomena. The ancients explain the cause of the rainbow as follows:—'The rainbow is caused by the sunbeams striking upon a hollow cloud, and these being repelled, are driven back against the sun so as to make a commotion; thus ariseth variety of colours by the mixing of clouds, air, and fiery light together.' As to the cause of winds, that is easily explained: 'Wind is said to be an exhalation, hot and dry, engendered in the earth, and having come forth, is carried sidelong upon the face of the globe, and cannot mount upwards above the middle region of the air, which, by reason of its coldness, doth beat it back, so as by much strife, and by meeting other exhalations, its motion is forced to be rather round than right in its falling; and this makes it a whirlwind, which oftentimes, by its violence, carrieth many things with it from place to place.' When these dreaded exhalations cannot make their way through the crust of the earth, they rush about as if mad, and

produce the most disastrous consequences. 'The ancients affirm that the cause of earthquakes is great plenty of winds confined in the heart of the earth, and strivings to break forth, causing a shaking, or sometimes a cleaving, of the earth, and thereby the destruction of many people, and ruin of whole cities.'

The learned expositor next affords us an insight into the cause of thunder and lightning. 'Thunder and lightning are occasioned by an exhalation hot and dry, and being carried into the middle region of the air, is there enclosed in the body of a cloud. Now these contraries being thus shut or enclosed into one place together, they fall at variance, whereby the fire and water agree not till they have broken through, so that fire and water fly out of the clouds, the breaking whereof makes that noise which we call thunder, and the fire is lightning, which is first seen, though the thunder crack be first given, because our sight is quicker than our hearing.'

These will be considered sufficiently extended specimens of the species of knowledge which used to be in vogue among even a respectable class of persons from a century to a century and a half ago; nor should we be warranted in saying that such notions are by any means obliterated in our own day. The empirical and superstitious opinions once prevalent among the pretentiously learned and refined, still linger in the minds of the wholly uneducated. A minute inquirer would find among us, at the present time, living specimens of every era in knowledge and social habits, from the landing of the Saxons upwards. Such, till lately, has been the neglect of popular instruction, that large masses entertain precisely the same ideas of natural phenomena as are embodied in the work before us. Of eclipses, earthquakes, thunder and lightning, the movements of winds, meteors, and so forth, they habitually give the most fanciful explanations. They believe in lucky and unlucky days, and with them many trifling and cruel occurrences are portents of disaster. Among the fishing and rural population these superstitions would be found most prevalent, and so likewise would be a belief in witchcraft and similar bygone follies. A case in point occurs in a late report laid before parliament by Mr Frederic Hill, inspector of prisons for Scotland. In visiting the prison of Dingwall, he found, to his surprise, a respectable-looking individual in confinement for having assaulted a poor old woman, under the impression that she was a witch, and as such had frustrated all his professional efforts. 'I live near Tain,' said this deluded man, 'and am a fisherman. I am in prison for assaulting a woman named M—— M——. She is about sixty years old. I assaulted her because she was bewitching everything I had. She prevented me from catching fish, and caused my boat to be upset. The other fishermen said that they should have no chance of catching any herrings while I was with them, and they would not let me go out with them. M—— M—— is known by all in the neighbourhood to be a witch. She has been seen a hundred times milking the cows in the shape of a bare, though I never saw her do so myself. People believe, in my neighbourhood, that if any one gets blood from a witch, she can do them no more harm, and that is the reason that I cut M—— with my penknife; but I held the knife so that it might go into her as short a way as possible. All I wanted was to get blood. I was not the first person who wanted to draw blood from her. Those who advised me to cut her, told me that if I did not she would drown me, and the rest who were in the boat with me, as sure as any man was ever drowned. It is hard that I should be put in prison, for the Bible orders us to punish witches, and there was not a man on the jury who did not know M—— to be a witch.'

A belief of this kind is by no means singular in remote localities; but neither are people of large cities free from absurd and superstitious notions. Not more than from three to four years have elapsed since thousands of people fled from the metropolis, in consequence

of a silly rumour or prophecy that there was to be an earthquake on a particular day! Sixty years ago, crazy masses believed in the ravings of Brothers; thirty years ago, Joanna Southcott, and ten years ago, Thom, had their equally visionary followers. And how, possibly, can it be otherwise? A third of all the men, and a half of all the women, in England cannot write their names. Taught nothing, they of course know nothing, at least nothing beyond the routine of ordinary and laborious duties. Even those who are favoured with elementary instruction can, for the greater part, tell you little of physical phenomena; for the best of all reasons, that information on such matters does not fall within the scope of their lessons. And so the world jogs on—thousands of immortal beings living and dying in the midst of civilisation and Christianity with but a little more knowledge of the universe in which they are placed than the brutes which perish.

PAGETIE.

Lord Stowell's Taste in Sadism. The loved manly sports, and was not above being pleased with the most rude and simple diversions. He glided in Punch and Judy—their fun suited his mirth without, as in Goldsmith's case, provoking spleen. He made a boast on one occasion that there was not a puppet show in London he had not visited, and when turned homeward, was caught watching one at a distance with children of less growth in high ebb. He has been known to make a party with Mummery to visit Cribbs, and to have attended the 'fives court' as a favourite resort. 'There were various characters,' he observed, 'to be seen at these places.' Lord Stowell was then a true pedantry which assumes the attitude of a more ordinary and every day comrade. No one had more knowledge of the common affairs of life; and it was at all times a current of conversation that the person who first saw any sight exhibited in London, he did a production of nature, or of art, or of wit, or he would condescend to see even the meagre play in trucks. As a William, who could always stand for such relaxation in hours from solving the gravest questions, that could be raised on the law of nature. He was the most undisturbable sight seen in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling or less was visited by Lord Stowell. In the western end of London there was a room generally let for a debauchery. At the entrance, as it is called, Lord Stowell presented himself, ever to see 'the green monster serpent,' which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was passing into his purse to pay for his admission, a shop-boy honest north country lad, whose name it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and knowing his name, thus addressed him: 'We can't take your shilling, my lord; 'tis the old serpent which you have seen twice before in other colours; but ye shall see in and see her.' The cut red, said he, money, and enjoyed his third visit to the painted beauty. The love of 'strong sights' was, on another occasion, productive of a whimsical incident. A few years ago an animal, called a bonassie, was exhibited somewhere in the Strand. On Lord Stowell's paying it a second visit, the keeper very courteously told his lordship that he was welcome to come, gratuitously, as often as he pleased. Within a day or two after this, however, there appeared, under the bills of the exhibition, in conspicuous characters, 'Under the patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell,' an announcement of which the wags and learned birds' friends availed themselves, by paying away a joke upon him; all which he took with the greatest good humour. *Parson's Lives of Peter Jolly.*

French Knowledge of English Moral Places. It is not long since the writer of this story drama represented at the very *Amboise* which has produced *Le Vireux*, entitled *Les Pénitents*. This piece affords a delectable specimen of the correct idea possessed by the French of English manners and customs. We were in it a pair in partnership with a comar. His lordship resides in a castle that flows over a romantic valley, two miles from London; and to this feudal abode the presents of the aforesaid valley repair, in 'very thinge-like, and but little of it,' to present flowers to the noble owner's daughter on her saint's day. The more ignoble villain presides a farmer, and he dwells in a little hut, situated in a dark glen, adjacent to a gloomy baronial ruin, placed in a solitary part of those sterile mountains

which geographers have not marked down between London and Richmond! And all the *diavolis persone* concerned evince a strong but confusing Puseyite tendency; and, having read Mr Newman's 'Lives of the English Saints' by anticipation, they swear 'par St Jacques de Cantorberi' with a force and an alacrity that, on any day of the year, from the eve of St Odillo to the third watch of the festival of the blessed St Sylvester, would have astounded and gratified the venerable Mr Fraunce himself. But the author of 'Les Fausseurs' is a dramatic writer; and it is the privilege of such writers to know nothing and take liberties with their ignorance. Thus the author of 'L'Idiotie' speaks of Sheridan as being the greatest modern poet of England! The popular and accomplished writers of the day are, however, in nowise behind the melo-dramatists in ignorance. There is Alexandre Dumas, a man who has seen everywhere, and knows everybody who resides there—who has read everything, and written upon that and a vast number of other subjects besides—who pens tragedies during a breakfast—and who, if he has not compiled an encyclopedia, has at least plundered all that have been compiled.—M. Dumas has condescended, in his 'Pauline,' to afford his French readers a very strange insight into England generally, and Piccadilly in particular. To analyse 'Pauline' would be almost as difficult as to transcribe 'Monte Cristo'—so varied are the fortunes of the heroine and her lover.

It will be sufficient to say that, in the course of those fortunes, the lady and her friend, standing in great need of secrecy and seclusion, fly to Piccadilly, a rustic retirement, sacred even from pic-nics! Now, we know of but one Piccadilly, whose habitation and name are equally divided between the illustrious parishes of St George and St James. The western extremity of its northern side is illustrated by a great warrior; and its eastern extremity by a gentleman who, though not a warrior, exercises a profession by which warriors are made effective: the legislative general is at one end, and the executive gunnaker at the other. Somewhere in the mid space of this sylvan rusticity—where there is nothing of Arcadia save an equivocal spot near Lord Burlington's, where the Dryads themselves would be puzzled to find either board or lodging—does the clever M. Dumas make his hero and heroine live in a fancy cottage, a pretty little structure, simple and retired, with Venetian blinds, and a garden full of flowers! ('Une petite maison, bien simple et bien isolée! 'me jolie petite fabrique de jalousies vertes, avec un jardin plein de fleurs!') There are, besides, a verdant lawn! beds of roses!—a well-swept gravel walk! and a seat under a magnificent plane tree, beneath the shade of which love, literature, and laziness are enjoyed, in blessed unconsciousness of the brick-and-mortar Tempe by which they are surrounded. And all this in the matter-of-fact year 1834!—*Correspondent of the Athenæum.*

WHIMSICALITIES OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

A very extraordinary phenomenon was observed on the electric telegraph between New York and Baltimore on Thursday afternoon, the like of which was never before known to man. Three thunder storms, each some thirty or sixty miles from the other, were all coming east on the telegraph route about the same time, and every discharge of electricity from either was duly recorded, by lightning itself, in the telegraph office at Jersey city, Philadelphia, Wilmington, or Baltimore. The wires became altogether unmanageable, and the operators being obliged to withdraw the batteries used for writing, the visitor from the clouds had the field to itself. The letters of Morse's telegraphic alphabet which this natural lightning seemed to be most partial to were L and T, but occasionally it went at the numerals, and dashed off 1's, 50's, 55's, 500's, and 5000's in its own rapid style. We learn that, when two or more thunder-clouds get in the same vicinity, and discharge their electricity at each other, or receive the fluid from the earth and return it again, or when ground lightning prevails, the effect on the telegraph wires is to produce a strange and original language which may yet be made intelligible. In fact, each kind of lightning speaks for itself, and writes what it says.—*New York Sun.*

A very novel use of the magnetic telegraph has lately been made—no less than a marriage, with the bride and bridegroom two hundred miles apart during the ceremony. A young gentleman is now in England, on business for one of the wealthiest merchants of Boston, who became the son-in-law of his employer the day before he sailed from

New York, under the following circumstances:—The business trip to England was contrived by the father to separate the lovers, while a marriage with another gentleman should be forged upon the lady. The clerk who had won her heart seemed to be in New York on a temporary errand, when the orders were sent to him to embark for England without returning to Boston. The lady entered immediately into conversation with him by telegraph, and it was finally suggested and arranged that he should take his stand with a magistrate in the telegraph office at New York, and she, with her confidential friend, at the other end of the wire in Boston. This was done, and the marriage ceremony was duly performed by lightning. The bridegroom sailed (a little over a month ago), and the secret was kept until last week, when some fresh crowding of the rival lover on the lady's attention produced a disclosure. Measures are being taken to test the validity of the marriage.—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

It is not a singular fact, but it is, notwithstanding, a fact which some of our readers may be ignorant of, that sparrows, and other small birds which happen to perch on those mysterious lines of communication, the telegraph wires, are destined, ever and anon, to suffer severe shocks of electricity, the effect of which is (though we never witnessed the phenomenon), that they drop down, not dead, but half-dead with amazement and terror. The shock, if severe enough, will destroy them. Electricity can be administered in doses which would kill a horse. Perhaps, by transmitting through the telegraphic wire a very powerful charge, the unhappy sparrows along the whole line, from London to Yarmouth, might be cut off. This, in case of necessity, or as a matter of cruel curiosity, might be employed as a means of getting rid of these vermin. It is not uncommon or extraordinary to see at least a hundred of these feathered depredators on one mile of wire. The length of the whole line of which we speak is 116 miles. A shock strong enough to destroy sparrow life would, with these *dolls*, cut off from the land of the living, at one fell and fatal swoop, not less than 11,600 of these pernicious little creatures. One thousand miles of railway would, in like manner, and with the same conditions, be the death of 100,000. Even supposing that death does not ensue, yet how miserable will be the state of these little animals when the whole island is covered with a veritable network of telegraphic wires! Fatal twigs these for tiny feet! The whole family of sparrows will be paralysed. The fowls of the air will be electrified. People, as they talk with each other, and whisper to each other in unheard communion, at the distance of 1000 miles, will be causing serious inconvenience to the feathered race. If Lord Palmerston's dream should be realised, and London should begin in a few years to commune by telegraph with Calcutta, how terrible the visitation to our fellow bipeds with feathers! Each word each letter will be a shock. To us it may be pleasing to hold intercourse with each other. To the little sufferers it will be *shockup*. We tremble to think of the consequences, and heartily recommend the case to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Dog-carts sunk into insignificance when compared with this wholesale palpitation—this universal twittering and consternation—among the feathered tribes. How many a sweet song will be interrupted—how many a little throat silenced—very suddenly, indeed, when this mischievous machinery shall be brought into universal play!—*Globe.*

VULGARITY.

Do you desire not to be vulgar, then cease to be affected; for we never knew an affected person who was not vulgar, nor one of natural manners to whom the phrase could be applied.—*Hydels.*

CLEMENCY.

Clemency can never exert itself with more applause than when there is the justest cause for resentment.—*Pliny's Letters.*

MYSTICISM.

Indistinctness, or mysticism, does not necessarily indicate profundity. A lake may appear shallow, because it is transparent; while a gutter may seem deep, because it is muddy.

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TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

ACCORDING to the strict principles of political economy, any legislative interference with the free operation of labour is erroneous. Every human being must be left to employ him or herself as he or she may see fit, and at such wages as the parties concerned shall mutually determine. The principles of this science are, however, liable to be overruled by moral considerations, and the general good of the community. The state, occupying in a sense the position of guardian over the general interests, and more particularly the interests of those who are unable to govern themselves, is entitled to interfere to prevent everything like oppression of one party towards another, and to set aside arrangements detrimental to public and private morals, or dangerous to personal safety.

An instance of this interference is visible in the case of Sunday, which the state, for religious and humane purposes, has taken care to set apart from all ordinary labour, no matter whether the arrangement be pleasant or unpleasant to the employed on the one hand, or employers on the other. Another instance is presented in the lately enacted law to prevent children of too tender an age from being employed in certain kinds of factories. To the first of these examples we cordially give our cordial approbation; but we are not so sure about the second—at least as regards some of its provisions; for though juvenile labour is a bad thing, juvenile pauperism, vice, and vagrancy are a great deal worse; and unless precautions are taken, of a kind which can hardly be made compulsory, the expulsion of children from mills may only be a means of getting them into prison. On this account, humanity should always exercise due caution in its operations. Nothing is more easy than for kind-hearted people to raise a clamour in favour of certain arrangements seemingly benevolent in their tendency, but which, when carried into execution, may work to the injury of the very parties whom they are intended to benefit.

It would seem that, beyond a limited extent recognised by the common sense of mankind, it is dangerous for the state to meddle with individual rights on the plea of humanity or justice. Interference assumes incapacity in the party cared for; and it would, in every point of view, be better to teach people how to manage their own affairs, than to manage them for them. Lately, there has been a strongly-contested effort in parliament to limit the period of daily labour in factories to ten hours. We do not pronounce any opinion on the reasonableness of this proposal, further than to hint the preferableness of the people being enabled by culture to take the whole question into their own hands, and settle it as feelings and circumstances may dictate. Besides, if correct in principle, why confine the law to

factories? Many classes of tradesmen regularly or occasionally work more than ten hours daily. Many shopkeepers stand behind their counter more than ten hours daily. A cobbler at the corner of our street sometimes sits in his stall fourteen hours daily. Bakers and London milliner girls would be thankful to have to work only twelve hours daily. In short, if the law begins to regulate hours of labour, where and how is it to end? Should the whole industry of the country be placed under a species of excise? The idea is too absurd to be entertained. As a general rule, the operative classes may be left to lure themselves on what terms they like, or to work or remain idle as it pleases their fancy.

Only in extreme cases, as we saw, can the law safely interfere. It is one thing to prevent men from selling themselves to each other as slaves, and another to prevent them from hiring themselves to work twelve hours a-day; because slavery strikes at the foundation of society, and is a thing at which all rational feeling revolts. The real difficulty, as it appears to us, in this much-debated question, is the arriving at a sound conclusion as to how far the state may properly interfere. The sensitively humane will have it to go much further than those who take more dispassionate views; and until society gains more experience, there will, in all likelihood, be not a little diversity of opinion on the subject. It would appear that, abstractedly speaking, the state has no right to interfere from motives of humanity alone, at least in the case of adults. It cannot compel people to be comfortable and happy. It cannot prescribe the kind and duration of labour, any more than it can prescribe the addition of wholesome meats and drinks, and the quantities of these that are suitable for digestion. But when there are circumstances connected with the labour or the sustenance which conduce to immorality, the case is different. Legislation then becomes the duty of the state, whose province it is to watch over the well-being of society. The exclusion of women from working in coal-mines is a recent and remarkable instance of the interference of government with what might seem, in a confined view, the liberties of the subject. The labour of the women was voluntary—indeed it may be said to have been hereditary—and it secured them the means of subsistence. If this were all, humanity could only have sighed over their degraded state, or at best have attempted to open their eyes to their own condition by education. But it so happened that this voluntary labour was not merely degrading; for it was clearly proved in evidence to be conducive to gross and shameless immorality, and to place the women apart in a sort of caste, in direct antagonism to the constitution of society in this country. The question thus, though moved by humanity, came legitimately before government in the exercise of its political functions. 'Lord Ashley's Act for Preventing the Employment of Women

in Colliers' was passed; and it cannot but be interesting to know, after the lapse of a year or two, what have been the practical results of the supposed violation of individual rights. According to the evidence given on the subject, privation and suffering were to a certain extent experienced by numbers of the women, whose habits had unfitted them for ordinary labour; and it appears that in many places they attempted to evade the law by working in male attire. On the whole, however, and making every allowance for partial, and, as we hope, temporary cases of distress, the enactment may be allowed to have done good. The evil was monstrous, and the remedy, hazardous as it may have been in principle, has fortunately been successful—a circumstance, perhaps, in some measure owing to the generally prosperous state of trade, as well as to a rise in the price of victuals during the last two or three years.

The most rigorous political economists, we believe, never defended the practice of women working in pits. They saw it was a moral evil; but, besides showing the hardship of legal interference, they suggested caution and time as elements in any remedy that might be adopted. In a late number of the *Edinburgh* newspaper appeared an article embracing some sage views on this delicate question, to which a paper in reply was written by Mr James Aytoun, who professed to speak from his own observation as a coal-master. This gentleman's account of the matter will, we are sure, be received with unqualified satisfaction:—

'I have no hesitation in saying that the prohibition of women from working below ground has been of the greatest benefit to the whole mining population. You need not think that this prohibition was too sudden, that it ought to have been more gradual, and that, by depriving a number of females of employment, it has thrown them out of bread, and seriously injured their families. Had the act diminished the demand for coal, then what you say might have been the case. But if it be recollected that nothing of this kind took place, and that, by removing women from the pits, it left the demand for coal untouched, only diminishing in a certain degree the number of mining labourers, it will be at once perceived that the consequence must be to increase the employment of the male part of the collier population, and to augment their wages.

'This was the result everywhere, and which took place instantaneously with the enforcement of Lord Ashley's act. The removal of the women from the pits created immediately a demand for additional colliers, as the men were under the necessity of not only doing their own work, but that which the women had previously performed. The wages instantly rose; and the husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons of the women who had hitherto worked in the pits had the whole employment and whole amount of payment which had been before divided betwixt the men and women.

'There was thus no loss to the families, while at the same time there was a great increase of comfort. The wages of colliers are at this moment, on an average, above four shillings a-day, and they have constant work from Monday morning till Saturday night. Surely, then, they are well able to afford to maintain their families in comfort, without requiring their wives and daughters to become beasts of burden, and carry and draw heavy loads, amidst water and mud, in the bottom of a coal-pit.

'The colliers earn more than double the wages paid to the agricultural labourers, who consider themselves very well off at present, and who have been so since the end of 1842; and I do not know of a single case of hardship which has taken place in consequence of the passing of Lord Ashley's act. In fact, all the colliers I have conversed with on the subject have expressed themselves strongly in favour of it.

'So much for the question of emolument. I have now to request your attention to the benefits which this act has conferred on the collier population with respect to improvement in morality and comfort.

'The mining part of the population of Scotland, previous to the introduction of Lord Ashley's act, were, I may say without hesitation, the most ignorant and least civilised part of the whole population of the country; and this arose principally from the character of the women. For if the female part of a community is in a state of degradation, this is sure to react on the male part, and to brutalise the character of the men.

'And how could it be otherwise? The wives of the colliers, as also their daughters, were in the habit of working all day, summer and winter, in the coal-pits in the midst of men, instead of remaining at home to look after their families, and to provide for the comfort of their husbands on their return from their day's work. These men, instead of returning home in the evening, like the agricultural labourers, to a comfortable home, a blazing fire, and well-swept hearth-side, to meet a clean and cheerful wife, were in the habit of repairing from their day's work, accompanied by their wives, the partners of their toils, both of them equally covered with smut—to a cheerless house, which had probably been locked up during their absence. The women, in short, instead of being confined to those domestic occupations which are the proper province of woman, were reduced, by the nature of their labour, to the condition of the squaws of the North American Indians, and every feeling of delicacy and modesty was nearly obliterated from their minds.

'Is it, then, to be wondered at that the collier population, under such circumstances, should have had recourse for excitement and enjoyment to the whiskey bottle? This was almost invariably the case, and husband and wife, after returning together from their work, were in the habit of sitting down to drink together. The collier villages were distinguished throughout the country for scenes of the grossest debauchery. Such was the character of the inhabitants, that a young person would have considered it a degradation to take a wife from among the demoralised girls who worked in the pits. The colliers formed a complete caste of themselves, marrying only among their own class.

'Upon the passing of Lord Ashley's act, an almost instantaneous reformation took place. The women, being kept at home, have become tidy and respectable, and the colliers' houses are clean and comfortable. The taste for drinking is gradually giving way, and the colliers are now beginning to spend, for the recreation of their firesides, that money on books and newspapers which they formerly devoted to whiskey, and are becoming highly respectable and intelligent. The exclusiveness of the feeling of caste is breaking down, and already are intermarriages taking place betwixt the collier and peasant families; and all this has been done by forcing a change of habits, and elevating the character of the women. I do not believe that any act of parliament ever passed has done so much good, in so short a time, to those who were the subjects of the act. Lord Ashley is well entitled to the thanks of the country for this piece of legislation.

'I repeat once more that the wages of the colliers are amply sufficient to enable them to maintain the female members of their families at home, without requiring them to do the work of men. No labourer can be comfortable if he is not able to keep his wife at home to look after his family, cook his victuals, mend his clothes, and keep everything snug and in good order; and if the wages of the workmen are not sufficient for this, then the wages are too low, and something must be wrong.

'It is this state of things which makes the Scotch agricultural labourer, when he has good wages and plenty of work—which, I am happy to say, he has at present—so respectable, contented, and happy. A Scotch agricultural labourer, with his wife at home, and with two shillings a-day, is infinitely more comfortable than a mill-spinner with double the amount of wages, but whose wife is engaged along with himself all day in the mill.'

The last observation made by Mr Aytoun strikes

us as containing an important truth. We remember on one occasion, visiting a screw-nail manufactory in Birmingham, and were surprised and sorry to observe that the bulk of the workers were women, and we were still more sorry to learn that they were the wives of men who themselves were well employed. On inquiry, it was mentioned to us that many families, in consequence of husbands and wives, and also children, so working at different kinds of labour, realised as much as from forty to fifty shillings weekly—all of which sum, however, was habitually consumed. Assuming that this was an exaggeration, and that the united wage is really no more than thirty shillings, of which the wife contributes ten, and the children nothing, how infinitely preferable, in all respects, would it be for the family to depend exclusively on the husband's earnings—that is, twenty shillings—and maintain a neat and economical domestic system, graced by the appropriate female superintendence! Viewing a well-conducted household under wedded life as the foundation of every virtue, we confess we do not observe without apprehension the practice of husbands and wives turning out together to daily labour, and yoking their children to the same unvarying round of toil; the more especially since, in very many instances, there seems no other necessity for their engaging in so much miscellaneous labour than certain artificial wants which they feel, or create. Perhaps it would be no less for us to recommend greater moderation, or to endeavour to show parents the serious error—not to say sin or crime—which they commit by heeding no notice on the most urgent grounds of necessity, the necessities of domestic life. And yet it is only by their coming to a due sense of their responsibilities in these respects that the practices we are speaking of can permanently cease the visitation of the law. Depressure, on principle, state interference with the rights of industry, we candidly acknowledge that the rights of industry are not to become the wrongs of society; and therefore earnestly press on the consideration of the working-classes what appears to be one of the least plausible or defensible circumstances in their position. No one can find any fault with factory labour in reference to the employment of young women and boys, especially when the work is of a light kind, and when the discipline exercised is of an orderly and improving tendency; but the most commonplace mind must mourn over the spectacle of mothers of families toiling amidst forges, the clang of hammers, and the action of machinery. The scene is neither decent nor befitting, and, to use a common phrase, "no good can come of it." For social exigencies there may, doubtless, be an excuse; but none for artificial wants, which prudence can avert. Let those who err in this particular keep their wives at home, and their younger children at school, and so, even with the certainty of some privation, they will lay up for themselves a store of happiness which no amount of mere money payment ever can secure.

A YARN OVER THE CAPSTAN, IN THE SECOND DOG-WATCH.

CONCLUDED.

"Well, we got safe to Plymouth that night, and went straight down to a sailor's tavern on one of the quays, where we paid out our last coin for a couple of pots of beer, and some biscuit and cheese. There we contrived to strike an acquaintance with two seamen, Americans, as we found afterwards, who said they would soon help us to a berth, as their skipper wanted two smart boys to live with him in the cabin, and take a spell now and then at the wheel. That was all, they informed us, which we should have to do; though we soon discovered the difference. The Yankee captain was a long, dark man, with thin lips and huge black whiskers, and an eye which I never saw equalled for devilish meaning, when he looked at you quietly if there was anything the

matter. We were so ignorant, however, and anxious to ship, that we noticed nothing more than his fair speeches, and got on board that very night. His brig was lying outside, having put in for a day or two from Liverpool to get a new topmast, in place of one she had lost in the Channel. I shall never forget my feeling and Miles's face when we first saw the Yankee captain on the quarter deck in the morning, with his shore-going clothes changed, and his land way altered to his salt-water one. The men were beginning to warp the vessel clear of her berth, and we were standing together uncertain what to do. His first words were, "Now, then, you young whelps, see if you can't turn to and tail on to that line, or, by the powers, I'll give you your first taste of hemp-oil. I'm your man: I'll rasp your mother's stick off you. I'll have you, and bring you down with a double-block purchase." We both stuck forward, and took hold of the rope in terror; and if I ever had any fine notions about the sea, I may say that moment finished them. The whole of my life was clear to me at once. I saw what was coming; and, if I could have comeled it to myself, I wished I was even standing before my father, or perched on the high office-stool, so be that I had only a home at hand.

We were soon standing down Channel with a spanking breeze, but we hadn't even time to look at the Liverpool fading into the sky. Not a kind word had the captain said to us now, though he paid them liberally to persuade us on ship-board. I daresay he was so much the worse for being here. He do do it before we were in his power. We had not rough jackets and trousers, and one or two shirts, for our own clothes, at a shop-shop, and now we labour had to learn, and show the men we were willing in order to make the easiest of it. At first the had treated us roughly enough, but as we fell into their ways, they grew kinder; though, as we had been surprised to find, we had to do all their dirty jobs, bring their food, and obey them like slaves. We were comparatively happy, however, in the fore-castle. On deck our lives were miserable, the captain used us like dogs, and so did his mate, who followed him in all things; only he was, if anything, not so bad. The men themselves hated them both bitterly; but, whether because we were the only English hands, or just that we were boys, we were the chief objects of tyranny. Tom Miles, in particular, the captain seemed to wreak his malice on, although Tom never once answered him a word. He rapscalloned him several times; because the binnacle had burnt oil, or was out, when it was the bad oil that was to blame; and he would keep him an hour aloft often after the watch was gone below at night, till he was like to drop from the yard for want of sleep. Miles and I were not in the same watch, and the captain hated to see us together; but when we did contrive to speak at meals, or on a Sunday, or for a short time at night, the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, would say, "Tom, I'm glad, indeed, we didn't take little Ned with us;" and I thanked God we had not. Oh, how he would talk of the fields and woods, and say he had never noticed how sweet they were till now! Even the dull office and the cross attorney were so useful in his eyes and mine also, although I cannot say I had it all so much to the fault of the sea as he did. I had begun to take some pride in acquiring dexterity, and but for the captain, should have been cheerful enough; but Miles, while he went on as well as he could in the meantime, detested me together, and cherished it as his dearest hope to get back to the land, and I never leave it more. His heart not being in it, this kept him always back, and he was the worse off for it. At other times a gloomy fit would come over him, and he would shake his head, and say, "I don't think I shall ever see the land again. I feel as if that tyrant cowed my spirit so, that I lose hope. The sea has got hold of me, Tom, and I know in my sleep that I'll keep me for ever. Wasn't it so pleasant, Tom, going out in the mornings through the long grass to shoot the wild ducks, or up to the old castle, where the trees were so full of rooks? It wasn't

so bad that old office neither, after all." However, long as the hateful imprisonment seemed, and bad weather as we had across the Atlantic, in about eight weeks we got into the gulf-stream, saw the coast of Cuba, and the blue peaks beyond it, and at length ran through the Gulf of Mexico into Mobile. We had little more of land than to see it, for the captain made us live on board, and let only one of us away at a time, lest we should give him the slip. In a month we left Mobile with the same crew, for the long voyage round Cape Horn to Lima.

The old system of ill-usage began again, chiefly to Tom Miles at first, though I had my share of it, and afterwards all on board began to murmur, when the length of the voyage was added to it. But the captain was a strong man himself: the mate was with him at least; and he took care to let all know that he had six pair of loaded pistols always at hand. One day, while we were still in the trade-winds, and the fine weather gave him nothing to vent his life on, he got into one of his worst moods with Miles, watched him for a pretext, and whenever he had it, he knocked him down, kicked him, and treated him so brutally, that I was only held back by the cook from rushing off and striking him. "He'd flog you within an inch of your life," said one of the men; but I saw, as my poor friend came slowly forward, that they felt it, and only wanted a little more to make their turn upon the villain with a vengeance. There was an elderly man, a Norwegian, amongst the foremast-men, whom the captain hated too, though he was the best and most experienced seaman in the brig. I observed him start when he saw Miles fall, and his dark eye glittered for a moment as if he could have sprung upon the captain, he being at work on the mizen shrouds at the time.

I remember it was soon after this that the rough Cape weather began to come; and when it did, we had it dreadful. For many weeks we had not a dry stitch of clothes, and scarce could get our food cooked. The topgallant sails were never hoisted. We got out of it at last though: the royal masts were sent up, the topgallant sails hoisted and sheeted home, jib set, and the last reef of the two topsails shaken out. We stood westward on a wind all that day, the sea going down round us with a long roll into the pale yellow sky, when we went below at eight bells of the first night-watch, and we were glad to have seen the sun set once more. When we came on deck in the middle watch, however, it was beginning to look black again to windward. The captain was standing at the hatch of the half-deck, where Miles and I had our hammocks slung then, when I came up the ladder alone. "Where's Miles?" said he to me fiercely. "He's very unwell, sir," said I, "and hasn't been out of his hammock all day." "Call him up; dye hear," shouted the captain; "call him up this moment; I won't have no skulkers on board. I'll doctor the lubber; call him up." Miles put on his trousers, trembling with fear, and came on deck; but the poor lad could scarcely stand for weakness, and the wind seemed to go through him, till I heard his teeth chatter in his head. In a short time the captain turned round from the weather-guwnale, where he had been watching the cloud gather, and looked for a moment at the compass. The squall was coming fast down upon us, sure enough, and a long white line ran along the sky, above the black edge of the sea in the distance. "Stand by, to let go the topgallant halliards," cried he to the men: "let go both; brace round the yards; clue up the topgallant sails. Go aloft, you two boys, and furl the fore-topgallant sail." I sprang into the weather shrouds; Miles lingered for a moment; the captain looked at him, and he followed me as fast as he could. It was dark as pitch; the wind was upon us, like to blow one out of the rigging; and the sea had risen into mountains before the brig had time to rush on as she would. Her fore-castle was washed clean at every pitch, and all who remained below were back on the poop. I was glad they had hauled the braces taut, so that the yard

kept steady. I heard Miles's breath behind me, and told him to go out on the starboard yard-arm; for I could not see him, it was so dark, and he only heard me laughing at his ear. As for windward and leeward, the vessel rolled so much, though slowly, that now one end of the yard, and now the other, was uppermost; and, taking hold of the sail, I felt myself leaning out above the boiling sea far underneath. I had got my part of the sail fast, and held on, waiting for Miles with his, as I knew, by its not flapping, that he had mastered it. I thought he was long of coming into the mast again, however, and I leaned down, straining my eyes to see if I could see his figure. A horrible fear crept into my heart: it was no vain to look where there was no light to see him against; until one little faint patch of white came out for a moment on the sky, and I knew the yard-arm lifting against that would show me what he was doing. It rose up slowly. I thought that interval an age; but oh, who can tell my pang when, as the yard-arm crossed that streak of light for an instant, I saw its dark end bare—bare as the sky itself; and the sail broke out anew, and flapped into the wind, as if he had just gone! Poor Tom Miles! the sea had a hold of him—a strong hold indeed, and afterwards I thought of his own saying, and of the night when he and Ned and I sat purposing what we should do. It was with a heavy heart I made the sail fast again after a fashion, and got down on deck, scarcely caring whether I went with him or not.

By the time I got below, the topsails were close-reefed again, and the brig under as little sail as would keep her steady; but the darkness was clearing off slowly, and in the morning, when the other watch came on deck, the sea was fast going down, and there was a free sky to windward. The sails were soon all hoisted again, and we were meeting large before the breeze that carried us into soft days and quiet nights, breathing with the warm western air. Oh how beautiful that morning was after the gale, and Miles would never see it more, nor rise from under that dark surface! We'd never sit together again under the lee of the galley in a rough night, and talk of the old town, and of every man, woman, and child we remembered there. I've since seen many a poor fellow go down in his hammock like a stone, and many swept overboard into the wild sea that never gave them up, but I never realised the thing as I did when he was taken from my very side who had come step by step with me from my father's door. The men felt it more, because they had been often unkind to him; and no one looked up at that fore-topgallant-sail without a shudder, or saying he hoped poor Tom had made a change for the better. The cook swore the yard was haunted, till the men, when they were at the wheel, fancied they saw Miles's face under the carrying, looking back from over the yard, when the brig rolled to leeward. If their hearts smote them secretly, the whole went to add to the feeling against the captain, who, indeed, since that night, seemed more possessed with a fiend than ever; and at last matters came to a head. He worked the crew without mercy at Lima; and kept all hands on, instead of watch and watch, after we had got into the bad weather on the homeward voyage, though that was nothing like what it had been when we were outward-bound. The men went off all together to ask him for watch on watch, with Andersen, the Norwegian, as spokesman. He got angry in a moment; swore we were lazy; and when Andersen replied somewhat boldly, he called down the cabin hatchway to the steward for his pistols. "Mutiny!" shouted he; "mutiny, by G—d!" He and the mate took hold of the Norwegian, who flung the latter down, and burst from the captain's grasp. The steward handed him his pistols, and the second mate having appeared, he handcuffed Andersen by main force, the men not having made up their minds to go all lengths. "Go forward," said he to us, "or I'll put you all in irons, and work the ship myself. I'll make an example of him. I'll flog him when I've right to see his back; by the—"

—, I will. Forward with you, you —; you see I'm master!"

"It was our middle watch that night; and as the wind was steady, and nothing doing, though it was pretty dark, I fell asleep between the galley and the long-boat when about two hours of the watch was out. I don't know what woke me, but I did wake suddenly, and saw a figure leaning over the bulwarks aft, which I was certain was the captain, who generally slept all night in good weather. However, as he could not see me, and the mate was not visible, I went to sleep again, till I found the other watch had been set some time. As I got up and went below, I saw that the captain was no longer on deck, and the second mate was forward getting the men to set the flying jib. It was about noon next day when the mate called us all aft, and told us very gravely that the captain was nowhere to be found. He had not been seen since the last night, when the mate and he looked Andersen, ironed, into one of the state-rooms in the cabin, intending to fulfil his threat next morning. He stated that the steward, who had sailed several years with the captain, mentioned his having a habit of walking in his sleep. I was much surprised when I found that Andersen had been in his hammock, as usual, since the watch went below, and I thought it strange how the mate did not pay attention to this. Perhaps he felt that he was in the power of the crew, as he showed quite a different way of going on after he succeeded to the captain's place, and seemed careful not to carry his authority too far. A mystery it is to this day, and will be to me till the last day, I suppose, how the captain came by his death after all. No one doubted that he had fallen overboard, but the question was, whether any one had a hand in it.

"When the intelligence was given by the mate, there was general horse-lunch amongst the men, which would have sounded brutal but for the character of the lost captain. "You can't find him!" said a Boston man, who I knew had been at the wheel when the captain was standing where I saw him; "then I calculate you'd better turn to and play skipper yourself, sir, for want of another." "That's just it, I guess," said another; and the whole crew turned on their heels and went forward. Nobody appeared to know more about the matter, however; the chief remark made was by the cook, who suggested that poor Tom's ghost had brought him up in his dreams, and beckoned him over the side. I noticed that the Norwegian, Andersen, was more stern and silent than ever from that day.

"Whenever we got into port, I left the hateful log, and joined with an English barque for Liverpool, where I felt myself another man. I was treated well, and began in reality to love the sea.

"We spoke an outward-bound East Indiaman off Madeira, the Marlborough, which I had reason to remember after I got home. I little thought, when I saw her mainyard backed, and the water plashing up her bright copper sheathing, as she rocked up and down along with our barque, that the crowd of faces gazing over her bulwarks contained one I'd have reckoned the world then to see. And when her stately topsails filled again, and she went off with the wind abeam to the south-east, I was glad I was turning the other way. It was three years after Miles and Ned and I ran off, that I saw my mother and my little sister Bessie again, who was grown to a sweet, pretty girl. But my poor father had been dead a year, and his last word almost had been, that he wished to have seen his son Thomas once more, and to have given him a blessing. I stood by his grave, and felt that grief is bitter when the love you bore has been mixed with harsher feelings. I question if I should have felt such agony of heart if it had been even my mother instead of him. And Ned—my little quiet playfellow and bedfellow from childhood up—was gone for India, where he was to stay for years. He had sailed a passenger in the Marlborough Indiaman: my only brother, whom I had longed so often to clasp round the neck again, had been but a few fathoms from me in the

midst of the Atlantic, and I did not know it till now! I made my first voyage to Madras only to see him; but he was up the country, and the ship left without my seeing him. Ten years after I did see him, in his own house in Madras; but how changed he was from the boy that had parted from me! He was lying on a sofa, pale and weak with the heat, and didn't know me when I came up the floor; though I knew him, and his very shape, for all he had grown to a man six feet tall. It was the last time, for a letter reached home before me that he was dead."

"The worthy captain stopped here, raised his sleeve to his eye, and appeared to recompose the rigging. "She lies pretty near her course, I think, Mr Adams?" said he. "How's her head, steersman?"

"South-west-by-south, sir," answered the sailor.

"This wind freshens her way a little, Mr Adams. I like to hear the Maria singing at her bows again."

"And let's was it, captain," I asked, "you came to follow the sea as a profession, after your first hard lessons?"

"Why, I must confess I did like to sleep again all night with no watch to call me, or reef topsails" to startle one out of a dream of home; and was pleasant enough to be free of rule, and call my limbs my own; and most of all to see soft, kind faces, and hear their voices about the house. My mother and little Bessie tried hard to get me to forswear the sea for ever, and turn my hand to something onshore; and so I thought for a while. But, as poor Miles said, it's hard for one to get rid of the sea's hold when you've once been in it. I was almost spoiled for aught else. I might have lived independent no doubt; but with my father's loss on his farm, there was little to spare from my mother's means, and from what Bessie ought to have for a portion, if I could have consented to idleness. After all, there is somewhat even in going up to your watch on deck, and feeling the wind, and seeing the sea, and striving against danger with good shipmates, that creeps in between one and quieter times. You want to feel in motion, and have something to struggle with, or to see new sights and strange customs. I was weary of waking every morning, and seeing the trees and fields so steadfast and dull-like before the window. I don't well know how, but the ocean has not only something grand in it, but it makes you feel more what a man may be. I got more and more restless after a while, in spite of all my mother and my sweet little sister could do to wear my thoughts. They saw what was going forward; and one night, while we were sitting together by the fire, my mother burst into tears, and said she supposed I must go. I pleased myself and them with the excuse of going to Madras and seeing Ned; and indeed that at first was the main reason I had. So I shipped once more; and here I am. From that time, slowly enough no doubt, I've risen through mate to master, and at last to make something of my own. It was longer, as I have been twice shipwrecked, and lost all I had gained; but now the Maria is two-thirds mine, and I have some little matter in store besides against trying up in harbour. My mother, though she is an old woman, is still alive; and Bessie is grown a matron with five children—with the same sweet, cheerful face, notwithstanding, she ever had. I've resolved, however, on this being my last voyage, and if God carry me back, I think to end my days at their hearth. There's another little Bessie, my sister's fourth child, the image of her mother, as one day is like another, though it have withered long before; and what I have made by many a rough weather on the salt sea, shall go to make her home happy when she grows to need it, and that will be when I have forgotten the way it was gathered. I sometimes fancy the "Maria" knows what she is about, when she swells out with all her canvas, like now, to the breeze, or works so gallantly against a head-sea; and that song at her bows sounds more pleasant to my ear for the sake of those she's serving all the while. It is cheering to a sailor to have those at home he strives for."

'How is it, then, captain,' I remarked, 'that you never thought of this in a more tender point of view? Did it never occur to you to have a wife of your own to make the Maria strain her canvas for? A pretty name that—Maria—in a ship, for instance, but prettier in a woman. I wonder what fancy stood sponsor for that title with those who gave it her?'

'Why,' said the captain, smiling a little sadly as I thought, 'I called her so myself. It was a fancy too, as you say; but it's the sole thing I have to remind me of one I liked better than ever I liked a woman. One doesn't talk of these matters off-hand, though it's long since I lost being shamed about it; it only makes one think how things he would have wished to be seem all one in twenty years or so. I do believe if it had been, I should really have left the sea and settled down on land twenty years ago, without seeking to make money. It was after one voyage to China I stayed a month or two with my sister, who was married to an old schoolfellow of my own; my mother, too, had fixed there for good and all. There was a young girl, a friend of Bessie's, living with them on a visit. Her name was Maria, and she was a slender, winnyp, happy creature, open as the day, and as pretty as Bessie herself when she was seventeen. I remember how she stood up, so quiet and smiling, when I was first made known to her, and how often I watched her tripping through the grass before the house with my sister's little boy. Bessie wanted to bring about the matter between us; she spoke about her often to me, and I think she did as much to Maria herself. She told me she believed Maria looked on me favourably, though she would not tell her so, and kept very close about it, which was one of Bessie's reasons for her belief. But I couldn't make up my mind to speak. I was a sailor; the young lady had some money; and I had very little if I left the sea, and couldn't bear the thought of seeming to want hers. Whatever things I had seen in the life a sailor leads, a pure and beautiful woman's presence always made me feel myself unworthy, and I had been out of the way of good society for years. The last time I saw her was sitting in the summer-house, when I had come intending to speak out. But I only kiss'd her hand, and I said good-by, and left her; she looked so quiet and calm, and not expecting anything else. I didn't know what I felt for her till I was on board ship, and the land was sinking into the sky, and many a time the thought of her gushed into my heart after, and brought tears to my eyes I was ashamed of, especially when I wondered what she would have said to a word from me more than ordinary. She was married in two years to a lawyer, and I have heard of her often from Bessie, whose only reproach she ever gave me was, that I didn't tell Maria Williams my own mind. I called my ship by her name; and I have thought, when I have gone out on the flying jib-boom, and looked at her coming on before a breeze, white from deck to truck, on the blue sea, that her shape was like Maria's; and the pleasant murmur at her bows somehow reminded me of her voice, when I heard it as she read a story to Bessie's little boy.'

The good man sighed as he smiled at his own quaint conceit, and looked aloft, without speaking, at the full canvas of his ship, through whose openings, and all around, the multitude of stars were now apparent out of the blue depths of heaven: and I thought how beautifully the law of earthly separation—that sea in time—consecrates likewise the human affections by tending them, as it were, in the sky of memory; till sea and storm shall have exhaled like a vapour, and Necessity shall no more be at odds with Desire. The ship to me, also, was touched with the image of that long-past Maria, as if her idea, more permanent than her temporal beauty, now doubtless faded, were hovering on the sky beyond, and transforming the vessel with its outspread wings, in the azure amplitude of night, to an ocean figure of calm, human grace. In the ocean we can deal with things earthly—distant as we will.

Scarcely had the captain ceased when it struck eight bells, and thus ended our second dog-watch, with its accidental little history of sea-life, called up by the peculiar feeling of that 'soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart.' Three hours after, I woke in my berth with the sound of the watch above 'singing out' as they trimmed sails again, and the noise of feet and ropes thrown down on deck. And then I went to sleep again, and dreamt of my own home, and its own remembrances and loves.

THE MONOCULUS.

I was lately one of a company of young and old, assembled in a darkened room, to be amused with the frisks which animalcula play when subjected to the influence of a penetrating blaze of light from the oxy-hydrogen apparatus. There was no actor that performed that evening with greater *éclat* than the monocus. The creature, as is well known, is named from his having only one eye, which occupies a central position in his head. His style of locomotion was of such an uncommonly queer description, his doings appeared so frantic, and his struggles so tremendous, as to make him the very Grimaldi of the water-drama. He would now be seen slipping, by force of gravitation, to the bottom of the water, where, for a time, he would lie quiet, buried under a crowd of others. Then he would seem possessed with a maniacal propensity to dash forwards, and would spring from side to side, overturning in his progress dozens of quieter animalcules, after a fashion astounding and perplexing in the extreme. The performances of the little creature were of a perfectly unique description; there was a peculiar one-eyedness in their character which was profoundly curious. Sometimes he would fall, head downwards, lighting upon some unsuspecting monad, like a ball of cotton from a fifth story upon an ill-starred fly, or else below. Then came gigantic efforts to rise, and then a succession of intricate wriggles, to attempt to describe which would be entirely hopeless. Then a little knot of peaceable folk would be scattered to the four quarters of the field by his dashing himself into the midst of them, while the more timid fled before him with precipitation. The monocus has a bit—and not a little bit either—of the 'poker' temperament in his constitution, but is, on the whole, a very different personage. Here was a moral ready cut and dried, as the phrase is, for me: now for its application.

Human society consists, to speak generally, of a mass of quiet people, plodding their own paths, eating their own meals, and vanishing their own ways, without becoming individually conspicuous at all. The subjects of this notice—human monocusi—form a sub-variety, and a very funny one, of a comparatively small class of exceptions to this rule. The human monocus is possibly the type or original of the fable of the old Cyclopes; which becomes highly significant when regarded under such a light. Yes, terrible, hard-working, athletic, stick-at-nothing fellows are the human monocusi. The vast social forge rings again with the din of their clanging hammers; the very earth trembles, and timid people fly away before them. And, as beneath the fæta of old, so beneath whatsoever mountain they set up their workshops in, it is not long before they are heard at work; and work they will, until the mountain trembles to its very base, and sometimes even totters and crumbles into dust before them. The monocus sometimes appears as a public lecturer, sometimes as a parliamentary orator, sometimes as a newspaper leading-article writer, sometimes as a private individual, nursing in secret his egg from whence the new world is to spring; but always he is to be recognised as one big with some gigantic project, which is to conduce to upset society, to reform its abuses, and to renew it in pristine harmony and order. This idea he carries as an idol in his youth; he fights for it, works for it, speaks for it, writes for it in his manhood; and when the tottering

monoculus is turning gray, when his heart is chilling fast to every other object, we shall yet find a few sparks alight in the forge; and a little stimulus will set the crazy old bellows to work, and we shall have a handful of fire kindled up about the old iron even at the last. There is a spurious variety of the species which is ever changing the objects of its affections, and only constant to each while it maintains its predominance; but the genuine monoculus stands forth with a melancholy distinction, carrying his first love to his grave.

The true monoculus never loses an opportunity of presenting himself and his favourite idea to the public. Is there to be a convention for the promotion of any social reformation, there he is sure to be with his plan, no matter how irreconcilable it may be with the object in view. It is, therefore, not surprising that our monoculus is pretty generally regarded as an individual whose company is decidedly less desirable than the area he occupies. At the very moment when he is making the strongest demonstrations of the benefits of his great scheme, it is a distressing proof of the ingratitude of the human race to find that he is looked upon as an intolerable bore. It is also grievous to add, that no sooner does he set his forge up, light his fire, and put his *iron into it*, than many persons make for the door, while a few, who from local difficulties, are unable to get out, may be seen covering their heads with their pocket handkerchiefs, and, with an aspect of dreadful phlegm, composing themselves to sleep. It is, however, one of the happy peculiarities of the genus to be entirely unconscious of the true cause of these effects; for in the unobtrusive employment of striking the iron until it is red-hot, ever so firmly, is so forgotten. The obliquity of the public is only a protective of greater perseverance the part of the monoculus. I have seen a water-monoculus lying beneath a couple of water tubs, and a mass of other creatures. I have watched him struggle his way, foot foremost, until he reached the surface, and then drop down again, as if shot. A also the human species is to be seen, with monomaniacal determination, thrusting itself all manner of hindrances, and at last, when succeeded in bringing his project to the light, dropping back to a condition of temporary quiescence. The ancients tell us that the old *monoculi*, the Cyclopes, when they went to war, put up before their faces a shield made of a turtle's aperture in its centre, through which they looked, and then they ran, as to the modern Cyclops, with his vision down, run a nail upon his forehead, with the strange delusion of doing good in the most agreeable manner.

The *monoculi* are an amazingly hard-headed genus. It is a quality which stands them in good stead, as they are often made the butt of their congeners, sometimes of their companions, and generally of the world at large. It is this quality which renders the *monoculus* immune to the absurdity of his position, incapable of discerning his own errors, or suffering inconvenience from the neglect and cold water but too lavishly cast upon him, and upon the unhappy bantling he is nursing with such parental care. One might suppose that the associations of mutual ill-treatment would draw *monoculi* into the closest communion one with another; one might conceive a part of Mutual Protection Society would be a likely institution in *Monoculopolis*. This would be a sad mistake. Civil wars of the most bloodthirsty description are of daily occurrence among them—*monoculi* against *monoculi*, project against project, head to head; it is a mournful spectacle, forcibly reminding one of a Spanish bull-fight. A grinning world, an arena strewn with painfullest memorials of the battle, and the infuriated combatants in the foreground, are the prominent features of the living picture. A *monoculus* is, so to speak, a Robinson Crusoe among savages—a man in another world, with strange ideas, a superior intellect, but with the perverted notion of new-modelling everything. He is isolated, by this besetting conception, from the respect and esteem which his talents deserve. A *monoculus* will tie, with his own hands, the knotted

corals which bind him to his idol's ear; while the thought that he may one day be the instrument of ushering in that idol in triumph before the presence of an applauding world, for ever sustains his courage, and enkindles his hopes. For this service he voluntarily forfeits everything else, and with a struggle of next to Herculean energy, he tugs at the broad wheels, not unfrequently dying in the harness, without getting so much as a far-off glimmer of the day-dawn he has wasted his life in sighing for. It is an exception to a general rule to find a *monoculus* successful in his own age. Such exceptions, however, do occasionally occur, and might be more frequent, were the *monocular* character a little less inflexible. As it is, a *monoculus*, from the nature of his vision or, out or will see but one object at once; if he looks at others at all, it is through the stunted medium of that single eye. Neither will he see nor give proper heed to the connexion of his subject with others, from which, in his violence, he drags it away. He is, in a measure, like a man who, in trying to move a leg of wood, puts it in almost straightly, indeed, but forgets to clear the way before him, and neglects to use the levers and mechanical appliances which would doubtless effect his object. He cannot detach himself for a moment from the great to regard the less; hence his attempts are so often abortive. It has been the lot of the present, and that of almost every epoch, to be witnesses of the successful attempts of one or more great *monoculi*. In the instance which occurs to us now, the eminent *monoculus*, by dint of eye and labour of mind and body, by carefully getting rid of outlying difficulties, by lending his utmost powers to the effort, aided by a well-grounded belief in the ultimate success of his ideal, has at length lived to see it from his inflexible distance, and the acclamations of a great empire. It is much to be feared that success will be productive of many very sad delusions among *monoculi* in general. I am sure they will set this great example before them in their peculiar fashion.

Looking at the result, and disregarding the means which have led to it, we shall have hundreds of deluded *monoculi* plunging into their respective projects, without one comparing what or whether the way is clear, or the world is ready for them, or whether, in truth, the project, after all, is worth all the labour and cost it entails.

By a strange and unaccountable delusion, *monoculi* regard a second eye as a rare sight, and a rare sight as a great good. There are many holes, head, and heart, with but one eye ever aimed at them all. This is looked upon as a great good, and looks to be respected that eye, usually, as the great aggregate of our conclusions. Having for its sole object something so totally advantage as is practicable in itself. Great mistakes, mistakes committed by great masses of people—universal *monocular* persecutions, or the moral sort, would be the professional term—are not frequent, but common enough to humiliate in our estimate of the collective wisdom of our large, dense, or mankind. It is perhaps scarcely correct to state the question thus, that *monoculi* are capable of self-abandonment. The truth rather is, *monocularity* is sometimes a disease, an epidemic. It is its origin, a great *monoculus* can get down to a country town, and lecture on the subject of his delusion to hundreds, in a town hall; these catch fire from the kind spark which leap from his furnace, and become in turn so many torches to inflame their neighbours. For a time the statistics of out-door lunacy in that county would present a truly awful appearance. The disease attacks men sometimes, in part, sometimes in toto. A man may become a half-*monoculus*—one great eye and a little one beside; or he may go to the whole length of the proposition at once. By and by it subsides; and of the crowd of raving *monoculi* which spring into existence that day, but a few remain. The records of our national events are very instructive upon such a point, and may be referred to by the curious in this matter. I would propose an uncommonly signifi-

cant name for the disease, so as to classify it with bronchitis and other inflammatory diseases: I would call it the *'Nothing-like-leather-itis'*!

It is a pity, but the monoculus has a quarrel with the world, and the quarrel is, that the world will not look through his eye-glass; which, I confess, in the manner in which it is generally held before the world, is anything but an easy matter to accomplish. The poor creature thus brushes his way through life, warring in the defence of his favourite object against many, even against his dearest friends; thanked by nobody; pressing to a mark he seldom attains; exhausting a long, self-devoted life to the service he has lived for; and, at the last, committing his grand scheme, in undiminished faith as he sinks below the waters, to the stream which shall carry it down to posterity. I wish it to be clearly understood that this paper is entirely irrespective of the meritoriousness or otherwise of the dear object of the monoculus' heart. It may be a worthless ball of clay, it may be a priceless gem, which he is seeking to bring forward; the character of the individual, whose deely-eyed mark, is the same. Alas! that he is the same one-eyed, one-ideal, one-purposed individual still.

The monoculi are by no means creatures of yesterday. They have arisen and put the world in a ferment through all past epochs; and it is but fair to own that, while many an unhappy one has lain down to die almost in despair, his works have lived after him, and yet remain, a token for good to others, and an evidence of a far-sighted discernment, which, in its day, met with the ungentle treatment of hard words, harder sarcasms, and hardest neglect.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

EXPOSURE OF BUTCHER-MEAT IN SHOPS.

THE exposure of butcher-meat in shops is, for several reasons, objectionable. In the first place, it is extremely unsightly; in the second, it tends to brutalise the feelings of the multitude. These considerations may have little effect in putting down the practice; but something may be expected when we urge the fact, that exposure of animal food to the air and sun greatly accelerates decay, and that a cool and dark place is, economically, the most appropriate. It is only a useful and admirable provision of nature, that when dead animal matter is exposed, it becomes a depository for the ova of flies, destined in the larva form to eat up, and thus put an end to, what, in its decay by putrescence, would become a nuisance or a source of disease to living creatures. We may admire this arrangement; but there is no need to expose valuable food to its operation, when a little care might preserve that food for use. Why should not a place for the disposal of butcher-meat to the public be a cellar or darkened vault of low temperature, to which intending purchasers might be conducted from some more open place, such as an ordinary shop, or a stall in a market, where the profession was simply indicated by an inscription? We may add, that in most of the continental countries the exposure of butcher-meat is much less public than in England; and we remember, when walking in the streets of London with a Polish gentleman, newly arrived, that he was absolutely horrified by the sight of the bleeding carcasses they presented, and inquired how it was possible that our women, inured to such spectacles, could possess the more delicate feelings of their sex?

Our economical remarks apply to fowl and fish equally with butcher-meat. They are not less applicable to fruit, which loses flavour by exposure to the sun. Surely any little advantage obtained by parading wares before the eyes of the passing public, is dearly purchased at the sacrifice of valuable qualities in the wares themselves.

FAILURES IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

The partial failure of the potato crop in 1845, and its total failure, as well as the partial blight of several other vegetables, in 1846, suggest some considerations of a very serious nature. If one great and important plant thus perishes, why not others equally or more important? Is it not within the oscillations of Providence, that at the whole cereal grains of a large portion of the world, if not the whole, may for one year fail to be productive? To us this appears a possibility of nature, though as yet we have only known of approaches to it in fact. Even supposing, however, that only an approach to it took place, its consequences to mankind would undoubtedly be extremely fatal, unless a due provision were made for it. The policy suggested by Joseph is obviously that which should be followed in such cases. All kinds of food ought to be used in a sparing manner during the time pending the next autumn, in order that, if a failure of the grain crops should then take place, we may have as large reserves as possible for the emergency.

This hint is thrown out, not without a fear that in some quarters it may only excite a smile. It nevertheless appears as only a duty to make the suggestion, and we make it accordingly. Most earnestly do we hope, for the sake of our fellow-creatures, that the result will be such as to show that no such alarm was required.

PROPOSED DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX.

The German Diet has resolved on purchasing the house of Goethe at Weimar, that it may be preserved for the gratification of posterity. Many in our own country will hear with concern that, at the very time when this purchase is in the course of negotiation, the house of John Knox in Edinburgh has been bought with the design of being taken away to make room for other buildings. The surprise excited by this fact will be the greater, when it is known that those who contemplate the destruction of Knox's old house are persons connected with the Free Church of Scotland, a portion of that very vineyard which the famous reformer spent himself in planting in our land. A parricidal hand, it seems, it is which is raised against Knox on this occasion. And perfectly without justification of any kind stands the design of the parricides. The building is out of repair; but it is of strong masonry, and, with care, would last a century more at least. The ground is not indispensable for building purposes, for there is no lack of other ground close by. No motive appears for proposing to take this ground, but that there would be something piquant in having a church on the spot where John Knox lived! Could such barbarism have been expected of reasoning men in the present day, and men, too, who profess to venerate Knox? They speak, indeed, of making the new building a kind of monument to the reformer—as if any commonplace modern structure, with the words *John Knox's Church*, or the *John Knox Monument* connected with it, could be equal in interest to the actual homely little mansion in which he lived!—with its 'study of deals' made for him by the magistrates, his effigy pointing to the name of God, the window from which he sometimes preached, and the thrice golden legend over the door—*LIFE GOD ABOVE ALL, AND THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF*. We wonder how the people at Wittenberg would take it, if some one were to propose to remove the houses of Luther and Melancthon, and plant pillars in their place. Could the greatest enemy to the memory of the Reformation and Reformers propose anything more likely to be unpopular? But such is the supineness regarding things of the kind in Scotland, that it actually seems likely, if no unexpected movement is made to the contrary, that we shall see Knox's house swept away in a few weeks, upon the most insubstantial of pretexts, and to the lasting disgrace of our place and generation.

Let us hope that our brethren of the press will take

up the subject in our own spirit—or at least aid in the circulation of the present remonstrance—so that public feeling may be roused against the proposed measure. Alas! a couple of days will suffice, as we all know, to destroy what it has taken centuries to invest with its present interest, and what no amount of money, or exertion, or wishing, could ever again create.

A VISIT TO MESSRS LODDIGES'S CONSERVATORIES.

Among scientific collectors and scientific collections of rare and curious plants, none have obtained a greater celebrity than the Messrs Loddiges of Hackney, near London, and their large conservatories. While two many nurserymen and florists have devoted their labours to the perfection of some few tribes of gay flowers, each emulating the other in raising some new and extraordinary varieties of such plants as anemones, dahlias, tulips, carnations, and fuchsias, the Messrs Loddiges, with one or two other honourable exceptions, animated by a zeal for science of the most ardent, frequently of the most disinterested, character, have expended vast sums of money in gathering together, from every quarter of the world, and bestowed unwearied pains in preserving, some of the most wonderful and remarkable of the productions of the vegetable kingdom.

A fair day in the end of last June found me seated in an omnibus, and bent upon an expedition to Hackney, from which I promised myself much pleasure and profit: it was a visit to these famous conservatories. The report which had reached me of the extraordinary contents of these buildings, and of the vast number of species contained therein, led me to conceive the whole to be something on a gigantic scale. In this I was to be disappointed: and on surveying the long lead-coloured range of conservatories, so humble in contrast with those pictured by an unreasonable imagination, I could not help asking myself, can these be the buildings whose fame has spread over Europe, and to the enrichment of which every explored country in the globe has contributed? Let this paper answer the question.

The conservatories are at the distance of about three miles from St. Paul's, and I can assure my reader he is likely to regret many a day more than a whole one spent there. With a kindness deserving to be reciprocated by the most careful conduct on the part of the visitors, the proprietors of the conservatories are willing to admit any respectable person who will make an application.

This great collection was commenced about the year 1765; since which period its resources have every year been added to, in proportion to the progress of geographical discovery, and also by the sales resulting from the breaking up of other collections of a scientific character. The liberal terms offered to the explorers of new countries for new and rare plants have drawn together, from the forests and fields of both hemispheres, an aggregate of the wonders of vegetation altogether unrivalled by any private collection in the world. The Messrs Lee of Hammersmith, and the Messrs Loddiges of Hackney, were among the first private individuals to establish scientific collections. Their example was soon followed by others, but these, from various causes, gradually declined, and the grounds became so degraded, as to sink into 'manufactories for such things as early salads, peas, French beans, and mushrooms.' Now, however, under the fostering influence of botanical societies, scientific collections are forming in many places; it has even become a fashionable pursuit for the rich and great, and there are already many splendid private collections of orchidæ, and other natural families of plants. It may not be rash even to expect the formation of a national conservatory at no distant epoch, which would form a noble and eloquent trophy to science, and one as useful and instructive as noble.

An ordinary florist's grounds would probably present

a far more attractive and brilliant appearance than those which surround these conservatories. Here are none of the gay masses of bright colours to catch the eye, or the perfume of sweet scents to regale the sense; but a closer inspection discloses myriads of flowers arranged together, not by art, but by the hand of science, whose loveliness appears only upon an individual scrutiny. Here are hundreds of the heath tribe, there of roses, there of fuchsias, and some thousand greenhouse plants are found in the 'cold pits,' and studding almost every available spot of ground. These are of course all in flower-pots. In the winter they are removed to the conservatories. It is a delightful spectacle to see thousands of the wonderful works of the Creator, thus gathered into a community, offering up their glorious blossoms a tribute to his goodness and love. The conservatory we must first enter is the

Orchidæous House—a long, low span-roofed structure, of the most imposing external appearance, placed at one side of the grounds. It is nearly one hundred and fifty feet long, eighteen in breadth, and about ten in height in the centre. Few of the orchidææ attain any great height, and it is more convenient and more beneficial to the plants, as well as more economical in heating, to have the roof as low as possible. And now, reader, you must be content to go with me carefully through this rich treasure-house. On entering, a singular impression is experienced—a breath of hot and humid air, loaded with a fragrance of the most delicate and charming sweetness, meets the visitor, filling his clothes and person with vapour at a most uncomfortable temperature. A few minutes relieve him by a profuse perspiration, and he is then enabled to look around him with comfort. The temperature of this house, which is devoted principally to the tropical orchids, in winter is about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Under the influence of a meridian summer's sun, it has risen this year nearly to 100 degrees, a temperature much more comfortable to fly about than to experience. As we look down the long lines of fantastic vegetation, glorying under the beams of a burning sun, and wrapped in a bath of humid half-suffocative air, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to conceive ourselves translated to those tropical countries where nature at play laughs, at the rules to which she succumbs in our own more temperate country. But a word or two, in a by-the-way manner, upon the peculiarities of orchidæous plants, will render our sketch of them more intelligible and instructive to those unacquainted with their structure. Artificially, they are divisible into two classes, the terrestrial, which grow in or upon the soil, and the epiphytal, which grow upon the trunks or branches of trees, rocks, and stones. The latter are the most curious, from the fact that they derive their nourishment not from the soil, or as parasitical plants do from the sap of the trees on which they are found, but from the air. They have been called, from this peculiarity, 'air plants,' and present us with a phenomenon which was inexplicable until the researches of Liebig proved that plants, even growing in the soil, derive the principal portion of their solid constituent, wood, from the atmosphere. They extend long whitish roots abroad into the air, as other plants do into the earth, by which they derive their necessary food. It is an appearance well calculated to surprise the mind, to see great masses of vegetation, as are some of the plants before us, feeding and luxuriating in the atmosphere, the carbonic acid gas of which is their chief support. The general appearance and structure of orchids is a perfect anomaly. In their native countries they are to be found crawling over the trunks and branches of forest trees, climbing to their topmost boughs, and squatting just where the limbs are united to the parent trunk, where they drop down clusters of flowers, of which one is puzzled to say which is the most striking—their beauty, grotesque appearance, or exquisite fragrance. The flowers are, and have long been, the puzzle and admiration of every botanist. They do not contain stamens and a central style (as a

general rule), like ordinary flowers; but a circle of wild-looking squids radiates around a something in the centre of the flower which supplies the place of these organs, and upon the nature of which much remains to be written and discovered. This central portion having once burst the trammels which should have united it to other flowers, runs riot into the most unaccountable forms, and assumes the most extraordinary appearances, of some of which it is not too much to say that they must be seen to be believed. Not the least of the peculiarities of orchids lies in their disposition to mimic many natural objects: there is scarcely any animate being to which the flowers are not comparable. With an artistic skill, to speak playfully, of the most ludicrous character, they imitate insects, lizards, frogs, birds, animals, and even the human 'face and form divine.' They are difficult plants to cultivate notwithstanding, but luxuriate most in the closest artificial approximation to their natural conditions. Great heat, a moist air, and shelter from the overpowering influence of a mid-day sun—their habitat being, under a dense tropical foliage, where the heat fills the confined air with moisture—must not be forgotten, then, by the cultivator of these plants. Small specimens vary in price exceedingly, according to the species; from five to twenty guineas. For a long time to come, they must therefore remain the pets of the rich. But to return.

The prospect down the orchid house is exceedingly singular, the arrangement of its curious contents presenting a most picturesque appearance. Upon an elevated platform or bed, three feet high, in the centre of the conservatory, the plants preserved as specimens are placed, many of them of considerable size; and on each side, upon a shelf about four feet wide, the smaller plants intended for sale—a sufficient breadth for a walk being left on either side. From the roof depend five or six long rows of orchids, suspended in and upon different supports of the most unexpected nature. Many of these plants are in bloom successively at every period of the year. The vista thus formed will produce an impression on the memory of the visitor not soon to be forgotten. Masses of verdure spread here and there in the most luxuriant manner, now and then relieved by the lighter and livelier colours of a fantastic flower, which dangles in the air, or seems to fly from its parent to the farthest extremity of a long and delicate stalk, or modestly half hides itself, and peers with outlandish face from beneath the leaves; while some curious ferns and the Chinese pitcher-plants fill up the distance.

The arrangement of the plants is after the natural system, and each has a printed label inscribed with its correct botanical name, which greatly facilitates and lightens the work of exploration. The terrestrial orchids are placed in large flower-pots, filled with appropriate soil, these being put upon other empty pots, to secure the drainage; while the epiphytes, or air-plants, are all supported in the air, in a manner so diversified and curious, as to justify more than a casual remark. From this aerial peculiarity, it may be conjectured these plants afford opportunities for a display of taste and ingenuity to be found in few other kinds of plants: they are all hanging by wires and chains from the rafters of the conservatory, and though there are many hundreds of them, scarcely two are placed upon supports of the same appearance. Here is an iron flower-basket, hanging by a chain from the roof; the interior contains a little moss, by and around which many odd-looking rope-like roots, weave themselves, while over its sides graceful foliage and wild flowers are drooping. There is a little elegant structure made of oyster shells, strung together basket-like, carrying a clump of peat, around which some new vegetable outrage displays itself; or there, a gaping oyster, full of damp moss, protects some delicate orchid, which revels in the warmth and wet. Then here are three pieces of cocoanut husk, wired together, bearing a new and splendid vegetation from their interior; or there again, a string sustains some easily-satisfied plant, which does well

upon water and air, and flings out its roots recklessly all around; and lastly, here is a block of wood, which surely must have been cut, with the embracing orchid which covers it, from some thick Mexican forest; but beyond these are an infinitude of other orchids, scrambling over bits of branches and trunks, or bundles of figs. This may suffice to illustrate the general design of such arrangements, and may perhaps afford a hint to those who are making collections of these plants. When in bloom, I can scarcely conceive more beautiful drawing-room ornaments: many would bear the removal in warm weather, without injury, until their beauty was gone.

They require an ample supply of water, which is afforded by an invention once peculiar to these conservatories—like 'showering pipes'—three of which run along the roof. They are perforated with very minute apertures, and when in operation, cover the plants with a shower of ray, more resembling a heavy mist than ordinary rain, being so gentle. Besides this, they fill the house with that moisture so essential to the well-being of the orchid tribe.

Of a few of the numbers of plants in flower at the period of my visit, I may shortly speak. They are curiosities which many who read this paper may never have the opportunity of inspecting. To such I would address what must, after all, prove a most inadequate notice of them. An air-plant, called the *Aerides crispum*, falls first under remark: it is a most chaste and elegant flower, coloured of a delicate white, streaked with purple; it pours forth the most exquisite fragrance, and mimics to the life the appearance—even to the head, beak, body, and wings—of a plover about to pierce its breast. Next to this was a delicate native of the Indian islands, named the *Calanthe*. One species of it I scarcely hope to be fully credited; it plays the most remarkable imitation of a bird chattering its head and white wing. The next delicate person readily detected the resemblance to such an object, in fact, it was pointed out to me by one of the workmen of the establishment. Another species of the same tribe is like a white dove bearing a hawk branch in its beak, as we see such birds painted in the works of the ancient masters. A showy flower, called the *Gomphrena*, hangs in clusters from a basket suspended from the roof. Our admiration ceases itself in contemplating a flower like this; its exquisite wax-like texture, the sharply-defined purple spots, which give it its name, and the strange similitude it bears to a bird hovering, in the air, and about to plunge to the earth, are equally wonderful, equally eloquent of the faultless skill which displays itself in all the works of God. Near 'the lights' of the house, and growing upon a piece of oak plank, a splendid flower exhibited itself, of a blood-red colour, the brilliancy and depth of which exceed those of any other plant I have ever seen. It derives its name from this circumstance, and is called the *Broughtonia sanguinea*. It might be well termed the ruby orchid. Among the terrestrial plants, a paucity in violet attracts attention—a *Habenaria* from Demerara. This is a thick fleshy flower, of most anomalous structure, and bearing a profile likeness to the lower parts of an old man's face. There is an aquiline violet nose, the projecting chin and receding lips of senility, and, most singular of all, the chin draws down, and discloses a tongueless mouth, a yellow throat, and toothless gums! Several of the superb tribe, the *Cattleyas*, named after a late ardent admirer and cultivator of orchideous plants, were in full beauty, many of them emitting a fragrance which, added to their pre-eminent loveliness, makes them orchids of great esteem. One brilliant flower perfumed an area of many feet around it with a scent like verbena. The mimic powers are not confined to form, but extend also to the odour of other vegetable productions. Thus there is a dusky tiger-spotted plant, whose flower exhales a delicious smell like that of raspberries; another sad-coloured unhandsome flower, albeit of very graceful drooping inflorescence, possesses a scent precisely like that of the scented geranium. A Brazilian

plant, named the *Milona*, portrays in the centre of a gorgeous flower the half figure of a lady, with the ornament of a purple bonnet on her head. Near to it a fragrant epiphyte regales the senses with a cinnamon odour. Another singular plant puts forth, from either side of a flower-stalk resembling a leaf, a number of dusky little flowers. Last of all is the 'helmet-flower,' *Corydalis maccantha*, a remarkable yellow and red flower, which has been compared to different objects—a part to folded bat's wings, and another part to a skeleton's head, and the vertebrae of the neck. In our opinion, it resembles more the wrinkled appearance of a turkey's craw. It is a native of Trinidad. So far of the flowers.

The specimen plants on the centre bed have, some of them, attained an extraordinary magnitude. The scented air-plant is six feet high, and looks more like a vast assemblage of cordage, interwoven in inextricable confusion, than a living and thriving vegetable. Some of its roots are twined around a great block of wood in the centre, and some cast abroad into the air in quest of food. The odour of this plant when in flower is so fragrant as to fill the house with perfume. In the months of July and August this conservatory presents a most interesting feature in the flowers of an immense orchid, which is the largest in it, called the dove flower-plant (*Peristera elata*), a native of Panama. They strikingly resemble a dove just alighting, and have been hence gifted, by the superstitions of the people among whom it is found, with a title better forgotten than recorded. This great plant consists of hundreds of bulbs, and is placed in a large box. Its leaves are upwards of three feet long. The periphery of the whole plant cannot be less than twenty feet. The appearance of the aerial roots of the orchids in general is very peculiar, from their snake-like form and aspect. They are covered with a whitish cuticle, which often bristles with delicate, short, hair-like processes, whose office is probably analogous to that of the spongiolae of terrestrial roots. The tip, being of newer material, and coloured sometimes green, red, or yellow, represents the serpent's head with, to me, a most unpleasant exactitude.

I must detain you, reader, still a little longer in this conservatory. At the end, on several pieces of plank, is to be seen that extraordinary curiosity, the 'stag's-head' plant. It is a plant which, clinging by what may be called the head of the stag to the board, puts forth two horn-like processes, in colour and configuration closely resembling the antlered head—memorial of some bygone hard chase—to be found adorning some country gentleman's hall. And, last of all, we must not pass by the greatest rarity in this country.

The Chinese Pitcher-Plant.—The Messrs Loddiges possess three or four magnificent specimens of this wonderful variety of nature. Two of these are four or five feet high. They are surrounded by the lovely and luxuriant vegetation of a pretty little light-coloured Brazilian moss, upon which the fawn leaves of these strange plants repose. The plants had, when I saw them, seven or eight pitchers, hanging by the prolonged midrib of the leaf on every side of them, with their lids open. These plants are of very great pecuniary value, and were—I am uninformed as to whether they still remain—the only individuals of the kind in our country. The stem is erect, and of a brownish colour, and the leaves are long and spear-shaped; the end of the central rib being lengthened out, and sustaining the pitcher by being attached to the bottom of it. Were the pitcher cut off, and exhibited to any person unacquainted with the existence of such a vegetable structure, when he examined its tough, leathery, spotted exterior, its firm and rounded lip, so artificially marked in green and red, and its accurately-adapted lid, he would most probably unhesitatingly pronounce it to be an artificial production. A little sourish water, supposed to be secreted by the inner surface of the organ, is occasionally found in the pitcher. There are three

varieties of this plant in this collection, differing principally in the shape of the pitcher. The botanical names are the *Nepeenthes distillatoria*, *N. amphorophorea*, and *N. afflessi*. From their well-known function and appearance, they are called 'pitcher-plants;' but in my irrational imagination, the pitcher and its stalk look remarkably, in colour and shape, like a well-smoked Meerschaum pipe.

This conservatory, in common with all the others, is heated by hot water. It is the most interesting of all the conservatories, and would well justify an account of treble this length, more particularly at a time like the present, when there is a rage after orchidaceous plants. Let us proceed into

The Palm Stove.—This is a singular building; the centre consists of an elliptic portion, at each side of which are slope-roofed conservatories, to the roof of the elliptical part it is forty-five feet in height; the building is about twice as long. It is entered from the oriel house, but the temperature is not quite so high or the air so oppressive as there. Some extraordinary members of the fern tribe occupy one of the bays, and demand, by their beauty and exotic aspect, their share of attention. Some of the leaves are of a beautiful rose colour, or are rendered singular by the dotted character which the 'spores' give to the under surface, or by the curious fact, that from the margins of some leaves young ferns are produced: these are called viviparous ferns. The botanist's attention will be drawn to the tree-ferns, which are exceedingly large and interesting, and are to be seen here in all the vigour of a native climate. Passing into the centre of the building, the mind is stricken with a feeling almost of awe as we stand in the midst of the noble palm-trees which tower above. He must be an æsthetic, indeed, whose thoughts are not elevated in such a scene. With a cloudless sky above, and a fervid sun filling the place with lustre, one would feel transported—were it not for the artificial character of the great boards which wall in the roots of the trees—to the depths of some Brazilian forest, where the rich soil teems with vegetable life, and exerts its wealth in the production of the great and strange ones which here surround us. It is one of the noblest collections of palm-trees in Europe.

The tallest palms occupy the centre; some of them are of a prodigious size, when we remember the difficulty of preserving such objects; and though, by the side of their gigantic kindred in hotter countries, they would look dwarfish and insignificant, to eyes like ours accustomed to such a spectacle they wear a most imposing appearance. The largest tree in the stove is a *Lahania*, from the East India Islands; its height upwards of forty feet; in fact, it is at present, much to the injury of the tree, flanking its great leaves against the topmost lights of the building. The stem of this lofty palm is brown and smooth, covered with a yellowish cuticle, which, midway up, breaks into a thick coating of fibres, like coarse hair, and gives the tree a singular aspect, increased by the presence of several orchids, which are scrambling over the trunk. It puts forth a beautiful plume of fan-like leaves at the summit. The box which holds its great roots is about ten feet in length by six in depth. This may give some idea of the size of the palm. Next to it in magnitude are two splendid trees of the *Pandanus*, or screw-pine tribe. It has received this title from the circumstance of the insertion of the leaves, in a spiral or corkscrew-like manner, up the stems of the trees. One of these, the *sextacanthus*, yields when in flower an exquisite fragrance, which has been repeatedly memorialised by the Sanscrit poets. In the centre also are several large palms, called *Areconæ*: two of which are covered with sharp, tough, black, and long prickles, almost as strong as needles: I believe they are used by the natives of their country as needles. A singular tree, called the *Pandanus longifolius*, occupies a prominent position: it has a head like a vast pine-apple, upborne by a short and slender trunk, which grows smaller, inversely to the ordinary rule, as it approaches the earth.

The leaves of this tree are probably more than twelve feet in length, tough and leathery, and toothed like a saw.

Well did Linnaeus call palms the princes of the vegetable world: the beautiful character of their crown of leaves amply justifies the title. Some of the leaves resemble vast fans. How pleasant the shadow of such trees in the burning lands where they are found! The palmetto, whose praise one of our own poets has sung, grows in great luxuriance here; and the light, polished, and graceful stem of the bamboo shoots aloft among a crowd of others. A beautiful tree, called the *Cycas revoluta*, yields one of the most valuable kinds of sago. The leaves of this tree are feathered, and about six feet long, springing in an elegant tuft from the summit of a short scaly stem. So highly is this tree valued, that the laws of Japan forbid its exportation; a small quantity of the sago produced by it contains a very large amount of nutrient matter. Another palm yields the well-known substance 'palm-oil'; it is a Guinean species, inhabiting that portion of West Africa. That beautiful tree, with the straight trunk and leathery crown of leaves, is one of the cocoa-nut tribe. It is singular that the roots of these trees hear up the trunk a few inches above the soil, leaving the rest exposed. The plumbed cocoa-tree is most elegant. The species which yields the nut of commerce is the *Cocos nucifera*: it has not borne any fruit in this country. From the trunk of this tree a juice flows which forms the celebrated beverage called *toddy*. Near these is the *Areca*, or betel-nut tree, the narcotic properties of which are familiarly known. Then there is the singular pine called the *Pandanus zandlabia*, from the strong resemblance it bears to a great chandelier, each branch dividing into two at its extremity. And twining like a gigantic snake around the boxes of the other palms, a singular tree, called the greater *Gleasonia*, is seen. It seems intended by nature that this tree should climb in a forest, as its branches or fronds are provided with reflected hooks, which would fasten them very securely to the trunks or branches of other trees.

The other side of this conservatory is occupied by many smaller palms, and some large specimens of a curious tribe of plants called the *Zamia*. The trunk of these trees is only a few inches in height, and has a most extraordinary appearance, from the fact of its bearing a large cone, from which springs a chaplet of feathered leaves. These trees yield, from a portion of their stem, some of the finest kinds of arrowroot. Near to them are several of the banyan, or plantain fruit-trees, botanically, the *Musa*; the broad leaves of which, in their native climates, are used for thatching houses; while the fruit is exceedingly palatable and nutritious; and from the fibres of the stem a flax is procured, which is manufactured into the finest Indian muslins. The tree has borne fruit in this collection. So concludes a cursory sketch of a few of the noble occupants of this building, of which Dr Von Martius, in a poetic enthusiasm, wrote that they were 'the offspring of Phœbus and Terra.' A more useful race of vegetable productions for the purposes of mankind does not exist. When we reflect upon the multiplicity of their produce—wine, oil, wax, flour, sugar, thread, needles, weapons, and utensils—we can scarcely wonder at the learned traveller's raptures.

Some large baskets, containing the magnificent class of orchids called *Stanhopeas*, hung from the roof of the house. Their peculiarity consists in the production of their flowers from their roots, which are of a large size, and beautiful texture and colouring. It was singular to see them dangle above one's head; more singular to remember the simple dietary—sunshine and rain—of such extraordinary creatures.

Passing from the palm grove, we enter long ranges of conservatories, devoted to a few of the rarer plants requiring stove temperature. Let us give a passing remark to the *Laurus cinnamomum* is the cinnamon-tree; its young leaves are of a delicate rose colour, passing into green as they grow older. The plant pos-

sesses a balmy fragrance, in comparison with which its distilled oils, &c. are positively nauseous. Further on is the clove-tree—*Caryophyllus aromaticus*: next it the Arabian coffee-tree, and several of the trees supposed to yield caoutchouc, or India-rubber. Beyond is the mango-tree—*Mangifera indica*: the nutmeg-tree—*Myristica moschata*; the pepper tribe, the sandalwood-tree, the tamarind, the Assam tea-tree, and the *Theobroma cacao*, which yields the cocoa, used as a beverage.

From hence we are led into a long, low-roofed orchid house, principally containing the extra-tropical orchids. I have dwelt upon this subject at such length, that I forbear mentioning more than the two following flowers, whose peculiarity protests against silence. They are of the *Oncidium* tribe. The flowers of the first exhaled a most sweet fragrance, and bore in their centre the image of a lady's face, surrounded by a white cap; the second had the same feature, with the strange addition of a purple stomacher and a white petticoat below!

This takes us into the greenhouses, where we find the green and bohea tea-trees, very ordinary-looking shrubs, thriving in almost Chinese luxuriance. Several members of the aloe tribe, including the great American; the camphor-tree, a profusion of orange and lemon trees just forming their fruit, varieties of the heaths, the indigo plant, lobelias, magnolias, olive-trees, beautiful fuchsias, thumbergias, and hundreds more as curious and rare, only to enumerate which would be to fill many of these pages. Let me mention that the Botanical Cabinet, a work of twenty thick quarto volumes, by the Messrs Loddiges, containing an account and illustrations of the rarer plants in their collection, does not now comprise half the contents of these wealthy conservatories and grounds.

The *Camellia House* succeeds to these—a large structure of the curvilinear construction, containing many most superb specimens of this esteemed family; and when these are in bloom, during March and April, the spectacle is beautiful in the extreme. At this period the conservatories are crowded with visitors, who, unfortunately, are not always content with being permitted to view, but too frequently are guilty of appropriating some of the most beautiful flowers within reach.

A small detached conservatory is the last we shall review. This is the most tropical, as far as temperature is concerned, of all the conservatories, and contains two great slate cisterns, in which hot water circulates, and above which, in damp sawdust, the plants are placed. Some of the most curious of all the orchids are found here—the swan-plants, or *Cymoches*. Their flowers most closely resemble a swan: the body, tail, and wings are only surpassed in verisimilitude by the swan-like arched neck which springs from the centre, producing an appearance exactly like that of a swan bending back its neck to peck at its wings. The mango-tree, which bears the celebrated mangosteen fruit, is also here. This is reputed to be the most delicious of all known fruits. Ferns, palms, and orchids of the burning regions luxuriate here.

Two singularities detain us still. In a corner of the greenhouse stands a great block of wood, furrowed over in an extraordinary manner, of a brown colour, hard texture, and conical shape. Our first impression is, that it is some new design for the support of an epiphyte. It is not. What can it be? At the top, two delicate little branches spring out, which are just about to put forth leaves. It is the 'elephant's foot,' or the *Testudinaria*. For twenty years this sluggish thing has not been known to alter in size or appearance. In its own country, it is found on rocks and barren places, careless of terrestrial food. Altogether, it is an anomaly. The question of its age is one which occurs with great force when its tortoise-like manner of living is considered.

My last subject for memorial is a greenhouse plant, called by its French discoverer the *Napoleonia*. It was found in Sierra Leone. When in flower, it displays the tricolor on a little rosette, prettily marked with the cele-

brated colours blue, red, and white. The enthusiastic patriot discovered his country's flag emblematised even by nature! and our neighbours are now seized with a perfect mania for the plant. Surely it deserves to be adopted as a national plant henceforward.

After two long days, I had not, I suppose, seen half the contents of these conservatories; and, after all, how minute a portion does the whole constitute of that exhaustless treasure which enriches our globe! I have felt it strongly impressed upon my mind that, during this time, I have been holding converse, not with inanimate, insensate creatures, but with beings which delighted in the tender care which fed them, and exhibited their gratitude in language intelligible only to those who have no hearts to open, and no ears to give to such things. It is an impression I should be sorry to have effaced.

THE PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD OF NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF C. BUCHON.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of August 1769; the bells of the old cathedral of Ajaccio were ringing a full peal, for it was the Feast of the Assumption; and the inhabitants, in holiday garb, were hastening to the church. Seated near the window of a house in St Charles Street were two men, whose abstracted air showed that their minds were far from the scene upon which their eyes seemed fixed in apparent observation of the picturesque costume of the passing crowd. One of them was an old man, in the garb of an ecclesiastic, with noble features, and a profusion of long white hair. Few could gaze on that venerable form without involuntary respect. The other was in the prime of life, of lofty stature and martial bearing, with a countenance strikingly expressive of great energy of character. His attire was that of a gentleman of good family.

'So you see, Bonaparte,' said the old man, at length breaking silence, 'you must give up this foolish notion of emigrating. I say nothing of the wretched life you would lead in England, far from your country and your friends. I would rather remind you of interests sacred, dear to your heart, inevitably compromised by such a step. To quit Corsica would be to complete the ruin of already shattered fortunes, and to reduce your family to utter poverty.'

'What can be worse,' replied the other vehemently, 'than to live upon our native soil, enslaved as it is?'

'I comprehend and respect your grief, Charles. Believe me, it is with little short of despair I see Corsica in the power of the French. But we have all done our duty, we have fought for many a long year in the sacred cause of liberty, and it was not till after a hard struggle that we yielded to numerical weight. We have now but to resign ourselves to the inscrutable decrees of Providence. Tranquillity is re-established, and God will doubtless yet have pity on our unhappy country, and restore it to prosperity. Remain amongst us, Charles; the interests of your family demand it. Besides, why may you not be still useful to Corsica; you, one of its most honoured sons?'

'Paoli has been obliged to quit his country in order to escape persecution. Will the French, think you, spare his faithful companion in arms?'

'You have nothing to fear on that head, Bonaparte: the time of proscription is past. But even should they attempt to molest you, I flatter myself the Archdeacon Lucien has influence enough to make you respected.'

The old man who spoke—the Archdeacon Lucien, a man of great talent, and highly esteemed in the country—was a member of the ancient and illustrious family of the Bonapartes, which had left Italy to settle in Corsica about the middle of the fifteenth century. His relative and friend, Charles-Marie Bonaparte, was

then the head of the family. Full of courage and energy, he had struggled to the last for the national independence. It is well known that the Genoese, driven out from Corsica, had several times applied to the French to aid them in maintaining possession of the island; but the Corsicans, under the command of a very superior man, Pascal Paoli, repelled every attack, and, after a war of nearly thirty years, the republic of Genoa, weary of the murderous contest, left to France its pretended conquest. This took place in July 1763. Paoli refused to submit to this foreign yoke; and Chauvelin, who came at the head of twelve thousand men to take possession of the island in the name of the king, Louis XV., was completely defeated. But the Count de Vaux, funded with thirty thousand soldiers, and, after a heroic resistance, Corsica was subjugated, and reunited to France in the first month of the year 1769, under the command of a governor, the Count de Marbeuf. Paoli took refuge in England. Charles Bonaparte had powerfully aided the illustrious general, whose secretary he was, being ever by his side throughout the whole of the last campaign, together with his young wife, Letitia Ramolino. He had returned to the home of his fathers, in Ajaccio, a short time before the conversation which we have just repeated.

Bonaparte rose, and was pacing the room, casting now and again melancholy glances upon his good sword, which was suspended over the book-case, and already covered with dust. Suddenly a great bustle seemed to arise in the house—exclamations, hurrys to and fro, and at last a maid-servant made her appearance. 'Well, Catharine,' said Bonaparte, 'what has happened? Is the house on fire?'

'My mistress,' said the almost breathless woman, 'was brought home from church ill. We were going to call you when she brought into the world a fine boy, who is as well as you or I.'

At the instant the clock struck twelve. Bonaparte, with a face beaming with delight, and his eyes full of tears, threw himself into the arms of the archdeacon.

'Let us go see the mother and child,' said the old man. 'Well, Charles, what say you now to going to England?'

Madame Letitia had already two children—a boy, Joseph, and a girl named Elisa. According to an old family usage, the new-born infant received the name of Napoleon; that name, now so celebrated, being given to the youngest son of the family, in honour of one of his ancestors, Napoleon Ursini, distinguished for his prowess and military talent. The little Napoleon was not baptised till he was two years old, on the 21st of July 1771, a delay of not infrequent occurrence in Corsica. The large marble font in which he received the baptismal waters is still to be seen in the cathedral of Ajaccio.

'Poor child,' said the father as he returned from the ceremony, 'what destiny is reserved for thee, thus born when thy country is ruined!'

'When we have two houses, the rain gets into one,' says an old Corsican proverb. At this period of simple and patriarchal manners, the noblest families of the island were satisfied with a town-house; but the greater number of them had a small farm-house. That of Bonaparte, surrounded with vines and olives, situated not far from Ajaccio, was called the Metelle.

One fine day in April, a young woman of striking beauty sat at her needle-work under the shade of an old oak.* It was Madame Letitia Bonaparte. Around her, on the verdant turf, were her children sporting in merry gambols, little dreaming that they were one day to be kings and queens. The good mother lifted her head occasionally from her work to smile upon her little ones. Suddenly a dispute arose amongst the childish group, and maternal interference became necessary.

* A traveller of very recent date mentions that this oak, under which Napoleon so often rested, is still to be seen.

'What is the matter, Joseph?' said Madame Bonaparte.

'Mamma, it is naughty Napoleon, who wants to break it!—cannon my uncle gave him.'

'What put such a thought into his head? Come here, Napoleon. Will you tell me why you want to destroy your plaything?'

Napoleon came forward, with head erect, in conscious innocence. He was then about eight years old; his black hair, his complexion embrowned by the sun, and his sparkling eyes, gave a peculiar character to his intelligent countenance: he was little for his age, but well-built and stout, and of a robust constitution.

'I do not want to break the cannon,' said he; 'I only want to take it to pieces, to see how it is made;' and he looked up at his mother triumphantly.

'That is not a bad idea,' said Madame Bonaparte; 'but, however, in attempting it you may spoil the toy, or lose some part of it. If you are so curious to examine the mechanism of the cannon, beg of your father to take it to pieces for you, for he will be able to settle it all right again. Meanwhile, that you may not yield to the temptation, and disobey me, you had better give me the toy.'

Napoleon complied with rather bad grace; but his good-humour soon returned when he perceived his nurse, Saveria,* approaching with a rush-basket, in which was a quantity of braccia (cheese made of curdled milk). Notwithstanding her ugliness, amounting almost to hideousness, Saveria was beloved by the children, especially by Napoleon, by whom she made herself at once feared and loved.

'Here, my children,' said the good woman; 'see what my husband has just brought you. You may eat as much as you like.'

The feast was soon over, and the little haisterous guests went off to thank the old peasant, who so often brought them nice things. Napoleon returned to his mother quite out of breath.

'Mamma,' said he, 'my foster-father is going back to his home; will you allow me to go with him—he will bring me home the day after to-morrow.'

'You forget, my child, that to-morrow is Easter-day, and that we are to set off this evening to Ajaccio. Would you not like to be present at the blessing of our house,† and to dine afterwards with your grand-uncle Lucien?'

'But I will be home in two days.'

'You cannot leave us to-day; another time, perhaps, I will allow you to take this little excursion.'

This prohibition made the little Napoleon very angry; he turned pale with passion, and, stamping with a most determined air, he said, 'But I will go with my foster-father, and I will not go to Ajaccio!'

Madame Bonaparte gave him a look of the greatest astonishment; then resuming her work, said quietly, 'Go, then; I will not prevent you; but you are going contrary to my wish.'

These simple words at once calmed the little rebel. With downcast head and tearful eyes he threw himself into his mother's arms, crying, in a voice broken with sobs, 'Pardon me, dear mother, I will never disobey you any more.'

Madame Letitia had the greatest power over Napoleon, who tenderly loved her. This superior woman devoted herself to the education of her children with a zeal remarkable for its rare judiciousness, as for its

* Saveria died about fifteen years ago, in the house of Madame Letitia at Rome, and her little abode at Ajaccio is still standing. Napoleon at various times retained his attachment for his old nurse. He sent her to the Tuilleries upon his coronation, and made her a present of La Esposata, the first line of Corsica, which had, for a term of years, belonged to the Bonaparte family. Napoleon speaks somewhere of a nurse, M^{lle} Antonia Caterina, who used to have continual disputes with his grandmother; perhaps she is the same person.

† Every year, at Easter, according to an Italian custom introduced into Corsica, every proprietor has his house blessed by a priest.

devotedness. Never did woman better discharge the duties of wife and mother. To great good sense, and an elevated mind, she united extraordinary energy of character. Resigned in misfortune, prosperity never dazzled her. In the midst of the triumphs of Napoleon, when her children were dividing amongst themselves the thrones of Europe, she let fall this characteristic expression, 'Who knows but that one day I may be obliged to give bread to all these kings!'

In this simple rural life Napoleon, acquired that robust constitution and those hardy habits which enabled him in after-life to support the fatigues of war. Restless, lively, and agile, he passed the greater part of his time in roaming through the *maquis*, or along the picturesque vine-clad plains in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio. Dressed in a little *pelone* (a mantle of goat-skin, with a hood to it), and a stout stick in his hand, he went with his brother Joseph to hunt for blackbirds' nests, or to get the old shepherds to tell him the national legends, in which his lively imagination delighted. These rambles, and going to look at the reviews of the French troops in the Allée Marbonif, engrossed him much more than the lessons in reading and writing given him by his uncle, the Abbé Fesch (who was much cardinal under the Empire), and the good old priest named Antonio Duracci. Thus did the future emperor pass his first years. I regret to have to tell, for the sake of those who are reluctant to believe in the commonplace prosaic childhood of great men, that Napoleon did nothing extraordinary in his infancy. 'I was nothing,' said he of himself, 'but an obstinate and curious child.'

The Bonaparte family are all assembled in the principal apartment of their house in Ajaccio, and have gathered round the fire, it being the month of December. M. Bonaparte seemed depressed and languid; he had already in him the germs of the fatal disease which was destined to carry him off some years after; but his spirits appeared to revive as he contemplated the peaceful and patriarchal group before him. By his side sat the venerable archdeacon; Napoleon and his elder brother are quietly peeling some large oranges of Argento, and dividing them in flakes amongst their little sisters. A little in the background is Madame Letitia, nursing a late addition to her numerous family—the future King of Holland. At the lower end of the room Saveria is laying the table for supper.

'Are you not going to Corté one of these days, Bonaparte?' said the archdeacon.

'I am not quite sure; it depends, you know, upon a certain answer.'

'Will you not take me with you, papa?—and me?—and me?' cried all the children at once.

'If I go, I shall probably take Napoleon and Lucien; I wish to show them the house of Gaffori.'

'Gaffori!' said Napoleon; 'was he not a relation of ours?'

'No, my son,' said M. Bonaparte, taking the boy upon his knee; 'we are not fortunate enough to reckon him in the number of our ancestors. Gaffori and never forget the name!—was a man who, with the illustrious Paoli, deserved well of his country. He was practising as a physician when, in 1750, our countrymen, once more rising against their tyrants, named him as one of the three chiefs elected under the title of "Protectors of the Country." Gaffori received orders to march upon Corté, his native town, and to drive from it the stranger. He succeeded, and the Genoese garrison was forced back into the castle; but in the retreat, the commander had carried off Gaffori's child, and he announced to our brave countryman that his attacking the fortress should

* It has been the fashion to represent Napoleon as an extraordinary child. Indeed, if we credit a late historian, Napoleon must have been the little phenomenon; for, according to him, the precocious child, at seven or eight years old, appreciated the beauties of Corneille, and could read the tragedy of Nicomedes fluently, without knowing a word of French. It is thus history is written!

be the signal for the death of his son. Gaffori did not the less warmly press his assault, and the wretch found his young prisoner—a pretty boy between four and five months old—upon that part of the rampart the most exposed to the fire of the assailants. A cry of horror rises from the Corsican ranks; they lower their carbines. How could they fire upon a poor innocent babe—upon the son of their general? Gaffori turns pale at the horrid sight, and cold dews are upon his forehead; but soon he recovers his self-possession. The taking of the fort is absolutely necessary; the unhappy father feels that all must be sacrificed to his country; and, calling upon his God to interpose for him, he gives the signal for attack. A heavy discharge of musketry was kept up on both sides; but at length victory declared in favour of the Corsicans; the fort is taken.

'And the child?' said Napoleon in almost breathless agitation.

The child escaped by a miracle from apparently inevitable death, and still lives to bear, I trust worthily, the name of his father. Poor Gaffori he was perditionally assassinated by the Genoise three years after. His wife, too, had almost incredible courage. She was at Corte when news was brought to her of the insurrection, and the march of Gaffori upon the town. The Genoise would have seized upon a husband so valuable, to make use of it as they had done in the case of the poor infant; but Madame Gaffori collected some friends in her little abode, and defended herself there for several days, till the arrival of her husband, her rescue. The evening before, many of her companions were out in the dreadful struggle, spoke of surrender. The brave woman had a powder cask placed in a lower room, and retaining a lighted match, threatened to set fire to it if they did not hold out. 'I've got it, Genoi! I will show you the house, Napoleon; your mother and I occupied it some time before our return home; you can see the marks of the Genoise balls still in the front of the house.'

M. Bonaparte had scarcely ceased speaking, when Savary gave him a letter, which he hastily perused.

'God be praised!' he exclaimed.

'What is the tidings?' said Madame Letitia.

'My love, I am informed of my appointment as captain of the noblesse of the Corsican dominions. This must take me to Paris; and M. de Maitland tells me that I may have hopes of a nomination for Napoleon to the school at Brienne, and for Eliza at the school of St. Cyr. You know that the government has taken upon it the gratuitous education in France of four hundred Corsican children?'

'You did not tell me of your having made any application, Bonaparte?'

'It was useless, while uncertain of success. But the governor seems greatly interested in Napoleon, whom he thinks most promising. In a few days I will set out for France with the two children. The separation is painful, I know and feel, but it is necessary. Our little property, though so well-managed by our good Lucien, barely suffices for the support of the family. We shall henceforth be freed from the expense of the education of one boy and girl.'

'Letitia,' said the archdeacon, 'cannot but approve of the step we have taken. I am not at all apprehensive about Napoleon's future prospects. If I have judged him rightly, that child will be the artificer of his own fortunes; he will be the head of the family. But no time must be lost in giving him a good education; and notwithstanding all his mother's care, he cannot get it here. He is now more than nine years old, and he does not know a word of French, and hardly knows how to write, in spite of the pains taken with him by poor Duracci.'

In this respect Napoleon never improved very much. His orthography always had much to be desired, and he

wrote an almost illegible hand. In the first days of the Empire a poor man demanded an audience. 'Who are you?'

'Sire, I have had the honour of giving lessons in writing to your majesty for fifteen months at the school of Brienne.'

'And a fine pupil you had in me—I cannot compliment you much upon him?' and he granted him a pension.

'Be it as you will,' said Madame Bonaparte, who implicitly followed in everything the advice of the archdeacon. 'I will go prepare the wardrobe of these two dear ones.'

On the 16th of December 1778 Madame Letitia and the Abbe Fesch ascended to the top of the Grotto church, whence they had a view of the whole gulf, and followed, with fearful eyes, the vessel that carried into France M. Bonaparte, Napoleon, and the young Eliza. Napoleon saw not his mother nor Corsica again till 1792, and then he was a captain of artillery. After remaining some time at the college of Aptun, where, at a later period, his brothers Joseph and Lucien were educated, he entered the royal military school of Brienne on the 2nd April 1779, at the age of nine years and a half.

Here ends our task. From the period of his going to Brienne the history of Napoleon is well known. Who does not remember the name of snow-balls, and so many other anecdotes, now become popular? His biographies have left nothing untouched but his early childhood; the details I have given are accurately true. To adulterate history, even by the most harmless fiction, is to profane it.

THE CHIEF OF THE ARMY AND HIS SHOW OF CURIOSITIES.

The public library founded at Manchester College by Humphrey Chetham is the most attractive in Manchester or indeed in the north. It is the only library in the kingdom in which every person, of the liberal and unlicensed reading, is open to the public. It is open in the morning till one, and from two till five in the afternoon, except in the mid-year holidays, to Easter, when it is closed at five o'clock. Any one who chooses, whether a student or not, may go to Chetham's library, and require to read, to be read by it, to be read to, to write his name and address, and be kept to that purpose, and having done this he can sit at his desk and read every other day in the year, and make requests for writings. In 1760, a catalogue of the collection of books and manuscripts was printed in two octavo volumes; and in 1826, a third volume, containing subsequent additions. Several of the recent acquisitions are exceedingly curious: the painted books, and in general, the best works in history, philosophy, and science, with good editions of the classics. The library, which has been founded and thrown open to unrestricted use since a library, is a most valuable example. In a gallery which leads to the library there is a collection of what is merely were deemed 'curiosities.' This is shown and described to visitors who desire of for a trifling acknowledgment. The boys of the college are calculators in men, and, except perhaps to artists of Lambton, the show-boy is the greatest curiosity. With a loud voice, and in a direct and intonation so peculiar as to be undecipherable, the boy directs the attention of the visitor and pointed him to the objects he exhibits. Happily, as what he says, there exists a report, which, however, is certainly ludicrous, is literally truthful. As soon as the show-boy enters the gallery of curiosities, he points at the articles, and describes them as follows:—'That's the skeleton of a man. That's a globe. That's a telescope. That's a snake. Over the snake's back's two watch-bills. Those are four ancient swords. That with a white hair wound is belonged to General Wolfe. That's the whip that the snake was bit with—that's a tooth of a crocodile—that's a bottom's an alligator—that's a boot wound belonged to Queen Elizabeth—that's an Indian pouch—that's an ancient skeleton—that's a part of Humphrey Chetham's armour—that with the white face is a monkey—under the monkey's a green lizard—that's the monkey's a porpus's skull under the porpus's skull's an alligator—that's those bows and arrows belonged to the Indians—that's a porpus's head—those are various

* A small town about twelve leagues from Ajaccio, where is yet to be seen the embassage to which the infant boy was bound.

kinds of adders, worms, snakes, fishes, and venomous creatures—that Alline piece was taken from the dead body of a Frenchman that was killed at the battle of Waterloo—that was fought in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen—

Those are a pair of eagles' claws—that arrow belonged to one of the legions that fought under the Duke of Richmond at the battle of Bosworth Field, in the year 1485, when King Richard the Third, king of England, was slain—those arrows wouuld belonged to Robin Hood—that's a sea-hup—that's a sea-weed—that's a unicorn fish—that's part of an Indian's skull—that's the top part of it—that's part of Oliver Cromwell's stone and tankard—those balls are took out of a cow—that's part of a loadstone—those two pieces of wood was shunacks before printing was found out—that's a hairy man—under the hairy man's a speaking-trumpet—side o' the speaking-trumpet's a shark's jawbone—that that's leaning 'gainst the speaking-trumpet's Oliver Cromwell's sword—that's a leathern bag—side o' the leathern bag's two cokey-nut shells—side o' the cokey-nut shells's a porpus' skull—side o' the porpus' skull's a pumpkin—side o' the pumpkin's an American cat—over the pumpkin's a turtle—side o' the turtle's a sea-weed—that that one's a crocodile—under the crocodile's an alligator—under the alligator's a woman's dog that was split by a thunderbolt, and hoo wasn't hurt—side o' the crocodile's tail's a sea-hen—side o' the sea-hen's a Landlander's snow-shoe—that in a box is the skeleton o' a nightgown! At the termination of this account, it is usual for the show-boy to enter the reading-room with his company, and, to the annoyance of readers, point out, with the same loud, showmanlike voice, the portraits of Clitham the founder, and certain other worthies of Manchester, long since deceased, not forgetting an old infidel oak table. In conclusion, he claims attention to the figure of a cock carved in wood as the last curiosity, by saying, 'This is the cock that crows when he smells best beef.' Many of the country people are far greater 'curiosities' to a by-stander than any in the collection they come to see. They view all with gravity and solemn surprise, and evidently with a conviction that they are at length witnessing some of the most wonderful wonders of the world. *Horn's Year-Book.*

PEELER, THE DOG OF THE POLICE.

During the recent investigation relative to the manner in which the policeman came by his death at Kingstown, a little active and inquisitive dog of the Labradore breed was seen from time to time during each day running in and out of the room, as if he took a personal interest in the inquiry. The dog was admired, and a gentleman in the police establishment was asked to whom it belonged. 'Oh,' said he, 'don't you know him? We thought every one knew Peeler, the dog of the police.' The gentleman then proceeded to give the interrogator the history of this singular dog. It appeared from the story that, a few years ago, poor little Peeler tempted the canine appetite of a Mount St Bernard, or Newfoundland dog, and was in peril of being swallowed up by him for a luncheon, when a policeman interposed, and, with a blow of his baton, levelled the assaulant, and rescued the assailed. From that time Peeler has united his fortunes with those of the police: wherever they go, he follows; whether pacing with measured tread the tedious 'beat,' or engaged in the energetic duty of arresting a disturber of the public peace. He is a self-constituted general-superintendent of the police, visiting station after station, and after he has made his observations in one district, winding his way to the next. He is frequently seen to enter a third-class carriage at the Kingstown Railway, get out at Black Rock, visit the police station there, continue his tour of inspection to Booters-town, reach there in time for the train as before, and go on to Dublin to take a peep at the 'metropolitans;' and having satisfied himself that 'all is right,' return by an early evening train to Kingstown. He sometimes takes a dislike to an individual, and shuns him as anxiously as he wags his tail at the approach and friks about the feet of another for whom he has a regard. There is one man in the force for whom he has this antipathy; and a day or two ago, seeing him in 'the train,' he left the carriage and waited for the next, preferring a delay of half an hour to such company; and when the bell rang, with the eagerness with which protracted joy is sought, he ran to his accustomed seat in 'the third-class.' His partiality for the police is extraordinary: wherever he sees a man in the garb of a constable, he expresses his pleasure by walking near him, rubbing against, and dancing about him; nor

does he forget him in death, for he was at his post at the funeral of Daly, the policeman, who was killed in Kingstown. He is able to recognise a few in plain clothes, but they must have been old friends of his. Wherever he goes he gets a crust, a piece of meat, a pat on the head, or a rub down upon his glossy back, from the hand of a policeman; and he is as well known amongst the body as any man in it. We have heard of the dog of Montargis, the soldier's dog, the blind beggar's dog, and the dog of the monks of St Bernard, and been delighted by stories of their fidelity and sagacity, but none are more interesting than Peeler, the dog of the police, 'whose heart enlarged with gratitude to all, grows bountiful to all.' *Standard's News-Letter, Sept. 1846.*

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Oh softly sleep, my bonnie bairn,
Rocked on this breast o' mine—
The heart that beats sae sair within,
Will not awaken thine.
For still, lie still, ye cankered flouths,
That such late watches keep,
And if ye break the mother's rest,
Yet let the bairn sleep!
Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn,
Nor look sae war on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
That him's thy mammy's co.
Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears
That on my bairn ye dreep,
And break in silence, wailin' heart,
And let my bairn sleep!

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

'It moves for all that!' This exclamation of Galileo, when he signed his compulsory recantation of the heresy respecting the revolution of the earth, must continually recur to the advocates of new truths when suffering under that prescription of the self-constituted inquisition of that great majority of society who are under the dominion of ignorance or interest. 'It moves for all that.' Nature will not be moulded according to men's prejudices or passions. A truth remains a truth, though all the world agree to call it a lie; and error is not the less error, though every learned body in Christendom certify to its veracity. Hypotheses and theories may be talked about and taught about as long as we will, and then we shall be as to from a satisfactory conclusion as ever. The strongest party may repulse the weakest by sword and fugot, and so triumph, and the beaten doctrine will die with its apostles, and be forgotten. But it is not so with science, which is a question of *fact*, to be resolved by evidence, not by argument or fifty-ends. The fact is, even if there be not one human eye to see, one human mind to give credence; vain is the attempt to disprove it by a show of argument, or by pronouncing it impossible. We who have lived to conduct conversations with our friends fifty miles apart, question and answer conveyed in a minute—who travel two hundred miles in four hours, and see shadows caught and fixed indelibly on plates of hard metal—have no right, *a priori*, to pronounce anything impossible that is not contradictory in terms or mathematically absurd. Fools only will venture now to deny any facts asserted by men of veracity, as the result of their observations of nature, on the single ground that they are strange, inexplicable, or without the range of ordinary experience. The same sources of knowledge are open to all. He who would deny, must first qualify himself to do so by actual investigation. No other answer will suffice than this: 'I have sought diligently, but I could not find.' Other weapons may be resorted to; old faiths may seek to flourish down the new facts, by abusing their believers. Their success will be but temporary. The facts will survive.—*Critic.*

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

There is no retrograde march in life; we either mount or descend. Reader! in which class art thou numbered?—*Hyche.*

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THE DIGNITY OF NON-COMPLAINT.

One cannot help admiring the spirit of the man who, on being asked if he had not been complaining lately, answered, 'I have been ill, but I never complain.' It were of course too stoical to be amiable, if one were to determine *never* to complain. Our social feelings go against so extreme a resolution, and announce that, as it is right to give sympathy, so it cannot be wrong, under proper circumstances, to ask it. But certainly it is only in special circumstances and relations that complaint is allowable or politic.

It is obvious enough that what makes complaint in most instances injudicious is, that it is apt to create something besides or apart from sympathy; namely, pity, which is always a sentiment looking down from a high place to a low one. The power, force, self-helpfulness of the object, all that tends to create the common kind of respect, is derogated by this feeling; and the transition to contempt is often fatally easy. Whereas he who hears without complaining, or making any demand on sympathy, is unavoidably held to possess some peculiar impregnability of character allied to the higher powers of our nature; and though there is often something fearful in the contemplation of sufferings unacknowledged, we cannot help looking on with a certain kind of reverence. It is doubtless well that all this should be so; for is not all fortune to be overcome by enduring? That is to say, is not this enduring just an appointed means of adjusting ourselves to all the contingencies of Providence?

The allowableness of complaint is determined by circumstances and relations. We may complain in the presence of those who, we know, take an interest in us, with less risk than we can in other company. We may more allowably complain of a common wrong of humanity, than of some special personal evil. A man would not care to fret about a pricked finger to his wife, while the savage suffers unimaginable pains at the stake with an unmoved countenance; he

— may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.

To have been the victim of an influenza, may be spoken of freely and dolorously, within moderate bounds; but it is different if we are only recovering from an affront or a slight, where our own self-respect was alone concerned, because *there* sympathy comes less freely, if at all, or is liable to be mixed with no very reverential feeling. It is from a sense of this philosophy that those who complain about any personal vexation usually endeavour to take from its egotistic character by allying it to a public cause. 'It is my turn to be slighted or slandered to-day—it may be yours to-morrow.' Or, 'Such attacks—though I care nothing for them myself

—are reprehensible on general grounds.' And so forth. But such efforts are, in reality, a confession that there is something felt to be weak and unworthy, generally speaking, in complaint. Man has a latent unconfessed sense that (allowing for just exceptions) he has no proper right to call attention to anything affecting himself alone; and that it is best to hush such affairs in the darkness of his own bosom.

If a mercantile man finds his acceptance declined at a bank, or an order upon some distant correspondent politely refused, he does not rush upon a change to proclaim the grievance, knowing very well that such conduct would not tend to the improvement of his credit. It would be wiser for him even to complain to the bank or the correspondent. Policy directs that he should appear perfectly at ease under the refusal in either case, or, at the most, observe a disguised silence on the subject. It may thus come to pass that the other party will in time presume that possibly it might not have been so far amiss to discount that bill or comply with that order. At the very best, matters are made no worse. How far such policy squares with a very nice morality, I will not stop to consider; but, assuredly, the system of non-complaint is the best calculated to favour the objects of the merchant in his professional existence: as mere policy, it is perfect. So, also, one never hears a young lady complain of such a calamity as the loss of a front tooth. That is a matter between herself and her dentist. Complaint on the subject to any but that confidential adviser would only aggravate the evil. These are typical cases, bearing with unusual force upon the question; but no one to whom they are mentioned can be at a loss to see how the philosophy of non-complaint may be applied in other instances.

Take, for example, the man of art; that is, the man who, by the chisel, the brush, the pen, or the use of his brain and fingers for the production of music, works out results for the gratification and improvement of his fellow-creatures. If such a man finds his works neglected, will it improve his case to complain? Assuredly not. He may imagine there is some accidental or mischievous cause for the neglect, instead of his own deficiency of merit. But such suppositions, if expressed, only bring down ridicule upon his head. He may be severely handled by critics; but to complain of this, or attempt to put in something in arrest of judgment, or to retort upon the judge, can only injure him further with the public, by showing him in the humiliating light of one who suffers. The true policy, be assured, is that of the merchant whose bill has been handed back undiscounted—not to say a single word or look one look about the matter. The late Mr. William Hazlitt, with his unquestionable powers of mind, was sadly deficient in this wisdom. Some of his writings, as, for example, his *Essay on the Jealousy and Splendour of Party*, betray

a pitiable sensitiveness to the little foibles and slights of life; soreness about criticism, vexation about the superior social *clout* of other literary labourers—'raw' all over. Such conduct is a voluntary giving up of the dignity which the public must inevitably associate with the names of all who have written *tellingly* in whatever way; it is to sit down with greater humiliation than even enemies are in general inclined to impute. Suppose there were real ill-usage and some little actual bad consequences from it, well—minimise the evil by absorbing it in the woodpack of silence, and you will soon recover your proper position in spite of it. But to whimper, or scold in return, or in anyway admit that you have been galled—oh, how it does the very thing the enemy aims at—what a suicide it is! And self-murder is the only way by which moral death comes to any man.

Perhaps the ultimate source of the good to be derived from non-complaint is its convenience to the general interest. Every one has his own woes; it is not, therefore, surprising that few feel aggrieved by hearing little of the distresses of their friends, however willing to give sympathy if complaint is actually made. It is, therefore, as good for us, as it is cherished on the part of the sufferer, that he should trade us as little as possible with his distresses. Having, as life and the world so far more need to be associated with what is cheering and encouraging than with the reverse, we are unconsciously attracted to the train of the successful and self-helpful, the gay and buoyant, even without any regard to tangible benefits derivable from them, while the misfortunate are left apt to be left pinning in solitude. It is human nature to give pity and succour to the latter, when the claim is directly personal, but in all circumstances to cling fast to as to believe the former a common thing, good, tutelary, and beautiful. For such reasons it must be that complaint, necessarily associated in our minds with infirmity, never can produce respect, so it must be that we submit, as the next best to success and greatness, the unanimity which betrays not defeat or injury. Our thrilling reverence for him who suffers in sickness mixed with a thankfulness that, in the midst of our own special evils, we have not the addition of his doing to, and admiring him to, his.

I would, then, recommend the principle of non-complaint as one which it is useful to follow, under certain limitations. To shut ourselves up in a stoical indifference on all occasions, were at once maniable and unwise. To consult nothing but dignity on this point, were to become detestable. Much would we prefer the man, weak as a woman's tear, to him who stood perpetually in a marble-like rigidity, professedly superior to all grief. The fullest allowance is to be made on that side. And particularly would we insist that, in the domestic circle, and amongst true friends, there should be a full communion and frankness on every passing trouble requiring counsel and assistance. Poured into a loving and kindred bosom, our griefs are soothed; regaining this confidence, we ourselves become objects of only increased tenderness. A disposition having regard to the happiness of others, will at once perceive where to draw the line of distinction between what ought and what ought not to be complained of: between what is a proper subject for the condolence of others, and that which would only unnecessarily vex and annoy them. We have all enough of sorrows of our own, without being unduly burdened with those of others; and, depend upon it, there is none more maniable or more generally shunned than the fretful and querulous. On troubles incidental to all, it is also to be admitted that complaint is legitimate, so far as it may lead to a remedy, or to a union of our common brotherhood in the bonds of sympathy. But undoubtedly, as a general rule, apart from these exceptions, there is much to be advanced in non-complaint—the course pointed out alike by consideration for others and respect for ourselves. And I would hold this as an apothegm never to be

swerved from—Respecting all egotistic sufferings whatever, from great injustices down to the most petty annoyances and incivilities, cultivate the glorious power of Bearing in Silence.

TRUE AND FALSE INDEPENDENCE—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGANT.

'FATHER, John, didn't I tell you that Uncle Robert's visits would well repay us for the trifling sum I expended in order to make our home fit to receive him?' was the triumphant exclamation of a portly farmer's wife as she hastily closed the door of the best parlour with the eager desire to make a private communication to her husband.

'I am not at present aware that Mr Atherton's stay here has benefited us beyond the pleasure which we have derived from his society,' her spouse somewhat dully remarked.

'But I called you in here to make you aware of it,' the lady rejoined; 'and now I hope you will at last give me credit for good management.'

'Pray, what may this vast advantage be, my dear?' John Dudley inquired, feeling no disposition to bestow commendations without being fully satisfied that they had been merited by his better half.

'Why, nothing less than that Uncle Robert has generously made us the offer to adopt Harry, and make him his heir.' This speech was uttered with that tone of self-importance assumed when the speaker feels certain that the intelligence will be welcome to the hearer; and great indeed was Mrs Dudley's astonishment and disappointment to find that no exclamation of rapture followed, but that, on the contrary, her spouse gave one of those significant shrugs of the shoulders, the meaning of which is unmistakable.

'Why, John, you don't seem at all pleased,' she observed, a little crestfallen by the silent reception her information had met with. 'Surely you are not so foolish as to overlook the benefit our dear boy may derive from this offer, merely because you will not like to part from him? I should feel it, you may be sure, as keenly as you could do; but I should be sorry to throw a barrier in the way of his happiness on that account.'

'You quite mistake my motives, Betsy. I should be sorry to throw a barrier in the way of our son's happiness, but—'

'Oh, then you are of my way of thinking after all?' his wife eagerly interposed. 'Well, I thought you could not be so blind to the interests—'

'Nay, nay, don't be so hasty in your conclusions, my dear,' Dudley interrupted in his turn; 'for, to own the truth, though I am most grateful for your uncle's generous offer, I am doubting whether the acceptance of it would really advance the happiness of our boy.'

'Why, you have surely taken leave of your sense. But you are jesting; you cannot be in earnest. Not advance Harry's happiness to be brought up as a gentleman, and to have a fortune left him!'

'I am perfectly sane, and equally in earnest; and if you will listen patiently for ten minutes, Betsy, I will state my reasons for making this, as you deem, strange assertion.'

'You can never, I am sure, say anything that will convince me that you are right,' the lady returned a little sharply.

'Perhaps not, my dear,' responded the farmer; and his tone indicated that when Mrs Dudley was predetermined not to be convinced, it was scarcely possible to effect such an end. 'But I will, nevertheless, try. Now, in the first place, Henry is not a character likely to benefit by being placed in affluent circumstances; he is somewhat inclined to be indolent and extravagant; and the luxuries his uncle's wealth would at present afford, together with the prospect of a future support, requiring no exertion or industry on his part to obtain, would still further tend to paralyse his energies and encourage his imprudence.'

'Your arguments tell against your own cause, John. Had the offer been made to Thomas, I should, on the very grounds that you urge as a motive for refusal, have wished that it had been made to Harry instead. Tom will make his own way in the world; he does not need a fortune prepared for him; but Harry is, as you have said, every way unfitted for a farmer—in fact he is cut out for a gentleman!'

'You look only on the surface of things, my dear Betsy,' observed her husband in a tone of deep seriousness. 'You are pleased with the prospect of your son's inclinations being gratified, and you do not take into consideration the moral evils which might, I had almost said must, ensue. The possession of wealth is, without doubt, desirable when the possessor has the wisdom to use it aright; but when, on the contrary, it only administers to self-indulgence, it enervates the character, and becomes a positive evil.'

'But I don't think you ought to conclude that such would be our Harry's case: he is but a boy,' pleaded Mrs Dudley.

'I draw my inferences from the present position of things,' the father rejoined. 'He is, as you say, but a boy; but his are faults that are likely to strengthen with his years, especially if exposed to the temptations which wealth would present. You know, my dear, they have been a source of unhappiness to us from his earliest childhood, and on that account I think I am fully justified in supposing that, under similar circumstances, he would be influenced in the same manner as others of his character have been. Your uncle,' he continued, 'though a very respectable, and, in many points, worthy individual, is not a suitable person to undertake the important charge of bringing up youth, especially a youth of Henry's bent of mind—he being himself too indolent to correct the boy's faults.'

A stop was here put to the tête-à-tête by the entrance of Master Harry, who, having just learned from his rich relative that an offer in his favour had been made to his mother, unceremoniously entered the room to express his delight.

Mr Robert Atherton, or 'Uncle Robert,' as he was usually termed, had for many years enjoyed a handsome fortune, which he had, when a young man, unexpectedly become possessed of by the bequest of a hitherto unknown relative. He was, consequently, regarded as the rich man of the family; and as he was a bachelor, various speculations had been made by his numerous nephews, nieces, and cousins respecting which, amongst them would, at his demise, become the fortunate inheritor of his property. The candidates for his favour had, since the above-mentioned event, become so fond of his Christian name, that every family claiming even the most distant degree of relationship, that of John Dudley alone excepted, had made choice of it, and in several instances it had even been rendered feminine, and changed into Roberta. Had Mrs Dudley been allowed to have her own way, it is certain that her eldest son would not have borne the appellation of Henry, and her daughter Catherine would probably have added to the stock of Robertas; but the honest, straightforward farmer, indignant at the mean motives which had instigated his wife's relatives, and fully determined that no suspicion of similar conduct should be attached to him, positively refused the request, notwithstanding that it was urged with tears. In his disgust for anything like courting the favour of the rich man, he overstepped the bounds of courtesy; for he was obviously less polite to Mr Atherton whenever they chanced to meet than he was to any one else. Never would he have given his wife permission to invite him to his house, and, above all, allow her to make some (to them) costly addition to her best parlour furniture for the occasion, had not the old gentleman been brought to the neighbourhood by business, and thus in some measure claimed his hospitality. Great had been the exultation of Mrs Dudley when she found that neither of her fawning cousins had succeeded in pleasing their rich relative to the extent

of their wishes, and that her eldest son had been selected as the object of favour; but her triumph was equalled by her vexation when her husband raised what she deemed such futile objections; and she was in a fever of excitement lest he should meet with Mr Atherton ere she had used her powers of persuasion, which, to own the truth, were not small. The fact was, John Dudley, though firm to obstinacy on any point which he considered affected his integrity, had vulnerable points, and his good lady having the tact to discover and work on them, was not always unsuccessful in her plans of operation. The conversation which introduced Mrs Dudley to the reader's notice is not likely to have given a favourable impression of her character; but to do her justice, it must be told that ambition to effect the aggrandisement of her children was the principal flaw it exhibited. She was, nevertheless, a tender wife and mother, a clever manager, a kind mistress, and a good neighbour. Her son Dudley, now a youth of fifteen, was just the description of character to insinuate himself into the good graces of a weak-minded man possessed of little penetration. He added to a singularly handsome person an address so captivating and unlike that of the sons of even the higher class of farmers nearly fifty years back, that he was looked upon as a prodigy. Personal endowments were, however, his all; he possessed neither mental nor moral superiority; and, inheriting his mother's ambition, without the good qualities which distinguished her, he had secretly made the resolve that he would become his uncle's heir from the very first intimation of that gentleman's proposed visit.

To be brief, the united pleadings of the mother and son at length overruled the objections of the father, and Mrs Dudley herself undertook the task of accepting the offer with all due acknowledgments of gratitude.

We will now, with the reader's permission, pass over a period of five-and-twenty years—a fourth part of a century. Such a period often produces mighty revolutions in empires, vast alterations in our social condition, strange vicissitudes in families, and important changes in the position of individuals. It is not, however, our place to speak of the political events which he had during that interval, convulsed the kingdoms of Europe, nor even of the benefits which had resulted to society from the march of mind; our office is to show the alteration that had taken place in the positions of the characters which figure in our narrative. Henry Dudley, or Mr Henry Dudley, as he must in future be styled, occupied a spacious mansion in one of the 'west end' squares of the great metropolis. He whom we introduced at the commencement of our tale as a youth of fifteen, had become the father of two daughters, who, having 'finished' their education—that is, spent the usual term of years at a finishing school, had just 'come out.' As may have been surmised, Mr Henry Dudley had, by the death of Uncle Robert, become possessed of the coveted property. He had previously united himself to the daughter of a merchant; and had the young couple been contented to live within the limits of their joint income, they might have mentioned what is denominated a very respectable footing in society—meaning a moderate complement of servants and a carriage; but their ambition was not satisfied with this. They were aware that, not being able to boast of patrician birth, they must offer some equivalent, if they hoped to gain admittance to the higher circles. The old-tried experiment of giving excellent dinners was therefore made by the husband, whilst the wife issued cards for splendid parties; both of which succeeded beyond their hopes. It is true that, by these means, they were constantly immersed in debt, and were obliged to sacrifice every domestic comfort; but in return for these evils, they could boast of such a one's having dined at their table, and of the Countess of—— having graced their saloons.

Five-and-twenty years had also wrought changes in the person and situation of John Dudley's youngest son. He, too, had married, and become the father of a family,

but the woman he had made choice of was as unlike the wife of his brother as it was possible for two individuals to be. In point of education she was her inferior; but though without those accomplishments which tend to refine the mind and manners, Mrs Thomas Dudley was wholly free from vulgarity. There is a class of persons, even in the humblest ranks of society, who bear the stamp of gentility solely from their quiet habits, and the indulgence of gentle thoughts. She was one of this class; but though gliding unostentatiously and noiselessly through the world, she was, nevertheless, far from unimportant in the circle in which she was called to move. Thomas Dudley had fulfilled his father's prophecy by making his own way in the world. Eminent in industry, strict integrity, and unwearied perseverance, had enabled him to become the owner of a substantial farm, which yielded a competence for his now numerous family. He had also, with pious care, provided for the declining years of his venerable parents, and given them a home beneath his roof: a more delightful scene could scarcely be witnessed than that which their fireside presented after the toil and duties of the day were over. The silver chain of love bound them with its easy fetters, and they enjoyed a little world of happiness amongst themselves. There was yet another person, of whom slight mention was made at the commencement of our narrative. This was Catherine Dudley—for she was Catharine Dudley still, and it was thought, was likely to remain so; not however, because her hand was unsought. Whether this lady preferred a life of celibacy, or whether, as some shrewdly guessed, she had been once disappointed, is uncertain; but the former appeared the most likely, for she had early given her whole attention to the improvement of her mind. The advantages she had enjoyed were few, yet, overcoming difficulties by unwearied application, she had educated herself, and thus rendered herself competent to undertake, with the aid of masters, an establishment for tuition in a neighbouring town. Her society would not have been deemed an intrusion in her brother's house, for her amiable manners had made her a favourite with young and old; but, having imbibed her father's notions of independence, she preferred the pursuit of an honourable maintenance for herself. It was undoubtedly an advantage to any young female to be placed under Miss Dudley's care, for she not only sought to advance the intellectual improvement of her pupils, but made it her study to fit them for the active duties of life: to render them *purposely unambitious and elegantly useless* being far from the end she had in view. Thomas Dudley's daughters, each in turn, snared the benefit of their aunt's instructions, and the result effected in them alone gave proof of the wisdom of the system she had adopted.

The usually quiet family at the Elms—for so the farm of Thomas Dudley was denominated—were one summer's morning thrown into a state of excitement by an elegant carriage stopping at the garden-gate. The younger children, who were gambolling on the greensward before the house, immediately concluding that their gentleman uncle, as he was called, was about to pay them a visit, ran into the house to communicate the welcome news. Their father, in consequence, came forth to greet his guest, though he thought it scarcely probable that his brother would come into so obscure a part of the country as that in which he resided, for the purpose of seeing any of the members of his family. He had long estranged himself from them, being too much engrossed by seeking titled acquaintances. The younger Dudley had once, when in London on business, ventured to lift his brother's knocker with his toil-hardened hand, to tread on his Turkey carpets with his heavy country-made boots, and even to seat himself on one of his damask-covered ottomans; but he had had reason to repent of his temerity, for the cold greeting he met with from the master of the mansion, and the positive frown of the mistress, had given him from their inhospitable abode with the resolve that he would never again intrude.

The surmises of the children were correct: it was indeed their gentleman uncle's carriage which stood at the gate, and Mr Henry Dudley now stepped forth to meet his brother with extended hand and ready smile. Thomas, in whose generous breast one spark of resentment had never been known to lurk, gave it a warm pressure, accompanied by a prompt and hearty welcome. Having ordered his coachman to put up the horses at the best inn the adjacent town afforded, the elder brother now followed the younger into the house. 'You are pleasantly situated here,' he said, glancing complacently on the extensive and beautiful prospect the spot commanded.

'We are,' was the farmer's reply; 'but its chief attractions are within.'

'You were always fond of this kind of life, Tom,' the elder Dudley resumed, and a sigh he could not repress escaped his lips.

'We are as happy as mortals can hope to be in this world,' observed the younger; 'unbounded wealth could not make us more so.' As he spoke, he entered the vine-encircled porch, and threw open the door of a neatly-furnished parlour, in which Mrs Dudley and her eldest daughter, unconscious of the proximity of a stranger, were busily employed in their household duties. Many ladies, even in the sphere in which Mrs and Miss Dudley moved, would have been disconcerted at being discovered thus occupied, especially by a person who was accustomed to meet the females of his family arrayed in elegant dishabilles at that hour; but no such feelings of false shame agitated them. Mr Henry Dudley had expected to find, to use his own expression, 'the very essence of vulgarity' in his brother's wife and family, and anticipated carrying back a fund of amusement for his daughters, by describing the consternation and awkward diffidence of their rustic country cousins on the occasion of his unexpected arrival. Great, therefore, was his astonishment when Mrs Dudley quietly laid down the implements of household industry she had been using, and received him with an ease which would not have disgraced his drawing-room. Kate, who was at the moment engaged in watering and pruning the flowers which filled the recess of the window, simply attired, and with her beautiful and intelligent countenance blooming with health, exercise, and cheerfulness, looked the personification of Flora; and their visitor ceased to wonder that his brother had intimated that the chief attractions were within.

Henry Dudley was now clasped in the warm embraces of his venerable parents, whom he had not visited since he had become possessed of his fortune. The father's penetrating mind had foreseen this too probable result, but the mother had often shed tears of bitter regret for the part she had taken in furthering the event which had caused the estrangement. The former could not forbear giving vent to some expressions of disquietude, but the latter felt that all remembrance of past neglect was overwhelmed in the delight she experienced in beholding him once more. The hospitable board was quickly spread for the guest, and the younger members of the family were next introduced. It was the summer holidays, and Thomas Dudley collected a group composed of half a score of smiling, healthy-looking boys and girls, who, he pleasantly observed, would stock the neighbourhood with farmers and farmers' wives for the next generation.

'But you surely don't intend bringing up all your sons to husbandry?' their uncle inquiringly remarked.

'I do indeed,' was the reply. 'I know it is the fashion now-a-days for young people to despise the calling of their parents, ambitiously desiring to rise above the station to which they belong; but I don't approve of this, and I've taught my boys that to earn an honest living is honourable, be it in what class of society it may.'

'But suppose,' the elder brother interposed, tapping his eldest nephew on the shoulder—'suppose one of these fine fellows should happen to possess a soul above tilling

the soil no disparagement to your occupation, Tom; but would you, in that case, persist in forcing him to pursue it?

'If any one of them showed a particular wish or talent for some other calling, I would not by any means control his inclination,' the father replied; 'but as to having a soul above tilling the soil, I don't like the expression, Henry. There is a positive dignity in an honourable employment, and I deem that of the farmer to be equally respectable with that of the merchant, or even the professional gentleman. Can any reason be given,' he asked, 'why a man's mind should be degraded because he is a tiller of the ground?'

'Well, well, Tom, don't take offence; I meant none, I assure you; I only thought that it might be in my power to introduce one or two of your sons to some advantageous situations. I have considerable influence with the great.'

'I'd rather that they should seek an honest independence by means of their own exertions, than depend on the patronage of any great man,' the younger Dudley somewhat abruptly returned.

'Independence!' repeated the elder brother. 'But you don't call a farmer independent?'

'I call every man independent who supports himself and his family by his own industry,' answered Thomas. 'If,' he pursued, 'we take the word in its most extensive meaning, we are all dependent, not only on the bounties of Providence, but on each other, for we should lead but a sorry life if we were unwilling to receive benefits from our fellow-men. But I am to say, Henry, that an honest man, who earns his bread before he eats it, has really a greater claim to be styled independent than many a gentleman who rides in his carriage.' The visitor writhed a little under this remark, but being determined, for a very powerful reason, not to be offended with anything his brother might say, he adroitly changed the conversation by turning suddenly to Kate, who was standing at his elbow waiting for a pause that she might present him with a choice of house-made wines.

'I will now take the nectar from the hands of our female Ganymede,' he exclaimed, raising one of the beaming goblets to his lips.

'No, sir—they are currant, gooseberry, and grape wines; I have not made any mistake, my brother,' retorted Mrs Dudley, observing, having indirectly heard her guest's remark, and supposing that he had inquired of the beverage presented was the ancient English liquor.

'I shall not return quite barren of amusement for Juliet and Theodora,' thought the visitor.

Kate, who perfectly understood her uncle's allusion, crimsoned deeply, and stammered forth something like an apology for her mother's blunder.

'I wish, Harry, that you had said nothing about your ability to procure the boys advantageous situations,' the younger Dudley remarked when alone with his brother;

'I noticed how Benjamin's eye lighted up, and was in a moment fixed upon mine to observe the effect your words had upon me.'

'Well, and what harm could ensue to the boy; would you bury him for life in this solitude?'

'No, Harry, far from it; I could wish that he should see more of the world than his father has done, but not that he should, at his tender age, be exposed to the temptations the metropolis presents to a youth who cannot be guarded by the parental eye. Your proposal was kindly intentioned, but I cannot avail myself of it. Believe me, I would rather see my sons grow up worthy than either wealthy or great.'

'I know you have some singular notions on this point,' the elder brother rejoined; 'but now that we are alone, I wish to consult with you on a little matter of my own—a matter which causes me some uneasiness.'

'You are surely not in any pecuniary difficulties?' Thomas asked in concern.

'To own the truth, I am a little embarrassed; you

know my income is not large, considering the appearance I am obliged to support, and—'

'Obliged to support! What obligation can there be for you to support an appearance beyond your means?'

'You know nothing of the world, Thomas; at least nothing beyond the contracted world in which you live. If we assume a certain station in society, we must support that station; and in order to do so—'

'You must sacrifice truth, justice, and integrity. Is it not so, Henry? I know a little more, perhaps, of such things than you imagine.'

'I came here to ask your counsel—nay, I thought you would act a brotherly part, and assist me a little; it is but a mere bagatelle I want; and now you take me to task as though I were a prodigal son.'

'No, my brother, I only wish to open your eyes to the truth; for to every one, yourself excepted, it must be obvious that, with the late Mr Atherton's property, you ought not to be embarrassed.'

'Well, perhaps I have been a little imprudent,' the elder brother rejoined; 'this is, however, the first time I have applied to you for assistance.'

'Considering that I have had to make my own way, and have so large a family to support, I think you ought not to reprove it from me. However, tell me what you term a bagatelle, and to what purpose it is to be applied.'

'The loan of a hundred and fifty pounds is all I want just now; and you will allow, I think, that it is to be applied to a good purpose, when I tell you it is to pay a debt, and will, moreover, save me from disgrace.'

'I assure you, Harry, that it is no such trifle to me,' observed Thomas; 'indeed it is more than I could part with just now. My property lies in land and stock. I have very little power at command.'

'Still I am sure you could find me that sum if you were so disposed. Your own is good, I warrant.'

'It is, I am thankful to be able to say, the farmer replied, 'but I am doubting whether it would be right for me to quote my own funds in order to pump you with loans. I'll venture to say that this debt was contracted for some specious articles.'

Henry was silent, for his brother's surmise was too near to the truth for him to venture a reply. 'If I had the sum to accomplish the end, I will spare it you, Thomas rejoined, 'though I cannot say that I feel confident I am acting rightly in so doing. But let me beg of you,' he continued with earnestness, 'as you value your own peace of mind and the welfare of your family, to give up this foolish, nay, worse than foolish, competition with your superiors in station. Is a man a whit the more respected by his fellow-creatures because he trifles himself for their entertainment?'

'Well, well, brother, I will talk squarely to Mrs Dudley about reducing our expenditure.'

'Don't let it end in talk, Henry. If, with your joint incomes, you are so embarrassed as to be in want of a hundred and fifty pounds to save you from a prison, your affairs must, I am sure, be in a very sad state. You call yourself an independent gentleman, yet you depend upon the smiles of a few titled individuals for happiness; you present your guests with costly viands from rich ports which has never been paid for; you array yourself in elegant but useless at the expense of some unfortunate tailor and outfitter. Tell me, my brother, it is the true independence? Is it not rather the most abject slavery? For he who, from absolute compulsion, toils at the meanest drudgery, is not, I deem, so truly a slave as he who sacrifices his principles in order to obtain a footing in society to which he has no legitimate right.'

'You good me too much, Thomas,' the elder Dudley passionately exclaimed, 'throwing himself into a chair, and burying his face in his hands. 'I was miserable enough before. I have struggled with circumstances till I can struggle no longer, and I cannot return to my family unless you furnish me with the whole sum; for, to own the truth, I have at this time an execution in my

house, and we have been compelled to disguise the man in possession in the garb of a footman.'

Thomas shuddered, but spoke not.

'You see the extreme urgency of the case,' Henry continued; 'and I will pledge my word of honour to scrupulously repay you, with the addition of any interest you may please to demand.'

'Interest!' the younger Dudley repeated; 'do you think I would lend a brother money at usury? No; I would not withhold it, even if there were no possibility of its being returned, if I could see that it would answer any desirable end; but if it be only to enable you to keep up a false and hollow appearance for a few months longer, I should deem myself absolutely culpable in parting with it to the injury of my family.'

'Only help me in this exigence, and by all that is sacred I will engage to follow your advice,' Henry energetically exclaimed.

The result of the above related conversation ended in the hundred and fifty pounds being, in the course of a few days, transferred from the hands of the younger Dudley to those of the elder. The latter now began to talk of returning to town. He was naturally anxious to relieve the anxiety of his wife; his daughters were perfectly unconscious of what was transacting under their parents' roof, and even supposed that their papa had had some addition to his property from the fact of his adding another footman to his establishment of servants. Miss Dudley having some business to transact in London, proposed availing herself of travelling in her brother's carriage. This led to a pressing invitation on the part of the latter for his sister to make a stay at his house for the few weeks which remained of the mid-summer holidays. Kate was included in this invitation, but Thomas Dudley and his wife politely but positively declined accepting it. Catherine Dudley was not a stranger to the ladies of her brother's family. She had several times, when in town, made them appalling call; and, considering that she was not what Mrs Henry Dudley termed an independent gentleman, she had been courteously received. There was a grace and polish in her manners which fitted her for any society; and as her dress was not so unfashionable as to render her conspicuous, that lady deigned to treat her with some appearance of sisterly regard. Her brother, it must be acknowledged, was not without an interested motive in pressing the present visit. He had accidentally heard that she was succeeding so well with her seminar, that she had been enabled to put by a few hundreds; indeed he had ascertained that this had been the object of her visits to the metropolis. It is astonishing what acts of meanness persons will be guilty of in order to support a false position in society. The artificial wants of the family had become so numerous, that it had long required an income of more than double that which Mr Henry Dudley possessed in order to supply them; and without some more considerable aid than that he had received from his brother, he felt convinced that ruin and disgrace must inevitably follow them. The delusion of putting off the evil day is the common resource of weak minds, though to confront the threatened danger, and give it a fair investigation, would frequently rob it of half its terrors. The brother and sister were sitting at breakfast on the morning of their intended departure, when the London post brought a letter for the former. The seal was broken with a trembling hand, and the contents were perused with so much apparent agitation, that Miss Dudley kindly and sympathisingly inquired if there was any ill news from home.

'Sad news,' was the reply. 'Mrs Dudley is seriously ill, and my eldest daughter has written to urge my immediate return.' The tone in which these words were uttered plainly indicated that his lady's indisposition was not the only source of disquiet; but since he did not communicate anything further, she forebore to seek his confidence.

'I can scarcely expect you to visit a house of sickness,' the brother hesitatingly added; but to the gene-

rous-hearted Catherine the possibility of being useful was only a further inducement for her to leave the peaceful pleasures of her quiet home. The truth of the matter was, that the creditors of Mr Dudley surrounding, from various circumstances, that his affairs were in a deranged state, had poured in their bills; but finding smooth words and fair promises to be all they were likely to get in payment, executions had followed one another so rapidly, that all hope of extrication was over. The lady of the house was so deeply concerned at the thought of having her elegant furniture and wardrobe sold by public auction, and her name becoming the talk of her fashionable acquaintances, that her health sunk beneath it, and she was incapable of making any effort to stem the torrent which was at length overwhelming them. Her daughters were in a truly pitiable state of mind when the truth could no longer be concealed from them, and a scene of greater confusion or more heart-rending misery could scarcely be conceived than that which greeted the brother and sister on their arrival at the mansion. Mrs Dudley was raving incoherently, whilst the young ladies stood weeping beside her in utter helplessness. The servants, despairing of the payment of their long arrears of wages, were quarrelling with each other, and execrating the pride and want of principle of their employers: whilst the officers of justice were unceremoniously regaling themselves from the wine-cellar and pantry. Miss Dudley's first care was to make an attempt to soothe the ladies. She besought the mother to keep her mind quiet, for the sake of her family, and appealed to the filial affection of the daughters. She then sought her brother, and advised that they should be removed as soon as possible to some quiet lodging in the suburbs, cheerfully offering to bear the expense from a small sum she had brought to London for the purpose of adding to her little store, and to become her nurse. 'You, in the meantime, must make the best terms you can with your creditors,' she said, 'but no good can result from the presence of your wife and your daughters.'

Henry was quite willing to accede to her proposal, and felt really grateful for her prompt and disinterested kindness. Mrs Dudley gladly fell in with any plan which would remove her from the dreadful scenes which were passing in her home. It was therefore put into execution on the following morning.

The pecuniary embarrassments of Mr Henry Dudley were found to be greater than his sister had at first anticipated. His uncle's property had been chiefly invested in dwelling-houses, and now there was not one remaining which he had not mortgaged to the extent of its value. His wife's income, fortunately for them, was so settled by her guardians—for parents she had not—that she could not receive more than a quarter's dividend at a time; but even this had been forestalled by means of promissory notes, which had been given to quiet the tradespeople who had supplied her with jewellery and dress. Catherine had imposed no easy task upon herself in undertaking to nurse her sister-in-law, whose proud spirit, though deeply humbled under the reverses she was suffering, vented itself in a peevish irritability. Upon Juliet the change of circumstances had a similar effect; but her parents were, to their great satisfaction, speedily relieved from her presence. A dowager lady of rank, the only one amongst their titled connexions who deigned to notice them in their adversity, offered to receive her into her family as her companion. Being tolerably well acquainted with her character, Juliet knew beforehand that, in this capacity, she would have to humour all her whims, and attend her at all hours, however unreasonable; that she must never presume to contradict her; and, moreover, think it sufficient remuneration to live in a noble mansion, to ride out with her occasionally in her carriage, to wear her cast-off apparel, and to be allowed to sit in her drawing-room even when she received visitors. To the false views of the young lady this splendid slavery appeared more desirable than her present home or anything else she

was likely to meet with. She would thus, she thought, retain her position in society as a gentlewoman, and to attain this she was willing to make any sacrifice. Lady Beaumont, it was true, assumed a patronising air, and would doubtless boast amongst her acquaintances of how benevolently she had acted in protecting one of the daughters of poor Mrs Dudley, but galling as this idea was to her pride, it did not influence her so as to induce her to decline the offer. Upon the mind of Theodora the ruin of her family effected different results: her eyes became suddenly opened to the hollow and false system they had pursued, and, admiring the true dignity which characterised her excellent aunt, she made the determination that she would herself commence a similar course. 'Will you allow me to become your pupil?' she one day earnestly asked when Miss Dudley had been speaking of the young ladies who were under her care; 'I have been educated at a school where they professed to teach everything, but I fear that I have yet to learn almost everything; that is *useful*.'

'Most gladly will I receive you as a pupil, my dear Theodora, if you are really desirous to become such,' her aunt made answer: 'you are yet young, and I confidently expect to see you, in a year or two, sufficiently proficient to obtain an honourable independence for yourself, if that be your desire.'

'It is, indeed, it is,' the young lady warmly responded. 'I have misapprehended the word independence too often; I now wish to redeem the error by putting it to its right use—not in word only, but by my actions.'

'That is a noble resolve, my dear girl,' Miss Dudley exclaimed—a resolve which does you credit, especially at your age, and I prophesy that you will reap a noble reward.'

Catherine did not leave the metropolis till she had seen her brother and his wife settled in a small house which suited their altered circumstances, and the latter convalescent. Had Henry Dudley been willing to accept of a clerkship which was offered to him, he might have afforded a superior and more comfortable residence; but the indolent habits he had contracted in youth, and so long indulged in, now made the thought of any exertion unbearable. He preferred, therefore, to descend to a more humble station, calling as it was to their pride, which we grieve to say was yet unaltered. Their love for display was still the same; but they were compelled to gratify it at less cost, and in a circle less refined. Here we must leave them, regretting that we cannot tell of a moral change having been effected, and follow the youngest daughter to the home of her worthy aunt. Miss Dudley would have generously received her under her roof as a pupil without the slightest remuneration, but Theodora positively refused to accept an asylum on such terms. That would not, she said, be commencing a career of independence; her aunt had already suffered enough from her regard for them; and she was determined that she would make some return for the trouble she gave, by imparting such knowledge as she possessed to the younger pupils; and when capable of undertaking a situation, that she would further repay her by degrees from the proceeds. As her niece would on no other terms consent to become an inmate of the seminary, Miss Dudley was obliged to acquiesce. A warm friendship now commenced between the members of Thomas Dudley's family and their London cousin, a thing little expected by either party a few months previously. Kate, especially, who was nearly the same age, became fondly attached to her, and the affection was returned with equal ardour.

'I'll venture to say, Theodora, that you were never so happy after having spent a day in trifling conversation and useless pursuits as you now feel,' Miss Dudley one evening said, addressing her niece when she had been a few months beneath her roof.

'You are quite correct in your assertion, my dear aunt,' was the young lady's reply.

'The true enjoyment of ease can only be experienced

by those who have been usefully occupied,' her preceptress rejoined; 'and this is the reason why we so often hear persons who are without any positive occupation talking of *killing time*, as it is called.'

'Ah, poor mamma often used that expression when she took up a novel to while away the hours between her morning calls and her evening parties,' Theodora observed with a sigh.

'But you, my dear girl, will never, I hope, be so dependent on others for your pleasures,' the elder lady resumed. 'Your parents have taught you a sad lesson, from which you may profit through life. Yes,' she energetically added, 'I trust that their experience has led you to discriminate between the false and merely nominal independence they boasted, and the upright, straightforward course which, however humble, produces self-respect, and is alone deserving of being thus designated.'

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

IN our notice of the United States Exploring Expedition, conducted by Commander Wilkes, some particulars were given of the sea-board surveys of Oregon and California. We have now before us an account of two over-land expeditions, undertaken at the command of the American government, by Captain Fremont, to explore the country lying between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, and the frontiers of Oregon and North California, with a view to complete and connect the surveys from the last post on the eastern side of the mountains with those accomplished by the naval officers on the shores of the Pacific. When the third expedition, now on its way, shall have accomplished its object, our knowledge of the enormous slope of country on either side of the dividing range will be proportionately extended, and a great chasm in geographical and topographical science be filled up.

The report is accompanied by useful maps of the whole region, in which the various positions are laid down from careful astronomical observations. Some of these are in profile, displaying the rise and fall of the surface, both east and west of the mountains, for a distance of four thousand miles, which cannot fail of proving highly serviceable in the future settlement of the countries in question. Many valuable contributions have likewise been made to zoological and botanical science.

A trading station near the mouth of the Kansas river was fixed on as the preparatory rendezvous of the party, which consisted of the leader, Captain Fremont; Mr. Francis, a German; assistant topographer, two youths, one only twelve years of age, son of Senator Benton; twenty-one Creole and Canadian voyageurs, engaged at St. Louis; Maxwell, a hunter; and Kn Carson, the guide. They were all well armed, and, in addition, had eight carts drawn by mules, containing the stores, baggage, and instruments; besides a few horse horses and oxen.

They leave the station under the guidance of an Indian, who conducted them through the belt of wood bordering the Kansas, and conveyed them to the ocean-like expanse of prairie stretching far away to the foot of the mountains. One hundred miles farther they arrive at the ford of the Kansas, and find the river swollen with the rain, sweeping along turbid and rough as the Mississippi. The men and animals swam across, and the carts being unloaded and taken to pieces, were all safely carried over in an Indian rubber boat, with the exception of the fat load, which was pitched into the river. Everything was, however, recovered, save a bag of sugar and another of coffee. The loss of the latter was a constant source of regret in their subsequent campfires throughout the journey. Halting for some days on this spot, to dry and repack their baggage, a

* Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the Years 1843-44. By Captain Fremont. Washington: 1845.

bird and snake fight was witnessed. 'In the steep bank of the river here were nests of innumerable swallows, into one of which a large prairie snake had got about half his body, and was occupied in eating the young birds. The old ones were flying about in great distress, darting at him, and vainly endeavouring to drive him off. A shot wounded him, and being killed, he was cut open, and eighteen young swallows were found in his body.'

The party are now fairly in the Indian country; powder is served out to the men, and they prepare for the chances of a prairie life. The vegetation of these boundless plains is in many parts particularly attractive. 'Everywhere the rose is met with, and reminds us of cultivated gardens and civilisation. It is scattered over the prairies in small bouquets, and, when glittering in the dews and waving in the pleasant breeze of the early morning, is the most beautiful of the prairie flowers. The *artemisia*, or prairie sage, glitters like silver as the southern breeze turns up its leaves to the sun. All these plants have their insect inhabitants, variously coloured, taking generally the hue of the flower on which they live. The *artemisia* has its small fly accompanying it through every change of elevation and latitude; and wherever the *asclepias tuberosa* is seen, it has on the flower a large butterfly, so nearly resembling it in colour, as to be distinguishable at a little distance only by the motion of the wings.' The explorers fall in with a party of emigrants slowly toiling on their way to the distant Oregon: death had been amongst them, and they were weary with sickness and sorrow. And now, for the first time, they post sentinels round their encampment at night. The next day at dinner they were startled by the cry, 'Strangers—strangers!' Immediately every man seized his weapon, the horses were driven in, and preparations made to receive the intruders, who, however, proved to be a party of traders going down to St. Louis. Unable to in vigate their canoes on the shallow waters of the Platte, they had made a *cache* (a hide) of all the baggage they could not carry on their shoulders, and were completing the journey on foot.

The travellers next reach the buffalo-grounds. At a distance, Mr Preuss, who was sketching, had taken the herds for large groves of timber. 'In the sight of such a mass of life the traveller feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard, from a distance, a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses, there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker.' A spirited chase ensues, in which the captain, Kit Carson, and Maxwell, charge full speed on a herd of seven or eight hundred of these noble animals. The former describes—'My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the west under the name of Proven, and with eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, when, rising in the stirrups, I fired. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands at some distance below I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking, a light wreath of smoke curled away from his gun.' The herd make for the hills, and the captain again dashes after them, but is in turn charged by six bulls, from which he escapes; and after a long run, reins up his horse in dangerous quarters—a village of prairie dogs, whose holes covered the ground for an extent of two miles, from which he was glad to retreat as quickly as possible, and rejoin the main body, just visible like a dark line moving slowly over the distant prairie.

On the 4th of July they halted earlier than usual, to celebrate the anniversary of the national independence. Wood being scarce, fires were kindled of dried cow-dung, or *bois de vache*, as it is familiarly called by the voyageurs. A feast was prepared, heightened with all

the delicacies at their command, and eaten with true prairie appetite. So delighted were the Indians with the entertainment, that they inquired if the 'medicine days came often.' Soon after this merry-making, the party are attacked by a band of three hundred mounted Indians, who came speeding down upon them from a range of low hills. They tore the covers off their rifles, and were just about to fire, when Maxwell recognised the leading Indian, and shouted to him, in the native language, 'You're a fool—don't you know me?' The savage wheeled on the instant, and again came forward, striking his breast and exclaiming 'Aiapaho!' the name of the tribe. This recognition was most fortunate for the exploring party, which, so great was the inequality of numbers, would most likely have been cut off to a man. The hunter had lived among the Indians as a trader; and the savages, although disappointed of a prize of scalps, crowded round with shouts and yells, and after the first surprise was over, invited the travellers to their lodges, where they regaled them plentifully with buffalo flesh, of which they were then collecting their annual supply.

Advancing westwards, the party learn that the Sioux Indians are out in full force, declaring war against every living thing venturing on their territories. At this intelligence the greatest alarm prevailed among the voyageurs, many of whom were for turning back; but some five or six of the bravest avowing their determination to stand by Captain Fremont to the farthest point of his journey, the others felt ashamed of their cowardice, and consented to proceed. Their route lay by the base of a mound on which stands the 'Chimney Rock,' 200 feet in height, rising like a shot tower or huge factory chimney, and visible from a distance of thirty miles. The material of which it is composed is an earthy limestone, that crumbles away rapidly in tempestuous weather. Former travellers describe it as 500 feet in height.

At Fort Laramie, we are informed, the American Fur Company discontinued the traffic in ardent spirits with the Indians, while they are obliged to resort to it in order to compete successfully with the itinerant traders, '*coureurs de bois*,' who travel about the country with no other merchandise than a keg of liquor, which they sell at thirty-six dollars the gallon, earning little what becomes of the unfortunate natives, provided they secure a good stock of furs and skins. At this place the tidings of the warlike attitude of the Indians became more alarming; a large band of Sioux had set off a day or two previously on the trail of the Oregon emigrants, vowing to avenge the loss of some of their own tribe by a general massacre. Captain Fremont assembled his men, and acquainted them with the state of affairs, when all but one declared their willingness to go forward. They were just leaving, when a deputation of chiefs arrived with a letter, written by the interpreter, who was to be their guide for the next 150 miles, explaining that the young warriors who were out would assuredly murder the whole of the party. The captain, however, laughed at this attempt to detain him; and starting at once, the explorers soon lost sight of the last habitation of white men east of the Rocky Mountains.

The ordinary difficulties of the route were greatly increased by an unusual drought; grasshoppers swarmed over the scorched hills, and devoured every particle of vegetation; no fodder remained for the horses, and game was rarely met with. The interpreter, with his Indian attendant, left the party, who then made a *cache* of their carts and every other object not absolutely essential to their progress. The herds of goats peculiar to the mountains were now seen for the first time: their horns are three feet in length and seventeen inches in diameter at the base. The whole surface of the ground was strewed with rocks of gneiss, mica slate, and white granite. Cacti, which, lower down, were abundant, gave place to asters and mosses; and at last, much to their surprise, the party find themselves at the summit of the celebrated South Pass—the great highway over the

mountains to Oregon. 'It in no manner,' writes Captain Fremont, 'resembles the passes to which the term is so commonly applied; nothing of the gorge-like character and winding ascents of the Alleghany passes in America—nothing of the Great St Bernard and Simplon passes in Europe. Approaching it from the mouth of the Sweet Water, a sandy plain, 120 miles long, conducted, by a gradual and regular ascent, to the summit, about 7000 feet above the sea; and the traveller, without being reminded of any change by toilsome slopes, suddenly found himself on the waters which flow to the Pacific Ocean.'

While descending on the western side, the last barometer is broken; and taking into consideration the value of such an instrument to the scientific objects of the expedition, we can sympathise with the captain's regret at the accident. 'It was,' he tells us, 'the only one. A great part of the interest of the journey for me was in the exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful and contradictory; and now their snowy peaks rose majestically before me, and the only means of giving them authentically to science—the object of my anxious solicitude by night and day—was destroyed. We had brought this barometer in safety a thousand miles, and broke it almost among the snow of the mountains. The loss was felt by the whole camp—all had seen my anxiety, and aided me in preserving it. The height of these mountains, considered by the hunters and traders the highest in the whole range, had been a theme of constant dissension among them; and all had looked forward with pleasure to the moment when the instrument, which they believed to be true as the sun, should stand upon the summits, and decide their disputes. Their grief was only inferior to my own.' On examination, however, a portion only of the instrument was found to be broken; and as no air had crept into the tube, the captain, after two days' labour, and many disappointing efforts, succeeded in repairing the barometer with part of a powder-horn and a fragment of skin, and, much to his satisfaction, found its readings as accurate as before the accident.

The party continued on the western side of the range, desirous to explore its whole length, a distance of forty miles, which includes the head waters of four great American rivers—the Colorado, Columbia, Missouri, and Platte—and return to their *caché* on the eastern slope. But they were opposed by formidable difficulties: the men became dispirited, and anxious to leave the dangerous country. In these circumstances a camp was formed in a well-protected position, and left in charge of one of the most trustworthy men, while the captain, with fifteen others, made an attempt to reach the highest peak of the range known as the Wind River Mountains. The ground on their line of march, while forming scenery of the most picturesque and sublime description, presented insurmountable obstacles, and frequently the whole band were in danger of losing their lives on the frozen precipices of the snowy and rocky defiles. At length the highest peak was attained—a narrow, slippery crest, not more than three feet in width. Here the captain relates:—'As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn, for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag, to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except a small sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.'

'It was a strange place, the icy-rock and the highest

peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer, to foretell the advance of civilisation. A moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18,293, giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the "bee".'

The hardy adventurers returned in safety to the camp, and the whole party then recrossed the mountains on their homeward journey. On reaching the shores of the Platte, which river the captain had been instructed to survey, they again divided—the greater number continuing their march by land, while the leader embarked in the India-rubber boat with Mr Preuss and five picked men. The stream, swollen by recent rains, bore them rapidly onwards; and after descending a few miles, a hollow and ominous roar is heard. They were approaching the first of a series of gorges, or *canons*,* extending for a distance of several miles, down which the river makes a descent altogether of 300 feet. The first three canyons were passed in safety, and, emboldened by success, the party dashed at the next, which plunged furiously down between frightful crags, varying from 300 to 500 feet in height. Three men were landed, to climb over the rocks, and hold the boat in check by a rope attached to the stern; but two of them losing their hold, the third was dragged into the water, and away shot the slight vessel, swift as an arrow, towing the unfortunate voyager at the extremity of the line. A mile below, the boat was forced into an eddy, and the man, who had bravely retained his presence of mind, was taken on board. The succeeding falls appeared still more formidable than those already passed; but it was as impossible to go back, as to climb the perpendicular rocks which walled the stream. The only alternative was to descend. Taking the short paddles in their hands, the party, for additional security, placed themselves on their knees, with the most skilful boatman at the bow, confident in the elastic material of the trail bark. On they went into the dash and foam of the roaring chasm, clearing rock after rock as they shot through the blinding spray, their little vessel sporting exultantly with the angry waters. Flushed with the danger and excitement, they broke unanimously into a boatman's chorus, which they were chanting at the top of their voices, when the boat struck a concealed rock at the foot of a fall, and whirled the whole party into the water.

After a little buffeting with the eddies, they all scrambled on shore, when the disastrous results of the accident became fully apparent. 'For a hundred yards below,' writes the captain, 'the current was covered with floating books and boxes, piles of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. For a moment I felt somewhat disheartened. All our books, almost every record of the journey, our journals, and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations, had been lost in an instant. But it was no time to indulge in regrets, and I immediately set about endeavouring to save something from the wreck. Of everything on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barrelled gun, which Descoteaux had caught and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men continued down the river on the left bank, while Mr Preuss and myself descended on the side we were on; and Lajeunesse, with a paddle in his hand, jumped

* In Spanish pronounced *hanyon*; signifying a tunnel or hollow way.

on the boat above, and continued down the *canon*. She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty.

A mile and a half lower down, where fallen rocks choked the bed of the river, the greater part of the missing objects were fortunately recovered. The day was fast declining, and it became of the highest necessity to endeavour to overtake the land party; for the baffled navigators were equally without weapons and provisions. After great exertions, they succeeded in scaling the precipitous cliffs, and at nightfall happily rejoined the other division.

The travellers soon after arrived at one of the United States frontier stations, and were again in comparative safety; and on the 1st of October, after a four months' absence, embarked on the Missouri. The voyagers returned to their homes at St Louis; and by the end of the same month, Captain Fremont 'reported himself' to the officers of the government at Washington.

[An account of Captain Fremont's second expedition will be given in a subsequent number.]

FEMALE INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

So much has been said of late about the want of employment in Ireland, that a few words concerning the industry of the most dependent portion of the population—the women—may not be unacceptable. An Irish wife of the humbler classes is usually known to the traveller in the provinces as a desolate-looking slattern, with a troop of dirty and idle children at her heels; but if he will only take time to go beyond the external phenomena of the road-side, in various cases, we can assure him, he will be presented with a picture of a very different kind. The cheaper sorts of blonde lace sold in England are the production of Ireland; and not only do the plain *French* cambrie handkerchiefs come in great part from the looms of the latter country, but much of the embroidery on the expensive descriptions of these articles is executed in the huts of the Irish villagers, or in the garrets of the towns and cities.

For the present, however, we would direct attention to the manufacture of an imitation of point lace, commenced in the county Limerick, as presenting matter of congratulation to the philanthropist, as well as of imitation to the landed gentry. A benevolent lady at Currah Chase, by way of providing employment for the poor girls of her neighbourhood at those times when they have nothing to do in the house or the field, has established a lace school in one of the lodges of her own park. In fine weather the young women take out their work, and sit under the trees; and thus seem to convert a business into an amusement peculiarly fitted for their sex. But it is really a business of considerable importance both to themselves and their families. It interferes with no duty, and with no task; it merely fills up time that would otherwise be vacant or unemployed; and it enables them not only to dress as neatly as English girls of the same station, but to provide their huts with food in that unhappy period of the year when, even in ordinary seasons, the Irish peasant has little else to live on than his *hopes* of the ripening crop of potatoes.

The lace is sewed upon muslin or net, and afterwards cut out; and so expert have the girls become, that the second prize for needlework was adjudged to one of their specimens at the Royal Irish Agricultural Improvement Society's show at Limerick. As a higher honour still, it may be mentioned that the queen of the Belgians, the queen of point lace—during her late visit to England, selected from the stock of a London lace-seller, a sample worked at the Currah Chase school.

When we say that the average number of work-girls here is only thirty, and that the proprietress shows no disposition to enhance either prices or wages, but appears resolved to continue the little manufactory on its original plan, as a mere resource against idleness, and its concomitant want, we shall not be supposed to have

any wish to exaggerate its importance as a branch of the national industry. We would merely hold it up as an example and encouragement to the good and gentle of the Irish ladies. There are many other employments for which their sex is fit. There are many which, from their nature, will long escape the rivalry of machinery. We have seen in Russia, for instance, the richest specimens of embroidery on velvet, executed in the huts of the peasantry, and competing successfully in the market with the productions of the town manufactories. But even in lace alone much more might be done in Ireland than there is at present; and the materials are so cheap, that any benevolent person, with ever so bare an independence, might establish a Currah Chase school. The good effected would of itself be a sufficient reward; but in the instance we have now brought to notice, the kind lady of the Chase has received a token of gratitude which must have touched her heart and filled her eyes. The poor girls, by working at extra hours, and lavishing all their skill upon the task, produced a *chef-d'œuvre* in point lace, and presented it as a gift to their benefactress.

It is well known that in several of the continental countries the manufacture of thread lace is an unfailing resource for the women; and in Normandy, more especially, we have been both surprised and amused by a peep into the workshop of the hamlet. The business is usually carried on during the night, for in the daytime the stout Norman lasses work like men or horses in the field; and the place of meeting is the cow-house, where the sweet breath of the 'milky mothers' keeps them warm. They have all, besides, their own *chaufferettes* (little boxes pierced with holes, and enclosing a pan of live cinders), on which they rest their feet as they sit around a little round table. This table has but one lamp for the whole circle; but each is provided with a white glass bottle filled with clear water, which reflects the light upon her work as well as if she had one to her own share. Oh the joyous laugh! oh the buoyant song! oh the wild raileries that fill the midnight cow-house! till, tired at length both of work and merriment, the light-hearted girls withdraw to their huts and their beds, from which the sun is to rouse them in a few hours to another course of toil and enjoyment.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ROSICRUCIANS.

The Rosicrucians are a sect very little known. The notices relating to them, and their peculiar doctrines, which are scattered in the pages of encyclopedias, biographical dictionaries, and histories of philosophy, are exceedingly meagre and imperfect; but as, with all their wildness and absurdity, they have left some traces upon the legendary and poetical literature of Europe, a few particulars about them may not be uninteresting.

As a sect, they first appeared in the early part of the seventeenth century. At this period the most fearful and degrading superstitions prevailed over Europe. Devils were supposed to walk the earth, and to mingle in the affairs of men; evil spirits, in the opinion even of the wise and learned, were thought to be at the call of any one who would summon them with the proper formalities; and witches were daily burned in all the capitals of Europe. The new sect taught asperity less repulsive. They sprang up in Germany, extended with some success to France and England, and excited many angry controversies. Though as far astray in their notions as the Demonologists and witch believers, their creed was more graceful. They taught that the elements swarmed not with hideous, foul, and revengeful spirits, but with beautiful creatures, more ready to do man service than to inflict injury. They taught that the earth was inhabited by Gnomes, the air by Sylphs, the fire by Salamanders, and the water by Nymphs or Undines; and that man, by his communication with them, might learn the secrets of nature, and discover all those things which had puzzled philosophers for ages—*l'eternal Motion*, the *Elixir of Life*, the *Philosopher's Stone*, and the *Essence*

of invisibility. They were assailed with all the shafts of ridicule: the philosophers laughed at notions scarcely more fantastic, but more novel than their own; and the alchemists were obstinate in seeking their chimera after their own fashion.

The Rosicrucians derived their name from Christian Rosencreutz, their supposed founder, who died in 1484. He is said to have bound his disciples, by solemn oaths, to keep his doctrine secret for one hundred and twenty years after his burial. Certain it is they were never heard of under this name until the year 1604, when they first began to excite attention in Germany. Michael Meyer, an alchemist, and a physician of repute, was the first person of any note who lent the authority of his name to the promulgation of their tenets. He published at Cologne, in 1615, a work entitled '*Thomus Aureus, hoc est de legibus Fraternitatis Rosee Crucis*,' which purported to contain all the laws and ordinances of the brotherhood. From this it appeared that, by perfect temperance and chastity, they expected to hold converse with the elemental spirits; that they could render themselves invisible; draw gold and jewels from the bowels of the earth by incantation; be subject neither to disease nor death; and subsist without eating or drinking! They also laid claim to the power of foretelling all events, and of curing all diseases; and asserted that they possessed all wisdom and knowledge in a supreme degree. But beyond the confines of Cologne, Frankfurt, and some other German cities, the name of the sect was not much known until the year 1623, when some of the brethren suddenly made their appearance in Paris, and frightened the good people of that capital from their propriety. On the 3d of March in that year, the following placard was stuck upon the walls, but how it came there nobody could tell:—

'We, the deputies of the principal colleges of the Brethren of the Rosie Cross, have taken up our abode, visible and invisible, in this city, by the grace of the Most High, towards whom are turned the hearts of the just. We show and teach without any books or symbols whatever, and we speak all sorts of languages in the countries wherein we deign to dwell, to draw men from error, and to save them from death.'

It is possible that this placard was but a *manœuvre phantasmique* of some wits who desired to mystify the citizens. However this may be, it excited very considerable alarm, especially amongst the clergy; and various pamphlets were published to warn the pious against the dangerous heresies of the sect. One was called '*A History of the Frightful Compact entered into between the Devil and the Pretended Invisibles, with their Damnable Instructions, the Deplorable Rum of their Disciples, and their Miserable End*.' The other, which effected to know a great deal more about the matter, and to be deeply initiated into the mysteries of the fraternity, was entitled '*An Examination of the New Cabala of the Brethren of the Rosie Cross, who have lately come to reside in the city of Paris, with the History of their Manners, the Wonders worked by them, and many other particulars*.' These tracts and others excited very great curiosity; and it is known, upon the contemporary authority of the *Mercure de France*, that a popular panic was excited by the fear of this mysterious sect, none of whose members had ever been seen. It was believed that the Rosicrucians could transport themselves from place to place with the rapidity of volition, and that they took delight in cheating and tormenting unhappy citizens, especially such as had sinned against chastity. The most absurd stories about them were daily reported, and found listeners. An innkeeper asserted that a mysterious stranger entered his inn, regaled himself on his best, and suddenly vanished in a cloud when the reckoning was presented. Another had been served as scurvy a trick by a similar stranger, who lived upon the choicest fare, and drunk the best wines of his house for a week, and paid him with a handful of new gold coins, which turned into shales on

the following morning. It was also said that several persons on awakening in the middle of the night found individuals in their bed-chambers, who suddenly became invisible, though still palpable, when the alarm was raised. Such was the consternation in Paris, that every man who could not give a satisfactory account of himself was in danger of being pelted to death; and quiet citizens slept with loaded muskets at their bedside, to take vengeance upon any Rosicrucian who might violate the sanctity of their chambers.

In the midst of the alarm another placard appeared, as mysterious as the first, notifying to the world that the most persevering curiosity of the profane and ignorant would fail in discovering the Rosicrucians who were then in Paris, but that any person who had a devout respect for them, and a sincere desire to embrace their tenets, had only to form a wish to know them, and the wish would be gratified. A good deal of controversy was thus excited, which lasted about two years, when the Rosicrucians ceased to be spoken of in France. In the meantime various swindlers in the capital and elsewhere pretended to the character, and succeeded in duping some credulous people of their jewels, on the promise of charming fifty times the quantity for them out of the recesses of the earth. Two or three of these fellows were caught, and suffered punishment. Driven for a while from France, the Rosicrucian *philosophy*—for such it was called—found believers and preachers in Holland, Germany, and Italy. The most celebrated in the former country was Peter Bannier, an alchemist. In England, the high priest of the doctrine was one Dr Fudd, or, as he loved to call himself, Robertus à Fluctibus. This man had very strange notions upon medicine, which he had studied chiefly in the pages of Paracelsus. He warmly embraced the Rosicrucian creed; boasted of his intimate converse with the elementary spirits, by which he had conversed as far surpassing the aid of Dr Dee, with the angels; asserted that he could live without food for a couple of centuries, or until it pleased him to die; and that he could render himself invisible, and turn all metals into gold. He was succeeded by Eugene Bonafant, and John Heydon. The latter was an attorney, who wrote three works on the Rosicrucian mysticism, one called '*The Wise Man's Crown, or the Glory of the Rosie Cross*;' the second, '*The Holy Guide, Leading the Way to Art and Nature, with the Rosie Cross unweaved*;' and the third, '*A New Method of Rosicrucian Physics*,' by John Heydon, the Servant of God, and the Secretary of Nature. In his preface to the last-mentioned work, he maintains that Moses was the first founder of the Rosicrucians, and that he was followed by Elijah and Ezekiel, from whom the secrets of the fraternity were transmitted to the succession to Christian Rosencreutz. The most pious of the brethren—those who religiously abstained from marriage, from eating and drinking, and all mollesty—could, he said, hold delightful communion when they pleased not only with the elementary spirits that governed the universe, but with the holy angels, and the disembodied souls of good men; they could, like Proteus, assume any shape, and were endowed with the power of working miracles; could slack the plague in cities, calm the whirlwind, allay the violence of the storm, and transport themselves to and fro in the universe with the rapidity of the imagination. He maintained that it was criminal to eat (he did not abstain from the criminal practice himself), and asserted that if men, in general, would take proper precautions to purify the air, they would find there was a 'fine fitness' in it, quite sufficient for their nourishment. Some men, however, had such voracious appetites, as to require more substantial nutriment; but it might easily be procured even for them, without the necessity of defiling their mouths by food. A cataplasm of cooked meats, or savoury pies, placed upon the epigastrium, would be quite sufficient for the hungriest persons; and should, besides, never subject them to the dangers of an indigestion. But the most illustrious Rosicrucian

was Joseph Francis Borri, who appeared shortly after the time of Heydon, and in his work entitled '*La Chiave del Gabinetto del Signor Borri*,' left that record of their tenets to which the world is mainly indebted for all its knowledge of the subject. Without his aid, their wild fancies would have sunk into oblivion, and a portion of their doctrines only would have been remembered in the pages of the poets. His work, several years after his death, fell into the hands of the Abbé de Rillars, who founded upon it his cabalistic romance, '*The Count de Gabalis*,' which is now the text-book from whence we derive our principal acquaintance with the origin of a creed which has spread its ramifications into various parts of Europe, and taken, in many countries, a firm hold upon the popular mind. The book of the Abbé excited great attention. It was the Rosicrucian doctrine divested of its contradictions and the greatest of its absurdities; a romance in which the author preserved all the poetry of the sect, and rejected their wild notions about food and digestion, and gave the whole exposition to the world in a fiction remarkable for the elegance of its style and the grace of its imagination. A few extracts will show its nature and its spirit.

In the second conversation between the Count de Gabalis and his interlocutor, the former says, 'When you are enrolled among the number of the children of philosophy, and when your eyes are strengthened by the use of our most holy medicine, you will see that all the elements are inhabited by a race of perfect creatures, which are concealed from the general eye of humanity in consequence of the sin of Adam. That immense space which lies between the earth and heaven has inhabitants far more noble than the birds and fishes. The vast seas have other dwellers than whales and dolphins; the depths of the earth are not for the moles alone; and the element of fire, nobler by far than the other three, was not made to remain void and uninhabited.

'The air is filled with an innumerable multitude of beings in human shape—proud and majestic in their appearance, but very mild in reality. They are great lovers of science, subtle, fond of rendering service to the wise, but great enemies of the foolish and the ignorant. . . . The seas and the rivers are inhabited in like manner. The ancient sages named these people the Undines, or the Nymphs. The males are few among them, but the females are in great number. Their beauty is extreme, and the daughters of man cannot be compared to them. The earth is filled almost to the centre with Gnomes—people smaller in stature, who guard the treasures of the mines, and keep watch over precious stones. These are very ingenious, very friendly to man, and easy to command. They furnish the children of philosophy (the Rosicrucians) with all the money they require, and think themselves sufficiently rewarded by our friendship. The Gnomides, their females, are small, but very beautiful and agreeable, and their dress is very curious. As regards the Salamanders, inhabitants of the fire, they also render service to the children of philosophy, but do not seek their company so eagerly as the others; and their wives and daughters are very rarely seen by mortal eyes. . . . They are by far the most beautiful of the elementary spirits, being compounded of the most subtle and beautiful of all the elements. By becoming a member of our fraternity, you will be enabled to see and converse with all these glorious multitudes; you will see their mode of life, their manners, and make acquaintance with their admirable laws. You will be charmed by the graces of their mind, much more than with the beauty of their body; but you will not be able to refrain from sorrow and pity for their miserable fate, when you learn that their soul is mortal, and that they have no hope of eternal felicity in the presence of that Supreme Being whom they know, and whom they religiously adore. They will tell you that, being composed of the purest particles of the element they inhabit, and having with them no opposite and antagonist qualities, being made but of one element, they live for thou-

sands of years. But what is time, however great, to eternity? They must return into nothingness at last; and this thought embitters their existence, and we have great difficulty in consoling them. Our fathers the philosophers (the founders of the Rosicrucian doctrine) speaking to God in their prayers, remembered the sorrow of the elemental people, and interceded for them; and God, whose mercy is without limits, revealed to them that the evil is not without a remedy. He inspired them with the knowledge that as man, by the alliance of holiness which he contracts with his Maker, may be made a participator in the divinity, so may the Sylphs, the Gnomes, the Nymphs, and the Salamanders, by contracting an alliance with man, be made participators in man's immortality. Thus, a Nymph or a Sylphide becomes immortal, and has a soul like man, if she can inspire one of us with love towards her; thus a Sylph or a Gnome ceases to be mortal, if one of the daughters of man will consent to marry him. And oh, my son,' continued the Count de Gabalis, 'admire the felicity of the Rosicrucians! Instead of women, whose charms wither in a few short years, and are followed by ghastly wrinkles, we ally ourselves with beauties whose charms never fade away, and whom we have the glory and happiness of rendering immortal. You may imagine the love and the gratitude of these invisible mistresses towards us, and with what zeal and assiduity they seek to please us who have conferred upon them the unspeakable privilege of an immortal soul. The most beautiful woman the world ever saw is ugliness itself in comparison with the least fascinating of the Sylphides.'

In succeeding interviews the Count de Gabalis further explains to his interlocutor the nature and pursuits of the elementary spirits; asserts that it was they only, and not the vile gods of the Greeks and Romans, that delivered the oracles of old; that they continually kept watch over man to do him service, and to warn him of approaching evil. It was they who sent omens, and furnished him with the understanding to interpret them, and who filled his mind with presentiments when some great calamity was impending over him, that he might perchance avoid it. They also sent him dreams for the regulation of his life. 'But, alas!' continues the count, 'men ignorantly misunderstand and reject their kindness. A poor Sylph hardly dares to show himself lest he should be mistaken for an imp of evil; an Undine cannot endeavour to acquire an immortal soul, by loving a man, without running the risk of being considered a vile impute phantom; and a Salamander, if he shows himself in his glory, is taken for a devil, and the pure light which surrounds him considered the fire of hell. It is in vain that, to dispel these unworthy suspicions, they make the sign of the cross when they appear, and bend their knees when the Divine name is uttered. All their efforts are useless. Obstinate man persists in considering them enemies of that God whom they know, and whom they adore more religiously than men do. The prayer which you will find preserved by Porphyre, and which was offered up in the Temple of Delphos for the enlightenment of the Pagans, was the prayer of a Salamander.' In short, without continuing to quote the words of fine Count de Gabalis, he asserted that all the supernatural appearances with which the history of every age and nation was full, were to be, and could only be, explained by the agency of these elemental sprites; that the deeds attributed to devils, imps, and witches were the creations of a false and degrading superstition, unworthy to be believed by philosophers. 'They were no fiends with

—'aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.'

but beneficent spirits, the friends of man. The peris of eastern romance, the *fées*, the *fatras*, and the *fairies* of European legends, were names which, in their ignorance, the people of different countries had given to the

• Sylphs. Vulcan, Bacchus, and Pan, though the Greeks did not know it, were Gnomes; Neptune and Venus, and all the Naiads and Nereids, were but the Undines of the Rosicrucians; Apollo was a Salamander, and Mercury a Sylph; and not one of the personages of the multifarious mythology of the Greeks and Romans but could be ranged under one or other of these classes. The means taken by these spirits—the guardian angels of the popular creed—to warn those to whom they attached themselves of evil, were various; and very often those whose ignorance led them to disregard their intimations, were left to perish in their blindness. They also prevented others, if they could, from doing evil to their wards, of which several instances are related by the saint.—(To be concluded in next number.)

KRETTTEL.

A GERMAN STORY.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Rottweil, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself; housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active, and good-humoured German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch the minister, their host, and some neighbours who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighbouring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was little more than a gun-shot from the inn-door: it was a tradition, unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before-mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good-wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn-door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she really had visited

the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take to flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought she unlocked the horse, leapt on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn-yard, called out to them to close the gate, and flung away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather valise was attached to its saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Friday, the innkeeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighbouring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant-maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed by when there came a knock at the inn-door: it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little. Krettel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening, in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length: at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant-girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey, but, on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol-handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up close against the wall: the man, muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this moment, remounted the steps, agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes sequestered in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn-floor, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject.

On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower storey. In this perplexity Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that such they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of firearms where, expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognised as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain, were quickly either taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse, and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

THE VICTUALS AND DRINK OF AUTHORS.

MANY eminent men have entertained a notion that the character of individuals is, in a great degree, influenced by their diet. Hippocrates, in his celebrated 'Treatise on Diet,' endeavours to prove that all men are born with the same mental capacity, and that the difference which in after-life is discoverable in the minds of the human race, is altogether attributable to the food which they have eaten. Literary men, according to Celsus, have universally weak stomachs. Aristotle had this opinion so fresh, that he was obliged to strengthen it by the application of an aromatic oil to the region of the stomach, which never failed to impart its cordial effects by transpiring to this viscous. A respectable physician asserted that he could estimate the capacity of the mind by the delicacy of the stomach; for, in fact, according to him, you never find a man of genius who does not labour under complaints of the stomach.

Some authors have gained a notoriety for singularity in their diet and appetites. Dr. Rondestel, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of flies, that he died, in 1666, of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of 'hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimpsauce.' Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly, and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so largely, that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious attachment to leg of mutton. 'At my aunt Ford's,' says he, 'I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten.' Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, 'If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach.' Charles Lamb was excessively partial to roast pig.

Dr. George Fordyce contended that as one meal a-day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the doctor used to

eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock at Dolly's chop-house. A pound and a half of rump-steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex Street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Maseres, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go one day in every week without any dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.

Ariosto was so attached to a plain and frugal mode of life, that he says of himself in one of his poems, 'that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when heroes were the food of mankind.' This constitution was delicate and infirm; and notwithstanding his temperance and general abstinence, his health was often interrupted. Blaise Pascal, the famous mathematician and philosopher, having suddenly renounced his studies at the age of twenty-four, devoted himself wholly to a life of mortification and prayer. This was occasioned by his reading the works of some of those ascetic religionists who immaturally make the height of virtue to consist in an abstinence from the enjoyment of those blessings which the Creator has provided, and strangely imagine that a self-infliction of misery is a most acceptable sacrifice to the Giver of plenty.

Thomas Tryon, the amiable author of the 'Way to Health and Long Life,' John Oswald, author of various poetical and political pamphlets, and Taylor, the translator of Porphyry's work on 'Abstinence from Animal Food' (1827), remained from eating flesh. Shelley, who had an invincible contempt for all the sensualities of the table, and, like Newton, used sometimes to inquire if he had dined, was of opinion that abstinence from animal food subtilises and clears the intellectual faculties. To counteract a tendency to coldness, Lord Byron at one period dined four days on the week on fish and vegetables, and even stunted himself to a pint of claret. Though his sensuality returned now and then, and tempted him to eat of a great variety of dishes, yet he succeeded in reducing his voracity, but with it shrank his flesh and his calf. Aston the comedian was from infancy averse to animal food and strong drink; water was his habitual drink, and his food was little beyond the nuts and beechnuts of his favourite groves at Charnwood. This kind of diet, however favourable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, is but ill adapted to the minds and bodies of the present generation. Hypochondria almost constantly ensues; and it was so in the case of young Liston, who was subject to strange visions. Benjamin Franklin at one time contemplated practising abstinence from animal food. 'I hesitated some time,' he says, 'between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that, when a cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, if you eat one another, I see no reason why you may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a *rational animal*, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do!' When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his 'Principia,' he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water and vegetable diet. Köhl the naturalist was remarkably moderate in regard to food; on his journeys, he required nothing more to allay hunger and thirst than dry bread, with milk and water, provided he could attain the object to which all his labours were directed—the extension of his knowledge.

Steridan, who usually wrote at night with several candles burning around him, needed the excitement of wine when engaged in composition. 'If an idler be reluctant,' he would sometimes say, 'a glass of port ripens it, and it bursts forth; if it come freely, a glass of port is a glorious reward for it.' He is related to have written his play of Pizarro over claret and sandwiches in Drury Lane theatre. Otway gave himself up early to drinking; carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving for a month in an alehouse on Tower Hill. Helius Eobanus, the celebrated Latin poet, who was born in 1438, took great credit to himself for being a hard drinker, and would challenge any man as to the quantity of liquor which he could drink. In a contest of this kind his antagonist fell dead on the floor. Froissart, according to his own confession, 'took great pleasure in

550 lbs. per cubic yard, when dry, amounts to the enormous sum of 6,333,666,666 tons. Taking, therefore, the value of turf as compared with that of coal, namely, as 9 to 31, the total amount of turf fuel in Ireland is equivalent in power to above 170,000,000 tons of coal, which, at 12s. per ton, is worth above £200,000,000 sterling.

The Canadian lakes have been computed to contain 1700 cubic miles of water, or more than half the fresh water on the globe, covering a space of about 93,000 square miles. They extend from west to east over nearly 15½ degrees of longitude, with a difference of latitude of about 8½ degrees, draining a country of not less surface than 400,000 square miles.

The annual value of the mineral produce of Great Britain, according to Mr Tennant, amounts to nearly £225,000,000. Of this, £3,100,000 is from *corals*, £3,100,000 from *iron*, £1,200,000 from *copper*, £920,000 from *lead*, £1,400,000 from *salt*, £1,300,000 from *tin*, £60,000 from *fluangase*, £35,000 from *silver*, £22,000 from *alum*, £8000 from *zinc*, and £25,000 from the various other metals, as: antimony, bismuth, arsenic, &c.

SAMUEL WILDERSPIN.

We copy the following from the *Daily News*, for the obvious purpose of promoting the collection of the tribute fund for Mr Wilderspin:—"Amongst pleasant recollections that have occurred at intervals for more than a quarter of a century, and been always welcome, not the least welcome has been that of our first sight of an Infant School. Very much, indeed, remains to be done for popular education; but yet so much has been done, and so many arrangements, once smiled at as "pretty in theory," have become commonplace facts, that our young readers can scarcely realise the enjoyment then experienced. It was in one of the by-streets of Spitalfields, places where few people penetrate unless they have business there, that we found some eighty or ninety children, from three or four to eight years of age, gathered together, all clean and smiling, though many might be rather ragged, in a building hung round with pictures from sacred history, learning to read with an alacrity never felt before, even in learning to play. The idea of such a school, and almost every particular of the plan pursued, was then a novelty. The chant and march were novelties. The substitution of affection and enjoyment for restraint and punishment were novelties. The gallery, with the questioning, and rapid answers, and all its excitement, were novelties. And though before that time the world had heard of the Lanark Factory School, and ranked it with the beauties of that picturesque locality, yet the growth of similar beauty in the gloom of Spitalfields was a novelty. And the best novelty of all, because containing in himself the promise of many more creations of a similar description, was the simple-minded master, with his soul in the work and his heart in his hand; the loving and the loved; the teacher and the teachable; the happy companion of the children he was guiding to happiness; and through his life, from that time to this, the founder, guide, and missionary of Infant Schools.—Mr Wilderspin.

How much of the plans, since so extensively adopted, originated with Mr Wilderspin, we cannot say, nor does it signify. Whoever invented, he gave the invention life. Whoever philosophised, he realised. His excellence was in action. Children gathered delighted around him, he being quite as much delighted as themselves. Nor has he failed, in the meekness of his wisdom, to speak of the lessons, mental and moral, learned by himself from pupils that, but for him, would have been most benighted, forlorn, rude, and perhaps criminal.

A circular, signed by two secretaries—one at Hull, and the other at Manchester—has just reached us, which states that "An association, already strong, have resolved to seek Mr Wilderspin in his unrequited and thankless retirement, and offer him, unasked by him, a suitable tribute for his invaluable labours." The association is only discharging and tending to the discharge of a public duty. We notice the project in the hope of promoting its success. The time will come when services of this description will be acknowledged by public honours and rewards, such as are now appropriated to military achievements. There is evidence of its approach in the responsible recognition of the worth of these services. And while various schemes are afloat, and large sums are subscribed, for benefiting

the children of the poor, it is well that the talent, zeal, and disinterestedness should not be left neglected and forgotten which long ago were consecrated to that good cause. The just appreciation of a beneficent work implies grateful regard to those by whom it was originated, and who have carried it on through circumstances often of great discouragement, without "bating one joy of heart or hope." Society cannot afford to neglect its benefactors."

THE LAST TOAST AT CABOOL.

'Drink to the hearts that beat for us!'

Leig Engagements, a Tale of the Affghan Rebellion.

'Drink to the hearts that beat for us! 'Twas thus the soldier cried,

And straggling lights and shades the while passed o'er his brow of pride;

'Drink to those lone and lovely eyes that watch for us to-night—
When morning comes we'll on, brave boys, beneath their cheering light;

Through pathless snows, and piercing winds, and blades more keen than they,

That enshroud of holy love will guide our desperate way!'

Stern fell the night on Khoord Cabool, and well those warriors slept,

Wrapped in their sheet of bloody snow! But o'er his vigils kept—
One of that gallant, glorious host—one—me—oh, only one!

And as he lay'd around and saw that he was all alone,

The only living thing except the wroth wolf by his side—

'Alas, the hearts that beat for us!' the dying soldier sighed.

But as he viewed the mystic world, a new and wondrous scene
Informed his sitting soul, and far its vision darted thence:

Bright was the hall and music made the perfumed air more sweet,

And quivering plumes and flashing gems were there, and glaucous
leaves,

And she the lady of his love—the fairest of them all—

The idol of the throng, and queen of that gay festival!

Flushed was her cheek, and bright her smile, and flashed her eye
with pride,

As ever and anon she bent her beauteous head aside,

To drink the honeyed tale from lips as trueful as her own.

But in the midst she paused—her thoughts far, far away are
flown—

Till sudden with a shuddering start she turned mewn to hear,

With beauty's mean and soulless pride the whisper in her ear.

The soldier raised him on his arm, and looked around once more:

A deadlier stillness, but came down where all was still before;

The cullen birds sat to their homes with heavy plume hid,

And the gorgeot wolf, as mute as death, was sleeping by his side.

'Thank God, I am alone, and here!' he said with fainting breath,

And the stern smile that lit his brow was frozen there to death.

FOOTMEN'S' TALKERS.

It may perhaps be not generally known to all our country readers that one of the greatest essentials with regard to the recommendation of a London footman is not only his height, but the size and form of his legs—very being at a high price in the 'lackerly market' of the metropolis. A friend of the author's, who once lived in one of the leading squares at the 'west end,' had occasion to hire a new footman. The man arrived, but for the first two or three days was absent from his post at the hour of his master's dinner. Upon inquiry being made of the butler why the new footman did not make his appearance, the excuse given was, that 'the man's calves had not yet come home.' 'What!' said the astonished master—'what do you mean?' 'Why, sir,' replied the major domo, 'the man's legs are not quite so well-formed and large as is consistent with his calling, and he has been obliged to have recourse to those artificial means which are resorted to by great numbers of the fashionable footmen of London—namely, to order a pair of "sham calves," and I am sorry to say that the man who makes them has disappointed him, from the vast quantity which he has had orders for at this season of the year. However, he will be ready to appear by dinner-time to-morrow.'—*New Sporting Magazine.*

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PHILOSOPHY OF THE WHIP.

THERE are three great nations which are addicted to the use of the whip as an instrument of punishment—the Chinese, the Russians, and the English; and it may not be uninteresting to trace the different modifications of the custom among them to their source in the national character.

The Chinese have at length begun to show themselves. We have dragged them into day by main force. Our fleet has thrown down their walls of concealment; and our missionaries, landing on the coasts in spite of their enraged functionaries, have planted the gospel in defiance of the law. We find this peculiar people, whose first modern compiler of ancient history flourished about the time of Herodotus, to be nothing more than old children. They have not got beyond the patriarchal regime; and although now comprising one-third part of the human race, their government is the same in theory as that which ruled the tents of the fathers of Israel. We speak, of course, of the grand fundamental thought, not of the complicated system of legislation by which so mighty a people are kept in order. This 'thought' is composed of paternal duty on the one hand, and filial duty on the other. The emperor for the time being, no matter of what dynasty, is the father of the nation, and the people are his docile and reverent children. The imperial power is represented by the officers of the state, great and small, each under each, and finally by the fathers of families, who are each imperial in his own household. A youth will not sit without permission in his father's presence; the father pays similar respect to the lowest public functionary, and he to a higher, till the chain of reverence terminates with the emperor himself. Yes, terminates; for the emperor is the high priest as well as king. A common Chinese does not presume to communicate directly with the Heavens and the Earth, who are the supreme deities of the nation, but contents himself with paying divine honours to the emperor, whose business it is to mediate for all. Even his ancestors are inferior in spiritual dignity to the emperor, although he worships them likewise, and burns incense before their manes.

The principle of cohesion, therefore, in Chinese society, is that ceremony which regulates the gradation of ranks. The law cannot command respect, which is an act of the mind, but it commands the observance of certain forms implying respect. It regulates the number of obeisances at private as well as public meetings; it measures the depth of a bow or a curtsy; it is supreme over fashion itself. Even a lady dresses according to the statute. No man must dare to notice the varieties in temperature before his superiors. The governor of a province lets its inhabitants know when it is cold enough for a change of costume; and when

the signal is given by these functionaries, all China puts on its winter-caps. But the law does not end here; it extends to the spiritual kingdom; and the gods and the men are arranged with the nicest attention to the distinction of rank. When a mandarin, in travelling, lodges at a temple, he causes the statues of these divinities to be displaced who are of inferior grade to himself.

In all countries, there must be some penalty annexed to the lighter and more common infringements of the law; and in filial China, it will be seen, the most suitable one is a whipping. The rod appears, from the universal practice of mankind, to be the natural instrument for the correction of children, and it is accordingly the instrument chosen by the paternal government of the Chinese to keep the Sons of Han in order. When the emperor is displeased with his ministers, and the offence is not grave enough to require their being sent to Tartary, or condemned to stand sentry at the palace doors, he chastises them with a bamboo. The ministers keep their subordinates in mind of their duty by the same means; the subalterns the whipping to those under them; and so on, till all China is soundly and continuously flogged. When an English ambassador was incommoded by the crowd of courtiers who gathered round him at the palace, one of the ministers of state, catching up a bamboo, rushed out among them and put them to flight. A magistrate makes his appearance in the streets with a bundle of rods for his insignia of office, and officers go before him to thrash the people out of his way. At a trial, these instruments of punishment are placed in awful array before the bench; and sentence is executed upon the spot, by the offender being laid down upon his face in open court, and receiving the chastisement allotted to him.

But the government of China is not merely patriarchal, but scholastic: the people are at once children and scholars; and in both capacities the rod would seem to be their due. Some of our readers will be surprised to hear that the Chinese are the most universally educated people in the world except one, and that that one is the Japanese. In China, education is one of the chief employments of the state; and the periodical examinations of the schools keep the country in greater excitement than a general election in England. The successful students are sent to Peking, where they are feasted by the emperor in person; they rise, through various gradations, to public employment and public honours; and, according to a provision of the constitution (frequently, however, infringed), they must necessarily form a certain proportion of the great officers of state. The unsuccessful students, we need hardly add, are whipped.

Let us account, by way of parenthesis, for what will appear, after all this, a very extraordinary circumstance

—namely, that Chinese literature, although the most abundant, is not the best in the world. The reason is, that the classics are to the students what a father is to his children, or the emperor to his people. No man must be so disrespectful as to surpass them. Original views would be laughed at as folly, or punished as impiety; and thus Chinese literature has continued to move in one dull circle ever since the time of Confucius. When the present emperor's father, surprised and indignant at the confusion created in the empire by Christianity, desired to see the New Testament, it was translated out of purpose, and put into his hands. The imperial critic perused it attentively, and then setting it down with calm contempt, remarked that it was not classical!

But to return. In China, the women are not whipped—a distinction which points to the generally gentle and humane character of the people. It is true their poor toes are bandaged in childhood in a way which fills the house with screams for about six years; but most civilised nations have some analogous practice. The Japanese comfort upwards the hips of the women, so as to give them the waddle of a goose; and the English compress their waists to an extent fatal to health, dangerous to life, and absurd and monstrous in appearance.

In fine, the whip among the Chinese may be reckoned a conventional instrument of punishment, to which no idea of disgrace is attached, and which appears wonderfully well calculated to achieve its object, in the preservation of peace and order among the people.

In Russia, the form of government has got beyond the patriarchal; but it is at present in that transitional state wherein are exhibited only the coarser features of civilisation. The people are no longer children, but serfs; and the emperor no longer a father, but a master. This is a period that is always pregnant with great changes, for the king and nobles are of different races, bidding against each other for the suffrages of the people. While the revolution is growing, however, the people are suffering. The existence of the masters' position renders it impossible for them to take much care of the intellectual cultivation of their inferiors. Few appeals are made but to the coarser parts of their nature. The whip in Russia, here called the knout, is the national instrument of punishment as in China; but instead of being associated with ideas of paternal care, as under a patriarchal government, it has a character of unredeemed brutality. Its lightness or severity depends not upon the law, but the functionaries—a few blows of an instrument designed for temporary chastisement sufficing to destroy life. Women, and those of the highest rank too, and the most delicate nature, are flogged as mercilessly as men; and every proprietor of land has a whip for his serfs as well as for his cattle.

The Russians, it may be supposed, do not take very kindly to the whip. On the contrary it is the cause of a great many of the murders that are committed by the labouring upon the higher classes. Some years ago, a servant in Moscow having committed a fault, was flogged, and then sent to his master's country-seat with a letter. As the man trudged along the dreary road with his galled back, it may be supposed he was not entirely at peace with the world; but there was at least rest in the distance, and he was perhaps glad when the red roof of the chateau appeared blazing through the trees. A portion of the contents of the letter, however, directed the bearer to be flogged again on his arrival; which was done. The fellow grew absolutely sulky!—He was insolent! This could not be borne; and he was despatched back again to the town with a missive describing his offence—and flogged as before. Perhaps this quieted him; perhaps he saw the uselessness of taking the thing amiss; or perhaps there was sulkiness in his very silence—rebellion even in the sturdiness with which he bore his agony. It was necessary to try. He was sent back to the chateau, and flogged again; and then, the experiment and the lesson being no doubt

complete, he was returned to Moscow for the last time. The man went calmly into his master's presence, delivered his despatches, and drawing from his side a hatchet, usually worn by the Russian peasant, literally hewed him in pieces. He then called his fellow-serfs to see what he had done, and gave himself up to justice.

The Russians, notwithstanding the knout, are a very gallant-humoured people, bearing a sort of European resemblance, physically, to the Tartars, to whom the Chinese bear a still more striking resemblance. The women, we have said, are flogged; and, what is perhaps worse, they do not join freely in the amusements of the men. It is curious to see a group of men dancing gravely on the high-road of a village, and close by, a separate group of females, each being absorbed in the fears of its own sex. As for the upper classes, they affect not to be Russian at all. Their language is usually French, German, or English; they pique themselves upon employing only foreign tradesmen; and they drink vast quantities of Champagne, instead of an excellent moussoux wine of their own from the Caucasus, which costs only a fourth part of the price. But this might be expected. They are ashamed of the uncivilised condition of their countrymen; and this will never be ameliorated till the knout is abolished.

The English are the third and last great nation in our category, and with them we shall be brief, for, in point of fact, the whip is only a national instrument with them as regards those professions that are reckoned par excellence honourable. The whip, indeed, might be supposed to be anti-national; for in some way or other it has fallen, almost spontaneously, into disuse among the body of the people. The military were less influenced by the spirit of the time, partly because soldiers were less educated, and partly because any discontent in their ranks is called sedition, and punishable by the rules of war. The number of lashes was reduced from time to time, but no one ever thought of changing the mode of punishment. Officers knew nothing so effective as the 'cat,' because nothing else was ever tried. They declared that the army could not be held together without it, because the army had, throughout their whole time, been held together with it. Even recently, when the death of a sufferer from the lash, and a simultaneous cry of indignation from the whole people, called for the abolition of a mode of punishment so uncertain, indeed so casual in its severity, and so degrading, and, as it is styled, un-English in itself, the new liberal government resisted, on the plea that old officers (meaning chiefly the Duke of Wellington) were of opinion that it would be unsafe. The interference of the people, however, proves clearly that the military are no longer an isolated body, but have become a portion of themselves; and the plans that are now being adopted for the spread of education among them will of themselves do away with the whip. The thirty years' peace that has followed a twenty years' war, appears as yet to have no chance of interruption, and the soldiers will more and more amalgamate with the people, till, by and by, what remains of the 'cat' will be swept away from the penal code, not as anything actually mischievous, but merely as a portion of the useless lumber of antiquity.

It is curious that, almost at the very moment when the reign of the lash is virtually brought to an end at home, it should be re-established in our Indian army. It was abolished by Lord William Bentinck, one of the most enlightened of the governors-general, expressly on account of its tendency to prevent respectable persons from entering the service; and since then, the average instances of insubordination have certainly not been more numerous than before—probably quite the other way. Some of these, however, occurred during or just after the unhappy Afghan war, and immediately there arose a cry from the 'experienced officers' (inexperienced in every other kind of restraint) for the restoration of the whip. This was listened to compla-

cently by the commander-in-chief, one of the most experienced and illustrious of them all; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of numerous other officers, the measure was carried into effect by the late administration.

The people of England, we are afraid, feel very little interest in their Indian fellow-subjects; and many regard as the type of the nation the effeminate and small-bodied Bengalese, who hire themselves as domestic servants in Calcutta, and receive the blows of the ungentlemanly portion of their masters without a murmur. But the army is recruited almost exclusively in the upper provinces, and consists, generally speaking, of men of high and chivalrous spirit, and physically much superior to their European comrades. With them the grand principles are military honour, and 'fidelity to their salt'; and although the lash may keep them in order, it can only do so, we fear, by debasing their character, and transforming them from gallant soldiers into cowering slaves. Let us hope that the present liberal government will not forget the Indian part of this important question; but, to insure the bestowing upon it the requisite attention, it would be desirable that the subject should be taken up with spirit by the public, and by our fellow-labourers of the press.

A TALE OF MODERN GERMANY

BY MRS. CROWE.

One of the features of our time—age of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of crime. Every phase of human effort, every advance in civilisation, every gleam of improvement, in our material comforts and convenience, gives rise to new motives and forms—ways, to actual new forms—of crime. The gains of which were only waiting for a command, and to spring into existence, whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions, re-combined to new circumstances.

There are three stages in the history of crime in successive ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals, crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes make quick conquests with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and blood-brotherhoods; when the passions, yet still, in a degree, by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and mysterious methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilisation advances, it descends to a lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness. The last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

In perusing lately some continental *causes célèbres*, we have been struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colours the page of their criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrears of the stage we have reached, and certainly some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises, which in this country could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication of imbroglio in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglio that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilisation we have already passed.

How thoroughly foreign and strange to us was the

history of Madame Lafarge! How unlike ours were the modes and habits of life it disclosed, and how vividly one felt that it was the tale of another land! So of the Priest Remy, noticed in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, who murdered the woman he had outraged. The details of his crime were as foreign to us as the language he spoke. So of many others we could name; but for the present, we will content ourselves with a case that occurred a few years ago at Leipsic. To what age or class our present story might be properly ascribed, we should be somewhat puzzled to determine. The circumstances of the crime, so far as we know, without precedent, and, we hope, not destined to form any whilst the boldness of the enterprise on the one hand, and the veil of mystery that still hangs over the motives of the perpetrator on the other, seem to connect it with the mingled law of the savage and the civilised. This question, however, we will leave our readers to decide for themselves.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 26th of February 1842, that a gentleman recently arrived at the door of Mr Schmidt, an inhabitant of Leipsic. Being admitted to an interview, he informed Mr Schmidt that he was from Hambro, where, not far from a year, he had been engaged in business, and that he had come to see what could be done in Saxony; and, regarding Mr Schmidt as especially recommended to Mr Schmidt, and as being well acquainted with the most advantageous mode of laying out his money.

At the conclusion of this conversation, which lasted upwards of fifteen minutes, Mr Schmidt granted his desire, and told him that he had no objection to one hundred dollars, which he would be glad to sell him for cash. Having done so, he stated to the owner, who, whilst returning it to the place where he had taken it, suddenly sank to the ground, dying, but not conscious. On a young man, who was standing by the stranger to assist him, but who did not know him, was called.

When Mr Schmidt rose from the floor, which he did with much difficulty, and his head was the only part of his body that remained standing, whilst in confusion, and in the darkness, and a moment's examination showed that the balls to the amount of three thousand dollars were in his bag.

At this time Mr Schmidt had summoned to his aid Victor, the husband of the boy, and his wife, who, having bound up his bleeding head as well as they could, the uniform being to whom he signalled, and he called out strenuously into the street, and making his way to the sheriff's office, there lodged information against the stranger, giving the best description of him he could. Notices were immediately sent to all the banking houses in the city, together with the numbers of the missing bill; but quickly as this was done, it was too late. The House of Pigeon and Company had already cashed it.

On learning this, Mr Schmidt returned home, took to his bed, and, after an illness of some duration, died from the consequences of the wound in his head, which the surgeons declare had been so inflicted with out all violence, and by a blunt instrument.

Before he expired, he related upon oath the above particulars, adding that he did not know how or why he had fallen, nor whether the stranger had struck him or not. An inquest seems to have prevailed at the time that he had sunk to the ground immediately after taking a pinch of snuff from the stranger's box; but this fact was not positively established. Of the appearance of this ill-fated visitor he could give very little description, except that he believed him to be about forty years of age.

The account given by the bankers was, that between the hour of ten and eleven on the day in question a stranger had presented himself, requesting cash for the bills, which he duly received, partly in gold, and partly in silver. As far as they had observed, he exhibited no appearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On the

contrary, he had not only counted the money and inspected the various coins with great deliberation, but he had returned some of them, requesting others in their place. With respect to his appearance, both they and Vetter, who had seen him in Mr Schmidt's office, agreed that he was well-dressed, and had much the air of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to the discovery of the assassin. The murdered man was laid in his grave; and, after causing much terror and excitement amongst the inhabitants of Leipzig for a time, the story sank into oblivion, and was forgotten, or at least ceased to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of February had come round again, when one morning a rumour spread through the city that a fearful murder had been committed on the person of an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt. It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a house hard by. The maid declared she had not been about five minutes, and that, on her return, she was met in the entrance-hall by a clergyman, who asked her if she were going out, and whether she should be long. She told him she was now returning; whereupon he went quickly forth at the street door. The girl then coming to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice crying, "Hanna! Hanna!" and on entering the apartment, she discovered her lying in one corner of the room, with her head bleeding. She told the maid that a stranger, who had brought her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had struck her down. On being asked if she knew him, she said she had never seen him before to her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood, proved, on examination, to be addressed to Madame Kunhardt, and purporting that she should give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was dated Hohenheim, 21st January 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with blood, and from one spot the colouring of the wallpaper seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr Kuntz, who resided in the same house, said that, just before he heard the maid crying, for help, he had seen a middle-sized man, in a dark frock-coat and a black cap, going out at the street door. His coat was marked; if it had been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger; the more so as the maid said that the same gentleman had called two days before, and inquired for her mistress, but had gone away on learning she was engaged with a company. The gentleman's wife also, who lived in the lower part of the house, had seen the stranger on that occasion, and at his request had directed him to the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She having business that way herself, had followed him upstairs. Just, however, as they reached the door, having opened it to let in the baker, whereon the stranger turned down stairs again, saying it was a mistake, and went straight out of the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the alarm became very general: people grew extremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and several persons came forward laying claim to the honour of having already been favoured with the attentions of this mysterious stranger; amongst the rest, the wife of Dr Kuntz, and a Demoiselle Junius, a lady of considerable fortune. But on both of these occasions circumstances had been adverse to the success of his object.

Presently a rumour began to circulate that the maid had been heard saying that she knew who the assassin was, and that he was a clergyman whom she had often seen whilst living in her last place, with a certain Dr H—; whereon being called upon to name him, she fixed upon a gentleman, who was immediately arrested; but on being confronted with him, neither she nor any of the witnesses recognised him as the person whose morning visits had become so notorious. This mistake, however, directed attention to another clergyman,

who was in the habit of frequenting her late master's house; and Dr H— remembered that a friend of his, called Tinius, had slept at his house on the night preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt; had gone out about eight o'clock in the morning; and had returned at nine, after having read the newspapers, and bought a book of a person named Rau, which he brought in with him.

Dr Tinius was a man on whom no shadow of suspicion had ever rested. He was minister of Posenau, an eloquent and far-famed preacher; an author, amongst other things, of his own biography; a man of deep learning; and one of the greatest book collectors in Germany. His library contained not less than sixty thousand volumes.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed, suspicion attached itself to Dr Tinius; but in so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so eminent a man was concerned, great caution was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured to accuse him, they carried the maid home to Posenau. Tinius, who happened to be just stepping out of his house, turned pale at the sight of her. She declared he was the man, and he was forthwith arrested, and carried to prison.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the citizens of Leipzig at this discovery, nor their horror when further investigations brought to light many other attempted assassinations, besides the successful one of Mr Schmidt. When we say *brought to light*, we mean produced a universal persuasion that the, till now, respected Dr Tinius was the criminal; for to this day, although so many years have elapsed since these events occurred, they are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr Tinius still lives, residing at a place called Zeitz, under surveillance. Nor does there appear much reason to hope that the secret will be cleared up by a detailed confession, old age having hitherto brought with it no appearance of remorse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded from his clerical office, a ceremony which appears to have been conducted with great solemnity, and given over to the civil power; after which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investigation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate the law, and thus prolong their own lives, forms a very remarkable feature in the criminal records of the country, and appears to indicate something extremely defective in the judicial process: in short, the difficulty of obtaining a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we find numerous instances of trials extending to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt could exist as to the guilt of the parties arraigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr Tinius, has any reasonable motive for these extraordinary assassinations been discovered: the one most commonly suggested is that which romance has attributed to Eugene Aram; namely, an inordinate desire to purchase books. Others believe him to have been actuated by a diabolical hatred to mankind, more especially to the prosperous portion of it.

He had had two wives, neither of whom lived happily with him; and there were not wanting persons who declared that he had always inspired them with an inexplicable repugnance; but this feeling had never been heard of till after the crime.

Dr Tinius endeavoured to prove an *alibi*, but with very indifferent success; and it goes far to establish his guilt, that several letters were found in his house, of a like nature to the one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and addressed to various opulent people in the city, evidently intended for the same atrocious purpose. A hammer, with the handle shortened, so as to be conveniently carried in the pocket, was also discovered; and it was thought that the wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head had been inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features in this

affair, are the numerous letters he wrote to his friends—respectable men, generally clergymen—whilst he was in prison, and the investigation was pending. Letters, coolly requesting them to hide this, destroy that, and swear the other, which, whilst they furnish the strongest proof of his guilt, betray at the same time either the entire absence of all moral perceptions on his own part, or else a conviction that these honourable men were in that condition themselves. These letters referred to certain matters connected with the murder of Mr Schmidt, as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

It appeared that the first intimation he had that he was suspected, was from a letter sent to Posenna by some friend, dated February 17. It informed him of the maid-servant's deposition; and at the bottom of the page were these words, *Delectur et igni traditur*; a piece of advice which, strangely enough, he neglected to follow.

The murder of Mr Schmidt was supposed to be the first successful crime of this bold assassin, though, doubtless, not the first attempted. And a bold enterprise it certainly was: in broad daylight, in a frequented street of a populous city, to introduce himself into the office of an affluent and well-known merchant, and rob him of his life and his money with so much adroitness, that the people in the house heard no disturbance; and with so much self-possession, that he was able immediately afterwards to present himself at a banking-house, and not only coolly demand cash for the stolen bills, but came the money and select his coin with a degree of deliberation and repose of manner that would have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had not existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been quite so much at his ease after the murder of Madame Kunhardt. Circumstances there had been less favourable, and if body were his object, he had been disappointed. The maid Hanne, to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he looked very pale; as did also the cook at No. 11----. She said that when he returned home that morning his face was ashy white, and his step unsteady; and that when he entered the park, he stood for some minutes with his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the Bible. She had remarked the same symptoms of agitation at table whilst he laughed and joked, and excited himself to appear cheerful and disengaged; and although, during his several examinations, the system of obstinate denial he had adopted was never shaken, yet there were moments wherein he betrayed an irrepressible confusion, which he endeavoured to mask by pretending a violent fit of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself chiefly in writing and corresponding with his acquaintance. When he was released under surveillance, his former congregation, desiring to receive him amongst them, subscribed a sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile elsewhere.

He is described as a middle-sized man, of pale complexion, and black hair, which he wore combed straight down on each side of his head. He was generally wrapped in a blue cloak; and thus he went about paying these fearful morning visits, with his mysterious snuff-box and deadly hammer in his pocket, biding his opportunity.

The following remarkable passage was found in his autobiography, written *previous* to the occurrence of the events above narrated. "The fact that it is not customary to publish the histories and motives of living persons, is sufficient to exonerate me for having omitted to treat openly on these subjects. The picture which I now paint is for posterity. The colours will remain unfaded, and the drawing correct. Many men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and their words and deeds have pronounced judgment upon them; and be it longer or shorter, we shall one day stand before the great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all that is hid in darkness be brought to light. Meantime, I wait my justification

in patience, being so accustomed to calumny, that it has ceased to affect me—especially since I observe that it is not *my* honour, but *their* own, that my enemies injure. To suffer for right-doers' sake is pleasing in the eyes of God and man. I will hold fast the truth that is in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto the death, and rest my hopes on the promise of the dying saint—"So, my son, shall the Lord light for thee."

CHADWICK ON THE ECONOMY OF EDUCATED LABOURERS.

A few months ago, in a notice of Mr Chadwick's statements respecting the demoralisation and crime among large assemblages of railway labourers, the necessity for good moral supervision was insisted on as an important means of anchorage. It may, however, be urged that education for the labourer would prove ultimately of more benefit than any temporary superintendence; and Mr Chadwick has been endeavouring to demonstrate to the government, to capitalists, and to the industrial classes, as each feel apart from all moral or social considerations, which should govern their exertions for the education of the working population—that an uneducated, ill-trained, and ignorant population is comparatively an inefficient and wasteful population. His object is to prove, as a question of political economy, that the mere pecuniary interests of the capitalist are in close coincidence with all social and moral interests, and not in antagonism with them, according to the prevalent opinion of vulgar sentimentalists; an opinion which ignorant or narrow-sighted capitalists and directors of human labour have by their conduct, too commonly justified. His leading view is thus set forth in the opening portions of evidence which he has taken as to the comparative value of educated and uneducated seamen.

Captain Abnerley Shick, who had served both in the Kings and the merchant-seaman's service, gave the following illustrations of the differences. These particulars, though direct, and apparently irrelevant, will be found pregnant with corroborative proof as to the practical influence of the extensive principles of necessary reformation in the habits and condition of the population.

"What," he was asked, "are the differences you have observed in their relative value as seamen, between those seamen who have been educated and those who are uneducated; that is, those who have been so far educated as to have so much general intelligence as might be shown by their taking up a book and reading for amusement or instruction when not on duty, and those who had no such capacity or disposition?"

"I have always found the educated seamen the most capable of performing their duty, no matter what the duty might be, whether it were a duty of day, or of one of skill, provided their acquired knowledge were regulated by discipline and directed by corresponding intelligence on the part of the officer in command, that were I fitting out a vessel myself, I should always, as I have hitherto done, prefer the educated man; because I should get the greater amount of work from them, and get it better done, and because I should have the most confidence in their fidelity. In short, I would rather work a vessel of six hundred tons, say with eighty men, provided they were educated, than with twenty-five uneducated. I am now speaking of the mere amount of work to be got from the men, without reference to their morality or general good conduct; but of course their intelligent and moral conduct will be found also to have its pecuniary value in respect to the safety of the vessel. For example—If an illiterate seaman be on the watch, and be placed to look out for land, he will have little or no real emanating from principle to the consequences of negligence, and will, without making an effort of mental rectitude, indulge himself in sleep; on the contrary, the educated man will be moved by the sense of character, perhaps

also by a perception of what is dependent on his performance of duty, and will be true to it without the necessity of watching him. It is not said the uneducated man is so far ignorant as not to see the danger. He does see it: he can hardly fail to be aware of what must be the consequences to his own person; but either from insensibility to moral character, or from some obtuseness, arising out of ignorance, he does not care for it—he indulges himself recklessly. With him the mate has to be constantly on the watch, and to be a driving taskmaster; while the educated man does his duty with less labour of overlooking and driving. An ignorant man, in doing his work, even if the fate of the ship depends on its correctness, will most frequently do it so as to save himself trouble, it being sufficient for him if it makes an appearance to the eye, whatever it may be in reality.

Mr Chadwick urges the same reasoning with regard to railway labourers; among whom, he states, 'a large proportion of the fatal accidents is ascribable, not to cupidity, but to more ignorant recklessness,' and cites as 'one prevailing cause of numerous accidents in railway construction, the imperfect mode generally adopted of detaching the horse from the loaded wagon of earth as it approaches the face or "tip of an embankment." One man drives the horse, and another man runs with the wagon, and gets before it, to detach the horse. The constrained attitude, the velocity of seven or eight miles an hour, and the unsafe footing, often upon clay, of the man upon whom the duty devolves, frequently make him fall across the rail, the wag on wheels pass over him, and he is killed or maimed for life. In 1849, Mr Butler Williams, who was acting as assistant engineer on the Great Western Railway, endeavoured to call attention to a very simple contrivance, which was tried there successfully, and adopted. It enabled the driver to detach the wagon without assistance. The contrivance, a movable rasp, connected with the leading rein, cost only ten shillings, and it saved the labour of one man. Yet only in a very small proportion of cases, perhaps not one in ten, was any attention paid to it. Mr Chadwick reminds employers 'that attention to order, cleanliness, health, and comfort is, as a matter of mere economy, conducive to easier and better production,' and expresses 'a confident opinion that, in general, reckless and ignorant labour is dear labour.' That this is so in railway labour, admits of proof by the wide variances between expenditure and economy, and by comparison with carefully-constructed work.

In an inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons on the subject of the employment of labourers, we find confirmatory evidence of this view from large contractors. Mr Pitt, who employs 10,000 men, amongst whom he is much renowned to promote temperance, and to secure them good and cheap provisions and comfortable dwellings, providing, at the same time, for schools and religious instruction at his own cost, states, in his evidence respecting the payment of labourers: 'During the last sixteen years I have always paid the men in money, and have found the good effects of it in the moral character of the men, in their steady attention to the work, and my own ability, in consequence, of carrying out works far more profitably to myself, and satisfactory to my employers, than I could have done under any other system.' The same gentleman replies, when asked if his workpeople are less unsteady than those of other employers, that his system checks the disposition to wander: 'I have some men who have been with me fourteen or fifteen years: tramps do not stop long; some of them do not like my regulations, and they go away. At Ely and Peterborough I had 3700 men on that work, and I never permit any one to be brought on by any publican, but this is the first work I have tried that on. . . . I think,' he continues, 'that no contractor who thoroughly understood his own interest, or moral obligation to those he employed, would pursue any other course; I think his interest alone would prompt him to that

course, if he really understood it. . . . I know, of course, a great many contractors, some of the most respectable men in the country, who would give evidence directly at variance with the evidence I am giving, thinking that they do a common service to the men and to themselves by providing in this way (part payment of wages by tickets); but I say they have never tried the reverse system, fancying that their own interests were involved; and that influencing their judgments, I can easily understand their obliquity of vision.'

The pecuniary loss sustained by the employment of disorderly and uneducated workmen, is demonstrated in the recent report of the government inspector of mines, Mr Traugott, who also gives corroborative evidence to the above important conclusions. In the statements respecting the Monmouthshire and Brecon districts, we read the testimony of the manager of the Dowlais works, where 6000 people are employed, and eighteen furnaces kept in blast. 'We have about 700 colliers, and 1060 miners; the former carrying from 1.1. 1s. to 1.1. 5s. per week; the latter from 1s. to 1.1. All might earn much more. Some of our men lose four days a-month; others one week out of four. Their idleness and irregularity in working does to great inconvenience and expense. Our horses are lying idle when the men want work, and are then overworked towards the end of the month, when the men are labouring fifteen and sixteen hours a-day, to make up for their lost time. We incur a loss, also, in being obliged to stack the coal at great expense. We have offered one penny and two pence a ton extra to induce them to work regularly, but cannot succeed.' Samuel Homfray, Esq., a magistrate, and resident director of the works of the Breckford Iron and Coal Company—gives evidence to the same effect; and W. Williams, Esq. of Stathwood, states: 'The loss of iron, if left a few minutes too long in the furnace, is very considerable. This frequently happens from the inattention of the men when half-drunken with drink, and scarcely knowing what they are about. The iron, when left too long, melts away, and runs to under. The drunken habits of the men oblige us also to keep an additional number of labourers, and also of horses, to do the extra work towards the end of the month. There is then a great wear and tear of horses and gear, the work continuing fifteen and sixteen hours a-day; whereas, at the beginning of the month, they are often not working two hours.'

The foregoing contain the substance of the universal complaints of the managers of the works throughout the district, and show satisfactorily that the drunken habits of the men occasion a loss upon the employer's capital to no small amount—probably far beyond what it would cost to maintain the machinery of such order and religious instruction and superintendence as would afford the best chance of reaching these evils at their source.

Mr Chadwick contends that manufactures or agriculture can only be improved, or rendered productive to the full extent, by a better-trained and educated population; that it is, therefore, well worth while, as an investment of capital, to expend a large sum in the training and education of the population. But the reason why the employers of labour do not of themselves carry out the main improvements which he suggests is, that the employers have, by negligent legislation, been exonerated from a part of the pecuniary consequences of the defective instruments whom they employ. This, he urges, is peculiarly the case with employers of workmen in dangerous occupations. Subject the branch of employment to its own casualties, and you at once give the employer an interest in obtaining discreet and well-educated workpeople; you also give a bounty on the exercise of care by the employer.

With the view to raise the demand for discreet hands, Mr Chadwick proposes to render the employers of labour responsible for the employment of indiscreet hands, and contends that, if the responsibility be made general, it

will become an insurance charge, and that no capitalist will lose by it. He quotes the French law as exemplified in its results on the Paris and Havre railway, where, on the amount of money expended, about £1,000,000, not more than £5000, or half per cent., was paid as compensation for casualties. Reckoning the earth-work to have cost half the amount paid in wages, there remains a charge of one per cent. Now as, according to Mr Peto, the average weekly earnings on English railways are 22s., this charge of one per cent. would amount to about 2½d. per week on the value of every labourer lost or maimed.

'To take the case of the Summit-Level Tunnel,' says Mr Chadwick in his evidence before the committee; 'in six years there were thirty-two men killed, and 110 seriously wounded, out of 1000 men employed. Suppose even £100 paid for compensation for each fatal accident, and £50 for each case of maiming, the weekly insurance charge for these works would not have been much greater. Suppose £200 given as compensation for each death, and £50 for each case of maiming, then the gross expenditure would have been, in six years, £13,400 on an expenditure of £343,200 in wages, namely, 1000 men, at 22s. per week each; 3½ per cent. on the wages, or about 6s. per week each, would have paid the insurance charge for this work of excessive danger, conducted in an excessively dangerous manner. If my be said that the men might themselves insure against these risks. Some would, no doubt; but of the mass, we might as well talk of what practical steps might be taken by children. Even if the whole class were educated, there is no reason for imposing the labour of separate calculations and cares on the whole number, and increasing the danger of omissions, which properly belong to the efficiency of the insurance. Supposing the employers to take the risk, it does not follow that they would do it; I am confident that they would eventually lose no part of it. There is no doubt that the men are less willing to engage in dangerous than in safe work, an unwillingness which has to be overcome by provision of higher wages, and which would be diminished by their being sheltered from the chance of being rendered destitute by an accident. No one doubts that, if we did not give pensions to our wounded soldiers and sailors, we should have to give a higher price, or to press. What we may imagine would be the moral and economical result if the whole amount of some five millions per annum, now paid as army and navy pensions, were all added to the pay of soldiers and sailors, to foster their habits of frugality and self-dependence, allowing them to save, but at the same time allowing them to spend, it is as they choose? We are now doing this with a large proportion of the working-classes in the United Kingdom, where full twenty six millions per annum are spent in gin and British spirit—on which duty is paid; that is to say, four or five times the annual poor's rate, or nearly as much in one year, and on one pernicious article of indulgence, as the accumulated savings in the whole of the savings' banks during more than eighteen years that they have been in operation. Risk is, however, an expensive article, and is generally paid for at a high price, commonly for an exaggerated view of the danger; for, recollect, it is not the feelings of the men at work, but of those who have to be induced to come, which governs the price. In respect to some classes of workmen, it may be observed, they have been reluctant to adopt improvements which diminished risk, preferring the payment of shillings for the risk, the insurance charge for which would be in pence. . . . In the course of our inquiries into labour in mines, it was found that, in a class of mines of a certain depth, fatal accidents were very frequent from the breakage of ropes, which were pieced with iron clamps, and patched and pieced again and again, to save the expense of new ropes. When lives were lost by the breakage of the ropes in this class of mines, there was some loss and some trouble to the undertakers. But it was observed that, in another class of much deeper

mines, where the breakage of the longer rope imposed a much more serious loss, and the stoppage of more important works, these patched ropes were seldom found; there they were regularly renewed, and fatal accidents of that class were comparatively rare. At present, the contractor intending to adopt the cheapest method of working, underbids him who intends to adopt precautions entailing any considerable expense; by the new plan, the cautious and humane man would save money—the careless one would be ruined. An eminent gas engineer (Mr Glegg) was consulted as to a method of removing gas from a coal mine, so as to render the formation of an explosive mixture impossible. The plan was not adopted, because the expense was thought too much in proportion to the risk to the proprietor; the risk to the men was not reckoned. If the proprietor had been responsible, as I contend he ought to be, for all the many losses occasioned by his works, for the support of the mine, and of the families of the killed, it would have been good economy to have incurred the expense. And suppose it had added a penny per ton to the price of coal, and suppose it had somewhat lessened the rent of the colliery, it would have diminished misery and destitution; it would have saved lives and limbs; it would have lowered poor-rates, and probably rendered mine-work less dangerous; and, by sheltering the men and their families from the destitution caused by accidents, it would have lowered wages without producing the ill effect of lowered wages, for it would diminish the want which wages have to meet, and we should have all the benefit without the sacrifice.'

The concluding portion of Mr Chadwick's evidence involves an important consideration. "I am anxious," he continues, "that the next debate should not be lost sight of, and that the question where there is the means of preventing the danger." Mr Bland says, "A man who travels by railway must take the ordinary chances, as he would in walking along the streets of a city, or in his boat, or any other accident of that description, and to say that if a man is killed, that therefore his wife and family are to be provided for, is going too far." I must not dwell on the change of system upon this illustration. There we have two sets of consequences: first the death and the pains of the bereaved to the wife and family; and next the pecuniary consequences, the loss of support, and the destitution. Now, in addition to the physical and mental pains, to inflict the pecuniary loss and destitution on the wife and family, it appears to me, going too far in strictly, not to say in a state of wealth and false economy to the legislature. Being, for example, so common in this country, of misdirected pecuniary sympathies. We propose that if one part of the evil—the pecuniary loss—shall be borne by them who have the means of preventing the mischief, namely, the reason in charge of the horse, who might, by care, have kept the file fast, and who, by experience of one part of the consequences of the neglect, may have a sufficient motive to take active measures, and incur expenses, to avert the like consequences for the future. Mr Bland objected to the adoption of the principle of responsibility, as interfering with the temper, business, and freedom of action of an Englishman, and will put Englishmen in leading strings. Now, the complaint is, that they are in strings pulled at the hazard of life by irresponsible persons, whom it is necessary to make responsible. To me, it appears that the adoption of the principle will relieve the Englishman from the slavery of fear of events which he has no means of preventing, and which occasion, in England and Wales alone, an annual loss of life equal to a campaign, the average number of deaths by violence, of which the greater proportion is by the so-called street "accidents," is upwards of eleven thousand per annum. He will not only walk the streets, but ride in railway carriages, sail in steamers and packet-boats, and work the more confidently and boldly under the operation of the principle

which guarantees to him all that can possibly be done by those who have the best means to insure his personal safety from the consequences which he has the least means of seeing or averting; and that there is no indulgence, boldness, and freedom of action, at his risk, by those who sustain little or none of the consequences themselves. The economical grounds, which I have submitted to the committee, react upon the moral grounds. I think it will be an advance to teach the working classes, and the community in general, the pecuniary grounds, as well as others, for respecting and valuing life and skilled labour, and making the uneducated more careful of life, by showing that it is cared for and valued. There are those who hold, as I deem it, an erroneous doctrine in respect to population, who, in the face of increasing capital, and rising wages and comforts, with the increase of population, infer from that increase a continued depression and increase of misery in this country; and that if many were to die, or be killed off, the better it would be for the remainder. The facts, so far as I have been able to observe them, have not yet squared with that doctrine. I believe that every labourer who, over and above his subsistence, produces a surplus, or a return, to make it profitable and worth while to employ him, is of pecuniary value, and his death a loss, economically considered, as much as the destruction of a machine, with its purchase and maintenance; and that the more there are of such labourers, the better for the community, merely economically considered, just as a community is all the better the more it has of productive machines in actual employment. The possession of intelligence and the human faculties of improvement will not, it may be assumed, detract from the economic considerations which justify the proposed responsibility as an insurance charge.

EXPLOITS OF ONE OF THE STUARTS.

Those conversant with the circumstances of the gallant, rash, and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth's rising, may remember that his pretensions to the British throne were founded on his birth; and that he was the natural son of King Charles II. by Miss Lucy Walters of Haveringford, having been born at Rotterdam in 1649, under the name of Crofts. He came to England in 1662, and was created Duke of Orkney, and on the 7th February 1668, Baron of Tindale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth. Having retired to Holland in the latter end of the reign of King Charles, then at variance with the court, he made his hostile invasion of England on the accession of King James, and was proclaimed king. His army, consisting of about 5000 horse and foot, was defeated by the Earl of Faversham. The duke was arrested, committed to the Tower, and beheaded on the 15th July 1685. His wife, the Duchess of Buccleuch, was still alive; but the duke, alleging that this marriage had been forced on him by his father at the age of fifteen, before he was capable of making a proper choice, had, in his mature age, contracted another alliance with Henrietta Maria Wentworth, Baroness of Nettlestead, and avowed that he considered her as his lawful wife before God and man. Before his execution, the duke was, however, refused the sacrament by Drs Tension and Hooper, unless he should confess the sin and adultery in which he had lived with the Lady Wentworth. By her he had a son, who was deprived of all inheritance, as being illegitimate; but being conveyed to Paris by a Colonel Smyth, an adherent of the Duke of Monmouth, the child was by him educated, and left heir to his fortune. This son was Colonel Wentworth Smyth, who afterwards engaged in the Stuart cause in 1715 and in 1745; a few years after which, when in his seventy-second year, he was beset on a bridge in the Highlands of Scotland by three soldiers of the royalist army, in the expectation of reward, and in the desperate struggle that ensued, he fell over the parapet, and was drowned along with two of them.

This Colonel Wentworth Smyth left a son, Ferdinand,

then only in his sixth year, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Robert Neeham, a great-granddaughter of the same Duke of Monmouth; she had died, however, three years before, and Ferdinand Smyth Stuart remained an orphan. His double affinity to the Stuarts was probably the cause of the striking likeness which, in after years, he bore to all the portraits of Charles II. His life of strange vicissitude still more strongly marks his participation in the doom of that fated house.

Reared amidst the Grampian Hills at a period when four-fifths of the inhabitants spoke Erse or Gaelic, and called the Lowland dialect Sassenach or Saxon, Ferdinand Smyth Stuart included English as a foreign language amidst the branches of a liberal education bestowed upon him. Removed to Aberdeen, he studied for the medical profession, and attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr Gregory, whom he always emphatically described as 'a blessing sent from Heaven to serve mankind,' and as 'an honour to human nature.' Stimulated by a wish to behold the polar regions, he made his first professional essay as surgeon to a Greenland whaler, and was highly gratified by the experiment. In the spirit of adventure he next made a voyage to America, passed a considerable time in the back settlements amongst the Indians, and finally settling down in Maryland, became a considerable proprietor of lands in Virginia, and the owner of one of the most delightful seats on the picturesque banks of the Potomac. He here exercised successfully the combined occupations of a planter and a physician, until the occurrence of the dispute betwixt the colony and the mother country, when, espousing the home cause, his residence soon became both unpleasant and dangerous. Dr Stuart thereupon abandoned his profession, and in 1774 became captain in the Western Virginia Regiment, in which capacity he particularly distinguished himself in a severe action with the Indians. Signalled, however, as almost the only loyalist for three counties around him, he was, in October 1775, compelled to abandon his home, his family, and fortune. He reached the nearest British post, three hundred and twenty miles from his residence, after encountering numerous dangers, and was appointed captain in the Queen's Royal Regiment of Rangers. Being ordered on a most important and perilous expedition, he succeeded in conducting the enterprise nearly four hundred miles in perfect safety; but on the day after he had relinquished his charge, was captured, and placed in strict confinement.

At the peril of his life, he escaped from a guard of fifty men on the 20th of December, and travelled three hundred miles on foot over the extensive and almost inaccessible range of the Allegheny Mountains, amidst the rigours of winter, nearly destitute of food and clothing, and environed by unparalleled dangers and hardships. When almost beyond the reach of danger, he was, after all, recaptured, and dragged seven hundred miles, fast bound with cords, to be imprisoned in Philadelphia, where he suffered eighteen months' captivity, on bread and water, in irons, in a dungeon. His sufferings were cruelly enhanced by his being forced to march a hundred and fifty miles in irons, at the point of the bayonet, and covered with blood, occasioned by the irons and by broken blisters, in the rear of the Congress when it fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Being unable to proceed farther, he was thrown into the hold of a privateer, upon the ballast, which consisted of pig-iron and stones, and kept for three days and nights without clothes or food, and still in irons, the snow falling fast through the hatches. But again effecting his escape, he encountered a fourth series of dangers and hardships in passing two hundred miles by water down the great Bay of Chesapeake, and more than three hundred miles by land, through a hostile country, where he was well known, while a high reward was offered for his seizure. At length he reached the Preston, twenty-one miles off at sea, in a canoe, after being tossed about all night in a storm. His ardent zeal and loyalty at this time induced him to decline a very handsome gra-

tuity offered him, in money, by Sir William Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces, on his arrival in New York. After doing duty for some time as captain in the Loyal American Regiment, and also in the afterwards celebrated 42d or Royal Highland Regiment, Dr Stuart, besides a corps of forty-five men in the former regiment, raised a chosen corps of one hundred and eighty-five men, at a very great expense, and this body he commanded, engaged in the most active service, until, of his own choice, he was attached with all his men to the Queen's Rangers.

High and flattering commissions proffered to Stuart during this period of service by the Americans were refused. Indeed his loyalty of spirit was from the first invincible. Before quitting his own house, he defended it against a superior force, till one of his servants was killed and himself dangerously wounded. Even while in the hands of the enemy, he exerted his influence successfully in preventing numbers of British prisoners from entering the American army; and, during his escape, preserved, by his advice and influence, as many as one thousand families of loyalists from utter destruction. In the Danbury expedition, aided by only ten men, he repulsed and drove back, at the point of the bayonet, a hundred and more of the enemy who had greatly harassed the rear of the British army, leaving nineteen dead on the field. At the capture of Philadelphia he discovered eighteen serviceable pieces of cannon concealed in the Delaware; and being attacked by a force numbering six times his own, while serving as a detachment covering the woodcutters near Derby, he not only repulsed them, but killed more of the enemy than the whole number of his own detachment. In the action of Edgehill he particularly distinguished himself against Morgan's riflemen, the very best troops of the enemy, pursuing them to the abatis of Washington's camp. To effect the capture of a partisan officer, he passed, on one occasion, into the country beyond the position occupied by the enemy in force, and accomplished his purpose at noonday. In the battle of Crooked Billet, 1st May 1778, with only sixty-five officers and men of the Queen's Rangers, he totally routed nine hundred of the enemy, leaving two hundred dead on the field, and taking sixty-seven prisoners, with wagons, baggage, &c. At Croswick's Creek, exasperated by seeing Captain Stephenson shot at his side, he attacked the enemy, twenty-five hundred strong, with six pieces of cannon, and, with only eighty men, drove them from the bridge, which they had fortified, and secured the safe passage of the British army. At the battle of Red Bank he furnished as signal a proof of his resolution and bravery. After the regiment, which was only three hundred and fifty strong, had for two whole hours sustained, alone and unsupported, the attacks of five thousand of the enemy under General Lee, Stuart, with eighty men as a forlorn-hope, was directed to sustain the attack of the enemy's whole column, with a view to cover and secure the retreat of the rest of the detachment. Not only did he withstand the enemy in a narrow pass in which he had posted his men, but, after a long and severe conflict, repulsed them. Nay, more: in the evening of the very same day, being again detached in command of two companies of men, in order to cover the retreat of some troops who were in danger of being cut off by a very superior force, Stuart, after accomplishing this piece of service, contrived also to kill five and capture twenty-seven of the enemy by means of an ambush.

These exploits, were they not well authenticated by statements published both in this country and America prior to the year 1815, might savour somewhat of the style of Baron Munchausen. It is certain, however, that while Stuart actually put in claims to indemnification for 65,000 acres of land, and other losses valued at £244,346, his services were at one time so far acknowledged, that a pension of £300, afterwards withdrawn, was granted him. He seems to have irritated, by expressions of contempt, the commissioners appointed to

investigate the claims of the royalists, with whose proceedings he affected to make no secret of his disgust, and thus occasioned the withdrawal of his pension, nor was any adequate compensation ever substituted.

Balked in his expectations of reward, he had made up his mind to settle in Jamaica in prosecution of his profession, and for that purpose embarked with his family on the 26th September 1785. Misfortune, the doom of his race, again, however, tracked his footsteps: within sixteen days after his arrival, a tremendous hurricane destroyed all his property; he was attacked by a dangerous illness, and obliged to return in the greatest distress. To crown this succession of calamities, he was, on his arrival in England, arrested on a false process at Plymouth, thrown into St Thomas's Ward, the prison for debtors for the county of Devon, and there subjected to a course of ill-treatment. Having set forth his case in a memorial to the king, presented at his majesty's first levee in December 1792, it was most graciously received. He was shortly afterwards officially requested by General Delancey to present another memorial to the Treasury. But after doing so, and waiting several months for a reply, he found that his memorial had never been laid before the Board. It was lost! Under the pressure of necessity, he at this juncture accepted the situation of assistant barrack-master at St Domingo, upon an assurance, from very high authority, that his claims on government, so far from being weakened, would be strengthened thereby. Mischance did not forsake him even of this humble capacity. In Admiral Christian's fleet he was wrecked not seldom more than three times in his voyage out in 1795 and 1796, when above five thousand men perished, and not one-sixth of four hundred sail returned to England. He was afterwards at the capture of St Lucia, at Martinique, and in St Domingo at a period when seven thousand six hundred British soldiers, and as many seamen, were carried off in five weeks by the yellow fever. Though not attached to the medical staff at the time, Dr Stuart applied himself to discover a means of alleviating or curing this dreadful disorder, and found out a remedy which perfectly accords with the views of modern medical science. The disease is merely a bilious fever, with the bile rendered acrid and corrosive by the extreme heat. Dr Stuart's cure consequently consisted of five grains of tartarised antimony and one table-spoonful of soft sugar, dissolved in fifteen table-spoonfuls of boiling water, of which one is to be taken every fifteen or twenty minutes until it has operated three distinct times, when an immense quantity of acrid thick viscid bile is evacuated, and the patient immediately relieved: toast and water, with nitre, is to be used for constant drink, and one ounce of Glanber's silt taken in it on the second or third day after. This treatment, along with bark in port wine during convalescence, completed the recovery.* Dr Stuart's reputation as a physician was not confined to this cure: for, about the year 1787, he discovered a substitute for Peruvian bark in the produce of this country, so that ague and scurvy might be counteracted by a remedy at one-fourth the cost of bark, occurring abundantly at home.

In 1803, Stuart was appointed barrack-master of Billerica, when, the barrack erections being ruinous, some insubordinate militia, instigated by their commanding officer, assaulted him as the cause of the wretchedness of the accommodations, and beat out six of his teeth; for which he presented the commanding officer at an expense of £100 to himself, although the officer was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine to the

* Medical men acquainted with the yellow fever of the tropics, and with the intertropical variations of climate, have observed in our own country, during the hottest season, a certain modification both of the disease and its cause. We had, up to July, the intense heat at high temperatures of the West India Islands, succeeded thereafter by the rainy or wet season, generating the malarial that has subsequently prevailed, and giving rise to the great prevalence of bowel complaint, dysentery, and bilious fever of a remittent character, accompanied even by the yellow tinge of the skin, and as unequivocal symptoms of yellow fever as in those latitudes we could reasonably expect.

king. He was latterly barrack-master at Landguard Fort; an unhealthy situation, where he lost a daughter in April 1813, and a son in February following. Finding the health of his other children likewise in danger, he solicited a change of barracks. Not succeeding in this, he retired from the public service, and settled in London, in Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, where an accident occurred, 20th December 1814, which consummated the fate of one of the nearest descendants of the royal house of Stuart. The carriage of a Mrs Kelly, who was described as the daughter of Mr Dollond, in St Paul's Churchyard, came unexpectedly upon the unfortunate man by suddenly turning the corner of Southampton Street. He was unable to escape in time, and being knocked down by the pole, was trampled upon by the horses. This occurred in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence, to which he was conveyed alive; but, in spite of the most anxious care and attention, he expired on the 28th of December, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, leaving behind him an amiable but destitute widow, two sons, and a daughter; and this just as he was beginning to be recognised by his friends, and might have succeeded in establishing himself as a physician in the metropolis.

We have not yet spoken of Dr Stuart's literary abilities. He had, however, some pretensions to the name of an author, having published in America two volumes of travels under the name of Smyth. Under the signatures of 'Simplex' and 'F. S. S.' he published six elegies, called 'Destiny and Fortitude,' some poems, and many papers, several of which appeared in the Monthly Magazine. He had also announced his own memoirs, of the interest necessarily attaching to which some faint notion may be formed from the perusal of the hasty sketch; and along with them a 'Genealogical Chart of the Descendants of the Royal House of Stuart, the most Ancient and Illustrious in the World during a period of Two Thousand Years.'

The strange vicissitudes of such a life as Stuart's, operating on a poetical temperament, engendered that morbid superstition which seems more or less to have haunted the minds of every member of the Stuart race. Amongst his other productions, there is a long poem on the fate of this family, characterised by an excess of such feeling. Amongst their disasters he recounts the bloody fate of Queen Mary; and even Darrel (also a Stuart) is included in the fatal category, as well as his father the Earl of Lennox. He then adverts to the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, to that of the queen of Bohemia, to the execution of Charles I., and to the death of Charles II. (which he supposes to have been effected by poison); to the execution of Monmouth, and to the speedy death, from grief, of the Lady Wentworth; with the fate of his own father, and the misfortunes of his own peculiar lot. He asserts at once the honour and misfortunes of the Stuarts in the following lines, which may be reckoned a curiosity of literature:—

Dominion, high command, and splendid court,
Glory, and wealth, and crowns, all consecrate;
Our race, prophesied for adversity;
Although our lives with honour we have led,
That Stuarts sought for arbitrary rule—
Perish the thought! as false as all deemed;
Excepting bigot James, religion's fool,
Whose sanguinary zeal debased his mind.
Too brave, too well-informed for such a part,
Strong were their talents as their judgments sound—
Patriot *patriæ* possessed each heart;
Their native land their true affections found.
But elephants in every age abound;
Time serving reptiles, cringing, mean, and base,
That scoundrel's brazen trump delight to sound,
For hire against their native royal race.
A rage marked out to bear the storms of fate,
These races thus oppressed by her to groan,
Crushed by hard fortune's overpowering weight,
To add with them to join my mournful moan.
Midst sylvan wrecks, like yew tree left, I stand
In stores exposed, by furious tempests torn,
As branches broken by each passing hand,
Discarded, oppressed, unweeded, and forlorn.

The critic might not say that a long poem, of which these are a few of the best stanzas, displayed much beyond the mechanism of verse. Yet, as the undoubted production of a man whose descent is linked, although by illegitimate ties, directly with the sovereign race of our native land—as emanating from one who conceived himself struggling under their doom, and even composed the verses in question under the inspiration of that superstition—they are fraught with an interest beyond their intrinsic merits.

RAILWAY ROMANCE.

ONE half of the romantic stories of this country are more or less connected with stage-coach travelling; but the railway, with its formal lines and prosaic punctuality, appears to be almost entirely given up to business. This, however, is unjust. The fact is, we are at present only in the transition state between the two modes of getting along, and we hardly know as yet what to make of the new one. The dikes and canals of Holland are as redolent of romance as the loveliest dell in England, where the Dryads might have been supposed to be peeping in wonder through the trees, as the stage swept along the shadowy road; and by and by, when our ideas get time to adapt themselves to the hurry-scurry of the rail, adventures, we have no doubt, will be picked up at every station, and denouements found at every terminus. In the meantime, the following anecdote is given, not as a specimen of the railway romance, but merely as something to tranquillise the minds of those who are in alarm for the very existence of romance. We freely present it as materials to any tale-writer who is disposed to make much of it, or nothing.

The three parties principally concerned—the heroine and the two heroes—had the same surname, which was a very common one; and the two gentlemen had likewise the same Christian name—call it John—and were therefore distinguished among their intimates by soubriquets. All this, which is of no consequence to the story, we shall merely imitate, for we would not willingly hurt anybody's feelings. The lady was Miss Deborah Jones; more familiarly, Deb Jones; and the two gentlemen—John Jones—were known as Black Jones and White Jones. Deborah was a little Welsh heiress, though residing with her uncle at Liverpool; and Black Jones was a handsome dark man of Gray's Inn, and White Jones a handsome fair man of the Temple, London. It will be felt that the two young men, in the common course of things, were in love with their cousin. How could it be otherwise? Their fortune was all to make, while hers was ready-made to their hand. It would be absurd to let it go out of the family. She was, besides, a pretty enough girl in her way, with a delightful little turned-up Welsh nose, a ripe red cheek, and a merry blue eye. Black Jones, indeed, who was of very moderate size, thought her too little, but he determined that she should wear high-heeled shoes, like himself; and White Jones, who was a remarkably dashing person, considered her somewhat vulgar; but all that, he was sure, would pass away before she was a honey-moon in his society.

Cousin Deb, in the meantime, was much puzzled between the Black and the White; for the cause of the one was espoused by her uncle, and that of the other by her aunt. These two personages she could not think of offending, as, besides her own moderate property, she had considerable expectations from them. But how the question was to terminate, or whether it would terminate at all, she could not imagine; for the two old people, as rich uncles and aunts usually are, were absolute personifications of obstinacy. The whole house, indeed, was kept in hot-water by the argument; and

even James Jones, a dependent relation, who acted as a sort of secretary to the uncle, although the subject did not come legitimately into his department at all, was so much worried by everybody concerned, that he more than once thought of giving up his situation. He was at the same moment the unwilling confidant of the uncle, the aunt, the niece, and the Black and White; bullied by the first, scolded by the second, hushed at by the third, and written to authoritatively by almost every post by the other two. James was a quiet-minded person, intensely sensible of his obligations to the whole family, as well as of the demerits of his own poverty, and perhaps he was not utterly angry with any of them, except Deb, who laughed most wickedly at the patience with which he listened to them all.

Matters went on in this way for we cannot tell how long. The uncle became more crabbed and determined, the aunt more loud and shrill, the two young men more zealous and impatient, Deb more anxious to be married to somebody, and James more sick of the whole business. At length the last-mentioned individual received two notes by the same post, which, as being characteristic of the writers, and likewise as promising to bring the affair to a conclusion or other, we copy. —

'James, run the one. — I will stand this no longer. I am not low, but deliberate; I am not dull, but meditative. I have now taken my resolution, and I am sorry Deb instantly, or know why I don't. My landlady threatens to lock me out, and my brother-in-law to lock me up. Besides, I have a suspicion at this moment between the tailor's fingers which would win the hand of a duchess. It will be ready to-morrow night. On the next morning I am off to Liverpool by the first train after six. Announce the fact to the women, and tell them I am staunch. Got all ready. — Black Jones.'

'The other was as follows: — James — I have looked at the raw-matching, everything goes on as usual, and must needs. Oh, of all is up. Court sure to be over, but the odds are. — Be down the day after by the first train after six. Be sure to put up the ladies of the old lady, the governor will fight hard. — Prepare them to do as the cock. — Likewise Deb. — White Jones.'

This looked like business. James did as he was ordered, and the whole house was presently in a ferment. The uncle saw that the affair could be carried no longer, and he prepared accordingly for the worst. As to the coming of her intended being formally announced to the young lady, she required demand what he really thought Black Jones would be in time for the earliest train? 'He takes no long to dress!' said she with a sigh.

'If he is not in this house,' said the uncle, 'within ten minutes after the arrival of the first train, I wash my hands of him, and you may marry whom you please.'

'And White Jones,' said Deb to her aunt in a confidential whisper: 'if he should meet two dogs fighting on his way to the terminus, do you think he would have the fortitude to pass on before seeing it out?'

'I am sure of it,' replied the old lady; 'but if he is not here as soon as Black Jones, dispose of your hand and my fortune as you think proper.'

The two, however, did their best to neutralise this liberal offer: for each of the young men received a note by the following morning's post, warning him of the critical position in which he stood.

The lovers—who occupied the same lodgings—were at breakfast when these missives were delivered.

'You begin to have some doubt,' said White Jones with fierce contempt. 'You shake a little as we come at last to the scratch; and Black Jones, indeed, looked anything but easy. His eyes avoided those of his friend, the muscles of his face twitched convulsively, and at length seizing a pen with one hand, and the bell with the other, he rang and wrote like lightning, and in half a minute had kicked the dirty little boy out with a letter.'

'That is to assure them you will be punctual for once

in your life!' remarked White Jones. 'I shall not take the trouble of writing at all, for they know me.' Presently a friend came in to invite him to a fishing excursion somewhere in Epping Forest; and glad to be able to fill up so advantageously the little that remained of his bachelorhood, he left the room whistling, without observing the knowing wink which passed between the visitor and Black Jones. When they were alone, the latter listened till the sound of their footsteps had died away, and then, beginning with a prudent chuckle, he rose by degrees to a frantic laugh. He danced wildly about the room, pousseted with an arm-chair, and catching up his hat, was about to kick it along the carpet. Changing his mind, however, he smoothed the nap with his arm, and tried it on at the glass.

'That will do!' said he admiringly; 'that's the ticket! And the magnificent new waistcoat besides! I wonder what Deb will say to the waistcoat? Upon my life, I almost wish the poor gull was to be there after all!' He had taken good care, however, to prevent this. Having accidentally learned that an experimental train was to start early in the morning—the forerunner of the one now preparing to make the journey between London and Liverpool in five hours instead of a day—he had secured a seat; and in order to preclude the possibility of White Jones hearing anything of the matter, he had just despatched him to fish-kittles in Epping Forest. The letter, on his part, as if warned by some premonition of evil, took revenge in anticipation; for, in passing through that street, he called at the tailor's, and combed round his cousin's waistcoat, by that time already washed, for two days.

The next morning White Jones was at the Euston terminus so late, before the train, that the policeman, seeing a full coat, wadded with wool down with a distorted air, pulling out his watch every minute, and then turning an expectant, frowning look towards the door, gave notice at the telegraph office that some business might be expected. The first count-looking passenger, however, was not 'want,' and when at length he actually felt the train in motion, and knew that Black Jones was not with it, he was fain to put his head out of the window to drown his laugh of triumph in the noise of the wheels. In countermarching the waistcoat, he had made thought to give his cousin a trick, or at least to deprive him of an advantage which could hardly be supposed capable of wounding seriously against a figure like his, even in the most unkind eyes of Deb, but the effect of his disappointment having induced him to break so fatal an appointment, was a proof that the man was an absolute idiotic and, independently of every personal consideration, he considered it a duty incumbent upon him to marry the heirs out of his way.

In due time Black Jones was himself at the terminus, with the positive certainty of reaching Liverpool by the special train at least three hours before his rival. He did not look, however, like a man in such fortunate circumstances. His face was thus of his face contracted, his walk rapid and rest-^{less}. He carried a brown paper parcel under his arm, which ever and anon he partially opened to view its contents. More than once he undid it entirely, and displayed the skeleton of a superb waistcoat, trimmed with gold and silk embroidery. The edges, the button-holes, the collar, all were unfinished; and the unhappy traveller, as he gazed, seemed to be half-mothered with awe and rage. But the perspiration at length dried upon his brow; the flush on his cheeks subsided into a stern paleness; and his lip was even curled by something like a smile as he took his seat in the carriage. He looked like a man who had adopted some desperate resolution, and who, confident in his own resources and energy, set fortune at defiance.

The great experiment was successful. The special train reached Liverpool in five hours; and Black Jones, bounding out of the carriage before it had quite stopped,

narrowly missed being intercepted by the uncle and aunt. The consternation of these two on finding, as they supposed, that neither of their protégés had arrived by the first train, may be imagined. The experiment had been no secret in the comparatively small field of Liverpool. The train was eagerly expected by every human being, and the news of its arrival carried at once to the remotest districts of the town. The only comfort the old couple had was, that the delinquency was not confined to one of the young men; and they even hoped that they might receive some satisfactory explanation from the lovers in person by the next train. Leaving them, however, to pursue their way slowly homewards—some what afraid, it must be confessed, to meet the saucy eye of little Deb—it is our duty to follow the strides of Black Jones.

This gentleman never stopped till he plunged headlong into the establishment of the Staltz of Liverpool, and saw himself in the midst of four-and-twenty tailors. It was in vain for them to stand upon their dignity, and refuse to complete the work of another artist; their customer was peremptory. It was in vain for them, at length, to promise to send it home to the gentleman in half an hour at the very latest. Black Jones knew tailors—and tailors knew him! He stood over them, with a stern brow but a quaking heart, till the work was finished; and then, armed cap-a-pie, presented himself at the uncle's house a considerable number of minutes before his rival could possibly be in Liverpool. He was not permitted at once to see the incensed governor, for the choice had now passed out of that gentleman's hands. Several hours, instead of the stipulated ten minutes, had elapsed since the arrival of the first train, and the decision now rested with Deb. He was shown into an anteroom, where he could hear the angry voices of the uncle and aunt in the next apartment.

White Jones, in the meantime, arrived in safety after a comfortable journey of nine hours, and, confident of being able to walk over the field, took his way deliberately to the scene of action. On entering the anteroom, he started back aghast at the apparition of Black Jones! Nay, the very waistcoat was there, complete to the last stitch, and looking as elegant and *à la recherche* as could well be imagined. Black Jones was admirably well-dressed for a bridal. He was a decidedly handsome little man. The heart of White Jones sunk within him.

But White Jones was a tall, martial figure of a man; the very disarrangement of his hair, and the negligence of his cravat, which hung upon one shoulder, looked formidable; and as Black Jones cast up his eyes along the person of his six-foot cousin, he felt little, in spite of the heels of his boots.

While the rivals were glaring at each other in silence, the door of the inner room opened, and James appearing, modestly invited them to enter. The uncle and aunt were seated in awful state, while Deb stood near them in all the glory of white muslin and blonde lace. She turned up her eyes, without turning up her head, as the cousin entered, and continued to busy herself in tearing an unfortunate rosebud, leaf by leaf, although she must have been aware that her own fresh cheek could not have suffered by its rivalry.

'Sir,' said the aunt, breaking in fiercely before her better-half, and addressing her protégé, 'why were you not in the special train?'

'I never heard of it. The fact is, all yesterday I was—was—'

'Fishing,' assisted Black Jones.

'And you, sir,' demanded the uncle; 'if you were in the special train, what have you been doing these three hours?'

'The fact is, I thought to do a little honour to Deb; and so I was—was—' Here White Jones pointed with his tongue to the waistcoat, and, crossing his legs, imitated the action of sewing. Even James smiled; but little Deb was as grave as a judge.

'Well, gentlemen,' resumed the uncle, 'I confess I

have had my wishes and predilections—but all that is over. Niece Deborah has now the disposal of her own hand, and of any little matters her aunt and I may have to leave beheld us. One of you must be unfortunate; but even if he should turn out to be the one I desire most to succeed, I can no longer use any influence in his favour. Come, Deb, speak out!' Deb started.

'I will not pretend to say,' said she, glancing first admiringly at the embroidered waistcoat, and then at the tall figure, 'that I have not made my election. How was it possible to help it? All this fuss about a poor little hand like mine must be at an end one time or another you know; but while it is going on, the house is a perfect bedlam. My uncle and aunt have done nothing but ~~sold~~ one another; my two suitors have done nothing but dance up and down by the railway like madmen; and even poor James has been worried to death. He has been growing thin and pale; he had put all his things up in a carpet-bag, ready to be off, no one—not even himself—knew whither; and it was only last night I caught him sitting alone with his face buried in his hands—'

'Deb! how can you —'

'Hush! you know you were crying. Well, what could I do? At ten minutes after the arrival of the train I was to be my own mistress; but, in case of accidents, I was married ten minutes before, and am now—making a low curtsy—' Mrs James Jones!

'The traitor!' cried Black Jones, starting forward:

'I should have distrusted that still water!'

'The hypocrite!' thundered White Jones: 'I had ever a horror of modesty!'

'Gentlemen,' said Mr James Jones, with a kind of quiet dignity which sat very well upon his humility, 'matters are not so bad as you suppose. You desired to marry Deborah, not from the affection she is so capable of inspiring, but from mean and mercenary motives. Now, by our own confession, we were married before her uncle and aunt's promise took effect; so you can still make love to them for their money.'

What the old couple said in reply—whether the Black and White were mollified—whether the five Jones's dined that day at the same table—all such matters we shall leave to the doer-up of these materials. For ourselves, we are quite satisfied with having vindicated the Romance of Railways.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ROSICRUCIANS.

CONCLUDED.

HAVING entered at sufficient length into the reveries of the fictitious Count de Gabalis—who is but the representative of the real Joseph Francis Borri, who died in the dungeons of Rome in 1670, where he had been imprisoned for many years as an heretic and necromancer—we shall now advert to the many fictions and fancies for which modern poetry has been indebted to the Rosicrucian philosophy. From the time of Dr A'Fluctibus and John Heydon, these notions had been forgotten in England (though Shakespeare and Milton had some acquaintance with them), until Pope, stumbling by chance upon the book of the Abbé de Villars, conceived these elementary people might be introduced with advantage into mock-heroic poetry. Every reader will anticipate that we refer to 'The Rape of the Lock.' 'In this poem,' says Dr Johnson, 'are exhibited in a very high degree the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aerial people never heard of before is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits; loves a Sylph, and detects a Gnome.' While Johnson, thus criticising

this charming poem, confesses that he never heard of the Sylphs before, Dennis, better-informed, and more ill-natured, objected to the Rape of the Lock that the poet invented nothing, and was not the author of the machinery he introduced. This he probably learned from the dedication of the poem to Mrs Arabella Fermor; as we may infer from the fact, that the poet's modesty underrated his own merit in the performance. He borrowed, it is true, from the Rosierucians the names of his sprites, but he gave them natures and occupations wholly different from those they were supposed to have by the Count de Gabalis. Perhaps the real share of Pope in the invention of the Sylphs, as they are known to English readers, has never been sufficiently pointed out. Certainly they are a very different race from the Sylphs of the Rosierucians. The latter passed their time in endeavouring, by their love of man, to gain a portion of man's immortality—in watching over his safety, in opening all the secrets of nature before his inquiring eyes, and in other acts of the highest wisdom. The Sylphs of Pope had far other pursuits. His are

— the light militia of the lower sky,
Which, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring;

and have no occupation more dignified. Neither did Pope represent them as a separate race of beings, as he would have done had he invented nothing, as early Dennis objected, but he represented them as the spirits of departed women. Thus Ariel, in Belinda's dream—

* As now your own, our home, were all hid,
— I am enclosed in your snail's house, our mould;
Thence by a soft transit we're remov'd
From earthly toles to those of air;
Think not, when woman's in her death-bed laid,
That all her vanities at once she sheds;
Succeeding virtues she still retains;
And, though she plays no more, she feels the same;
Her joy is still her charms, when all is veiled;
And love of empire after death survives;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire;
The spirits of heroines remain in flame;
Mount up, and like a salamander's nose
Soft yielding; minds to water glide away,
And sip with Nymphs their elemental tea;
The grave pride sinks down, and to a Genie,
In search of mischief still on earth remains;
The light coquettes in Sylphs alter sport,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Having in this manner accounted for the existence of these elementary sprites, the poet goes on to describe their occupations:—

* The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These sort the hair, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the hair,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Again, in the speech of Ariel:—

* Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genies, elves, and demons hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the airy kind;
Some in the helms of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less retired, beneath the moon's pale light
Persuade the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain,
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
Of these the chief the care of nature own,
And guard with anxious divine the British throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a sale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;

To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers,
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash, to curl the waving hair,
As set their blushing, and inspire their air;
Nay oft, in dreams, our vision we show,
To change a flounce, or curl, or bow.

While those, in the poem, are the pursuits of the spirits, these are their punishments:—

* Whatever spirit, careless of his post,
His post neglects, or leaves that post at last,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon after taking;
Be stopped in vials, or transfused with pain;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter weeping,
Or wedged whole ages in a bed of pain;
Guns and mortars shall his flesh inflict;
While clods of lead his sinews shall divide;
On adam's stone, with contracting power,
Shrink, his thin essence like a shroud, till dry;
Or, as a waxen doll, the witch shall feel;
The guilty mother of the whoring wheel;
In fumes of honour, clodded shall he lie,
And tremble at the sight of that black hole.

How different were the sprites of the Rosierucians, who were not so easily punished by mankind; in rather who despised their power altogether, and would sometimes inflict dire vengeance upon such as proved false to them! The Count de Gabalis tells of a philosopher who loved a Sylph, and then forsook her for a beautiful woman. One day he was dining with his new mistress, when the enraged Sylphid appeared in the air, and exposing her leg, to show how superior was the beauty which the unwise philosopher had neglected for a woman's, she disappeared, and the next moment struck him dead with a thunderbolt.

So far Pope. But a few of his more greater poets than he had been under obligations to the Rosierucians, Shakespeare and Milton, both well aware of the existence of such a set, and the latter no doubt acquainted with the controversy they excited in the learned world—had introduced with great success into their works those graceful creations of a vagrant fancy. The beautiful play of *The Tempest* was written five or six years after the outbreak of the Rosierucian controversy in Germany; and Shakespeare, though he very likely never read any of the argument *pro* and *con*, seems to have had a vivid impression of the elemental sprites in his mind when he drew the sweet portrait of Ariel, whom he has made in fact a Sylph, though the name of Sylph is never once mentioned by the great bard. She is not, however, exactly the Sylph of the Rosierucians, but partly a Nymph, and partly a Fairy. Sylvester Jordan's account of the discovery of the Bermudas, which is supposed to have furnished Shakespeare with some hints for this play, describes only a sort of monster, whom Shakespeare transformed into Caliban; but no Ariel. Stowe, who mentions in his annals the shipwreck of Sir George Somers upon this isle, speaks of it as being inhabited only with "witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storms and tempests!" But, as we have before remarked, the Rosierucians had begun to erect a brighter superstition than the old and hideous one of devils and witches; and Shakespeare, from slight hints heard perhaps in conversation, and not derived from books, caught the first idea of his delicate Ariel; who, at the command of the philosopher Prospero—

— could do,
Or swim, or dive in the deep, or ride
On the wild flocks;

and who, bound by the potent spell of the magician—and not only by that, but by his love and kindness—did him in all things worthy service—

* Told him no lies, made no mistakes, served
Without ungrudging or remembrance;

and who

— had the care of the salt deep,
And ran upon the sharp wind of the north,
And did his business on the veins of the earth
When it was leaked with frost;

who played delicious music in Ferdinand's ear, and

'allayed the wind's fury and his passion with its sweet air'—who made music to the 'varlets,' and beat her aerial labour with her dainty fingers—

'Which, like unloosed bolts, they pricked their ears,
That, calf-like, they heaving followed through
Festive hues, sharp furies, pricking gorse, and thorns
Which entered their fry skins; and at last left them
The lathy mantled post beyond the cell.'

and who, when not employed in executing the behests of her sovereign master, sang to herself, describing her mode of life—

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily—
Merrily, merrily.'

Milton, in his delightful 'Masque of Comus,' has many obligations to the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits, which he has ingrafted upon the graceful mythology of Greece. Thus, in the scene of the Masque, the attendant spirit speaks, like the Sylphs of the Comte de Gabalis, not like those of Pope, and performs similar functions:—

'Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where these inward shades
Of bright aerial spirit, have consorted,
In regions void of colour, sound, or sight,
Above the smoke and steam of this dun spot
Which face call Earth, and with low-thundered seas
Command and gesture in the percolated air
Strive to keep up a frolic and feverish heat,
Immured of the lower world's vulgar eye.
After this mortal charge, to let true spirits
Amongst the ethereal objects enter society,
Yet some there be that, by due steps, ascend
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That open the palace of the move,
To which my efforts, and mine for a while,
I would not sell the spirit unobserved
With the rank vapours of the sun world's breath.'

Again he describes the funereal, exactly those of the guardian Sylphs, in which capacity he serves the Duke—

'When late, favoured of Jove's Jove,
Cherubs to pass through the radiant atmosphere
Shed the sparkle of a transient star
I stood forth beaming, for the funeral service,
As my lot—But not to last perdition
These my sky-crests, spun out of light and wind,
And take the weal and woe of a shadow.'

Spirina, in the same poem—

'In twisted wreaths of lilacs knitting
The loose train of her amber-draped hair—

more resembles the Grecian Nereid than the Rosicrucian Undine; but the attendant spirit is still respects a Sylph, and similar to nothing in the ancient mythology. Like the Sylph—

'He can fly, or he can run,
Quietly to the ocean earth's end,
Where the bowed willow shows the herd,
And from there can our essence
To the corners of the world.'

The Rosicrucians taught, that by the practice of virtue alone man could hope to hold communion with the spirits of the elements: the attendant spirit in Comus teaches the same doctrine:—

'Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.'

The literature of England in the seventeenth century is rich in poetry, borrowed directly or indirectly from the Rosicrucians; and the masques of the times of James I. and Charles I. especially abound in it. In more recent times, literature is not slightly indebted to 'Comus.' It will suffice to mention the charming story of 'Undine,' by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué—'Zanoni,' by Sir E. J. Bulwer—and, more recently, the popular

poem of the 'Salamandrine,' by Mr Charles Mackay to show how rich are the materials afforded to poets and romance writers by the fancies of this curious and now forgotten sect.

THE PATHOLOGY OF CHIMNEYS.

ASBESTOS, a difficulty of smoke-respiration, is a very common complaint among the chimneys of the metropolis. Sometimes the disease is constitutional—something wrong in the body of the chimney; sometimes it is endemic—that is, a certain district will be unfortunately notorious for smoky-chimneyism; sometimes it is epidemic—a universal derangement under the influence of atmospheric causes, particularly north-easterly winds. A constitutional cause may be a morbid obstruction or contraction of the throat; and an endemic, a low-lying situation, such as that of Fulham. But in sober earnest, the condition of the chimneys of London is a standing disgrace to our philosophical era. I cannot help regarding every new ingenious device with which their heads are adorned as a new stigma upon the condition of practical science in the present day. Is it because of some impenetrable mystery hanging over the movements of smoke, and over the complex machinery of fire-grates and register-stoves, that the noticable annoyance of a smoky chimney is so common? That instead of orderly and symmetrical arrays of fire-breathing chimneys, we have our eyes galled, and our notions of art outraged, by an iron and zinc mechanism, now of the stationary, and now of the revolutionary description? There must be something radically wrong, surely, in the construction of fire-grates and smoke-flues, when one or two inordinate smokers, as an average of ten chimneys, is rather under than over the correct estimate. From her majesty's palace at London to St James's down to the humblest dwelling of the poorest of her people, the chimneys give abundant evidence that they are the unhappy subjects of a hereditary incurable disorder.

A familiar experiment will illustrate the cause of what is called the down-draught of chimneys, which consists in the passage of a current of air downwards at the soles of the flue, while the heated current from the fire passes up, and escapes into the air; but not entirely, for a portion of smoke becomes entangled in the down-current, and escapes into the apartment where the fire is burning. If a lighted taper is put into a glass globe, to the open mouth of which a gas-chimney is attached, in the course of a little time the taper burns very dimly, and may become quite extinguished. Now, if an aperture is made at the bottom of the globe, or if a chip of card-board is placed longitudinally in the chimney of the apparatus, a current is immediately set up, and the taper burns as in open air. In just such a miserable condition as the taper in the first case, is a fire in many of our apartments. With a natural horror of keen draughts from doors and windows, we feather the siles of the one, and cover the sills of the other with wet and sund-bags; and thus, with a thick wool-mat in addition at the threshold, we render the room almost air-tight. The fire having accordingly a great part of its necessary pabulum of air cut off, the down-current comes to supply its place, and to furnish us for our short-sightedness. When this is ascertained to be the true cause of the smokiness, there are two remedies which propose themselves for our adoption: either to place a longitudinal partition a certain distance up the flue, which permits the down-current to descend on one side in a channel of its own, while the up-current and smoke ascend on the other; or to supply air to the fireplace from without the room. An eminent builder in the metropolis supplies every fireplace in his houses with a source of air, quite separate from the apartment, by means of air-pipes adapted to each fireplace. The consequence is, that the chimneys in these houses are very generally free from the attacks of the smoke malady, and the rooms possess the additional advantage of being

free from a pent-up air. This is a great step, as the phrase is, in the right direction.

Another frequent cause of the disease lies in the excessive narrowness of the chimney shafts. It is absurd to expect that a flue of ten or twelve inches square—the diameter of many in new houses—is an adequate allowance for the respiration of a fire used uninterruptedly for six or seven weeks without being swept. With a friend of my own, a monthly visitation of all his chimneys, though a circumstance upon which he grew a little restive at first, is now an event to which he resigns himself in passive despair. This is a form of the disease for which no cure can be proposed with the remotest hopes of success, short of taking down the chimney and building a wider one. My advice to any one in my friend's pitiable condition would be—take your pocket-measure, get at the exact dimensions of all your flues, put down with a dreadful accuracy the very sixteenths of the inch, and send the document, with a notice to quit at quarter-day, to your landlord. If he will save his bricks and mortar, don't let him do so at the expense of your peace and furniture. Perhaps better advice would be, to get at all these particulars before entering the house.

The peace of many a sober little domicile is upset, and its chimneys are seized with a violent derangement of function, in consequence of a great giant-like neighbour starting up by its side. The streets of London, especially in what were once suburban districts, are eminent for such perpetrations. We shall see a poor little Tom Thomb of a house, grown gray about the windows, and black upon the roof, blacked and painted with a grimy half-century's smoke, sticking up to a tall gawky edifice, glorying in the decorations of a coating of stucco and some layers of yellowish wash. The big neighbour's chimneys draw up rarely, but put out the pipes next door, pouring smoke into the bedrooms and smoke into the drawing-room rather in awful fashion. It may almost be called an amusement to observe the shifts the little house is put to to let its chimneys somewhat more on a level with its neighbour's. Sundry mysterious-looking things surmount the poor, old, red chimney-pots, bidding them clear up, and offering a melancholy but brave resistance to the roaring fires next door. Then other frightful contrivances ornament the roof, and the view of the place at a distance strongly suggests the idea of a far off fleet of steamboats, with their funnels looming against the horizon. Then the old tenant gets crusty, and gives notice to quit; immediately upon which more contrivances appear about the chimney-pots—in vain. And then, as a last resource, the contrivances are all taken down, and a huge chimney-stalk is built, running up the tall neighbour's side to its summit. By thus making itself something like a long-stalked tobacco-pipe, the little house at length recovers wind, and is at peace. Such is the true and unfortunate history of events of daily occurrence in the streets of the metropolis.

To the cure or relief of the disease originating from these or other causes, a host of contrivances propose themselves; each of which, as usual, is the panacea the world is looking for; the event proving that, in most cases, it is no cure at all. Ingenuity may be said to have almost exhausted itself in the sad attempt to remedy this complaint. Let me pass, in brief review, the various forms of smoke-curing apparatus with which a street-walk in London furnishes me. The simplest of all consists in the well-known revolving bonnets or cowls, with wind-arrows on their summits; which, by the way, were once called Bishops in Scotland; while a friend assures me, that in the west of England he has heard them styled Presbyterians. The philosophy of this contrivance is sufficiently simple: in whatever direction the wind blows, the mouth of the chimney is averted from it. This principle has its development in a thousand devices—some looking like Dutch ovens come up to see the world, some like half-sections of sugar-loaves, some like capital H's, and sundry other pleasing ob-

jects. The red chimney-pots, too, have contrivances of a similar intention in the diverging spouts, and cavities, and twists which some of them delight in. A different species is the perforated whirling variety, which seem perpetually whirling round for the mere fun of the thing, since any good they do is extremely apt to escape detection. They are a lively-looking apparatus; but on squally nights, and when the pivot becomes a little rusty, the musical sounds they give forth can scarcely be considered agreeable. Among the more ingenious of smoke-curers, an invention of recent origin, named the *Archimedean Screw Ventilator*, deserves a place. It consists, as its name implies, of wind vanes attached to the extremity of a revolving screw. When the wind strikes these vanes, it produces a rapid revolution of the screw, which is thus supposed to wind up the smoke or vitiated air from below. Perhaps it serves the proposed end; but whether the positive advantage thus gained is not lost by the obstruction of such apparatus to the free passage of smoke in calm weather, is a point, in my estimation, more than questionable. For the effect of such chimneys as only smoke in windy weather, perhaps this and other forms of external apparatus are best adapted. Another invention, of equal merit, is a chimney-cap of metal, externally grooved in a series of spiral curves up the pipe, which end in a kind of mouthpiece, from whence the smoke issues. The wind, when impelled against this apparatus, is supposed to take somewhat of the direction of the spiral curves, and thus to form an upward current to assist the emission of the smoke. This kind of smoke-curing contrivance is made both of metal and in some instances of wood, and is frequently, if not a beautiful, a charming to the chimney-top.

An apparatus known as *Day's Wind-guard* is one of the most recent inventions in this way. Its mode of working has been demonstrated at different public institutions, and the inventors are supplied with little models of the contrivance for exhibition to their customers. It consists of an oblong metallic chimney-cap, having four flaps in it, which are protected by projecting pieces or slips of metal. It is found that when a current of air strikes against this contrivance, a draught up the pipe is the immediate result, and this whatever may be the direction of the current; so that the more vehemently the wind blows, the more free and unimpeded will be the respiration of the chimney. Several experiments were publicly made in proof of the efficacy of the instrument, with some curious results. Smoke was produced by the smouldering of some combustible substances, and the end of a small model 'wind-guard' was held near it, and then an artificial breeze, excited by means of a bellows, was directed against the other end of the model. The smoke was, as it were, sucked into the apparatus at the one end, and cast out at the other. Even when the model was placed upside down, and the bellows set to work, it drew the smoke, contrary to its specific gravity, in a downward direction. Several improvements have been made upon the 'wind-guard,' in one of which, by means of four little vanes on the top of the apparatus, the smoke apertures in it are some of them closed, and others opened, during violent wind. Other inventions, too, of a similar principle are now before the public, to be in due time, I suppose, elevated to the chimney-top. Mr Day proposes the introduction of his apparatus on a large scale, as an efficient ventilator for large assembly-rooms, theatres, churches, &c. The concert-rooms in Hanover Square are ventilated by this apparatus on a gigantic scale. The Buckingham Palace in London has to add to the list of its other discomforts that of smoky chimneys; and all these afflicted with this complaint are surmounted either by the 'wind-guard,' or by the apparatus last named, which, from their refined appearance, in contrast with other smoke-curing deformities, divide the royal patronage between them.

It is a singular fact, that when a current of air strikes a simple, uncomplicated chimney-pipe in certain directions,

it immediately causes a movement of air up the inside, so that an ordinary chimney-pot in a certain measure assists the draught. That the contrary is the case, is a common belief, from the circumstance that, during the prevalence of high winds, many chimneys are found to smoke; the causes of which really are, the eddies and local currents of air produced by the projections of the roof and neighbouring stacks of chimneys. To lay down the fact in precise terms:—If a current of air strikes a chimney-pipe at right angles to the direction of the pipe, an up-current is the consequence; and it is hence found that, when all other remedies fail, a metal pipe some four or five feet long frequently cures the chimney.

While pursuing the subject, in casting one's eye down the long streets of the smoky city, in taking a survey of the roofs and their tormented chimneys, the infinity of other contrivances is so great, that it is scarcely a poetical hyperbole to say our pen starts back from it. Here is patent upon patent, scheme after scheme, each doing its best, no doubt, to obtain the mastery over that simple thing—smoke; and each with a degree of success of a very hopeless amount. There appears to me something intensely ludicrous in these struggles against what seems to be an absurd, but an invincible foe; the very element of whose success against us lies in our not strangling him (I write poetically) in his birth. Many obstacles are in the way no doubt: there are obstacles in the way of every good; but I have little doubt that, had the perverted ingenuity which has misapplied itself upon the chimney-pots been directed to the fireplace, we might have now had a different tale to tell. The smoke-nuisance is laughed at as a minor evil by a great practical people like ourselves, who heroically make up our minds to put up with it; but when it is considered as an item in the comfort, cleanliness, and health of a whole nation, it assumes, or should assume, a different position. Should that day ever arrive when, under the influence of some great genius, our atmosphere is no longer smoke-polluted, with what feelings of mingled pity and contempt will our happy people look back upon this fumigous era! In the meantime—taking advantage of a very favourite, and, in the present instance, an uncommonly judicious way of getting rid of a difficult business—I leave the case in the hands of posterity.

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION IN INDIA.

Whoever looks at India previously to the civilisation introduced in many parts by Great Britain, must perceive a striking contrast between its former and present state. We desire not to enter into any political discussion, nor to insinuate that either a good or bad policy has been adopted under one set of men or another. Our object is solely to trace the progress of civilisation, and to ascertain what British influence has effected in India. Education is certainly spreading through that part of Hindoostan under our control. A native press (a luxury of novel description in the East) diffuses through every rank of society a knowledge of what occurs in the others. Information, moral, political, and social, is thereby obtained by every caste of natives. Formerly, the upper Asiatic classes were in the habit of concealing their wealth, under an apprehension that the iron grasp of despotism would wrest it from them. Hence the mean and dirty appearance of their houses in Shikarpur and other Mohammedan cities. Dirty brick walls were run up in front of their dwellings, to impede on whoever might view them an idea of poverty in the tenants. The first interior court corresponded with the outside; but should any favoured and unsuspected inmate be permitted to penetrate the dwelling, indications of comfort gradually appeared, till at length, on approaching the females' apartments, the utmost luxury and splendour burst on his gaze. Such, we say, was formerly the case. But now that the natives, though heavily taxed, enjoy an equality of law and security of person and property, the upper classes indulge their natural predilections, and openly surround themselves with a blaze of magnificence. They erect superb and spacious mansions,

enclose parks, make plantations, and lay out pleasure-grounds and gardens, fragrant with rare and many-coloured flowers. At this moment there are thousands such in Bengal.—*Macmillan's History of Civilisation.*

ABD-EL-KADER.

Abd-el-Kader is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small mustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The ensemble of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Buvaïs has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the 'Loftet,' in the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman—*Isabelle de Bavière*—whom the engraver had taken to personality Europe, exclaimed, 'There is Abd-el-Kader!' Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers; or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors, of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he has constantly in his hands. He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or embroidery upon his *barons* or cloak. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes his *bedel*—a covering of very thin wool, worn as a wrapper over the head and shoulders. He throws over the back two bermons of white wool, and upon the two white bermons a black one. A few silken tassets are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his bermons.—*See Mordaunt's Captivity Among the Arabs.*

THE BRITISH IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.

With the exception of the first American war, and the earlier campaigns of that with revolutionary France, the British army has for ages held a distinguished place in the military annals of Europe; and amongst the qualities to which may fairly be attributed much of its success, is the dead silence of the troops when in presence of the enemy, and indeed on all occasions under arms. Our more lively neighbours have well described it as *'celle effrayante silence.'* A chance stranger thrown into the scene might almost imagine that they were rooted to the ground by the enchanter's spell, so stern and statue-like is their immovability. The heavy floating colours, so unfit, when displayed, to be carried by the hand, are in their cases. More show in anyway is unthought of, and every incumbrance is removed. Not a sound is then to be heard, save and except it may be the solitary note of a bugle, intelligible only to the light troops. The drum is hushed; and any other kind of music at such a time would be rejected as most unsuited to the deadly work they are about to be engaged in. The French leader speaks to and regulates his troops by the drum. Its bearer, with a rifle slung at his back, is at his right hand, and the charge is made to its rattle. Our musicians, and all the non-combatants of every description, are, or ought to be, in the rear, under the orders of the surgeon, for the removal, the conveyance, and the succour of the wounded. Even these last, however hideously mangled, are generally uncomplaining. They silently abide their fate, and yield up their breath, or submit to the operations of cure, with the same equanimity. . . . According to my observations, the most precarious under wounds and sickness have been the Scotch Highlanders. The Irish may be more noisy, but then it is with less plaint.—*Dr Ferguson's Professional Notes.*

BAPTISM AMONG THE GREEKS.

In the fourth century, when the custom of naming children after saints had gone out of fashion, the Greeks labelled a number of lamps with names, and selected the one which burned longest.

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'In the recesses of his luxurious saloons, Wealth has heard a voice appalling—the cry of the Poor. This is the greatest fact of our age. The pace of selfish luxury is 'an end. It looks around, and finds nothing but the wild sea of distressed humanity, threatening terrible things. How shall Wealth escape this great danger—how still down these stormy menaces? Verily, by opening his heart in time to the claims of the lowly, and remembering that they are his fellow-creatures.'

Tat-tat-tat. *Author.* Well, what is it? *Author's wife.* Excuse me, my dear, but I have just received a circular mentioning that a subscription is to be made for coals to our poor neighbours, as many are starving from cold at this inclement season; and I wish to know what you think of contributing. I suppose we can't cut off without giving something.

Author (angrily). My dear, how could you interrupt me about such a business? You know it is all ostentation which makes people subscribe to public charities. Nobody shall ever see any charity of mine paraded. I can assure you. You have disturbed me in the very beginning of one of my most eloquent papers. Do, pray, leave me again, my dear, and allow me to lock myself in.

[*Exit wife.*]

Let me see now—Wealth has heard the outcry of the indignant poor, and from his innermost and most voluptuous retirements. Yes. Well, to resume. 'Let us picture to ourselves the contrast between well-housed affluence and houseless misery. It is a winter night. The cold rain deluges the streets. The lord of thousands, retired to his drawing-room, has fairyland around him. The superbly-furnished and decorated apartment is filled with light. Accomplished daughters regale him with delicious music. The finest productions of the literary intellect of the day are strewn on the tables. Servants are ready to fly at his nod. Ten yards from this scene, on the rain-bleached pavement, shivers a wretch who has no home. He is held disqualified even for the union. Not a friend to smile upon him; not an open door to receive him; he can only stand there and endure, and brood on savage thoughts which the rich little wot of. When men, who in the eye of nature and of religion are equal, stand in circumstances so different, are we to wonder that the heart of the poor man turns to bitterness against his more fortunate fellow, and that he feels as if the law which is not his friend is his enemy?'

Rather effectively put, I think. [*Idles for a few minutes among some papers.*] What is that? Oh, a letter from that stupid fellow Hurst, always boring me for old clothes and half-crowns. A horrid good-for-nothing wretch, who never has kept a situation three

weeks in his life, and whose wife is always just a month confined, and has ever since been in the greatest distress for common necessities. Certainly not a farthing shall he get from me. Can't he work, as I do?

Well, to it again. 'It is the inherent hard-heartedness of the rich which now forms the peculiar danger of the commonwealth. They hear this terrible voice, but they regard it not. Never having known want themselves, they are unable to appreciate its hardships in other. They know not the needs and the wishes of the poor. Many act as the positive oppressors of that class. Hence arises an accumulation of wrath against the affluent generally, which, if not timely diminished or checked, must ere long burst on them like a pent-up torrent. It is remarkable how different is the conduct of the poor to each other. While the rich man holds off, and does nothing, the wretched neighbour breaks his last crust, and gives away a part.'

Tat-tat-tat. Another interruption. What is the matter now? *Servant.* Sir, here is Mr. Boreham come upon business. He says he can't go away without seeing you. [*Door opened. Enter a respectable neighbour.*]

Mr. Boreham. I have taken the liberty of calling, sir, on account of a matter in which many of us in this town feel a deep interest. You are perhaps aware of the accident that happened last week amongst our fishermen—three men lost, two of them leaving widows with (in all) thirteen children, and one who was the sole stay of a widowed mother. It is a crying case; for these poor people have at this moment not a particle of food in their houses, except what they get from the miserable people of their own sort, all of whom, as you know, are so poor, in consequence of their dissolute habits, that they have too little for themselves. A few of us have commenced a subscription, and I have come to attend you an opportunity of giving your mite. We are getting on very well. There is Sir J. W., a sovereign; Squire T., two guineas; the rector, a sovereign; Lady Bountiful, five pounds; and so on. The smallest sum, however, will be acceptable.

Author. Why, really, Mr. Boreham, I have so many claims upon me, that I am obliged to practice great self-denial in the luxury of giving. It is a sad plight that these poor people are in, and I am sincerely sorry for them. But I can't help it. I must draw a line somewhere, sir. Yes, I must draw a line.

Mr. B. Why, very little would suffice, sir; say half-a-crown, or a shilling. I am loath to go away without having got something.

Author. Not a cent, sir. I must wish you good morning. [*Mr. Boreham having departed.*] What a fool that man must be to come to a literary man for money. Why, doesn't he know we are all as penniless as rats? Besides, I am really tired of these poor men who are always suffering from accidents, leaving never fewer

than six children each. I must see to get on with my paper.

Amongst the causes of the neglect shown by the rich with respect to the poor, we must reckon their luxurious habits, and the whirl of dissipation and folly in which they live. How can we expect Lord B. to look into the distresses which he might find within two hundred yards of his park gate, when his whole time is spent at Melton? How can we expect Lady H., at Grosvenor Square, to give regard to the cry of wretchedness in St Giles's, when her husband has such claims, and she has such dances to choreographically? The tendency of constant indulgence in pleasure to deaden the generous feelings, has been remarked by all moralists, and the observation is powerfully illustrated in the condition of the higher ranks at this moment. Self-interest becomes in their circles the prevailing duty. Even when they invite us to their tables, it is for a selfish reason; namely, to have the pleasure of our conversation, and perhaps to be tempted as patrons of literature.

By the way, this is the day; I must not forget to send off a note to Greenwich to order that dinner for Saturday. Let me see; lunch is now in my hand again. Ah, host-race! also give an ounce of those delicious French Gâteaux. A couple of small haddocks for a backcloth laid for G. H. Chapman, and a sparkling Moselle for General. I am going to get—oh, yes, a such capital dinner for—oh, I'll trust him, it will be well worth while. They are to be in with actively poor fellow—fellow without a looking-glass, but the new will do very well for one evening. [The bell rings and the speaker.] For myself and wife, I shall be in five or six pounds here. But that I can leave out of account; I am sure I can't fail. *Perpetua.*

Another cause of the neglect of the poor is unquestionably that atrocious spirit of political economy which has pervaded the land for the last thirty years. In the human being only the mechanism for producing wealth—considering nothing but how this wealth may be produced in greatest abundance and most completely economised, the strivings of this pseudo science have distinguished themselves by the discrimination of every cold-hearted maxim regarding the less fortunate portion of the community. Under their frown, the holy tie of maternity itself has been torn apart of late years. The blessing of babes—of all the poor man's only blessing—has been ridiculed and condemned. Once it was the boast of England that the pauper was as well off as anybody; now this is no longer the case. I have heard of barbarity! It is now a crime to be poor. Never can England regain the merry England of old England; it once was, until statistics and political economy shall have become dead and forgotten.

Tut-tut. *Love.* A letter by the post. *Author.* Ha! from Templeman, I declare. Oh, then, dear old Greenwich, tremble for thy fate! But, methinks, now, if it is likely to contain the money I wanted. A very simple sort of fellow is Templeman; takes all things as they appear, and is easy and good-natured with everybody. He is a member of John Mill's club, indeed, and always tells me he is a political economist; but I never believe him. I know he actually set up his footman in a shop, when the poor fellow left him to marry the housemaid. But, open letter, and let us know the best or the worst. 'My dear —, I am exceedingly concerned to hear of your present unfortunate circumstances. With your large family, to be provided for solely by your pen, I am not surprised that you occasionally require a little friendly assistance, especially on such an occasion as the present, when, as you tell me, you have three sick children in the house, and your bookseller has failed in the payment of an expected balance. I have the greatest pleasure in enclosing a cheque for the sum you want—twenty pounds; and am, my dear —, yours sincerely, R. T.' Bravo, Templeman—spend at the care after all! This will do nicely for Greenwich. Once more unto the breach—a concluding paragraph, and that's all.

One hope alone remains for us—that the cry of the

poor will yet penetrate the hearts of the rich. From the highway, and byways, from the streets and lanes of our large cities, from every haunt of misery, come the groans of those who suffer. There is a gathering of many murmurs into one voice, which must be listened to, if we would see our country and its institutions saved. May the house of Havelbe be wise while it is yet time!

There's now, that will do for one day's work. And now, for the back, to get the cash. [Walking out, pausing on the lawn in a ditch, surrounded by a little of children.] *Woman.* Oh, your honour, help a poor creature just come over, who has not a bite of bread for her family, and the blessing of God be upon you. The father has gone to the big house up there, to see if the country will give us anything; but sorrow a bit do I expect. A single penny, please your honour, will be a great thing for us. *Author.* Don't torment me, woman, or I shall send the police in you. What brings you over here with your brats? *Woman.* Oh, then, it's just because I'm all alone, poor with us; but you in England be so kind to give, if you only had hearts to do it. Say, you'll not to help us, even you? Heaven be the judge of this day, for men, let's be kind to it! I'll not do it, sir. As I live, I'll comfort back from the house with half a loaf under his arm. God be praised, and all this will have their headful! [The children pick up the things.]

[The poet speaks the name of the word 'author' in the title of this paper, as if our whole profession were about to make the author altogether, and, as a result, our profession may do so, it is as well to mention that the object is to show that, whereas there is a temptation to the literary man to write without a qualification, as most of our classes of his fellow-countrymen, it were very easy for him to make a reputation for himself.]

THE BACKWOODS.

THE SETTLER AND THE SETTLER IN THE BUSH.

SETTLER is the general name in America for the man who has the business of the lumberer to penetrate into the primeval forests, and occupy himself during a period of the year in hewing down the trees, which in another period he conveys, by the lakes and rivers, to the settlements of men. Such an employment, it may be supposed, has no beneficial effect upon the character. Borne among the woods during the entire winter with his desperate comrades, the lumberer has only one task—chopping; and only two amusements—drinking and smoking. When summer comes, and the rivers, loosed from their chains, begin anew to bound and rush, and roar, he forms his acquisitions into rafts; and the monotonous labours, and equally monotonous pleasures, of winter, are followed by a course of wild and desperate adventure as he plunges down the rapids. The third phase in his existence is presented by the town, where he drowns the recollection of his toils and dangers in the lowest debauchery, and is perfectly satisfied if his hard-earned dollars last till it is time to betake himself to the woods again.

The lumberer is of great importance to the trade of Canada; and being likewise the pioneer of the settler, he must form one of the prominent figures in any general picture of the country. Sir R. H. Bonnycastle, in his amusing work recently published,* gives some particulars which go at least a certain way towards a portrait; and we propose extracting as much as we think of any interest, and appending to it a similar sketch of the settler in the bush.

Picture to yourself, child of luxury, sitting on a cushioned sofa, in a room where the velvet carpet renders a footfall noiseless, where art is exhausted to afford comfort, and where even the hurricane cannot disturb

* *Canada and the Canadians in 1846.* By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, K.C., Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Engineers and Militia of Canada West. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

your perusal of this work, a wood reaching without limit, excepting the oceans, either of salt or fresh water, which surround Canada, and where to lose the track is hopeless starvation and death; figure the giant pines towering to the clouds, gloomy and Titan-like, throwing their vast arms to the skyey influences, and making a twilight of mid-day, at whose enormous feet a thicket of bushes, almost as high as your head, prevents your progress without the pioneer axe; or a deep and black swamp for miles together renders it necessary to crawl from one fallen monarch of the wood onwards to the decaying and prostrate bole of another, with an occasional plunge into the mud and water which they bridge; eternal silence reigning, disturbed only by your feeble efforts to advance—and you may form some idea of a real pine land, rocky and uneven, or a cedar swamp, black as night, dark, dismal, and dangerous.

Here, after you have hewed or crept your toiling way, you see, some yards or some hundred yards, as the forest is close or open, before you, a light-blue curling smoke amongst the dark and lugubrious scene; you hear a dull, distant, heavy, sudden blow, frequent and deadened, followed at long intervals by a tremendous crashing, overwhelming rush; then all is silent, till the voice of the grunting of man is heard growling, snarling, or barking outright, as you advance towards the blue smoke, which has now, by an eddy of the wind, filled a large space between the trees. You stand before the fire, made under three or four tables set up twice, to which a large caisson is harnessed, and, as a thing, with a very strange odour of fat pork, a boy, dirty and ill-favoured, with a shaven shuffling axe, looks very suspiciously at you, but with his old fishy dog, which sneaks away.

A moment shows you a long hut, framed of logs of wood, with a roof of branches, covered by birch-bark, and by its side, or near the fire, several round-seated chairs or pews, apparently for keeping pigs in, formed of branches close to the ground, either like a boat turned on its down, or literally as a pigsty is formed, as to shape. In the large hut, which is occasionally more luxuriant, and made of skins of wool, or of rough boards, if a saw-mill is within reasonable distance, and there is a passable wool road, or creek, or rivulet, navigable by canoes, you see some barrel or two of pork, and of flour, or biscuit, or whisky, some tools, and some old blankets or skins. Here you are in the lumberer's winter home—I cannot call him woodman; it would disgrace the ancient and ballad-sung craft; for the lumberer is not a gentle woodman, and you need not sing sweetly to him to "spare that tree."

The larger dwelling is the hall—the common hall—and the pig-sties, the sleeping-places. I presume that such a circumstance as pulling off habiliments or ablution seldom occurs: they roll themselves in a blanket or skin, if they have one; and as to water, they are so frequently in it during the summer, that I suppose they wash half the year unintentionally. Fat pork, the fattest of the fat, is the lumberer's luxury; and as he has the universal rifle or fowling-piece, he kills a partridge, a bear, or a deer now and then. Up to their waists in snow in winter, and up to their waists in water in summer and autumn, with all the moving accidents by flood and field—the occasional breaking-up of the raft in a rapid—the difficulty of the winter and spring transport of the heavy logs of squared timber out of the deep and trackless woods—compelled to form a portion of the hard and reckless life of a lumberer, whose *morale* is not much better than his *physiologie*. And a curious sight is a raft, joined together, not with ropes, but with the limbs and thews of the swamp or blue beech, which is the natural corollage of Canada, and is used for scaffolding and packing. A raft a quarter of a mile long—I hope I do not exaggerate, for it may be half a mile, never having measured one but by the eye—with its little huts of boards, its apologies for flags and streamers, its numerous little masts and sails, its cooking cauboot, and its

contrivances for anchoring and catching the wind by slanting boards, with the men, who appear on its surface as if they were walking on the lake, is curious enough; but to see it in *drams*, or detached portions, sent down foaming and darting along the timber slides of the Ottawa or the restless and rapid Trent, is still more so; and fearful it is to observe its *conducteur*, who looks in the rapid by no means so much at his ease as the functionary of that name whom the Paris diligence is intrusted. Numberless accidents happen: the *drams* are torn to pieces by the violence of the stream; the rafts are broken by storm and tempest; the men get drunk and fall over; and altogether it appears extraordinary that a raft put together at the Trent village for its final voyage to Quebec should ever reach its destination, the transport being at least four hundred and fifty miles—and many go much further through an open and ever-agitated fresh-water sea, and amongst the intricate channels of the Thousand Islands, and down the tremendous rapids of the *Longue Sault*, the *Gallies*, the *Cedars*, the *Canades*, &c.

The lumberer's life is truly an unhappy one, for, when he reaches the end of the raft's voyage, whatever money he may have made goes to the fiddle, the fiddle, or the fire-water; and he starts again as poor as at first, living, perhaps by a rare chance to the advanced age, for a lumberer of forty years.

If there is some hope, we are happy to say, even for the lumberer. On Lake Ontario it is already customary to send down, or otherwise alter, condemned steamers, and rig them as barges or ships, into which the lumber is shipped, and carried to the St. Lawrence. One step more, and they will, as soon as the canal is widened, proceed from Lake Superior to London without a raft being ever made.

The settler in the bush is in a very different position from the lumberer, whom he looks upon as a sort of wild beast. Our author gives an equally striking picture of the former, in the persons of a young friend of his own and his wife, who established themselves in Seymour West, in the Newcastle district, about a hundred and twenty miles north-west of Kingston, and upwards of twenty miles in the bush from the main stream of settlement.

My young friend commenced in this secluded region when the outer barbarian was never seen, and seldom heard of, where even the troubles of 1837-8 never showed themselves. His location upon one hundred acres. He had received the very best education which a public institution in England could afford; but circumstances obliged him, at the early age of twenty-five, to turn his thoughts, with a young wife, to "life in the bush," as a sole provision. The partner of his cares, equally well educated, and of an ancient family, by the death of her father, who was high in office in his country's service, was left equally unprotected. Their first undertaking was to clear an acre or two of the forest, and crop it with grain and potatoes; then to build a log-house. In all this they were assisted by friends and neighbours, as far as the limited means of those friends and neighbours—who were all similarly engaged, and the settlement containing not more than four or five families—would admit of.

My young friend really set his shoulder to the wheel, and did not call upon Hercules whimsically. He had a fondness for carpenter's work, and having cut down the huge pine-trees on his lot for so a property is called in Canada West—he hewed them, squared them, and dovetailed them; he quarried stone, with infinite toil, burnt lime, and in the short space of two years had a decent log-palace, consisting of two large rooms, and a kitchen and cellar, with an excellent chimney, a well, which he dug himself, and a very large framed barn, which he built himself, the only outlay being for nails, shingles to cover his roofs, and boards. These he had to bring with oxen and a wagon from the saw-mills at Percy, many miles off, and by the most hideous road I ever saw, even in Canada. He split his own rails, made

his own fences, and cleared his own forest. This first settlement was commenced in 1840; and when I saw it in 1845, he had nearly thirty acres cleared, and this clearance, and his really good house, let to a settler just arrived. By a freak of fortune, a connexion, who occupied the adjacent farm of two hundred acres, and had had the command of money, died, and his property was left to the young couple. 'They had now a family growing about them, and, as they were very old friends of mine, they asked me to come and see "life in the bush."

'Farmer Harry,' as we will call my young friend, had now three instead of two hundred acres to attend to; but he had a flock of sheep, a pair of oxen, the span of horses I brought for him, several cows, much poultry, and a whole drove of pigs, with barns full of wheat, peas, hay, and oats; an excellent garden, a fine little brook full of trout at his door, plenty of meadow, and his harvest just over. To help him, he had a hired man, who drove the oxen and assisted in ploughing; and to bring in his harvest, there were three hired labourers, at two shillings and sixpence a-day each, and their food and beds, with two maid-servants, one to assist in the dairy. Labour, constant and toilsome labour, was still necessary in order to make the farm pay; for there is no market near, and everything is to be bought by barter. Salt, tea, sugar, and all the little luxuries must be had by giving wheat, peas, timber, oats, barley, the fleeces of the sheep, salted pork, or any other exchangeable property; and thus constant care and constant supervision of the employed, as well as constant personal labour, are requisite in Canada on a farm for very many years before its owner can sit down and say, "I will now take mine ease." The female part of the family must spin, weave, make homespun cloth, candles, salt the pork, make butter for sale, and even sell poultry and eggs whenever required: in short, they must, however delicately brought up, turn their hands to everything, to keep the house warm. The labour of bringing home logs for fuel in winter is not one of the least in a farm, and then these logs have to be sawed and split into convenient lengths for the fire-places and stoves.

'But all this may be achieved, if done cheerfully; and to show that it can, I will add that, amidst all this labour, my young friend was building himself a dam, where the beavers, in times when that politic and hard-working little trowel-tailed race owned his property, had seen the value of collecting the waters of the brook. He was repairing their decayed labours, for the purpose of washing his sheep, of getting a good fish-pond, and of keeping a bath always full for the comfort of his family. What a change in ten years! The forest, which had been silent and untrodden since the beavers first heard afar off the sound of the white men's axes, was now converted into a smiling region, in which a prattling brook ran meandering at the foot of gently-swelling hill-sides, on which the snowy sheep were browsing and the cattle lowing.'

We have said that the work from which these pictures are taken is entertaining; but it is something more: it is honest. And the author himself is amusingly sensible of this fact, and boasts that the opinions of such casual observers are much more worth having than those of literary men and women who roam about the world for the express purpose of giving their opinion. The assertion is obviously wrong in theory, but somehow or other it is right in fact. Perhaps the reason is, that the word 'literary' has in our day a signification which did not originally belong to it. Everybody is now literary who has written a novel or contributed a copy of verses to the annuals; and, being literary, he may start across the Atlantic any day he chooses, and confound the Americans at a glance, and enlighten the world with his opinions. But the truth is, the works of 'literary' men and women on this subject are illustrations of the country and the people, but not of their own idiosyncrasies. How can it be otherwise? Is experience in tales or sonnets sufficient

to make up for the hard reading, hard writing, hard thinking, which once distinguished a literary man? If a clever man or woman, destitute of the knowledge which can only come through study and experience, select an arduous and complicated subject, the result may be a readable, nay, an interesting or a charming book; but no person of common sense will take it for anything more valuable than a specimen of the style and manner of the gifted author.

THE COUNTESS OF BELVIDERE.

It is not many months ago since the readers of this Journal were presented with a more particular account of the extraordinary abduction and imprisonment of Lady Grange than had heretofore been given to the public. We are now enabled to lay before them another more or less of private history of a somewhat similar kind, serving as a further illustration of the manners of the same period. The parties were Robert Rochfort, first Earl of Belvidere, and the Honourable Mary Molesworth, eldest daughter, by a first marriage, of Richard, third Viscount Molesworth. This lady, by an act of unheard-of tyranny, was confined by her husband for no less than thirty years, from which she was released only by his demise in 1774.

The father of Miss Molesworth was an officer of distinguished bravery. He was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies; and at subsequent periods, after having attained to the rank of lieutenant-general, and retired from more active service, was appointed to many high and important official situations in Ireland. For many years he was commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in that country, and resided with his family in the capital.

It was at this period that his eldest daughter, Mary, first attracted the regards of Mr Rochfort, a gentleman of very ancient and honourable family in the county Westmeath. This person is described as a man of considerable talent and abilities—elegant and expensive in his tastes, and with highly-polished, courtier-like manners, but at the same time haughty and vindictive in temper, and selfish, unprincipled, and dissipated in conduct. At the period referred to he was eight-and-twenty, a widower, and childless, his first wife having died a few months after marriage. He possessed high interest at the English court; a circumstance which doubtless recommended him to Lord Molesworth, who, besides being captivated by his prepossessing exterior, had sufficient worldly policy to encourage the addresses of one for whom he naturally anticipated honours and advancement. Mr Rochfort was indeed at this time considered one of the brightest ornaments of the court; and so highly was he esteemed by the reigning monarch, George II., that about this period he was created Baron Bellefield, and afterwards a viscount. Several years subsequently, his majesty raised him to the dignity of Earl of Belvidere; and as by this title he is best known, as such we shall henceforth designate him, without attending to the exact date of the elevation.

To the talent and address which gained this nobleman the royal favour, he united a strikingly handsome and commanding exterior. There is a full-length portrait of him yet extant, which the writer has often seen. It appears to have been taken at a rather more advanced period of life than that of which we are now speaking, for he is there represented no longer the smiling courtier, basking in the sunshine of royalty, and sailing in the full tide of worldly prosperity, but as one on whom the hand of Time had begun to do its work—the effects of which are always so prematurely visible on those who are either the victims of turbulent passions, or of the more suppressed irritability consequent on a morbidly repining temperament.

Robert, first Earl of Belvidere, is here represented in his parliamentary robes—a tall, dark, handsome-looking man, but with a gloomy, stern, saturnine expression of countenance. His appearance was probably very dif-

ferent at an earlier period, when he must have seen fit to adopt, during his suit to Miss Molesworth, some semblance of that softness of demeanour and amiability of temper to which he was in reality a stranger. She was at this time only sixteen, attractive in person, and adorned with the accomplishments suited to her rank and sex. Her disposition was quiet and gentle; she exhibited no inclination to levity, but was domestic in her tastes and habits, and of rather a thoughtful and contemplative mind.

In reviewing the qualities of the man whom her mistaken parents would force on her acceptance, she saw much that would adorn a court circle, but little that promised to render domestic life happy. His attentions to herself could not render her insensible to his haughty demeanour towards others; while, doubtless aware of his unfortunate habits, she in silent sadness foresaw how irksome would be the ties between them—in fine, how little of happiness, how much of misery, was to be anticipated from the union.

Miss Molesworth, however, was but sixteen—too young to venture on much opposition to a marriage which all around her were endeavouring to promote. In a spirit of sorrowful foreboding, she at length gave a reluctant consent, and this ill-fated union took place August 1, 1736. Just before its celebration, it is said that she sat for her picture; and the idea being suggested of her adopting some peculiar costume, she was induced to select that by which, in the shape of the *coiffure* more especially, we recognise the portraits of another captive, her namesake—the hapless Mary of Scotland.

From an early period after marriage, this lady was destined to find her sad forebodings realised in the coldness and neglect of her husband, who was surrounded by flatterers, some of whom, from selfish motives, had been originally opposed to his entering the married state at all, and who were therefore continually on the watch to prejudice Lord Belvidere against his young wife. One there was more especially who, from the first, had been her deadliest foe, and to whom, it is said, the countess owed all her misfortunes. This artful and unprincipled person had formerly held powerful influence over the affections of the earl, and now dreaded naturally the influence of the youthful and virtuous wife.

The year after her marriage, Lady Belvidere disappointed the anxious hopes of her husband for an heir, by giving birth to a daughter; but as this event was succeeded, in due course, by that of a son—a fine and promising child—we may suppose that, for a time at least, it served to revive some feelings of affection towards the mother. The event, we are told, was celebrated in a style of princely magnificence, and the infant christened by the names of George-Augustus, after the reigning monarch, who stood godfather by proxy, and up to the period of his death, more than twenty years after, continued the firm friend of its unworthy father.

For the first few years after their marriage, Lord and Lady Belvidere resided for the most part at Gaulston, a mansion belonging to the former in the county Westmeath; and here, in course of time, two other sons were born to them. This residence was a large, ancient, and gloomy structure of the days of Edward III. It had belonged to the Chief Baron Rochfort, and is alluded to by Dean Swift. The painful associations afterwards connected with it, induced the second and last Earl of Belvidere to dispose of the mansion, which was purchased by the late Lord Kilmaine; and an elegant and modern house has long since been raised on the site of the old one.

It may well be supposed that the retirement of the country and sober routine of domestic life had few attractions for Lord Belvidere, and the result was long and frequent absences on his part, either spent amidst the brilliant circle of George II., or else at the Irish court; for we are speaking of a time prior to the union, when Dublin held its annual parliament, and was the residence of the aristocracy of Ireland. Fortunately for the countess, she preferred the quiet unexciting scenes

of domestic life. She was a fond and attentive mother; her chief happiness was in the care and society of her children, and whilst with them she endeavoured to forget the growing estrangement of their father.

Of the children to whom allusion has been made, her three sons were as yet but in their infancy. The daughter, however, was beginning to be of an age to render her companionable to the parent. This child (afterwards Countess of Lanesborough), at a very early period, gave promise of that amiability of temper, sprightliness, and extreme beauty of person for which she was afterwards distinguished in the world.

Meanwhile, as time went on, the visits of the earl to his wife and family became less frequent; and when they did take place, there was a settled gloom on his brow, a searching severity of manner, which could not escape Lady Belvidere, and caused in her mind the direst forebodings. As we have already said, she was not without enemies, and to the most unprincipled of these—she who had ever been her cruellest foe—did the countess at once, and justly, attribute the suspicious looks and savage tones of her lord. Just eight years after this ill-fated union had taken place did the long-threatening storm burst forth, and the lady was charged with infidelity to her husband—the partner of her alleged guilt being one whose near affinity to him might be supposed to have set at rest all suspicion. The account from which we derive our information states that she at first expressed both surprise and indignation, but afterwards proceeds to add that, to the astonishment of her friends, Lady Belvidere, driven to desperation, was induced, though perfectly innocent, to make an acknowledgment of guilt, with the view of strengthening the grounds for a divorce, and thus ridding her of a husband whom it was now impossible not to hate. Of any real infidelity, she at after periods most repeatedly protested her innocence, and she made a declaration to the same effect, by a solemn oath, on her deathbed upwards of thirty years after.

The other party named was a married man. He is represented as highly exemplary in conduct, an affectionate father, and most attached husband. Between him and his amiable partner any feeling of jealousy was unknown. Happy in themselves and in their children, both entertained a sincere pity for the young and interesting, but neglected wife of Lord Belvidere, with whose profligate character and mode of life they were better acquainted than were the world in general. Their country residence closely adjoined Gaulston, and, united alike by the ties of relationship and regard, a constant intercourse was naturally kept up between them and its fair mistress. From them she was accustomed to meet the ready smile of welcome, to hear the kindly tone of sympathy. It is natural, therefore, to suppose that in their cheerful home Lady Belvidere found a solace for her ills, which doubtless brought with it the temptation to dwell upon her wrongs and lament her sufferings.

The result of the charge made against her was a trial. The principal witness was the artful and unprincipled woman already alluded to; and so well-concocted was the conspiracy, that damages to the amount of £20,000 were awarded to the earl; upon which the ill-fated defendant, unable to meet so large a demand, fled the country. The history of his subsequent life is told in a few words. After residing in banishment for many years—his Irish property neglected, and no alleviation to his sufferings except in the society of his attached wife and family, who mostly shared his exile—he was unfortunately induced, after a lengthened interval, to return with them to Ireland, trusting that the effects of time had softened the stony heart of the earl. But he was mistaken; the seeds of jealousy had taken too deep root there to be ever eradicated. Lord Belvidere caused him to be arrested, and he lived and died in confinement, protesting to the last his entire innocence of the foul charge laid against him.

Lady Belvidere, far from having the wish granted

which would have divorced her from the earl, was reserved by him for a very different fate.

His nominal residence had hitherto been at Gaulston, an old and inconvenient structure, which afforded little scope for the exercise of that superior taste for which this proud nobleman was distinguished. Beyond its fine gardens, on which much cost and labour had been bestowed, the place had no recommendations for him, and he therefore, at this period, came to the determination of abandoning it as a residence for ever. Lord Belvidere accordingly removed his establishment, and took up his abode a few miles distant, at a very beautiful mansion, which still goes by his title, and is well known to all the lovers of the picturesque in that neighbourhood. This mansion, the building of which was then hardly completed, immediately adjoins the noble house and demesne called Rochfort, which, until lately, that it has passed into other hands was long distinguished as the residence of a collateral branch of this family, by whom the county Westmeath was represented in parliament for very many years. The name of Rochfort is now almost extinct in that neighbourhood; but it is not a forgotten one, and is always spoken of with respect and esteem. Between these two mansions there exists an artificial ruin of an abbey, so true to reality, and so exquisitely designed, as to excite the admiration of all who view it. The tradition of this ruin having arisen out of a family feud is generally known, and that it was built by one brother to exclude from his sight the residence of the other; but few are aware that with Robert, Earl of Belvidere, originated this design, and that he even went to an enormous expense in getting over from Italy a celebrated Florentine architect of that day, named Garradotti, to superintend the erection of the ruin. This circumstance, and the domestic differences between himself and a younger brother, which gave rise to it, took place at a much later epoch than that of which we are now treating, and when his lordship was in the decline of life; but it is so characteristic, and goes so far to confirm the singular and systematic manner, in which his vindictive nature showed itself, as to render the fact worthy of notice.

In making an arrangement for quitting his residence at Gaulston, he had a twofold design in view. He was thereby enabled to occupy the mansion more congenial to his taste, and at the same time to convert the other into an asylum for Lady Belvidere, sufficiently near at hand to enable him to keep a constant surveillance over her proceedings. In this plan he was at no loss to find conditors; for the landed property, and consequently the interest, of the earl were very great in the surrounding neighbourhood, where it is said he reigned with arbitrary sway, his words and actions being in fact considered as laws.

Here, then, in a manner as unexpected to herself as it was unprecedented in the annals of domestic tyranny, was the hapless subject of our memoir confined, deprived of all social intercourse with her friends, and denied that liberty permitted to the meanest of her fellow-creatures. In all other respects there was every attention paid to her wants and wishes. She had a reasonable number of domestics at her control, and the use of a carriage, though her drives were limited to the grounds, which were, however, extensive. Her wardrobe was amply supplied with the best and richest of clothes suitable to her rank, and every source of occupation and amusement was allowed her. Of these latter, it is said that drawing was her favourite pursuit; and we have reason to suppose that she excelled in it. Her pictures were landscapes, some taken from nature, and all on gloomy subjects, in character with the depressed state of her mind.

As it is mentioned that there was no prohibition at this time against writing materials, it may be conjectured that the countess was not debarred from epistolary intercourse with her friends: but the question naturally presents itself, how did it happen that her own family could so little concern themselves with her situation, as

to take no means to remedy it? To this we have nothing to say, beyond reminding our readers of the proverbial remark, that it is often a dangerous, always a thankless step, to interfere between man and wife. We have seen, besides, from the first, the powerful influence which Lord Belvidere had obtained over the mind of his father-in-law, to whom he now doubtless represented the conduct of the lady in such a light as might lead her parent to believe that as long as his daughter was not debarred from the comforts of life, and resources suitable to her station, seclusion was better than affording her a chance of bringing further disgrace on the family. To this surmise we may add, that the countess had, not long after her ill-fated union, been deprived by death of the parent whose maternal influence might have alleviated her sufferings and altered her lot. Lord Molesworth had, shortly afterwards, formed a second marriage, and by that event was now become the father of a large and increasing family. Such domestic changes often produce change of feeling. However it might be in this instance, certain it is that no steps were taken by the family of Lady Belvidere for her liberation.

In this state of retirement there was yet one source of consolation allowed her. It consisted in the visits of her children, who were permitted from time to time to see their mother, and at all periods evinced for her a tenderness and sympathy which showed that, in that relationship at least, she was affectionate and complaisant. At the time when the edict was first put in force which cut her off from society, the countess had not even her five-and-twentieth birthday; and now, as year after year passed on, the bloom of life wearing away, and bringing no hope of change, so far from producing submission to her hard fate, the desire for emancipation became each day stronger. For the first time before given—that of her being freely allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper—it is natural to suppose she may have at one time addressed herself to the earl; but it she did, it was of little avail; whilst all personal intercourse he uniformly avoided, although a frequent visitor to the beautiful grounds and gardens of Gaulston.

One day, however, fortune seemed inclined to favour this victim of domestic tyranny, for Lord Belvidere unexpectedly cut real one of the gardens without the customary precautions which preceded his approach. He was accompanied by a friend, a person who, it seems, was unhappily inimical to the countess; but she, either unaware of this circumstance, or altogether regardless of it, in the desire for an interview with her husband, rushed forward and threw herself on her knees before him. Her high spirit, it is said, would not permit her to ask forgiveness for an imaginary crime, but in few and hurried words she spoke of the hardship of her lot, intended for its amelioration, and implored that she might no longer be debarred from all intercourse with her fellow-beings. For a moment even the hard heart of the earl seemed softened and overcome, as he thus beheld at his feet his suppliant wife, the mother of his children. He listened irresolutely to her earnest impassioned tones—he looked on those features once radiant with youth and beauty, now faded and care-worn—but the struggle was a short one, for his friend, perceiving his irresolution, and therefore not allowing time for a reply, turned to him with an upbraiding look, and only repeating the words, 'Remember your honour, my lord,' at once drew him off from the spot. From that time the mind of Lord Belvidere seemed more than ever prejudiced against his hapless wife, and we may therefore conclude that every means was used that art could suggest or malice enforce to keep alive his jealousy, and render the separation eternal. From this period the walks of the countess were limited to a certain portion of the demesne, and a person was appointed to accompany her at such times. Not satisfied with this, the earl hit upon the ingeniously inhuman device of having a bell, which her attendant carried, with strict orders to ring it

posed that she should accompany them thither. But this kind and well-meant suggestion, to which his parent was induced to accede, failed in its object. The excitement of a journey to one who had so long been inured to solitude, occasioned a sensation so strange and altogether overpowering, as rendered travelling extremely irksome to her. It was accordingly arranged that, whilst the earl and his young wife proceeded for a few months to Italy, Lady Belvidere was to remain at a convent in France; and here, in an account formerly given to the world, it is erroneously stated that she died, having first embraced the Romish faith.

After spending the winter at Florence, the earl returned for his mother. They proceeded to London, where she remained a twelvemonth at the house of a lady of rank, a friend of her family, who had apartments at Kensington Palace. But it would seem that the state to which Lady Belvidere had been brought was such as to have produced so much nervousness and painful sensitiveness, as now made her rather seek solitude, and shun all human intercourse, except with the few to whom she was immediately related. The strange story of her former life naturally gained publicity, and underwent many different versions, some less charitable than others as respected the countess, whilst the singularity of her appearance and deportment attracted curiosity. Her situation, therefore, though doubtless now accompanied with all that kindness and attention could do, nevertheless brought with it painful and increasing disquietude to Lady Belvidere, who about this period was visited with a heavy domestic affliction, in the death of one of those affectionate sons who had so lately rescued her from captivity. This was the Honourable Richard Rochfort, colonel in the 9th Dragoons, her second son and third child, who died in the prime of life.

The remainder of this lady's story is shortly told. Finding her situation irksome, she wrote to Lord Belvidere, expressing a wish to return to Ireland. The earl then occupied a house in Great Denmark Street, at that time considered a fashionable locality in Dublin. Here she remained for a considerable period. Afterwards she resided with her affectionate daughter and son-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, who lived near the Irish capital. They had a large and growing-up family, and with them the subject of this memoir finished her days in peace and happiness. She survived her husband but a few years; and on her deathbed, after partaking of the communion, Lady Belvidere, confirmed, with the most solemn oath, her perfect innocence of the crime for which she was made to suffer so lengthened and unprecedented a captivity.

THE POPULATION OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

If population observed one direct law of increase, independent of all modifying circumstances, the earth would have been filled to overflowing long before the present period of its history; for, according to the most moderate calculations in this way, the numbers of a people would nearly double every thirty years, as indeed is the case in some communities under favourable circumstances. Many causes, however, tend to check the regular increasing ratio of the human species, as well as that of every other kind of animal on the face of the earth. Amongst these, as respects man, are diseases, and especially pestilences, deficiency of food, wars, a rude and savage state of society, and the salutary restraints of an advanced civilisation. The history of human society, too, presents continual changes of the increase and decrease of particular nations, so that it becomes a matter of great difficulty to draw a comparison between the populousness of ancient and modern times. In no species of facts are ancient historians more contradictory or inaccurate than in regard to numbers; for rather perhaps their works, in their successive transcriptions, have suffered more in this particular than in the verbal narrative.

That Babylon, Nineveh, and Thebes, mighty cities of old, contained great numbers of inhabitants, is a matter beyond dispute, but no data remain to enable us to form even a conjecture of their respective population. Many populous cities existed also in Asia Minor, the sites of which are now only indicated by solitary ruins. The great nations and powerful empires of those times and those localities disappear amid the dim vistas of ancient history, till again offsets from them become conspicuous on the opposite shores of Europe, and we begin to have some more definite knowledge of the statistics of the Grecian and Roman cities. The statements of the various historians are, it is true, somewhat contradictory; but we think, on the whole, it will be found from those records that the ideas sometimes entertained of the great populousness of ancient times as compared with the present have been very much exaggerated.

Athens, with the exception of Syracuse, was the largest city of Greece. Thucydides mentions that its extent within the walls was eighteen miles, besides the sea-coast on one side. There was, however, according to Xenophon, much waste ground within the walls, which seem, indeed, to have contained within their boundary four distinct cities. Many of the houses, too, must have stood apart, with considerable space between them; for the total number within this large area amounted to but 10,000. According to Athenæus, there were in Athens 21,000 citizens and 10,000 strangers; that is to be understood, according to the usual practice of enumeration, full-grown men, capable of bearing arms: if we multiply this by four, we shall have the probable number of the free population as 124,000. Besides these, there were the ordinary number of slaves—a class of population common to most nations of antiquity. A medium estimate of them and their families might amount to 160,000, making, on the whole, a population for Athens of 284,000. This does not much more than equal the population of several of our largest manufacturing towns. In the number of houses, and excluding the slaves, Athens in its prime was, in fact, inferior in size to the Scotch metropolis.

According to Piny, Seleucia, the seat of the Greek empire in the East, was reported to contain 600,000 people. Strabo makes Carthage contain 700,000. Rhodes, when besieged by Demetrius, contained 6000 citizens capable of bearing arms. Thebes contained 6000 citizens. When Philip of Macedon was declared head of the Greek confederacy, he summoned a congress of all the states except that of Lacedæmon, which refused to concur, and he found the force of the whole to amount to 200,000 infantry, and 15,000 cavalry.

The free population of ancient Greece, with the exception of Læconia, has been estimated at 860,000, the slaves at 430,000; making a total of 1,290,000, or about half the present population of Scotland. Nor could it be expected to be otherwise. Greece is not a large, nor a particularly fertile country. The art of agriculture had not then arrived at great perfection; and commerce, though practised by some of the states, and particularly by the Athenians, was yet of very limited extent.

What wealth existed appears to have been very equally divided among the citizens. We learn this from various circumstances. When Xenophon returned from his famous expedition with Cyrus, he hired himself and his soldiers into the service of a Thracian prince; and the articles of his agreement were, that each soldier should receive a *daric* (about £1, 12s. 3d.) a-month, each captain two darics, and he himself, as general, four. When Demosthenes and Æschines were sent ambassadors to Philip of Macedon, their allowance was only a drachma (about eightpence) a-day to each, or not more than the pay of a common foot-soldier. A citizen of Greece was thought to be left in easy circumstances with ten slaves employed in manufactures; and the possession of sixty slaves excited the cupidity of the thirty tyrants, who proscribed Lysias and his brother on that account alone. Demosthenes was left very rich by his father, and this wealth consisted of sixty-two slaves. His workhouse

of twenty cabinet-makers was esteemed a very considerable manufactory. The high rate of interest, the lowest being twelve per cent, and the great profits on trade, evidently show that capital had not accumulated, and that trade could not have been very extensive. Lysias mentions that a hundred per cent. profit was made on a cargo which cost two talents, and which was only sent from Athens to the Adriatic. Demosthenes blames his tutors for not employing his money during his minority to like advantage, 'by which means in eleven years it ought to have been tripled.'

Rome, the great centre of population in ancient Italy, has been variously estimated as to extent. Dionysius Halicarnassus makes the walls of the city nearly of the same compass as those of Athens, but then the suburbs were more extensive. The houses of the poorer classes were also high, consisting of several storeys, and crowded together, while those of the nobility were large, and occupied more space. The palace of Nero is described as of enormous dimensions. The number of citizens who received public corn in the reign of Augustus were 200,000. This donation was intended for the poorer classes, and perhaps generally accepted only by them; yet we find that the higher ranks thought it no degradation also to claim their share. The next question undecided is—did every individual, or only every family, thus receive a share? According to the best authorities, every man of full age was entitled to claim. Suppose that a fourth of full age of the higher classes is added to the 200,000 claimants, we have thus a full-grown male population of 250,000, which, multiplied by four, gives the probable amount of free citizens at 1,000,000. To this is to be added a proportion of slaves, perhaps not less than half a million. And thus we would have ancient Rome, including its extensive environs, much about the size of modern London.

Herodian tells us that the cities of Alexandria and Antioch were very little inferior to Rome; and Diodorus Siculus in his time computes Alexandria to contain 300,000 free people. This, however, is exclusive of slaves, the amount of whom is not enumerated. Suppose that there were an equal number of slaves, this would make the population 600,000, and would show that our previous estimate of Rome was too high.

David Hume, writing more than a century ago, when the population of the countries alluded to was not one-half of what it now is, makes the following remark:—'Choose Dover or Calais for a centre, draw a circle of two hundred miles' radius, you comprehend London, Paris, the Netherlands, the United Provinces, and some of the best-cultivated parts of France and England. It may safely, I think, be affirmed that no spot of ground can be found in antiquity, of equal extent, which contained near so many great and populous cities, and was so stocked with riches and inhabitants.'

Of the numerous nations that inhabited the north and west of Europe in ancient times—the subdivisions of the great Teutonic and Celtic races—no accurate census can now be established. Certain it is, however, that their apparent numbers, as indicated by great migratory and irruptive hordes, are vastly exaggerated. A nation of warriors, moving at once into a hostile country, even amounting to 50,000 or 100,000 men, must have caused a great sensation; and such warlike irruptions often took place among the northern nations. Caesar gives a particular account of the forces which were raised in Belgium to oppose his progress, and states them at 208,000. It is true these were not the whole able to bear arms, for he tells us that the Bellovac could have brought 100,000, instead of 60,000, which they engaged for: adding this additional number to the whole, the fighting men of the Belgian states would have amounted to 248,000, and consequently the whole inhabitants to less than a million and a quarter. If we suppose ancient Belgium about a fourth of Gaul, that country might then have contained five millions—a population quite insignificant compared to the present inhabitants of the same region. Indeed a considerable

part of Germany and France must, in remote ages, have been covered with dense forests, though no doubt the most favourable portions were even then cleared and partially cultivated. It is the same with regard to Britain. The whole interior of this country, according to Herodian, was marshy and forest ground, while the coast alone was cultivated and well-peopled.

No nation in a rude and savage state seems to make much progress in numbers. The precarious means of subsistence is one great bar to this, but more especially war, which seems inherent in every savage breast—that kind of incessant and deadly warfare which, at the same time that it cuts off human life, also totally precludes all other industrial means of fostering and ameliorating existence. We have a striking example of this in the aboriginal American tribes as compared with the Anglo-American colonists; the ratio of increase among the latter has been immense compared to the once stationary and now retrograde numbers of the former.

On the whole, then, though the great tide of human population has flowed and ebbed as to certain localities on the globe—leaving whole regions once swarming with active inhabitants now all but desolate, while other portions, again, are being crowded with increasing numbers—still the aggregate mass of human beings appears evidently to be on the increase. That this increase, however, has not been uniformly progressive in all ages, seems also evident; or, in other words, the accompanying checks on population have so nearly balanced the tendency to multiply, that the number of the human race over the whole earth has increased, and is increasing, in a very slow ratio.

The chief localities where the tide of population has retrograded appear to be the western portion of Asia, from the Caucasus eastward to the Euphrates, including the ancient kingdoms of Nineveh and Babylon; the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine; the northern part of Africa, from Egypt westward along the shores of the Mediterranean, and south-eastward to Nubia and along the borders of the Red Sea. It is probable, too, that that part of Europe from Macedonia southwards throughout the Greek archipelago may have been more populous in ancient than in modern times. We know nothing of the ancient condition of America; but from the state of population of Mexico and Peru at the time of the Spanish conquest, we may presume that, as regards its aboriginal inhabitants, that portion of the new world has also greatly degenerated.

The numerous tribes of Eastern Asia must, at a very early period, have concentrated into civilised communities; and thus the ancient population of India, China, Siam, and Japan may have been very considerable. From the comparatively uniform and stable nature of these communities, however, the presumption is, that their population has been, though slowly, yet gradually progressive.

A SPECIMEN OF DRUNKEN VILLAGES.

VILLAGES have an innocent character amongst poets and other fictionists. And certainly, on entering most villages, one finds everything looking very quiet and decent—cottage-fires blinking cheerfully through little windows, trig maidens tripping from the well with their pails, cats calmly crossing streets as if unconscious of the existence of dogs, groups of male natives chatting innocently at corners with their hands in their pockets continually. Yet it is all but a fair outside. There is no trusting to that air of rigid propriety which most villages are accustomed to bear. Could any one see behind the vizard, he would generally find things far from being what they should be. We have, for our part, so strong a belief to this effect, that we scarcely ever enter a village without falling into a speculation about the occult delinquencies of the place; bethinking us what drinkings, what quarrellings, what irregularities of all kinds go on even in the demurest houses, and what a fearful summation the statistics of sin may

present in the hands of the minister at the end of the year.

The heaviest sin of all villages not consisting merely of farm labourers is drink. A village, after the manner of Gauls, eats its ale, drinks its ale, sleeps upon its ale, and, well may we add, all its ail is ale. In Scotland, for ale read whisky, and the whole case is perfect. The village never believes that it drinks much, or is the worse of liquor in any way. It rather has an idea that it walks through life with a remarkable degree of abstinence—that it starves itself in drink rather than otherwise. The remotest idea of excess never enters its head, even while that is aching from the effects of it; and were any one to tell it that it was a drunken village, it would bristle up, all virtuous indignation, and deny the fact flatly. Yet the village is a drunken village for all that. All villages, with the exceptions specified, and perhaps some others, are so.

There is a remarkable specimen of a drunken village in the neighbourhood of our own city; namely, the fishing village of Newhaven. A curious primitive place it is, and one of the native seats of those singularly-dressed fishwomen whom strangers are never tired to remark on the streets of Edinburgh, which they daily perambulate, selling their fish from huge baskets carried on their backs. The men work as fishers and pilots, the women carry fish to town, and thus a good deal of money is made amongst them. Nevertheless, it is an eminently mean-looking and filthy village; so very much so, indeed, that one had better, for the sake of his shoes and his olfactory sense, avoid passing through it. The explanation is—drink.

It appears from a document drawn up by one of the people themselves—one, however, who has a dislike of better things, and wishes to reform his neighbours—that there are *thirty-three public-houses* in Newhaven, being one for every sixty persons in the village. If children are left out of sight, as they ought to be, it will be observed what a small number of the productive labourers of the place undertake to support a family for the supplying of themselves with liquor. Although, therefore, no doubt, consume not a little liquor in the place, perhaps it would not be too much to say that every dozen families in Newhaven maintain a public-house out of their earnings. The worthy fisherman who is endeavouring to collect information says—“Suppose that each public-house draws on an average 15s. a day, in a year this will amount to £3003, 15s. Suppose that one-third of the population, or 1400, spend on strong drinks 6d. per day, in a year this will amount to £2602, 10s.” He adds—“One wholesale spirit merchant confesses that he draws from the public-houses of Newhaven £100 per week. There are three or four others who supply them with strong drinks. Suppose that among these another £100 is taken. In a year, £200 per week amounts to £10,400. Take the average of those sums as the truth, and we have, as the annual sum spent on intoxicating drinks in Newhaven, £1585, 8s. 4d., or, in round numbers, £1500. These calculations are purposely made at low rates. Any one who knows the customs of the place, and the high rents and licenses charged for public-houses, will perceive that much higher sums might have been fixed on.” [True indeed.]

“*Get on now,*” he continues, “calculate what good might be done with the £1500 thus foolishly squandered.

Clothing for 600 men and women, at £3 each, . . .	1800
Clothing for the rest of the population of the village, namely, the young, 1400, at 3s. each, . . .	2100
House-rents for 400 families, at £5, . . .	2000
Education for 300 children, at 1s., . . .	300
Sittings in the house of God for 1600, or half of the population, at 5s., . . .	220
Say that there are 30 couples married every year, allow each couple £20 for providing and furniture, this would amount to, . . .	600
£5 a year to each of 100 poor persons, . . .	500
Ten boats might be built yearly, at £25 each, . . .	250
For the repair of old boats, . . .	220
Three missionaries to the heathen, at £200 each, . . .	600
	£1500

After all this, we have only to add, as a crowner, a passage from the notice of Newhaven in the ‘New Statistical Account of Scotland’:—‘This Newhaven colony is pre-eminent over others for its sober, industrious, and *peaceable habits*.’ Quite so; this is what Newhaven thinks of itself no doubt. And yet, as we see, it annually drinks up, at the very lowest computation, some eight or nine thousand pounds’ worth of whisky!

PRESENCE OF THE PAST.

WITHIN sweeping, one day in a steamer along the shores of the magnificent Clyde, our attention was arrested with unusual force by a very common natural phenomenon. The margin of the river, with its undulating line of trees, cottages, and villas, glided rapidly past, and was lost almost instantaneously to our view; while the parallel at some distance beyond—of trees, cottages, and villas—journeyed in the same direction with ourselves, following pace by pace our headlong flight, and haunting us like a passion.

The nearer parallel, thought we, is the Present, and the more distant, the Past. The one flies, the other follows; the one is temporary—the other perpetual. The things and beings, the actions and sufferings, the sentiments and sensations of the hour, glide away from us as soon as they are seen, touched, or felt; but when thus lost, as it were, in the material part, the spiritual remains, and the deeds of a day return to haunt us for years and epochs in the phantoms of the past. How vain is it to say, ‘It is past—think no more of it!’ It is only then thought begins. The present has fled, but the past remains. The present may have moved or stirred, excited wonder and laughter, or drawn blood and tears; but its action is temporary—the excitement dies away, the gut is healed anew, the mind is rid, the scar is forgotten, the wound is healed. The past, on the other hand, is perpetual. Its forms being unsubstantial, can never be destroyed; and addressing themselves immediately to the soul, without the agency of the senses, they can never be invisible. They enter into our moral being; they are the paradigm of our mind; they form and fix our characters; and, by means of a natural reaction of the inner upon the outer being, they mould even the expression of our physiognomies.

Such power could not exist in the ephemeral things of the present. The brow is not wrinkled, or the heart indurated, or the spirit broken, in a day or a year. Neither does the eye become habitually bright, or the mind habitually cheerful, from such fleeting influences. Wherever you see indications of thought, whether happy or melancholy, you may be assured the individual is in the hands, either for good or bad, of the spirits of the past.

We say of a hardened felon that a long course of crime has made him callous. What long course of crime? How many grave offences has he perpetrated?—two—three—half-a-dozen? What time did each occupy?—a minute—an hour—a day? Over what space were they distributed?—thirty—forty—fifty years? It is manifest that these were not enough, of themselves, to produce such a result. The man is obviously the victim of the past. It has haunted him from his first crime; he has lived among its guilty shadows; there has been no vacant space between crime and crime; he has never ceased for one instant to be a felon; and death can now have no terrors for him, since it is only a plunge into that world he already knows so well—the horrible past.

But the past operates for good as well as for evil. The works of the generous and merciful follow them,

the hiding-places of books; for the flying fame of our love had already spread in all directions, and it was reported, not only that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favour by quarts than by money. . . . Books, heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and nauseous; lay lifeless; covered, indeed, with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen were now seen reposing in dust and ashes—given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these, nevertheless, as time served, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of apothecaries; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.

The learned bibliophile goes on to relate that, in his 'fabled embassies, and in perilous times,' he carried about with him 'that fondness for books which many waters could not extinguish; for this, like a certain drug, sweetened the wornwood of peregrination; this, after the perplexing intricacies, scrupulous circumlocutions of debate, and almost inextricable labyrinth of public business, left an opening for a little while to breathe the temperate air of a milder atmosphere. . . . What a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatic; there flourishing greenhouses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads, trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics. There, in very deed, with an open treasury and untied purse-strings, we scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable works from dirt and dust.'

Bacon compares books and ships, and says, if the latter are to be commended, 'how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions the one of the other.' And we read in Beaumont and Fletcher—

That play that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.

It appears that the booksellers of antiquity, in common with those of the middle ages and of the present time, were accustomed to affix their names to the works they published; from which it has often happened that in ancient manuscripts the bookseller's name has been taken for that of the author. According to Beckford, the 'Vita Excellentissimi Imperatorum,' generally regarded as the work of Cornelius Nepos, was for many years attributed to a bookseller of the time of the Emperor Theodosius, Eudilius Probus, under whose name the book had been subsequently printed.

The most ancient mention of a trade in books among the Greeks is found in Xenophon, who relates that the Thracians, inhabiting the shores of the Black Sea, set apart a portion of the coast for the pillage of wrecked vessels. 'They find,' he says, 'upon this shore great quantity of beds, coffers, books, and other movables, which the mariners carry in chests.' And we have the authority of Diogenes Laertius for believing that not only were there booksellers at Athens in the time of Zeno the Stoic, 300 years before Christ, but that even thus early a species of literary meetings were held. Such, at least, is the inference from a passage in the 'Life of Zeno' by the author just cited. 'Zeno, at the age of thirty, came to Athens, where he seated himself near the shop of a bookseller, who was reading aloud the second book of "Xenophon's Memorabilia." Struck with the recital, he inquired where such men could be found. Crates happening to pass at this moment, the bookseller pointed him out to Zeno, saying, "You have only to follow him." From which time he became a disciple of Crates.'

The titles of books were often printed, in large characters, on the fronts of the shops where they were exposed for sale. The third epigram of the first book of Martial appears to have been intended to be thus exhibited. Its title is, 'Reader, on the Place where the Author's Books are Sold.'

Those who desirest to have my books everywhere with

thee, and wishest to make them the companions of thy distant journey, buy those which the parchment holds between two short covers. Leave the thick volumes to libraries. However, that thou mayst know where they are sold, and that thou mayst not go running over the whole city, I will serve thee as guide. Go, find Secundus, the freedman of the learned Lascaris, behind the temple of Peace and the market of Pallas.

The earliest recognised specimen of printing in the Greek character is the grammar by Constantine Lascaris, 'Grammatica Græca Græcè,' &c. printed at Milan in 1476. The volume consists of seventy-two leaves, of which the first two contain a preface in Greek, with a Latin translation by Demetrius Cretensis, the editor.

The first Greek book printed in France was published at Paris by the celebrated printer Gilles Gourmond, in 1507, and was soon followed by others. It was a quarto, entitled 'Biblos e (innou)thirike,' containing the Greek alphabet, the sayings of the Seven Sages, a short treatise on envy, the golden verses of Pythagoras, the moral poem of Phocylides, the verses of the Erythraean sylvia upon the last judgment, and a dissertation upon the difference of voices.

Printing in Greek was introduced into England in 1543; the first specimen was an edition of the 'Homilies' of St Chrysostom. Up to the year 1599, the printers in Scotland possessed neither Greek nor Hebrew types; the spaces intended to be occupied by words in either of those languages were left blank in the books, and filled in afterwards by hand.

Italic types derive their origin from the cursive characters employed in the chancery at Rome, and their name from the country in which they were first used. They have been sometimes designated 'Venetian letters,' because the first punches from which they were struck were made at Venice; and 'Aldine letters,' from having been invented by Aldus Manutius.

In 1567, types in the Saxon character were cast for the first time in England, by J. Daye, for the editions of 'Asserius Menevensis,' 'Adrian's Easter Homily,' and the 'Gospels.' The introduction of Chinese types into Europe is due to the learned Kircher, who superintended the casting of them in 1658. The most ancient specimen of Scottish printing is a collection entitled, 'The Portraits of Nobles,' translated out of French in Scottish, Edinburgh, 1584. A license had been granted by James IV. to Walter Chapman and Andrew Millar, merchants of that city, to establish a press in 1597. It was some years later before the 'nobler art' reached Ireland. The first printing in Dublin was in 1581; and in 1631, one hundred years after, the first Latin work, 'Gotteschiel et Prædestinatione Controversie,' by James Usher, was printed in that country.

But the history of books is as endless as their tendency. Feltham says that 'idle books are the licensed follies of the age. . . . The comparison was very apt, in the excellent Pintarch, that we ought to regard books as we would do sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomest; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most.' According to the author of Hudibras—

'The sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on the account of books.'

Not so, however, the student, or he who loves to converse with the untragic. In the words of Zimmerman—'Reading brings us, in our most leisure hours, to the conversation of men of the most enlightened genius, and presents us with all their discoveries. We enjoy, in the same moment, the company of the learned and the ignorant; of the wise man and the blockhead; and we are taught how to avoid the follies of the human mind, without having any share in their bad effects.' Seneca again tells us—'The mind is nourished at a cheap rate: neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise.'

We may range at will over the whole typographical domain, explore its intricacies, or pass lightly from one sunny spot to another, saying with Pope—

'Sworn to no master, of no sect am I;
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne new, and now with Locke.'

Or, contemplating the multifarious rows of books, piled high from floor to ceiling, we may feel, with Crabbe, that

They give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:

Their aid they yield to all : they never shun
The man of sorrow nor the wretch undone :
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd.
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.

Printing with movable types was first introduced into Strasburg by John Mentell, or Mentelin. Letters of nobility were granted to him in 1466 by the Emperor Frederick III., and, owing probably to his profession of illuminator, he was admitted the following year of the corporation of painters. He died in 1478, and was buried in the cathedral of Strasburg, where a monument was afterwards erected to his memory. It bears the following inscription, surmounted by a sculptured printing-press:—“I repose here, John Mentelin, who, by the grace of God, was the first to invent in Strasburg the characters of printing, by means of which a man will write more in a day than formerly in a year.”

The first work by Mentell bearing a date is the voluminous ‘Speculum’ of Vincent de Beauvais in ten volumes folio. The publication extended over a period of three years, from 1473 to 1476. Even at that time it appears to have been the custom to circulate advertising catalogues. At the beginning of the present century, two small Latin prospectuses were discovered containing a list of the works printed by Mentell. The first of the two is now in the Royal Library at Paris, an octavo leaf, printed on one side. ‘All those who wish to buy the Epistles of St Augustin, bishop of Hippo, in which they will find not only all the graces of eloquence, but further, the explanation of the most difficult passages of the Holy Scriptures, &c. are requested to come to this shop (*l’impression*), where they will find them, as well as the following works.’ Among the authors indicated are Virgil, Terence, Josephus, and Valerius Maximus. The second catalogue was found pasted inside the cover of a book in the Royal Library at Munich. The style is nearly the same as that of the preceding:—‘Let him who desires to purchase the present and other books come to the shop mentioned below; he will find a bookseller who will hasten to sell them to him.’ Four Latin treatises are then enumerated.

Such are a few stray gleanings in the boundless fields of bibliography and literature. The pleasure experienced in the search for rare facts, and for what poets and philosophers have written concerning books, is not less than that derived from their perusal, so beautifully expressed in the following lines from a volume of Westall’s Milton:

‘In the dim rogu, upon the sofa hilled,
Wild books strewed round as thick as wild flowers culled;
How oft has Spenser’s vast and varied lay
Changed Pan’s fierce imps to Paladins and Fays!
Or Falstaff’s wit, or Milton’s solemn strain,
Cheered this weak frame and flagging sense again.
Oh books—oh blessings—could the yellow ore
That countess sparkles in the Lydian store
Vie with the wealth ye lately flung round me!
That even forgetfulness of agony,
With which beneath the garden’s cooling breeze
(July’s hot face) still flashing through the trees
Shew stole the fever of disease away,
White, bent o’er Tasso’s sunken-written lay,
His own Armida in that hour of bliss
Shot to my heart a renovating kiss:
Till with Rinaldo I rushed forth afar,
Where loud on Zion burst the Red Cross War.’

A GUANO LOCALITY.

BY A VISITOR.

THE southern coasts of Africa are almost entirely destitute of harbours or shelter for shipping—the only safe and commodious one is situated on the south-west coast, in latitude 33 degrees 8 minutes south, and about seventy miles northwards from Cape Town. It is known as Saldanha Bay, and is within Cape Colony; but, until the last two years, it had been scarcely visited at all, except by voyagers who had occasion to make such repairs as require a vessel to be hove down, and for this purpose it affords much greater facilities than the comparatively troubled waters of Table Bay. Last year some attention was called to this bay by the visit of a large number of vessels, for the purpose of obtaining the guano which abounded upon some of its islets; and since that period, about 40,000 tons have been removed from these barren and desert shores to fertilise our own land. From north

to south, the bay has an extent of about twenty-five miles, and its breadth may be about seven. There are three small islands near its entrance bearing the names of Jutten, Malagas, and Marcus islands. Between Jutten island and the main shore is a wide passage, deep enough for vessels of almost any burden. Malagas island was covered with guano several feet in depth, and the captains of numerous vessels that were sent out to search the coast for the supposed nitrate of soda were glad to come here and take home cargoes of guano. The anchorage under this island is not very good, and the surf is heavy, so that most of the vessels lay in Hoeks Bay, where they were completely sheltered. Nearly a hundred vessels were there at one time taking in guano. The colonial government, which levied a duty of £1.1 per ton upon all guano removed, erected a temporary stage, to the end of which, the guano having been previously dried in the sun, was wheeled in barrows, and discharged into the boats.

Many boatmen and labourers from Cape Town, as well as those brought by the ships, and parties of the crews, lived in tents upon this island for a considerable time, digging, drying, and carrying the guano, so that quite a little town was formed. The butchers of Cape Town sent men to slaughter the cattle and sheep which the farmers of the interior drove down in large quantities as supplies for the ships. Saldanha Bay then presented a scene of life and animation, contrasted to its state before and since. No one can walk among its barren sand-hills, where no sound is audible but that of the ocean, without feeling the most oppressive loneliness. Shooting parties were often formed to chase the antelopes and baboons, which at one time abounded in the neighbourhood, but soon retired before the guns of the sportsmen. The baboons are about four feet in height, and of a fierce disposition, and, from their agility in scrambling among the rocks, are not easily shot. The writer was the spectator upon one occasion of a young baboon, which had been slightly wounded by a musket-ball, seizing a good-sized dog, and ripping it open with his powerful teeth. Having thus rid himself of one of his pursuers, he retreated among some rocks, and could not afterwards be found. There are also hares and rabbits, and other varieties of small game.

Ostriches, too, inhabit this sandy district, but, owing to their extraordinary sleekness, seldom fall a prey to man, who is obliged to content himself with their eggs, which are found laid upon the sand to hatch. One egg makes a very respectable meal for two persons, the contents being reckoned about equal to twenty-five hen’s eggs. There are plenty of sea-fowl—penguins, ducks, shags, gannets, &c.—whose presence has rendered the soil of the islets so valuable. There are also many varieties of noxious snakes, of which the cobra di capella and the puff adder are the worst. Now that the vessels have left the place, it has reassumed its former solitariness, and the game is returning as before. A friend of the writer, when on a visit to the spot one day, killed an ostrich for the consumption of his crew, and hung it upon a triangle in front of the tent in which he slept ashore. He was awakened in the middle of the night by an unusual noise, and on looking cautiously out underneath the tent, he perceived a large leopard (called by the colonists a tiger) fixed on the carcass, and tearing away the flesh with his teeth and claws. Being without arms of any description, he naturally felt some alarm at first; but as he was not inclined to put up with a total loss of the meat, he threw a large stone at the beast, which immediately had the effect of making it decamp.

On Marcus island eggs are laid in great quantities by ducks and other sea-birds. An old man who obtains a livelihood by collecting them, and sending them by the boatmen to Cape Town, is the sole inhabitant. The northern part of the bay is separated from the southern, which is called the lagoon or river, by the two islands Schapen and Meeuwen, which are also great egg-depositories. Schapen, which is the largest

of the tree, is nearly a mile in diameter. It has a small spring of fresh water upon it close to the sea, and it abounds with rabbits. The lagoon extends about eight miles to the south-east, and at its extremity are some flats, where good salt may be obtained. In many places it is shallow, and full of sand-banks; but there is a narrow channel, varying from two to four fathoms in depth, coming in on the east side of Schapen island, and running a considerable distance inland, where the stream, from the tide, is contracted, and runs with a velocity of three, or four miles an hour. In the dry summer season the south-east wind frequently blows with much violence, and drifts the sand of the sea shore into dunes, which cover and destroy the bushes, sometimes for more than a mile inland; but if there were any inhabitants, this might be remedied without great difficulty by planting trees along the shore to windward. In many places on the east part of the bay water may be found within a few feet of the surface. Thus from a well about five or six feet deep was got, and was used to supply the ship, by the government resident, who has the superintendence of the bay, and the care of the government land. The supposed defect of water is without foundation, at least as compared with the colony generally; and there is no doubt that a sufficient supply may be had at any time, on any part of the shore, by boring to a moderate depth. To the east the rocks are all grey granite; in the bay there is a large quantity of limestone, and some of it is of a fine quality found. The bay contains a plentiful supply of good fish, very few, however, resembling the European species; and thousands of divers and other animals may be seen pursuing and devouring them. A few sea-serpents were seen on the beach, but in small numbers. It is a pity for want of a sufficient market. A single store, at which most common articles may be obtained, a cottage or two close to the shore, and a few thatched houses a few miles inland, are all that there is, and for many miles of this extensive bay. One of the houses, about seven miles from the sea, is called Witte Kluis, from a large white stone on the hill above it, which, owing to its elevated position, is a conspicuous object from most parts of the coast. Here is a powerful spring of water, very slightly brackish. The proprietor is a Dutch trader, and owner of the land for some miles along the north side of the bay. He cultivates scarcely anything, leaving it in its natural state, and allowing his cattle to feed on it. Most of the land around is a light sandy soil covered with bracken, with very little grass in summer, as there is not sufficient moisture in this dry climate.

With respect to what has been the chief product of this place—the guano—it has generally been supposed to be the droppings of sea-birds accumulated in large quantities. This opinion may be correct as to what which comes from the coast of Peru, but is not strictly so of African guano. Both that which was procured at Saldanha Bay, and that at Ichaboe, some way farther along the same coast, was largely mixed with other substances. Some captain not inaptly compared it to a mixture of bad snuff and rotten fat. A few years since, the seals and other marine animals along this coast were seized with a fatal epidemic, which caused them to crawl upon the rocks, and die in myriads. In this part rain seldom or ever falls; and the dead bodies, after undergoing partial decomposition, became dried in the sun, and were overlaid by the droppings of the birds. This was the manner in which the guano was formed into beds of such depth. In digging into it, the remains of fur seals were found in abundance. The preservation and accumulation of these animal deposits is caused by the climate, rain—as in Egypt in a similar latitude north—seldom falling to wash them away. There is also a great similarity between the climate of the African and Peruvian coasts in the want of rain; and it has been conjectured, not without probability, that there may be a field for guano enterprise under the same parallel of latitude on the little-explored

coasts of New Holland. Many of the guano speculations were extremely lucrative. The guano cost nothing but 1.1 a-ton to the colonial government for license to remove it, and the labour of loading, and it sold in England for prices averaging from 1.6 to 1.8 per ton. The ships sent out were generally old, and hardly fit for any other service.

AN IMPORTATION.

We have just received a somewhat unexpected present from the United States—a reprint of the first part of 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' purporting to be published by C. B. Zeiber and Co., Philadelphia. Over the republication of this work in America we of course possess no control, nor shall we reap any advantage from it, if successful. This, however, is not the point.

The original edition of the *Information for the People*, published by us in Edinburgh, was issued at 12s. 9d.; the imitative edition, now issued in Philadelphia, we observe is to cost 18s. 9d.; being an addition of 5s. to the price, or an advance of 30 per cent., without the slightest counterbalancing advantage as to paper and print. Were we permitted to land our goods in the United States free of the custom-house duty, which is 30 per cent., we should be enabled to sell the book in question at precisely the same price in New York or Philadelphia as we charge it in London—the cost of transit across the Atlantic being too small on large quantities to make any difference worth speaking of. This custom-house duty on land is the American levy on the plea of protecting native industry; and the duty on low-priced books, such as ours, has the effect pretty nearly of an entire prohibition: the trade is so hampered, that it is not worth carrying it on. What is, practically, the consequence? The American publishers, having no fear of competition before their eyes, lay 30 per cent. on our productions. In all probability 20,000 copies of the *Information for the People* will be sold in the States; and thus 20,000 persons will each have to pay 6s. more for a copy of that work than they need have done had we been suffered to supply them. Or, to put the proposition in another shape: the country at large will be called on to contribute £6,000 in order to support Messrs Zeiber and Company's monopoly. This £6,000 may be a very good thing for these publishers, but is there any imperative necessity for taxing the whole nation for their special advantage? Would the nation not be better off if each of the 20,000 persons so taxed was to keep his 6s. in his pocket to pay for other things—necessaries or luxuries—which he might require?

Another equally instructive example may be taken. The Americans have for years reprinted the present *Journal for Circulation in the United States*; the charge made for each copy being equal to twopence-halfpenny, or a penny more than the price of the original. The impression, we are told, is 5000 copies, and therefore purchasers may be said to be mulcted of 5000 pence, or £20 weekly, merely to support the establishment of a New York printer.

In these small affairs we have a fine example of the manner in which protective duties usually operate—a nation at large taxed to benefit one or two individuals! Slightly altering the language of Junius, we may truly say that 'protection is the madness of many for the gain of a few.' Possibly the people of the United States imagine that they are doing a very commendable thing in excluding our works, and the works of other British writers, from their market, in order to foster native

Brünnow says it has a diameter of two or three seconds. This grand discovery has nearly doubled the bounds of the solar system. Sir John Herschel states, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, that Mr Adams, a young mathematician, had been engaged in a similar investigation, and had arrived at conclusions nearly coinciding with Leverrier's.

At a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Leverrier presented a fifth and final memoir on the new planet, which M. Arago proposes to be called Neptune. M. Leverrier has since been raised to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour, and M. Gaile to that of Chevalier of the same order. Mr Russell of Liverpool has announced his discovery of a satellite, and suspicion of a ring in connexion with the new planet.

The following *jeu d'esprit* on this subject appears in the *Athenæum* under the title of ASTRONOMICAL POLICE REPORT:—

An ill looking kind of body, who declined to give any name, was brought before the Academy of Sciences, charged with having assaulted a gentleman of the name of Uranus in the public highway. The prosecutor was a youngish-looking person, wrapped up in two or three greatcoats, and looked chillier than anything imaginable, except the prisoner, whose teeth absolutely shook all the time.

Policeman Leverrier stated that he saw the prosecutor walking along the pavement, and sometimes turning sideways, and sometimes running up to the railings and jerking about in a strange way. Calculated that somebody must be pulling the coat, or otherwise assaulting him. It was so dark, that he could not see; but thought, if he watched the direction in which the next odd move was made, he might find out something. When the time came, he set Brünnow, a constable in another division of the same force, to watch where he told him; and Brünnow caught the prisoner lurking about in the very spot, trying to look a if he was minding his own business. Had suspected for a long time that somebody was lurking about in the neighbourhood. Brünnow was then called, and deposed to his catching the prisoner as described.

M. Arago.—Was the prosecutor sober?

Leverrier.—Lord! yes, your worship; no man who had a drop in him ever looks so cold as he did.

M. Arago.—Did you see the assault?

Leverrier.—I can't say I did; but I told Brünnow exactly how he'd be crouched down—just as he was.

M. Arago (to Brünnow).—Did you see the assault?

Brünnow.—No, your worship; but I caught the prisoner.

M. Arago.—How do you know there was any assault at all?

Leverrier.—I reckoned it couldn't be otherwise, when I saw the prosecutor making those odd turns on the pavement.

M. Arago.—You reckon and you calculate! Why, you'll tell me next that you policemen may sit at home and find out all that's going on in the streets by arithmetic. Did you ever bring a case of this kind before me till now?

Leverrier.—Why, you see, your worship, the police are growing cleverer and cleverer every day. We can't help it—it grows upon us.

M. Arago.—You're getting too clever for me. What does the prosecutor know about the matter?

The prosecutor said all he knew was that he was pulled behind by somebody several times. On being further examined, he said that he had seen the prisoner often, but did not know his name, nor how he got his living; but had understood he was called Neptune. He himself had paid rates and taxes a good many years now. Had a family of two of whom got their own living.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, said that it was a quarrel. He had pushed the prosecutor, and the prosecutor had pushed him. They had known each other a long time, and were always quarrelling—he did not know why. It was their nature, he supposed. He further said that the prosecutor had given a false account of himself—that he went about under different names. Sometimes he was called Uranus, sometimes Herschel, and sometimes Georgium Sidus, and he had no character for regularity in the neighbourhood. Indeed he was sometimes not to be seen for a long time at once.

The prosecutor, on being asked, admitted, after a little hesitation, that he had pushed and pulled the prisoner too. In the altercation which followed, it was found very difficult to make out which began; and the worthy magistrate seemed to think they must have begun together.

M. Arago.—Prisoner, have you any family?

The prisoner declined answering that question at present. He said he thought the police might as well reckon it out whether he had or not.

M. Arago said he didn't much differ from that opinion. He then addressed both prosecutor and prisoner, and told them that if they couldn't settle their differences without quarrelling in the streets, he should certainly commit them both next time. In the meantime, he called upon both to enter into their own recognisances; and directed the police to have an eye upon both, observing that the prisoner would be likely to wait it a long time, and the prosecutor would not be a hair the worse for it.

DAY-DAWN.

THE first low fluttering breath of wakening day
Stars the wide air. Thin clouds of pearly haze
Float slowly o'er the sky, to meet the rays
Of the unrisen sun—whose faint beams play
Among the drooping stars, kissing away
Their waning eyes to slumber. From the gaze,
Like snow-veils at approach of vernal days,
The moon's pale spectral melts into the gray.
Glad ocean quivers to the gentle gleams
Of rosy light, that touch his glorious brow,
And murmurs joy with all his thousand streams,
And earth's fair face is mantling with a glow,
Like youthful beauty's, in its chanceful hue,
When slumbers, rich with dreams, are bidding her adieu.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

ADIEU my youth! Without our sight adieu!
Dreams, enchantments, struggles, longings, dreams,
Delusions, follies—no light load meaneven!
Take all! Give to the winds thy rethine.
The mind, swollen out with mists which hide Kom view
A host of daring thoughts that scorn the wise—
And wanda me love, fresh arrows, as he flies,
Indivisible still—and hatreds fierce, though few!
An eye serene and still, my soul, sore tried
With earthly warfare, courts. My youth adieu!
But not adieu for ever. Yet again,
I trust to meet—to dwell in thee—not vain,
And frail, and fallen, as now, but born anew,
Faintless, redeemed, immortal, glorified!

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LADIES.

The French ladies are certainly very artificial in all their movements, owing to the training which they undergo from infancy. Everything is done for effect, from the first curling of their infantine locks to the day of marriage: if matrimony be their destiny—attitude and appearance are continually studied. Their education is extremely artificial; and the instances of accomplished minds incomparably more rare than among our English ladies, who are, after all, superior to women in every other part of the world. Unfortunately for their fame, the French do not often meet in the provincial parts of France the bright examples of intellectual culture, of high polish and fascinating address, which distinguish so large a portion of the wives and daughters of Great Britain. When such individuals do appear among the motley crew of British travellers or residents in France, their true elegance of bearing and graces of character are duly estimated by the French gentry, who have a quick perception of what is noble and *distingué*. From the habit of appearing early at school exhibitions, French ladies acquire generally an unembarrassed manner, and never betray the *mauvaise honte* which a timid English girl so frequently evinces when brought into notice; and yet there is something far more interesting in the diffidence of the latter, even if it be accompanied with a little *coquetterie* at first, than in the confident look and unconcern of the girl who can bear the gaze of many strangers without confusion, and exhibit her talents without any nervous apprehension or distrust in her power of pleasing.—*Thierry's Normandy*.

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TWO DAYS IN MANCHESTER.

I MIGHT, with greater propriety, call them Two Rainy Days in Manchester, for the rain fell pretty nearly without intermission, forming, with the smoke of the many chimneys, that damp bluish kind of atmosphere which seems indigenous to large manufacturing towns. And yet, somehow, I did not mind this aerial peculiarity. I had been invited to attend a series of meetings indicative of vigorous social progress, and with buoyant spirits I looked on the rain, and the smoke, and the wet streets as very unimportant matters. How true that it is the *spirituelle*, not the *physique*, from which the mind draws its true pleasures and consolations!

What a day was the 21st of October to visit parks! But cabs are omnipotent. One of these obliging conveniences carried me with the greatest alacrity from point to point, through long lines of street, down and up lanes, and along open pieces of road in sundry directions, so as to afford me what I had long wished to have—a look of the now somewhat famous parks of Manchester. Although one should no more visit fields than buy fowls in a rainy day, I think that, on the whole, I obtained a tolerably accurate notion of these places of public resort; perhaps better than could have been procured in more favourable weather; for I learned from eyesight that, even during the rain, these parks are resorted to by workmen during their leisure time. It is certainly something to know that mechanics, glad of recreation, will play at nine-pins under an ungenial sky, in preference to indulging in what would seem the more seasonable attractions of the tap.

My first visit was to the Peel Park. This is situated in Salford, within the western environs, on the banks of the Irwell, and is the nearest of the three parks to the centre of the town. In this direction factories are not thickly set down, and the air is therefore purer, as well as the district more open, than is the case in other quarters. Driving along the street towards the outskirts of the town, we find the entrance to the park, the approach on the right-hand side with its porter's lodge, resembling the gate of a gentleman's grounds. Formerly, the place—Lark Hill—was private property, and a large brick mansion-house stands within the enclosure, on the edge of a bank which overlooks the lower division of the park. The grounds extend altogether to thirty-two acres, which cost £10,375—something like the original value of the house, which is included in the bargain. By an arrangement with a coterminous proprietor, the park may hereafter receive an addition of fifty-five acres. In its present dimensions, however, it offers considerable space for walking and out-door sports. Broad gravelled promenades wind round and across the grounds; here and there are clumps of trees and shrubs; adjoining

the Irwell are several cleared and levelled spaces for bowls and other games; and elsewhere are poles and other gymnastic apparatus. The central part is mostly a flat green expanse, suitable for the gambols of children; and along the borders, at intervals, are flowers, and some interesting exotic plants. Not the least of the beauties of the park is its diversity of surface. The upper part, near the entrance, is seventy feet higher than the lawn beyond; and from the walk on the woody eminence an agreeable view is obtained of the distant country, and also of the Irwell, which makes one of its most remarkable bends round a grassy meadow opposite the grounds. When the trees and shrubs in the parterres are more fully grown, the charm of the prospect will of course be considerably enhanced. Bad as the day was when I visited the park, there were, as I have hinted, two or three parties of workmen pursuing games on the spaces near the river; and some children, making a wondrously successful effort to be merry, were most energetically playing about the swings, the poles, and the see-saws. The spectacle of recreation in circumstances so unpropitious, suggested an evident want in these otherwise complete pleasure-grounds—I mean some kind of shelter, beneath which those who resort to the park might find refuge during showery weather; and if to this shelter were added a reading-room on a humble and easily-supported scale, I should consider that a great purpose of public utility had been fulfilled. Yet, at the outset, one should not grumble over deficiencies, or expect too much to be done. Time will develop and also supply what is wanted; the thing advancing to perfection according to the degree of estimation in which it is held by the working-classes and their families.

From the Peel Park we drove to the Queen's Park, the ride taking us through Manchester in a north-easterly direction, and finally bringing us to the second milestone on the Rochdale road. At this distance the town is left behind, and we may be said to be in the country, with views of green fields and trees in different directions; although, as I imagined, rather far from town, it appears that the park is advantageously situated for the nearer and more densely-peopled suburbs, to whose toiling and pent-up inhabitants it offers a convenient resort. The Rochdale road bounds the whole east side of the park; and entering by the nearest gateway, I found that the ground sloped thence by easy gradations towards a species of ravine on the west. Like the park I had previously visited, this had formerly been a gentleman's pleasure-ground, the well-built stone mansion still remaining within the enclosures. The general appearance was less raw than that of the Peel Park. Previous to its conversion to public uses, the park was ornamented with well-grown timber, and the walks and shrubberies had attained a

mature and agreeable aspect. The ground also possesses much natural beauty. From the banks, which decline from the higher eminence, there are extensive prospects over the valley of the Irk, which flows obscurely in the gorge on the further boundary. The drives and walks, which go round or diagonally cross the park, disclose numerous pretty spots, decorated as flower-gardens, or embellished with ponds and rills of water. Seats are placed at convenient distances; and on one side are the same kind of cleared spaces for bowls and gymnasia as are observable in the Peel Park. A May-pole is erected on the lawn in front of the house; while in this, as in the other parks, there are separate playgrounds for girls, where skipping-ropes, battledore, and swings may be freely enjoyed.

I need hardly say that I was much pleased with the beauty of this well-laid-out pleasure-ground, which includes a space of thirty acres, and, with the mansion-house—Hardham Hall—cost £7250.

The Philips Park, which completes the trio, formed the last object of pilgrimage, and involved another long ride through the town. The distance is said to be nearly two miles east of the Exchange; but, nevertheless, within the environs of the park is a population of at least fifty thousand, chiefly of the classes most needing the advantages of a public place of the kind. The approach is somewhat awkward, and will require amendment; but when once gained, the park is found to be more bold and varied in surface than the others, consisting of high knolls, with much broken ground, and a pretty little natural amphitheatre sloping down to the river Medlock. The greater part of the area is laid out as an open pleasure, divided by two foot-paths into three spaces, and these again intersected by a rivulet, which is here and there collected into ponds, and crossed by rustic bridges. In their previous condition the grounds had few trees, and consequently the surface will exhibit a somewhat bare aspect until the young plantations come up. In the lower division, or amphitheatre, are situated the usual gymnasia and spots for out-door games. The entire extent of the Philips Park is thirty-one acres, and the cost, including a few buildings, was £7300.

Another park, I understand, has been projected, at a suitable distance from the others, but its purchase remains in abeyance for lack of funds. What has been achieved, however, does infinite credit to Manchester and its inhabitants. The scheme of establishing public parks for the free resort of the community was set on foot in June 1844, and in August 1846 the grounds I have spoken of were opened, and handed over in trust to the civic corporations of Manchester and Salford. Never before was such munificence displayed for any public or philanthropic object. Five individuals or firms contributed a thousand pounds each, the list being headed by Sir Robert Peel; and five thousand pounds were contributed by other ten parties. Twenty-two thousand pounds were contributed by general subscription, making a total of £32,000 gathered in this way; and this sum, increased by a grant of £3000 from a fund sanctioned by parliament, enabled the committee of management to make the requisite purchases and outlays.

I am almost sorry that this noble effort was in any respect indebted to funds at the disposal of government; so much more creditable is it to help ourselves than to seek assistance from others; and least of all did Manchester, with its wealth and its intelligence, need any such aid. If there be any excuse, it consists in the

many useful institutions which the town ungrudgingly supports—the many things it has lately done in the way of physical and social improvement. It was no doubt a sort of jubilee of the feelings that attracted me to this vast hive of industry; yet I had reason to perceive that good deeds are no mere holiday parade of the men of Manchester. Lancashire, altogether, is a remarkable section of England, and deserves to be better known and spoken of than has hitherto been its fate. With manufacturing industry is usually associated the idea of narrow intellect and grovelling habits; but a few days' residence in Manchester would dispel all such fancies. In this and the surrounding district there is a larger demand for literature and objects of taste than in any part of England out of the metropolis. The race of cotton lords, who avouched being guiltless of having ever read a book, are either gone, like the non-reading squires of ancient date, or are becoming daily more scarce. The middle-aged and young minds of Manchester are fortunately of a different stamp; and as a taste for improvement proceeds in an increasing ratio, it may be said that few youths would now be seen addicting themselves to the exploded indulgences of their fathers.

A very considerable impetus to public improvement appears to have been given by the establishment of a mayoralty and town-council on the usual plan. Long was the introduction of such a civic administration matter for vexatious dispute; but now, I believe, every one is satisfied. The corporation has done wonders. Formerly, the town was a confused jumble of narrow streets and antique lares, with little to admire in architecture. The clearing up has been prodigious. Various new streets are opened, others are in contemplation, and handsome stone edifices are everywhere starting into existence. Any one can see that much remains to be done for sanitary improvement; yet how gratifying to observe the steps already in progress to render the town not only commodious, but healthy. Nor are the means adopted to effect beneficial improvements less commendable. The civic corporation, by manufacturing gas for the town, and supplying it at a moderate price, realises a profit of £30,000 annually, the greater part of which sum is devoted to the renovation of the public thoroughfares and buildings.

In Liverpool I had the satisfaction of seeing a suite of baths and wash-houses for the humbler orders in full operation, and now found that Manchester was not behind in this movement. After visiting the public parks, I went to the bath establishment, which occupies a large building near Arkwright's old mill, and in the midst of a population to whom it cannot but prove peculiarly serviceable. The concern, though new, is already popular and well supported. We found twenty women at as many tubs, besides several occupied in drying clothes and other duties. The establishment *pays*, as does that at Liverpool; and I have no doubt that these are but the beginning of hundreds of similar concerns elsewhere.

Twenty-second of October. Still rain—rain! and looking from the windows of the Albion, I could not but pity the poor hacks, with dripping tails and downcast countenances, as they stood waiting with meek patience calls for their services. It was a day for cabs, and numbers were in requisition to carry strangers like myself hither and thither to the different meetings. First on the list was an assemblage at the early hour of nine, for the twofold object of breakfast and a skirmish of speaking, preliminary to the great oratorical battue

in the evening. To this I adjourned, and soon found myself in the midst of a number of gentlemen, all friends of the cause of social advancement, among whom I recognised the tall form of the archbishop of Dublin.

Nearly fifty gentlemen sat down to breakfast; the chair being occupied by Mr Mark Phillips, member of parliament for the town, and in honour of whom one of the public parks has been named. Mr Phillips is a jolly English gentleman—frank in language and manners, and a good specimen, I should suppose, of the accomplished Lancashire manufacturer. In an intelligent and good-humoured speech after the breakfast things had been removed, he explained the special object of the meeting, which was a desire on the part of the directors of the Athenæum to bring together the various gentlemen who had come to attend their annual festival, and make them acquainted with each other. It was also desirable that all should be acquainted with the nature and prospects of the institution to which he referred. The Athenæum was designed as a comprehensive means for intellectual and moral improvement—a solace amidst the toils and drudgeries of life. This large institution, as it was specially intended for, was also solely supported by the people; nor was he aware that the support and countenance of royalty or of government could intrinsically make it a more valuable or more worthy establishment. 'The men of Manchester had been taught to rely mainly on themselves and on their own efforts, and it had struck him that no other town in the kingdom could afford more ample illustration of the success of that principle than the town of Manchester itself. They did not expect to be complimented by the strangers who might visit them, and whom curiosity might prompt to come to Manchester, on the architectural beauty of the town, on the width of the streets, or on the conducting of the sewerage, and of their other municipal regulations. But this he had the pleasure of communicating, that there was a great progress making in all these matters; and they were becoming sensibly alive to the importance of conducting the public affairs of a great community of this kind, not merely with reference to the benefit and the convenience of the inhabitants, but with reference to the health of the great community. While they were attending to the external comforts of the people, he hoped it would not be considered, by those who visited their institutions, that they were neglecting the cultivation of their minds. He believed that the Manchester Athenæum would prove one of the greatest benefits to the town; and he had only to say that, as it was supported entirely by their own means, without any external aid, it was a most gratifying proof of what could be done by combination, by good feeling, and with a good object in view.' These sentiments were of course greatly applauded.

Mr James Edwards, chairman of the Board of Directors, now read a report of the state of affairs, from which I gathered the following gratifying particulars:—

The Manchester Athenæum was a great association, chiefly young men engaged in commercial pursuits. As in some measure supplementary to a 'mechanics' institution which already existed, and was in a flourishing condition, it afforded the means of rational improvement and recreation to a large and miscellaneous body of individuals at an inconsiderable expense. To Manchester there came many young men, without friends, without introductions, without any means of spending leisure hours agreeably and harmlessly, and for these the Athenæum was specially intended, and to them it proved of the greatest value. The institution, which now occupied a commodious building, opened for its use in 1839, had encountered various difficulties; but all these it had got successfully over by energetic and economical management, a lowering of fees of admission, and the munificent liberality of friends. At the termination of 1843, the first year of the low rate of admission (twenty-five shillings annually), the number of subscribing members was 1773, being an increase of 146 over the numbers at

any period since its establishment. Culture of the mind, and harmless recreation during leisure hours, are the chief objects of the association; and these are promoted by a reading or news-room, a library, and popular lectures. 'The library,' continued Mr Edwards, 'has now upwards of 13,000 volumes, and it is a most gratifying fact, that the demand for standard works of a high order has been gradually increasing during the last three years to a very great extent, whilst, during the same period, works of a lighter character have been, comparatively speaking, very little sought after. This is a pleasing fact, and one that must cause all the friends of the institution to rejoice that so decided an improvement is taking place in the minds of the young men of Manchester. The deliveries of books from the library exceed five hundred daily.

'The delivery of lectures being a new feature in this town, it was found exceedingly difficult to engage lecturers who would command even a fair audience, excepting upon music, which is a subject exceedingly popular; and I consider that I am not saying too much in praise of the town of Manchester, when I assert that music is more studied, more highly appreciated, and better understood by its inhabitants, than in any other town in the United Kingdom. Lectures are delivered twice each week during the winter months, by eminent men, on various topics; for upwards of two years the attendances have been very numerous; and I feel warranted in stating that this branch of the institution is now more highly appreciated than at any period since its existence.

'The news-room is supplied with one hundred and seventy copies of *J* daily, and many weekly newspapers, of all shades of political and religious opinions, including the leading foreign journals. There are tables appropriated to periodical literature, and provided with upwards of one hundred copies of various quarterly, monthly, and other reviews and magazines, comprising the best periodical literature of the day. The books, which are admitted monthly, are allowed to remain upon these tables fourteen days, to give all an opportunity of seeing them prior to their being placed upon the shelves of the library for circulation.

'The Gymnastic Club is a branch of the institution that may be considered one of its principal supports, as it numbers amongst its members some of the steadiest adherents to the Athenæum. During the summer months the exercises are carried on in a field about a mile from the institution, where the healthful recreation of cricket, archery, quoits, and other out-door amusements are enjoyed; and in the winter season the room appropriated to gymnastic exercises is nightly crowded.

'The Essay and Discussion Society has existed since very soon after the opening of the Athenæum, and has been a very prominent feature of the institution. Its meetings are held once a fortnight during the winter season, when an essay is read by one of the members, and afterwards a discussion takes place. Such meetings must have a very beneficial effect upon the members, as it is a stimulus to them to store their minds with valuable knowledge, to enable them to take part in these discussions; and it may be the instrument in bringing forward some of its members to advocate the interests of their fellow-creatures on public occasions, which probably might not have been the case had they not been members of the Athenæum Essay and Discussion Society. The attendances on all occasions are very numerous, including a sprinkling of the fair sex, and it is confidently anticipated that each succeeding meeting will add to its strength, and make it an advocate of intellectual and moral energy, as well as a means of mutual improvement.' To these statements it should be added, that the Athenæum is open to young women as well as young men; but they confine themselves to the use of the library and attendance on the lectures.

(Of the complimentary, though not uninteresting, speeches which followed the delivery of the report, nothing need be said. It was noon before the affair broke

up, and then it was time to hurry off to a public meeting in the town-hall. This meeting was not connected with the Athenæum: it was an effort to rouse general feeling on the establishment of schools of refuge and industry for beggar children, on the plan so admirably carried out by Sherriff Watson and other authorities in Aberdeen. Taking a deep interest in this social question—feeling almost impressed with the conviction that such schools must cut up crime at its roots, and very materially alter the face of society—I was desirous of aiding, however feebly, in the establishment of an Industrial School on a proper footing in Manchester, and consequently attended on the present occasion. From what I had heard and seen in London, as well as Liverpool, the English people did not appear to be well-instructed on the nature of this species of institution. The general idea seems to be that of getting up Ragged Schools—a bad designation, applied to evening or Sunday schools on the ordinary plan—for a few hours of gratuitous instruction, and no more. The true kind of school wanted in large towns is one to which children shall be marched by the police on being found begging in the streets—begging uniformly leading to pilfering, and the higher class of crimes. And being so captured, they shall be treated kindly, fed, instructed, and put to some kind of light employment; the whole, however, being sent home at night to their parents. Supposing the English likely to set up schools of this useful kind, the danger consists in their making them too fine, too attractive, thereby injuring the regular educational establishments, and indiscriminately pauperising parents. Views of this kind I endeavoured to impress on the large and respectable audience, and I should hope that schools on the Aberdeen model, and no others, will soon be put in active operation in Manchester. Mr Watkins, the mayor, who occupied the chair, and other influential gentlemen at the meeting, seemed at least earnestly disposed to commence and support a school of this nature; the want of such an institution, as may be supposed, being greatly felt.

Little time elapsed between the termination of this interesting meeting and the evening assemblage or soiree in the Free-Trade Hall. This was much the grandest affair of all—a holiday show; and, like all shows, was not perhaps without its fair share of clap-trap and make-believe. Yet it will not do to be too wise and too critical in such matters. If a great end—the popularising and maintenance of a useful institution—be attainable only by a festive exhibition once a-year, why not be festive? Merriment and show are good in their way; excesses only are reprehensible. The first glimpse I had of the well-filled area of the Free-Trade Hall, looking down on the gay assemblage from the amphitheatre or platform at one end, convinced me that I had never before seen anything half so imposing or magnificent. People who have not seen the hall can have little idea of its dimensions. With a brilliantly-lighted roof, supported on two rows of slender pillars, its floor extends 136 feet in length by 105 feet in breadth, but including platform and galleries, it covers an area of 1889 square yards. The whole space was on this occasion filled by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, the number of persons present being considerably above five thousand. Vast, however, as was the meeting, all were commodiously seated, and nowhere was there anything like crowding.

The proceedings of the evening commenced by Lord Morpeth taking the chair at a little after seven o'clock; his seat being somewhat elevated above the others on the platform. As the newspapers of the day have, weeks ago, dispersed ample reports of the speeches of his lordship and those who succeeded him, all I require to say is, that the sentiments, which were of a cheering yet admonitory nature, founded on good wishes for the continued success of the Athenæum, appeared to give universal satisfaction. I even saw an assemblage so much disposed to be pleased or to be indulgent; a circumstance worth mentioning, for I am sure not a third

of the audience could hear the greater part of what was said—the platform appearances could, to the greater number, be little better than a pantomime. The chairman's final ad good-humoured recommendation, to be very merry, was the signal for breaking up. In a few minutes the seats were removed, the floor cleared, and to the lively strains of the orchestra five hundred couples were set a-jigging—a multitude orderly in their disorder—a scene brilliant as any ever described in the pages of eastern romance.

The ball, however, was in duplicate. While the Free-Trade Hall absorbed one moiety of the company, the other adjourned to the theatre, which, connected by temporary erections and corridors, was also fitted up for dancing, and exhibited an equally gay assemblage. Of the vast quantities of refreshments prepared for and used on the occasion, I cannot venture to speak, neither can I do justice to the music or the hilarity which generally prevailed. Let it only be known to those who had the misfortune not to be present, that the soiree, in all its departments, went off with all possible éclat, and contributed, as on previous occasions, to insure the popularity of the Athenæum.

Twenty-third of October. The sun shines out in his wonted splendour. How provoking! The rain is gone, and I must follow. It was saddening to break away from so many new and kind friends; and I believe I only escaped by promising to give them ere long 'Another Day in Manchester.'

CARY WHARTON.

A BACKWOOD SKETCH.*

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

CARY, or, more properly, Caroline Wharton, was the beauty of Matagorda, which, considering that there were, out of some four hundred inhabitants, little more than ten per cent. women, is paying her but a limited compliment; but, both relatively and in reality, she was beautiful, with all the grace and winning ways of a young and accomplished American girl, who did not set up to rival Parisian ladies in her costume, nor despise everything which was not imported from Europe. Cary Wharton was, therefore, charming, and an heiress, besides, to the magnificent estates of the major her father, who owned half the township. With all these varied advantages, it is therefore not wonderful that at one time most of the unmarried men in the place were candidates for the favour of her hand, and that she owned as many subjects as there were susceptible hearts within fifty miles, which in Texas is no very considerable round. So vast a body of suitors argues always one of two things: great insensibility on the part of the lady, or much of coquetry. To this serious fault, we may say in many instances crime, Cary Wharton would have pleaded 'not guilty,' but the unanimous verdict of maid, man, or matron jury would have been 'guilty.'

Yes; with all her great and manifold graces, the heiress of Burnsville—so was her father's estate called—united the opposite quality of allowing any number of men to dangle at her side, giving preference to none, and seeming encouragement to all. The southerners are proverbially gay, and fond of balls, parties, pic-nics, &c.; nor were the Matagordians at all slow in keeping up the national character. It was on these occasions that Cary's numerous followers were made publicly manifest, and that she seemed to shine in all her glory; though we should be only using a word some few shades too strong if we said in all her shame! The affection which leads ultimately to union through life with one of another sex, which places woman in the prospective light of wife and mother, is a sacred thing; and

* This sketch is founded on facts which occurred about four years since at Matagorda, in Texas. The circumstances are well known in that country.

making it one of the amusements of the passing hour, is deserving of severer condemnation than we are inclined at present to venture on. With Cary the result was natural, and in accordance with all rule. After two years' residence in Matagorda, she found herself reduced to two admirers—the rest having wearied of the pursuit, some from fear of disappointment, others from utter hopelessness. Paul Dalton and Edward Knox were the two rivals who contended for her hand; the former an officer in the republican navy, the latter a young lawyer with very excellent prospects. Two more opposite characters are rarely placed in juxtaposition. Dalton, quick, ardent, and impetuous, full of courage, and even daring, fond of doing things which nobody else ever thought of attempting, presented the most perfect contrast to the quiet, unassuming, but clever and devoted lawyer, whose anxiety to succeed in his profession was only equalled by his desire to share his success with Cary. Both were disappointed with the then state of Texas, and determined that, as soon as their love-suit was brought to an end, they would return to the more congenial sphere of action presented by the northern states, where talent and industry is always rewarded. Both had sought the lady's favour for some time; Paul by loud and merry talk of himself and his deeds, by endeavouring on all occasions to prove himself a brave, gallant, and smart fellow; Edward, in a more quiet manner, by gentle and unobtrusive attentions, by sending books and papers for the heiress to read, and, in short, by all those nameless nothings which constitute a lover's art.

Which had succeeded in gaining Cary's favour, or if, indeed, either of them was to consider himself more fortunate than the other, was still doubtful, and indeed might have long remained so, but for the course of events which took various turns on a certain 4th of July of glorious memory. This anniversary, sacred to every American, was at Matagorda to be celebrated by a review in the day, and a ball at night, according to the received usage. Cary, of course, was to be a prominent character, and accordingly, at an early hour, crossed from the opposite side of the bay where her father dwelt, and entering a rude vehicle, drawn by two as rude ponies of the prairies, proceeded to view the military display. By her side was Paul Dalton, mounted on a showy horse, while Edward Knox took up a position at the head of a volunteer company which he commanded. Now this was an occasion which rarely occurred, as the rivals were generally in presence together, and Paul was as much elated as Edward was vexed. Indeed, but that Cary Wharton gave him no encouragement to dismount and seat himself beside her, there is no doubt the gallant son of Neptune would have ventured a declaration on the strength of the opportunity; but in vain he looked beseechingly at the seat, complained of the badness of his saddle, of the restiveness of his nag: Cary heard him unmoved. Edward, meanwhile, several times excited the ire of Major Wharton, the commander, by his unusual blunders—he on all other occasions the pink of volunteer officers; while the Stooping Hawk, a young Indian chief, much attached to the young lawyer, could not forbear schooling him upon the point.

At length the review was over, and Edward, released from his irksome duties, entered into a brief conversation with the Stooping Hawk, to whom he freely explained the cause of his mistakes. The Indian smiled, half in pity, half in contempt; and biding him dangle no longer after a pale-faced girl, but speak his mind at once, said, in parting, 'Talk to the gray-beard; ask him for the young Mly; he has a tongue, and knows what he wants. The rose of the whites is very beautiful, but she has two faces.'

'Hawk!' replied Edward somewhat sharply, 'I cannot hear you talk thus; Cary is a sacred subject with me.'

'Good!' exclaimed the chief coldly; 'white man hot; but if White Rose not two faces, why have two lovers? Two-face girl make bad squaw.'

Edward Knox turned away, being too sensible of the

truth of what the young chief said to dispute the matter with him. But a few minutes brought him to the presence of Cary Wharton, in the contemplation of whose speaking eyes and lovely features, in listening to whose jocund laugh and quiet sensible remarks on the events of the day, he quite forgot for a while that she could, as the Indian said, have 'two faces.' Edward knew well that a girl is not to blame because many wooers come; but the fault was, she encouraged two, which was deceiving both. The party at dinner, which took place at the Lone Star Hotel, the vast barn of which had been fitted up as a ball-room, consisted of Major and Cary Wharton, with the two rivals. The conversation was general and varied, though both lovers were intently thinking on one important question—who was first to dance with Cary. Neither liked to ask so soon, and yet both feared the propitious moment might slip by. At length, when a pause in the dialogue left an opening, Paul Dalton, following his usual somewhat reckless method, said, 'I say, Knox, a playmate for your thoughts. You are thinking of asking Miss Wharton's hand; so am I. Well, I'll toss you for the first dance.'

'Sir!' said Cary, evidently much outraged; while Major Wharton, who was rather thick-headed, allowed the idea to enter his head that he ought to kick the offender out of the room. Before, however, it had effected a lodgment, his daughter had quietly settled the matter. 'Sir,' said she, 'I think I have had quite enough of you all day, and I mean, therefore, myself to ask Mr Knox to open the ball with me.'

Paul bit his lip, and looked offended, while a rich smile of pleasure illumined the face of Edward. 'Go thy ways for a canting, sneaking lawyer,' muttered Paul in his wrath, as Edward escorted Miss Cary to the door; 'you may dance if you will, but Paul Dalton shall win the bride, and that ere a week be over.' And complacently looking back to Cary's kind manner all day, he made up his mind to have a decision that evening.

The hall was opened by Cary and Edward, who, emboldened by the preference which his fair partner had shown at the dinner-table, ventured to speak much plainer than he had ever done before his hopes, his wishes, his feelings. He was met, as usual, by playful disbelief in his protestations, by declarations of being perfectly heart-whole, and even by the faintest implied suggestion that how could he, considering another—and here Cary blushed, and did not conclude the sentence. For Edward, this was enough. He was manly straightforwardness and truth himself, and he fully understood that Miss Wharton was engaged, and at once determined to cease all further pursuit where his case was hopeless. The Stooping Hawk, who stood near the door gazing curiously at the scene, saw the deep dejection with which he quitted her side, and remarked it to him. Drawing his Indian friend away from the festivities, Edward explained all, and added that with Cary Wharton he had done for ever. The Indian, between a grunt and a laugh, hoped it was so; and they parted, Edward Knox to seek his quiet home, the chief to return to his village, which was situated about two miles from Matagorda.

Paul Dalton was now in his glory. Certain encouraging words on the part of Cary in the morning reverted strongly to his memory, while the precipitate retreat of his rival tended further to encourage him. He could not but feel that Edward had been dismissed; and if so, what stood between him and happiness? Accordingly, he danced with his fair partner with high glee, spoke to the major, and received his free permission to propose; and in order to facilitate the operation, was allowed the inestimable felicity of seeing Miss Wharton home when the ball was over. As the major was heartily tired, this was no great favour after all. In no country are women rated so high as in America, and accordingly in no country are they left so much to protect themselves. There was nothing whatever out of the way in a young man like Dalton seeing a young lady home, even though

it was past midnight, and accordingly no remark was made when they left the ball-room, and—certainly to Cary's surprise—prepared to perform the journey in Dalton's canoe.

It was a beautiful night. Not a ripple moved the surface of the bay, which shone in translucent splendour beneath the light of the waning moon. Miss Wharton felt the influence of the hour, and was silent; perhaps she knew from Paul's manner that her fate was nearer, being decided, than she, before expected; perhaps she thought with regret of Edward Knox. They entered the graceful boat, and Dalton bent to the oars with zest, until they reached the very centre of the bay; he then paused, and allowed the boat to drift slowly out to sea. Cary trembled; her little heart went pit-a-pat; for she could no more, in that mighty temple of God, with myriad starry eyes shining down upon her, have equivocated as she had done in the ball-room, amid the factitious glare of sal-lamps, than she could have changed her whole nature.

She was not mistaken. Paul Dalton had chosen this singular time and place for his declaration, and he made it in terms of warm and ardent devotion. 'He was firmly and calmly rejected, in tones which left him not a doubt of the speaker's sincerity. For some minutes he was silent, then he spoke—and let every trifler with a man's heart remember his words. 'Miss Wharton, a man is ever hopeful. When he is not discouraged openly and straightforwardly by a woman, he will always have hope. He always should have hope, if he thinks well of her sex. No woman can say with truth that a lover's declaration came on her unexpectedly. It never did. No woman ever received the offer of a man's hand, with hope on his part, who had not encouraged him. Miss Wharton, for more than a year you have kept me in a fond, a delusive dream. I have lived but in the hope of your love, and now you *must* marry me.' Astonished, confounded at this change in her lover's tone, Cary answered pettishly that she was not to be schooled. Dalton, who was lividly pale, replied, 'In life or in death we shall be united;' and he quietly drew forth the plug from the bottom of the boat, which served to drain it when on shore, and the canoe began to fill with water. 'You have ten minutes to decide. Swear solemnly to be mine, and I will return the plug; refuse, and the boat will fill with water, and both be drowned.' Now it was that Cary felt her folly. That she had for more than a year, without ever intending to accept him, led Dalton into hope, she knew well. She had therefore but to trust to his mercy; she could not deny his accusation. She had, however, no time for speech; for at that instant a huge Indian canoe, filled with warriors, shot alongside, and, ere either could resist, made them prisoners.

Both were petrified with astonishment, and Dalton with rage; for his mad hope of depriving others of any chance of wedding her who had refused him was thus frustrated; and it is believed by all who knew him that he fully intended to have carried his threat into execution. The Indians spoke not, but impelling their boat with energy, soon reached the shore, some miles above the residence of Major Wharton, who, ignorant of the events occurring, was sleeping off the fatigues of the day. The spot chosen for landing was a thick wood, where a huge deserted shanty served as an extempore camp. In this, in separate rooms, Cary and Paul were confined until morning. Neither slept. Miss Wharton revolving in her mind her wonderful escape from death, and the singularity of her capture by the Indians, while Dalton brooded moodily over the probable triumph of his rival, whose friend, the Stooping Hawk, he felt quite sure had prevented the completion of his dreadful purpose. Paul Dalton was, therefore, utterly miserable; his evil passions, awakened by the folly of Cary, having now full sway. If she at once, in the early stage of their acquaintance, had let him see his attentions were vain, so foul a thought as that of suicide and murder would never have crossed his mind.

Morning dawned, and with its earliest summons Cary and Paul were led forth into the presence of the Stooping Hawk, his band of painted warriors, and a minister of the gospel, who stood a puzzled and perplexed spectator. Paul looked around him in surprise, while Cary, who, as she thought, saw through it all, stood indignant and disgusted.

'Father,' said the Indian chief mildly, 'these two pale-faces wish to be married. You are a medicine-man of the whites; unite them.'

'I protest against the whole proceeding. Cannot it be done in a regular way? Am I to be dragged out of my bed—'

Several of the Indians laid their hands on their shining knives, and the priest was silent.

'It is useless,' cried Cary; 'I will never consent—never. Paul Dalton, this is unworthy of you.'

'I declare, Miss Wharton, that I am as ignorant as you of what this means.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the Indian firmly; 'talk no good. Father, begin. White girl no speak truth. She love Paul Dalton. Indian hear her say so.'

'Can this—is this true?' cried Paul.

'I say again,' said Cary proudly, 'that no power on earth shall compel me to marry Paul Dalton.'

'Why?' inquired the Indian.

As Cary replied not, he continued, 'Red man master here, and he say white couple shall be married. White Lily choose. Marry Paul Dalton, or go to the wigwam of the Indian chief. White Lily make good squaw.'

'I am in your power, Indian,' said Cary; 'do as you will.'

'White Lily speak truth—would she refuse to marry Edward Knox?'

Miss Wharton started, her eyes flashed indignantly, and advancing towards the Indian, she cried, 'I see it all. Mr Edward Knox has employed you to wring from me some declaration in his favour. Tell him he has taken wrong means—'

'Edward Knox all truth—he speak for himself—he know nothing of what Indian do. All Indian plan.'

The tone of the chief admitted of no doubt, and Cary Wharton saw at once the true object of the red-skin. Drawing him aside, she said, 'Stooping Hawk will believe the White Lily. She has learned much in one night. She sees his object clearly. The Indian is Edward's friend, but he will be the White Lily's also. Promise never to breathe one word of what has passed to-night to living soul, to take Cary home to her father, and if Edward Knox ever asks the hand of Cary Wharton, she will not say no,' and Cary, blushing, bowed her little head; then continued, 'but, Indian, he must not know this. Cary must at least have the pleasure of telling him herself.'

The delighted chief, who loved Edward as a brother, promised everything she asked, and even to secure the silence of others; and then giving her a skiff and two red-skin boatmen, despatched her at once to her father's house, which she reached long before any one was up.

Paul and the minister having been solemnly cautioned by Stooping Hawk to keep silence, were then liberated, and the chief, delighted with his errand, hastened towards the abode of Edward Knox. He was up, and at breakfast, pale and downcast, but calm, as he brought to his mind many sources of consolation. He loved Cary Wharton sincerely, but not selfishly. His was a manly, generous love, which sought the happiness of its object more than its own. He remembered, too, that he had a widowed mother and orphan sisters, who were far away, and who would be delighted at his return; who would welcome him with joy, and make a jubilee in York county, Massachusetts, at his taking possession of his father's home and business-connection, which he had left, deluded by the *ignis-fatuus* of Texas. He resolved, therefore, to depart, and at once. At this period of his cogitations the Indian entered. The greeting was cordial, and then Edward explained his plans. 'The

Indian grunted, but made no opposition. He then said, 'Go—say good-by, White Lily.'

'No,' faltered Edward; 'I would rather not.'

'White man mad. Indian say go. Perhaps White Lily change her mind.'

There was something like a tone of confidence in the Indian's manner which made Edward's heart leap. He looked inquiringly at him, but his face was stolidity itself. Upon the hint, however, he acted, and to his great surprise the Stooping Hawk accompanied him on his visit.

It was afternoon ere they reached the picturesque mansion of Burensville, and as they wound their way down a hillock in front of its door, Edward saw Cary walking alone in a grove beside the house, which could be reached from that side. In a few minutes he was by her side. Cary had seen them approach, and conceiving, from the Indian's presence, that the young man came in triumph to accept her acknowledged love, she stood proudly and haughtily awaiting his coming. He saw this, and his whole manner was even more despondent and deferential than usual. Cary felt that the Indian had not betrayed her.

'I come, Miss Wharton,' said Edward, 'to bid you good-by. I am weary of Texas, and wish to return at once to the United States. The charm which has bound me here so long was last night rudely broken.'

'Edward Knox,' said Cary, with an affectation of solemnity, 'I have a great mind, in revenge for being called rude, to say Good-by, God bless you. But,' added the arch girl, blushing, and gently bowing her head, 'I will say, Don't go, Edward. If you do, you will leave one's heart behind.'

'Cary,' cried the young man, 'may I—'

'Don't interrupt, sir. It is of no use my disguising from myself that you love me; and that you are not indifferent to me, I am afraid yonder red-skin can prove too clearly for me to deny it.'

'Cary,' again cried the lawyer, who was so overcome, as to be anything but fit for a cross-examination, 'to what do I owe this happiness?'

'To Heaven, Edward, if it be happiness, which in one night has changed me, and made of a giddy girl a woman. Listen.' And in a few rapid sentences she told her night's adventures, to which Edward Knox listened with gravity and pain, until his friend Stooping Hawk was introduced, when he could not forbear a smile.

'At what do you laugh, dear Edward?' said Cary Wharton.

'At the Indian, dear Cary. He loves me as a brother; and I am quite sure intended, for my advantage, to wring from you an acknowledgment of affection to be used against you. Well, I must confess, though it was a strange proceeding, we have both much to thank him for.'

That day Edward Knox dined with Cary and her father, and after dinner 'popped the question' to the major, who, though he had an indistinct recollection of having promised his daughter to some one else the night before, yet, as Cary was on the present suitor's side, he shook his future son-in-law's hand, and expressed himself highly delighted. About a month after, Major Wharton and Mr and Mrs Edward Knox started for York town, Massachusetts, having sold all they had in Texas, and Edward realised the picture of his reception on his return. Nor was he any the less welcome because he brought with him a wife. He at once, from his wealth and talents, took a high position; and we have no doubt, whenever a vacancy occurs, will be returned to Congress, there to make his eloquence and sound sense available. The Stooping Hawk returned to Upper Texas, where Edward has promised to visit him often, when he can find time for a shooting excursion. With regard to the rival, we should not have given publicity to this narrative but from reading the following lines in the official record of the battle of Palo Alto—'Killed before the enemy, Captain Paul Dalton, volunteer.'

It will be seen that Cary Wharton suffered not in the end for her fault. But her escape was narrow; and but for one of those Providential occurrences which happen at times, her punishment would have indeed been terrible. The brightest charm of woman is truth and candour, and coquetry is but another word for deceit and falsehood.

THE CLIMATE OF EUROPE.

THE continent of Europe, extending from the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude to the north pole, partakes of considerable diversity of climate; yet, on the whole, it may be brought, under those general rules which apply to countries not tropical, but which lie chiefly within the temperate, and partly within the frigid zones. It is interesting to trace these general rules as illustrative of the harmonious adaptations of nature, and instructive to apply them as elucidations of the actual phenomena of particular districts.

The great agencies in the modifications of climate are solar heat and aqueous vapour. Within the tropics these agencies are most powerful, because there the sun's rays fall more directly and more copiously than on any other portions of the earth's surface. Hence, within the torrid zone the mean annual temperature is higher, and the fall of rain greater, than in any other part of the globe; and, as a general rule, it will be found that the degrees of temperature and the quantity of rain decrease from the equator to the pole. Under this general rule, however, there are other modifying circumstances which considerably influence certain localities—such as the elevation of the land above the sea level, the existence of mountain ranges with pointed summits, the proximity of the ocean, and the latitude as regards the eastern and western sides of the land.

In Europe, the mean annual temperature, as a general rule, decreases as we pass from the southern provinces to the northern. Thus in Naples the annual temperature is 63 degrees 5 minutes; Rome, 60 degrees 44 minutes; Paris, 51 degrees 44 minutes; Vienna, 50 degrees 5 minutes; London, 50 degrees; Warsaw, 48 degrees 6 minutes; Upsala, 41 degrees 9 minutes; Moscow, 40 degrees 1 minute; and St Petersburg, 38 degrees 8 minutes. But here another modification occurs. In consequence of the soft and mild nature of the winds which come along the Atlantic Ocean, the whole western coasts of Europe have a milder climate than the eastern portions of the continent or than the central. In the centre of Europe, and on the eastern side, the extremes of climate are greatly felt, the winters being exceedingly cold, while the summers are proportionally hot. Thus the winter of Britain is not colder than that of Milan, though the summer heat is much less intense. The average heat of the month of August in Dublin is about 60 degrees, while in Hungary it is 71 degrees. The insular situation of Britain, surrounded on all sides by an ocean of medium temperature, has this beneficial effect, that while the annual temperature is not lower than portions of the continent of Europe in corresponding latitude, the winter cold or summer heats are not in extremes.

The average summer heat of the southern parts of Europe is from 70 to 75 degrees, while the winter's cold of St Petersburg is 17 degrees. The average temperature of Great Britain is about 48½ degrees. The extreme summer heat rarely exceeds 80 degrees, and more commonly is about 70 degrees, while the winter temperature seldom falls more than a few degrees below the freezing-point of water.

Along with the decrease of temperature, which takes place as we proceed northwards, there is also a decrease of the fall of rain. At the equator the annual fall of rain amounts to 95 inches; in Italy the yearly fall is 45 inches; in the north of Germany it is 22½ inches; and at St Petersburg only 17 inches. The greatest quantity of rain falls along the western coasts of Europe, from the circumstances already alluded to—that the

south and west winds, having an elevated temperature in their progress over the Atlantic, absorb a large proportion of moisture, which moisture is deposited on coming in contact with the land and the cold northern currents which sweep over the north and north-east of Europe. Hence the amount of rain diminishes in the direction from the coasts to the interior of the continent, and becomes least in the north-eastern portions of it. High mountain ranges, with pointed summits, have the effect of increasing the precipitation of rain. This is exemplified in Norway, where the mountains are high, and situated on the western coast; in the great Alpine range, in the centre of Europe; and in the mountainous districts of Britain, where the excess of rain is much greater than in the plains. The same effect does not take place in elevated table-lands. Thus, though the annual average of rain on the west coasts of Spain and Portugal is considerable, on the plateau or table-land of Castile it is as low as 10 inches.

A circumstance worthy of observation is, that in those countries where the greatest amount of rain falls, there are fewest rainy days. In such places the rain is heavy while it lasts, which may be either for a few hours, or a day, or during a stated periodical period, but then the sky clears up, and is serene and untroubled for the rest of the time; whereas in those situations where the whole annual fall of rain may be small, yet there is a drizzling foggy atmosphere kept up almost daily. This latter circumstance, by obscuring the sun's rays, has a considerable effect on the temperature also. The number of rainy days increases as we proceed northwards. Thus at Gibraltar there are only 68 rainy days in the year; in the south of France there are 76; in the peninsula of the Apennines, 89; in the plains of Lombardy, 96; and in Hungary, 112. On the east side of Ireland it rains on 208 days in the year; in the Netherlands on 170; and throughout England, France, and the north of Germany, about 155 days. On the other hand, in the north-east of Europe, in Russia and Siberia, there are months together during the winter season when not a drop of rain falls, nor is a cloud seen to obscure the serene and clear atmosphere. The prevailing winds on the south-west and western parts of Europe blow from the south and south-west, and this accounts for the almost continued precipitations of moisture in those localities; for did a north-east wind always prevail, coming as it does from a long tract of cold and dry continent, it would never rain. Before the south winds, however, reach the north and north-east of Europe, they have parted with their moisture; and thus these tracts of country are, for the greater part of the year, deprived of rain.

In Europe, as well as in other parts of the globe, there are certain seasons of the year in which a greater quantity of rain falls than in others. Thus, if in a certain district during one of the four quarters of the year a third part of the annual quantity of rain falls, while the remaining two-thirds are divided over the other three periods indiscriminately, we then call the period in which a third part falls the rainy season. In this way the continent of Europe may be divided into three rain provinces: 1st, the province of the winter rains, comprehending part of the southern portions of Europe, from the south-west shores of Portugal along the Mediterranean, embracing Sicily, the southern parts of Italy, Greece, and the Grecian Archipelago; 2d, the province of the autumn rains, comprehending Lapland, part of Sweden, Norway, Britain, South of France, Portugal, Spain, the Alps and Apennine regions, and Hungary; 3d, the province of the summer rains, embracing the interior and central part of the continent, the north of France, Sweden, Germany, Prussia, Poland, and Russia.

The locality in Europe in which the greatest quantity of rain falls is probably Coimbra, in the valley of the Mondego in Portugal. It lies on the western declivity of a mountain range 7500 feet in height, remarkable for the serrated formation of the summit. The observations there made embrace only two years, and

there are doubts about their accuracy; but the annual fall is computed at 225 inches, or, making some deductions, probably 135 inches. In Bergen in Norway, the annual fall is from 82½ to 88½ inches. In a valley of the eastern Alps, at an elevation of 1000 feet, the quantity is from 96 to 106 inches. The fall of rain in Britain varies greatly with the locality. On the eastern coasts generally, the average fall is from 22 to 25 inches: on the western side of the island from 36 to 50 and 60 inches and upwards. The greatest fall of rain takes place in the mountains of Cumberland. During the year 1845, the average fall, as computed in seven stations in the lake district, amounted to 80.382 inches; and the number of rainy days were from 193 to 211.

As might be anticipated from the foregoing statements, the number of snowy days in Europe observe a progressive increase from the south to the north of the continent. Thus, during each winter, Palermo has 2½ snowy days; Rome, 1½; Florence, 1½; Nice, less than ½; Venice, 5½; Milan, 10; Paris, 12; Carlsruhe, 26; Copenhagen, 30; and St Petersburg, 171. In the latter place snow begins to fall in October, and the last snow occurs about the middle of April. In the valleys of southern Europe, where the winter temperature ranges between 47 and 52 degrees, snow can rarely occur, or remain for any time. In the level country around Rome it is very rare, though the summits of the neighbouring mountains, which have an elevation of 2000 to 3000 feet, are frequently whitened with snow. On the chain of the Apennines snow is more plentiful, and lies longer. In Lisbon it occasionally snows, while on the coast of Algarve this phenomenon is unknown. In Gibraltar snow is rare, and ice is never seen thicker than a Spanish dollar. Malta is never visited by snow. During the latter end of winter and early spring, however, many of these localities in the south of Europe are visited by a dry chill north-east wind, which is exceedingly unpleasant and ungenial, particularly to invalids.

As the animal and vegetable kingdoms depend greatly on climate as an element of their vigorous existence, it will be found that those portions of Europe which are most favoured by the genial and moist breezes of the south and west are, with some few exceptions, depending upon elevation and soil, the most fertile and the best adapted for animal existence; while, on the contrary, the central portion of the continent, extending to the north and east, which is more under the influence of the northern winds, is more arid and less productive. Yet nature never leaves any region without its appropriate plants and animals; and when we speak of the salubrity and productiveness of a country, it is in reference to the wants of civilised man alone.

It would appear that the climate most congenial to health is that where, along with a mean annual temperature, not too low, there are the least extremes of heat or cold, or of atmospheric dryness. Thus a country with a mild winter and spring, where the summer may be by no means very warm, is preferable to one with a cold winter and a hot summer; while as little change as possible between the temperature of the night and that of the day is also desirable; nay, it is even supposed that a climate varying almost daily or weekly, though only within the range of a few degrees, is preferable to those countries where a high temperature prevails for some months, and then suddenly changes to a very low one. In the former, the constitution becomes inured to small changes, even though frequent; while in the latter, a greater demand is made upon the vital energies, and the necessary changes of clothing and domestic arrangements are more in extremities. Hence it is that, for invalids, a climate such as Madeira is pitched upon as a model, where the temperature and atmospheric moisture remain pretty stationary throughout the year, and where there is little change between the temperature of night and day. A considerable degree of moisture in the atmosphere appears also to be more favourable for the healthy

existence both of plants and animals than an arid condition. Hence the salubrity of Cornwall, Devonshire, and the west coast of England generally, over the drier but colder east coast, and the same with regard to the west coast of Scotland. To the invalid, in particular, a choice of climate, based on a knowledge of its meteorological qualities, must often be of the greatest consequence.

As man, perhaps of all other living beings, is both from his physical constitution and his artificial modes of life, most dependent upon climate, so it is pleasing to find that he has the power of modifying it to a considerable extent. There can be no doubt that the climate of Europe has, both generally and locally, been greatly ameliorated by the labours of man. The clearing of forests, the draining of swamps and lakes, and the almost universal culture of the soil, have all tended to open up the surface to the influence of the sun, and to drain off the superfluous moisture. Hence an elevation of the temperature, and a diminution of excessive moisture, both as summer rain and winter snow. And this amelioration, too, appears to be progressive with progress in civilisation. After the clearing of woods and the tillage of the surface had been complete, the late invention of tile-draining, by which the water is carried off from the subsoil, bids fair to produce a farther and marked effect on the climate of Britain.

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

M^r HENRY COLMAN, a citizen of the state of New York, and a distinguished friend of agricultural improvement, has been lately making a pretty extensive tour through the British islands, for the purpose of personally inquiring into the condition of our husbandry and general rural management, with a view to carrying home information which may be useful to his countrymen. We are glad of the visits of such men as Mr Colman. Intelligent, candid, and with an eye only to what is publicly useful, he has produced a volume of reports not only interesting to Americans, but valuable to readers on this side of the Atlantic.* As comparatively few among us can have an opportunity of seeing this remarkable production, we propose to afford it the publicity of our pages.

Mr Colman set sail for England in April 1843, and ever since his arrival he has been touring through the country. Although accustomed to tolerably good agriculture and orderly arrangements in the state of New York, which has now been generally settled for two centuries, he was greatly impressed with the tidy and advanced appearance of things in England, albeit there were some matters which required considerable improvement. The evidences of wealth and liberal outlay of money gave him most surprise. 'An American landing in Liverpool is at once struck with the amount of labour everywhere expended; the docks, and the public buildings, and the lofty and magnificent warehouses, astonish him by the substantial and permanent character of their structure. The railways, likewise, with their deep excavations, their bridges of solid masonry, their splendid viaducts, their immense tunnels, extending in some cases more than two miles in length, and their depôts and station-houses covering acres of ground with their iron pillars and their roofs, also of iron, exhibiting a sort of tracery or network of the strongest as well as most beautiful description, indicate a most profuse expenditure of labour, and are evidently made to endure. He is still more overpowered with amazement when, coming to London, he passes up or down the river Thames, and contemplates the several great bridges—among the most splendid objects which are to be seen in England, two of which are of iron and three of stone—spanning this great thoroughfare of commerce with their beautiful arches, and made as if, as far as human presumption can go, they would bid defiance to the decay and ravages of time. If so this he adds (as,

indeed, how can he help doing it?) a visit to the Thames Tunnel—a secure, a dry, a brilliant, and even a gay passage under the bed of the stream, where the tides of the ocean daily roll their waves, and the mighty barks of commerce and war float in all their majesty and pride over his head, exhibiting the perfection of engineering, and a strength of construction and finish which leaves not a doubt of its security and endurance—he perceives an expense of labour which disdains all the limited calculations of a young and comparatively poor country. He remarks a thoroughness of workmanship which is most admirable, and which indicates a boldness and bravery of enterprise, taking into its calculations not merely years, but centuries to come. We have in America a common saying in respect to many things which we undertake, that "this will do for the present," which does not seem to me to be known in England; and we have a variety of cheap, insubstantial, slight-of-hand ways of doing many things, sometimes vulgarly denominated "make shifts to do," which we ascribe to what we call Yankee cleverness, of which certainly no signs are to be seen here. The walls enclosing many of the noblemen's parks in England, which comprehend hundreds, and in some cases thousands of acres, are brick walls, of ten and twelve feet in height, running for miles and miles. The walls round many of the farms in Scotland, called there "dikes," made of the stone of the country, and laid in lime, and capped with flat stones resting vertically upon their edges, are finished pieces of masonry. The improvements at the Duke of Portland's at Welbeck, Nottinghamshire, in his arrangements for draining and irrigating, at his pleasure, from three to five hundred acres of land, without doubt one of the most skilful and magnificent agricultural improvements ever made, are executed in the most finished and permanent manner; the embankments, the channels, the sluices, the dams, the gates, being constructed, in all cases where it would be most useful and proper, of stone or iron. These are only samples of the style in which things are done here. The important operations of embanking and of draining, especially under the new system of draining and subsoiling, are executed most thoroughly. The farm-houses and farm buildings are of brick or stone, and all calculated to endure.

Going on in this strain, he alludes to the amount of private wealth realised by the indomitable industry of the people. 'Under a law of the present government here, levying a tax upon every man's income when it exceeds one hundred and fifty pounds sterling a-year, persons liable to taxation are required to make a just return of their income under a heavy penalty. A confectioneer in London returned, as his annual income, the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or six times as much as the salary of the president of the United States; which showed at least how skilful he was in compounding some of the sweets of life. A nobleman, it is said, has contracted with a master builder to erect for him, in London, four thousand—not forty—not four hundred—but four thousand houses of a good size for occupation. In some of the best parts of London, acres of land, vast squares, are occupied with large and elegant dwelling-houses, paying heavy rents, in long rows, blocks, and crescents, and all belonging to some single individual. One nobleman, whose magnificent estate was left to him by his father, incumbered with a debt of some hundred thousand pounds, by *limiting*, as it is termed here, his own annual expenditure to thirty thousand pounds, has well-nigh extinguished this debt, and in all human probability will soon have his patrimonial estate free of incumbrance. The incomes of some of the rich men in the country amount to twenty, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand pounds sterling, even three hundred thousand pounds annually. It is very difficult for New England men even to conceive of such wealth. A farmer in Lincolnshire told me that the crop of wheat grown upon his farm one year was eighteen thousand bushels. These facts, which have been stated to me by gentlemen in whose veracity I have entire confidence, and who certainly are incapable of attempt-

* *European Agriculture and Rural Economy*, by Henry Colman. Vol. I. Boston: Phelps. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1846.

ing any "tricks upon travellers," show the enormous masses of wealth which are here accumulated."

Accustomed to see rough enclosures dotted over with stumps, the tourist was delighted with the smooth lawns and rim level fields of England; but in the midst of this rural loveliness what dreary wastes and other signs of prodigality appeared. This surprised him very much; for the English have evidently in all things an eye to economical management; there being, however, a singular exception as respects reclamation of wastes, and the extirpation of needless tracts of bush, called preserves. There are, occasionally, immense tracts of unenclosed commons, and heaths, and moors, where there is no cultivation, where nothing grows, and, in some cases, little can ever be made to grow; or which, otherwise, are abandoned to the growth of furze or gorse for the protection of the game, and for the pleasures of the chase. These are called preserves, and are leased to sportsmen occasionally; or rather the right to kill game upon them is leased, at a rate which we should deem a high rent even for purposes of cultivation. An eminent agriculturist has shown that in England and Scotland there are full 10,000,000 acres in heath and moor, all susceptible of being brought into productive cultivation. These lands of course remain as they are by voluntary neglect or design. And, we would add, a very wicked neglect or design—the means of raising food for human creatures being recklessly sacrificed in order to feed and shelter broods of worthless feathered animals.

The smallness of many of the fields, and the wasteful manner in which they are encroached upon by broad hedges, ditches, and stripes of weeds, also somewhat astonish this American. "In parts of England, the fields are generally small, and of all shapes, often not exceeding four or five acres. It is reported of a farmer in Devonshire that he lately cultivated one hundred acres of wheat in fifty different fields. There must have been here a great waste of land and labour. The loss, likewise, from the fences being a shelter to weeds, and a harbour to vermin, could not be inconsiderable. The statement of an intelligent practical farmer in Staffordshire on the highly-improved estate of Lord Hatherton, whom I had the pleasure of visiting, is well worth recording. Speaking of the farm called the Yew Tree Farm, he says, "The turnip field is sixty-five acres; it was, two years back, at the time I entered upon the farm, in eight enclosures. I have taken up 1914 yards of fence, and intend dividing it into three fields; it will take 800 yards of new fence. The field in which I was subsoiling is forty-two acres; it was in six enclosures." I took up 1261 yards of fence; if I divide this field, it will take 300 yards of new fence. The land Lord Hatherton mentioned on my Deaneery Farm was originally in twenty-seven enclosures—ninety-one acres. I took up 1427 yards of fence; it will now lie in five fields, and will take 1016 yards of new fence. I cannot," he adds, "really say what land is gained by the different operations; but some of the fences were from three to four yards or more wide, that the plough never touched; my new fences are upon the level, without ditches. In the whole of the old fences there was a great number of ash-trees, which are all stocked up, as well as a good part of the oak, only leaving a few for ornament and shelter. I think the greatest gain in land will be from getting rid of the trees."

The necessity for getting rid of trees as well as hedges may be acknowledged, yet we would recommend every proper precaution in this species of clearance. Trees and hedges are required for shelter, as well as for rural beauty; and we would emphatically condemn the short-sighted and mean policy which inconsiderately divests the land of these its appropriate coverings. Our American seems to entertain similar feelings on this subject. He speaks with delight of the extensive parks which are to be seen in many parts of the country, and which constitute a truly magnificent feature in English scenery. "These parks are the open grounds which surround the houses of the rich and noble in the country. By open, I do not mean entirely free from trees, because many of them are exceedingly well stocked with

trees, sometimes standing single, at other times in clumps; sometimes in belts, sometimes in rows, and squares, and circular plantations; and more often scattered, as if they were carelessly thrown down broadcast. The ground under them is kept in grass, and depastured by cattle, sheep, and deer, and affords often the richest herbage. With some exceptions, a plough is never suffered to disturb these grounds; and in the neighbourhood of the house, which is generally placed in the centre of them, the portion which is separated from the rest, as I have observed, by an invisible or sunken fence just now described, for the cultivation of ornamental trees and shrubs, is kept so closely and evenly shorn, that to walk upon it seems more like treading upon velvet than upon grass. Nothing of the kind can be more beautiful; and I never before knew the force of that striking expression of the prince of poets, Milton, of "walking on the smooth-shaven lawn;" for it seems to be cut with a razor rather than with a scythe; and after a gentle shower, it really appears as if the field had had its face washed, and its hair combed with a fine-tooth comb. It is brought to this perfection by being kept often mown; and I have stood by with perfect admiration to see a swarth mowed evenly and perfectly, where the grass to be cut was scarcely more than an inch high.

"These parks which I have described abound, as observed, with trees of extraordinary age and size. They are not like the trees of our original forests, growing up to a great height, and, on account of the crowded state of the neighbourhood, throwing out few lateral branches; but what they want in height they gain in breadth; and, if I may be excused for a hard word, in unbragousness. I measured one in Lord Bagot's celebrated park in Staffordshire; and going round the outside of the branches, keeping within the droppings, the circuit was a hundred yards. In these ancient parks, oaks and beeches are the predominant trees, with occasional chestnuts and ashes. In very many cases I saw the beauty and force of that first line in the pastorals of Virgil, where he addresses Tityrus as "playing upon his lute under the spreading shade of a beech-tree." These trees are looked upon with great veneration; in many cases they are numbered; in some a label is affixed to them, giving their age; sometimes a stone monument is erected, saying when and by whom this forest or this clump was planted; and commonly some record is kept of them as a part of the family history. I respect this trait in the character of the English, and I sympathise with them in their veneration for old trees. They are the growth often of centuries, and the monuments of years gone by. They were the companions of our fathers, who, it may be, were nourished by their fruit, and reposed under their shade. Perhaps they were planted by the very hands of those from whom we have descended, and whose far-sighted and comprehensive beneficence embraced a distant posterity. How many revolutions and vicissitudes in the fortunes of men have they surveyed and survived! They have been pelted by many a storm; the hoarse and swift wind has often growled and whistled among their branches; the lightnings and tempest have many a time bent their limbs and scathed their trunks—but they, like the good and the truly great in seasons of trial, have stood firm, and retained their integrity. They have seen one generation of men treading upon the heels of another, and rapidly passing away; wars have burst forth in volcanic explosions, and have gone out; revolutions have made their changes, and the wheel again returned to its starting-point; governments and princes have flourished and faded; and the current of human destiny has flowed at their roots, bearing onwards to the traveller's bourn one family and one people after another—but they still stand, green in their old age, as the mute yet eloquent historians of departed years. Why should we not look upon them with reverence! I cannot quite enter into the enthusiasm of an excellent friend, who used to say that the cutting down of an old tree ought to be made a capital offence at law; yet I deem it almost sacrilegious to destroy them, excepting where necessity demands it; and I would always advise that an old tree, standing in

a conspicuous station either for use or ornament, should be at least once more wintered and summered before the sentence of death which may be passed upon it is carried into execution. The trees in the park of the palace of Hampton Court are many of them—the horse-chestnut and the lime—of great age and eminent beauty; several straight lines of them forming, for a long distance, the approach to the palace. On a clear bright day, at the season of their flowering, I passed through this magnificent avenue with inexpressible delight. I passed through them again late in the autumn, when the frost had marred their beauty, and the autumnal gales had stripped off their leaves; but they were still venerable in the simple majesty of their gigantic and spreading forms. I could not help reflecting, with grateful emotion, on that beneficent Power which shall presently breathe upon these apparently lifeless statues, and clothe them with the glittering foliage of spring, and the rich and splendid glories of summer. So be it with those of us who have got far on into the autumn, or stand shivering in the winter of life!

The tourist, as might be expected, was also charmed with the almost universal taste for flower cultivation and embellishment. The neat flower-plots before the doors of villas and cottages are the marvel of every foreigner. Even the labourer's humble cottage—too seldom, I am compelled to admit, anything but a picturesque object—will occasionally have its flowering shrubs adorning its doorway, and the ivy hanging its beautiful tresses over its window, forming, as it were, a mirror set in a frame of the richest green. The village of Marr in Yorkshire, not far from Doncaster, and the village of Edensor in Derbyshire, near Chatsworth, and the village of Lord Browlow in Lincolnshire, the best-built and by far the handsomest villages I have yet seen in England, to cottages of an excellent and picturesque construction, monuments of the liberality of their proprietors, add these beautiful rural embellishments of vines, and shrubs, and flowers, and at first blush, compel a reflecting mind to admit the moral influence of such arrangements upon the character and manners of their inhabitants. Churches and ruins, likewise, are often seen spread over with the richest mantlings of ivy, and, among many others, the venerable and magnificent remains of Hardwicke Hall, for example, are covered, I may say, in the season of its flowering, with a gorgeous robe of it, making its sides with indescribable luxuriance, climbing its lofty battlements, and fringing its empty windows and broken arches as though nature would make the pall of death exquisitely beautiful and splendid, that she might conceal the hideousness of decay, and shut from the sight of frail mortals these affecting monuments of the vanity of human grandeur and pride. I have said and written a great deal to my countrymen about the cultivation of flowers, ornamental gardening, and rural embellishments; and I would read them a homily on the subject every day of every remaining year of my life, if I thought it would have the effect which I desire, of inducing them to make this matter of particular attention and care. When a man asks me what is the use of shrubs and flowers, my first impulse always is to look under his hat and see the length of his ears. I am heartily sick of measuring everything by a standard of mere utility and profit; and as heartily do I pity the man who can see no good in life but in pecuniary gain, or in the mere animal indulgences of eating and drinking.

Of the landed proprietors Mr Colman is disposed to think well; and mentions, as evidences of their liberality, that they are satisfied with a return of from two and a-half to three per cent. on their investments. Here he has committed a slight but natural mistake. Landlords, generally, are contented with these comparatively small returns, because, in the circumstances, they can seldom get more. Besides, capitalists invest money in land for another kind of return than rents. Land gives territorial distinction and political power; and for the latter alone, many persons seem not disinclined to forego all direct pecuniary advantages. In this, indeed, lies the true cause of the high price of land in Great Britain—the

reason why a few comparatively unproductive farms are valued at fifty times the price of an equally large and much richer tract of land in the United States.

To us the most interesting part of Mr Colman's book is that in which he describes the condition of the farm labourers; but as his details on this subject are extensive and varied, we must necessarily postpone them, along with some other matters, till another occasion.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARGENTINE.*

A VOLUME lies before us which may be said to be in some respects a literary curiosity. If analysed, it would be found to contain—first, the adventures of a poor little destitute boy of New York, who became eventually a colonel in the army of the Argentine Republic; second, a sketch of political occurrences there during that period; and third, some brief notices—partly given in a chapter at the end, and partly scattered throughout the work—of the state of manners in that portion of South America.

The historical department we shall have little to do with, and for more than one good reason. Though full of interest, and indeed of a species of romantic excitement, it is not sufficiently intelligible to the general reader to be useful. It is intended to illustrate the establishment of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia and Uruguay; but the author plunges suddenly into a detail of battles, murders, and sudden deaths, forgetting that a majority of his readers have only a very confused notion even of the geographical localities of his story, and hardly any at all of their previous position and the train of circumstances which originated the states in question.

The adventures of the author, Colonel King, we cannot so briefly pass over. They form one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography extant; and we shall take some trouble in sifting them from the general details, so as to present a continuous narrative.

In the year 1817, at the age of fourteen years, I left my native city (New York) in company with a man named Barker, and, without a dollar in my purse, took passage for Norfolk, Virginia. Arrived there, both of our trunks were left as hostage for our passage, and we together strolled into the town. By the sale of a pocket-knife we obtained food, and parted for the day, each seeking some means of employment. On the following day we met, and Barker informed me that he had engaged himself as a school teacher in the country. He had obtained money sufficient to redeem his trunk, which having obtained, we parted; and I stood alone a stranger, without employment, or the means even to purchase a morsel of food. I at length took quarters at the Bell Tavern, where I remained a short time, when, strolling one day along the wharfs, I found a vessel about to sail, bound for Baltimore, and without ceremony took passage to that city. On my arrival at Baltimore I took up my quarters at the house of a Mr Pitcher, hoping speedily to obtain employment, or at least to make myself sufficiently useful to render an equivalent for my board; but at the end of two weeks I was no better off, and my host, with my consent, obtained shipping papers, and placed me on board the brig Wyeonia. The landlord received my advance money, and gave me, as an outfit for the voyage, two shirts in addition to the wardrobe then on my back.

Where the vessel was bound to I neither knew nor inquired; it was all one to me. I had foolishly left my home, and was too proud to return.

The vessel turns out to be a privateer in the service of the Buenos Ayrean government; and on anchoring at the capital, the youth was set on shore as a useless hand, and wandered into the city with no other worldly riches than his wardrobe tied up in a little bundle. He traversed the streets, gazing eagerly about him, till the name of Plusk on the sign-board of a tavern appeared to look something like English, and he went in. The person at

* Twenty-four years in the Argentine Republic; embracing the author's Personal Adventures with the Civil and Military History of the Country. By Colonel J. Anthony King. London: Longman. 1846.

the bar, taking him for a beggar, told him he had nothing for him; but the poor lad was determined to see Mr Flusk, and Mr Flusk turned out to be a good-natured Irishman, with whom he boarded for several weeks. This time he spent in a vain search for employment, till Mr Flusk himself stepped in to his assistance, and 'got him a master' (M. Coquelet), a Frenchman, who kept a fancy and perfumery store.

'I soon found myself in good quarters. My master was kind to me, and, by assiduity, I soon won his confidence and esteem. With his wife too, who was an amiable lady, I soon became a great favourite; and it is to this family that I am indebted for all that afterwards befell me, whether for good or for ill, during a long series of terrible and bloody years. At this house I first saw a certain officer, of high rank in the service of the republic, who occasionally visited the family of my employer, and from whom I received many little tokens of kindness.

'I remained with Coquelet several months: the necessities of my destitution had all been supplied; my obligations to my friend Flusk were satisfied; and with this relief from anxiety and ease of circumstances came a restless desire for change. I suffered with grief from confinement to my shop, which seemed to me more as a prison-house than an asylum; and although sincerely gratified for the many manifestations of kindness which I had received from the family, I spoke often and freely to madame of my desire for more active employment. This was at length communicated by the lady to the officer above-mentioned, with a request that he would, if possible, assist me in the attainment of my wish. This officer had already shown me evidences of a "liking;" and immediately after this announcement had been made to him, he sent for me, and said, "My young friend, would you like to enter the army of the republic?"

'Almost choking with joy, I replied, "Senor, nothing would delight me more."

'Very well," said he; "I will see if I can obtain a flag for you."

'A flag! thought I, as the officer left the house. Is it possible that I am to have a commission, and with the rank of bandero, at the first step! I made no attempt to conceal my delight, or to check the visions of glory that flitted across my imagination. The officer was true to his promise; and two or three days after this interview, the supreme director, Puredon, placed in my hands my commission, with the words, "Go now, young man, and make your own way up the ladder of fortune."

On receiving soon after at Santa Fé, from General Ramirez, a commission as ensign in his own corps, the following significant colloquy took place:—

"Anglo-American, the recommendations that you bring have given us great confidence in you. I hope you are a true patriot?"

"General," I replied, "let my actions show to my countrymen that I am always ready to fight for liberty."

"It is very well," said he; "you are now going to fight against General Artigas."

"Artigas!" said I.

"Yes; the monster who gives no quarter to the officers of an enemy when made prisoners."

"Then we must fight our way, and not become prisoners," I replied.

"True; but do you know his mode of disposing of those who fall into his hands?"

"I have been told that he sews them in raw hides, and leaves them in the sun to perish."

"You have been told rightly, and now know what will be your fate if taken by him in battle."

The ensign was soon after present at a battle—his first battle—against General Artigas; and 'a sickening sensation for a few moments held possession of his faculties, and the blood seemed chilling about his heart.' But this did not prevent him from playing his part so well, that, after the action, he was complimented by his commander; and in due time the friendless, homeless, moneyless, hungry wanderer of the streets of Buenos Ayres re-entered the city a successful soldier.

'Anxious to see my old friends again, I obtained leave

of absence for three days, and immediately called at the house of Coquelet. But I shall not attempt to describe the expressions of astonishment and delight with which I was greeted by madame as I entered the shop, wearing the uniform of an adjutant in the republican army. Flinging both hands above her head, and with eyes straining as though they would start from their sockets, she shook my hand with great glee, praised my uniform, talked of my promotion, declared I should be governor yet, and finally insisted that I should spend my whole "leave" at her house. This, however, could not be done; and after taking breakfast with them, I sallied forth to make my obeisance to Flusk and others who, like them, had known me in less propitious times.'

The next battle he was engaged in was against Carrere, and was unsuccessful. He was beaten, and sustained with courage the horrors of a most disastrous flight, which was stopped by a new and more ruthless enemy in front. They fought as long as it seemed possible, and then sent a flag of truce with an offer of capitulation. The officer bearing it was shot without ceremony before their eyes, and, goaded to desperation, they fought again. Most of them were now cut to pieces in the conflict; some were murdered after it was over; and our adventurer, having his ribs fractured by the butt end of a musket, was taken prisoner with about twenty of his comrades, and carried off, his captors assuring them that they would 'shoot them by and by.'

All on a sudden their conductors found themselves prisoners in turn. They had blundered into a division of the antagonist army, and King was again at liberty. Being disabled by his wounds, he set out with a small party for Cordova, but on the route they were attacked by a strong party of the enemy in a coral, or cattle-yard, of a farm-house. Most of the defenders were bayoneted, but a few, after being compelled to march on foot after the victors for some distance, were set at liberty. The majority of these proceeded on their journey, but King and one of his comrades were tempted to return to the cattle-yard to see if anything had been left that could be made useful. 'Among the rubbish, half burned, he found a blanket, and a hat almost rimless; and I found a remnant of scorched calico, of which we made covering for our bodies. Crasey also found a box containing a magic lantern, which had belonged to his own stock of valuables; whereupon he uttered an exclamation of joy. "Here is a prize worth its weight in gold," said he; "with this we can pay our way, and be independent, if we ever come where there are any people."

'We had found among the ruins a remnant of salt beef, from which we made a supper, and tying the remainder in a rag, determined to spend the night where we were. On the next morning we commenced our journey westward, and somewhat at random. As we approached the town of San Luis, a slight shudder came irrepressibly over my frame: we were traversing the very road by which Ramirez had, a short time before, led us to the disastrous onslaught in our last campaign. How different were my sensations from those with which I approached the city of Buenos Ayres the second time! My first visit to this place was in a moment of pride and panoply; now I drew towards it with a calico rag about my person, scarcely sufficient to cover my nakedness, and with a sense of reluctance that would have better become a thief on his way to the justice. I thought, by way of consolation, of the necessary and natural "ups and downs" of life; but, after all my philosophy, I could not resist the conclusion that I was getting my share of the "downs" in a lump. I was, however, but a novice as yet.

'On our arrival, we entered the town with the humility of mendicants. We applied at a house in the suburbs, within a few rods of the place, where I received my first wound, and told our story of distress, which obtained for us a little cast-off clothing and food. Clad in more becoming habiliments, I agreed to join Crasey in the exhibition of his magic lantern—partly from necessity, but mostly as a means of concealing my true character—until I should know better what course to pursue, and whether

it would be safe to make myself known to Colonel Ortis. We accordingly took lodgings, and announced our exhibition to take place on the next evening. The time arrived; and Crasey, having borrowed a sheet for the purpose, placed it against the wall of a room, and while he made a display of his fantastic figures, I was stationed at the door of entrance to receive *un medio chelin entrado*, or sixpence, as the price of admission. Our audience quite equalled our expectations; and from the receipts of the evening we realised a profit of about three dollars. The next evening we again exhibited, with like success; but at this exhibition came Colonel Ortis himself, who, notwithstanding my disguise, recognised me. "What!" he exclaimed, "my old friend!" then checking himself, he added in an under-tone—"Call at my house when your exhibition is over;" and without saying more, he passed into the apartment.

He was recommended to leave the town instantly; and he and his companion Crasey set out, as poor as ever, on a journey over the Andes, and in two months arrived at the town of San Juan. Here King, with his usual fortune, was thrown into a dungeon without being told of what he was accused. 'My heart, late so buoyant with hope, fell with the heaviness of lead; for I well knew that in these cells were confined none but prisoners of state, few of whom ever quitted their incarceration but to meet an execution in the prison-yard. Thus confined, the prisoner awaits in solitude the decision of a despot. From day to day, from hour to hour, perhaps for months, he may remain; and when at length an officer enters the prison-house, holding a sealed packet in his hand, and invites the prisoner forth, none know its contents until the parties have reached the yard. Here the packet is opened: if it direct his release, he is set at liberty; if it command his death, he is immediately shot. I was at once placed in a cell, *entre porta* (or between two doors). My cell being about four feet wide by twelve in length, with a small grating at the top of the wall over one of the doors, through which I could see in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Cordilleras, and a corresponding grating at the opposite end, from which I could see only the tops of the orange-trees in a neighbouring garden, with their golden fruit flashing in the sunlight.' In three months he was liberated on condition of transferring his services to the state of Alto Peru, and immediately a magical change took place in his fortunes. The scene is the town of Tacuman, which he had reached on his way. 'Having now the means, I lost no time in procuring a uniform becoming my rank, and immediately found myself in a position which gave room for the enjoyment of social pleasure; the first, indeed, that I had known during a period of about six years, which I had now spent in the republics of South America. Our evenings were passed at balls and conversational parties, and I entered into the spirit of their enjoyments with all the eagerness of one who had been long severed from the cheering influences of civil life. Surrounded with beauty, fashion, and luxury, and with the most distinguished and wealthy for my companions, I went on through the torrent of gaiety with a bewildering sense of happiness, and, for the first time since I had taken arms, looked forward with a feeling of discontent to the moment when I should receive orders to renew our march.' This did not last long. The scene changes. 'Soured in temper with my sickness, hardships, and ill-usages, I felt a little of the spirit of kindness for any one, and less desire to associate with any of my kind. I had as yet met with nothing but reverses and toil; and in all my sufferings from year to year, not the sound of a single sympathetic voice had fallen upon my spirit to check or soften its growing asperities. No compensation had I ever received, and my clothing was little better than rags. I became moody and taciturn, and often, in my most sombre mood, I drew my garro (cap) over my brow, and wrapped myself closely in my own miserable thoughts. I sat beneath a porch of the shanty that furnished quarters for my relief, when I perceived a Spanish gentleman on the road, moving with his splendid horse-tappings, servants, and two heavy trunks carried by mules, towards Huamaguaca.

He had somehow passed my outer pocket unobserved, and rode by me with a careless glance.

"Ah, my fine fellow," thought I, "you look on me with contempt; but you little think that you must ride back again!"

'At a quarter of a mile he was hailed by my inside picket, and his passport being unsigned by me, he was brought back again. I appeared not to notice him as he returned, and heard him ask the guard—"Who is your commandant?"

"That is he, senior, upon the perch."

"That!"

'The don raised his hat, and approached me bowing. "Senior Commandant," said he, "will you oblige me by giving a passport?" at the same time handing me the paper.

"Sit down, senior," said I, pointing to a bench that stood near, and glancing at the passport, which I found correct. "Now, senior," said I, "if you will tell me what you thought of me as you rode past, I will sign your passport."

He hesitated.

"Speak out, senior; I think I know your thoughts. Speak truly."

"To tell the truth, then," he replied, "I thought you were a beggar."

'I endorsed his passport, and he went on. Matters get worse and worse. A great battle is fought, and lost; and in his flight our adventurer and his comrades fall into the hands of a body of Indians, ornamented by a button passed through the lower lip. We found here a people numbering about two thousand, and living almost in the primitive simplicity of nature, inoffensive and happy; their home a seeming paradise, and their wants but few and easily gratified. Their women were perfectly beautiful, with skins clear and transparent, softened only by the colour of their clime; their features oval, and without the high cheek-bone of the North American Indians; their graceful forms, which had never known the restraint of stay or bodice; their lithe and active limbs; and, above all, an air of elate and modest purity, commanded alike the admiration and respect of our whole company. A quarrel occurs with the innocent and happy savages through the villany of one of the civilised men; but the refugees find it easy to escape by simply marching off after dusk, the superstition of the Indians forbidding them to interfere at an hour when the dreaded Spirit of the night has charge of the world.

They arrive at Oran ragged and dirty, and the officers are invited by the governor to a ball. 'With a very awkward grace we followed his excellency to an apartment of magnificence, where glittering forms of beauty flitted across our vision, causing a contrast with the scenes from which we had just emerged that was to me even painful. As I entered the room, a lady, with the form of a sylph, left her seat and came hastily towards me with a sweet smile, saying playfully, "Cavallero, I'll wash your shirt."

'I now perceived it to be the Dona Caeinta R—, who had recognised me, and I replied in the same strain, "Senora, 'tis but half a one!" Matters, however, begin to mend. He receives his commission as colonel, and is in command of seven hundred men, when he takes it into his head to visit a neighbouring town. Here he is felled to the ground by a brawny friar for not observing the procession of the Host in time to get out of its way; and on the same day he is arrested for the crime, and lies in a dungeon for three months. At the end of that period the friar calls on him, and offers him his liberty, if he will become a Catholic. He declines. 'Then only say you are a Catholic.' He is still obdurate. 'You will not say the word?' 'No.' 'Then I will,' and he is speedily at liberty. He returns to Oran, and finds the governor deposed, his regiment dis-banded, and himself a total stranger. Friendless, penniless, and alone, the adventurer betakes himself again to the road, in the hope of finding his way once more to Buenos Ayres. He is lodged and fed at a town on the road, by the charity of an old woman; and, selling his sword, he proceeds on the

strength of its price (a few shillings), till at a village he makes the acquaintance of a gentleman whose son had served with him in the field, and had been slain—or rather murdered—by the enemy. From this place he proceeds to Cordova, with only one arrest and imprisonment on his way; and on arriving there, an incident occurs which changes his whole fortune. 'During my present stay in Cordova I became acquainted with, and married, the Dona Juana—a connexion of Governor Bustos—of good family, finished accomplishments, and the most perfect gentleness and amiability of disposition. By this marriage I became instantly transported from a state little removed from absolute poverty to one of luxury and wealth.' After this he meets with another incarceration, and narrowly escapes with his life; but thenceforward the narrative is almost entirely historical; and in 1841 (his wife having previously died) he finally returned to the United States, after a course of adventure as singular and various as perhaps exists on record. His revelations of life atrocities committed in the course of the broils in which he was engaged, impart a fresh horror of war and all its attendants.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH COMMERCIAL TERMS.

A CONSIDERABLE proficiency in French will often leave one ignorant of many words and phrases which meet the eye and ear on visiting France. The reason is, that in French as well as in English dictionaries a great variety of terms in daily use do not make their appearance. 'A Manual of Commercial Terms in English and French,' by Mr Spiers, a teacher of our language in Paris, has just been issued,* with the view of remedying this acknowledged deficiency of ordinary dictionaries. We observe in the work a vast variety of terms, the knowledge of which to the traveller in France, or to the reader of French newspapers, will prove of considerable service. Let us offer a few examples.

D'occasion. This is a puzzling word in many French shop-windows: it signifies second-hand, or a good opportunity for bargains.

Caisse d'épargne; savings' bank, but literally a box for savings.

Joueur à la baisse. Literally a player or speculator on a fall; and the only term the French have for a bear on 'Change. For a bull or speculator on a rise, they have *hausser*, from *hausser*, to rise.

Jonet, a toy; but a dealer in toys is called *Bimbelotier*, from *bimbelot*, a child's plaything. This word suggests the French for doll, which is *poupée* (whence puppet). It is doubtful whether our word doll is a abbreviation of idol, or from the old French word *dol*—trumpery: the question is worthy of archaeological investigation.

Cafetier, coffeehouse-keeper. The French language excels in this short mode of defining professions; for example—*maroquinier*, morocco-tanner; *magisier*, leather-dresser; *diamantaire*, diamond-cutter; *forblantier*, tinsmith; *cloutier*, nail-maker; *papetier*, paper-maker. In some cases, however, the English professional terms are shorter; for instance, *tobacconist*, *marchand de tabac*—which looks very dull over the door of a petty shop. The power of putting the adjective before the substantive also gives the English tongue a great advantage; as insurance-clerk, *commis chargé de assurances*; steamboat, *batteau à vapeur*; cotton-broker, *commerçant pour les cotons*; eight-day clock, *horloge qui marche huit jours*.

Arrhes, earnest-money. This is a word well known to travellers in France, it being customary and useful as a measure of precaution to pay, on bookings only a part of the sum demanded for a place in the diligence, the remainder being settled on arrival at the destination.

The Scotch word *arles* has precisely the same meaning.

The word *arries* reminds us of a French word which, strangely enough, is not in the 'Manual,' this is *bulletin*, the ticket given by diligence offices, on which the amount of *arries* is marked. It is important for all travellers to seek and receive a bulletin, whether they pay the whole or part of their fare; for not having this they are at the mercy of the conducteur, and may be left behind at any mid-way station without recourse.

Gants de fil d'Ecosse, thread gloves. *Toile à torchons d'Ecosse,* Osnaburg. This introduction of *d'Ecosse* into the names of thread and tissue articles is common in the shop-windows of Paris. We never knew that Scotland produced so many crack articles till we visited France.

Maison meublée, a house with the principal movables. Another phrase is, however, as commonly in use—*Maison garnie*, a house entirely furnished. *Appartement garni* is seen universally.

Porcelaine, china. It seems somewhat stupid in the English to have given the name of the country to the pottery brought from it.

Failli, a bankrupt; *Faillite*, bankruptcy. 'Our word bankrupt, as is well known, is from the Italian *banco rotto*, a broken board; it having been the practice in Italy to break the benches of those money-changers who became insolvent. The spelling of bankrupt is modern, the Latin *ruptus*, broken, being substituted for the Italian *rotto*. According to Shakspeare—

—'dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt the wits.'

from which it may be inferred that bankrupt was the old orthography. The French employ *banqueroute*, but only in a bad sense, as *banqueroute frauduleuse*. Possibly this was the true original application of *banco rotto*.

Sel Anglais, Epsom salts. Those who wish to buy *sel de cuisine* will of course avoid asking for *sel Anglais*.

Savon, soap. Last time we were in Paris the walls were covered with a huge placard about *savon ponce*. Everywhere the eye turned it met this universal *savon ponce*. What was *savon ponce*? *Savon ponce* was soap made with an intermixture of sand, which, like the strigel of the ancients, was to act mechanically on the skin—a kind of blending of brush and soap in one article—mechanics and chemistry in harmonious combination; a capital thing no doubt for the hands of chimney-sweepers and locomotive engine-drivers, but not altogether suitable for skins of lesser delicacy. *Savon ponce*, however, had a great run for a length of time among the Parisians; the madness, I am told, has latterly worn off, possibly along with the skins of the too easily gulled purchasers. Mr Spiers gives the names of twenty-six kinds of *savon* in his Manual, and yet *savon ponce* is not amongst them.

Pharmacien, a dealer in medicines. The English, without reason, apply the term chemist to a person of this profession; and the Scotch, as unreasonably, call a druggist's shop a laboratory.

Arquitté, paid; put at the bottom of bills.

Plombé, leaded. When a traveller arrives on the frontiers of France, a custom-house officer, after examining his luggage, asks if he wishes it *plombé*; that is, fastened up with lead, on which a seal is impressed. If not *plombé*, the luggage is liable to be inspected by other officers at the entrance to different towns; but if *plombé*, it goes free through the country. It has been one of the much-complained-of annoyances that mail packages from India to England must undergo the formality of being *plombé* on entering France.

Roulage, carrying by wagon (from *roue*, a wheel). There is also a term, *Roulage accéléré*, quick wagon carriage; but the thing signified exists only in the imagination.

Carvi, caraway. The Scotch say carvy.

Une fois, deux fois, trois fois, adjugé, going, going, going, gone (at auctions).

Note, bill of reckoning at a hotel.

We need not pursue examples; the *Manual*, though in some respects deficient, will prove exceedingly useful to the traveller as well as the corresponding clerk of the English counting-house.

WAR SCENES.

[This paper is from the pen of a veteran soldier who has spent his life amid such scenes and incidents as he attempts to depict. We give it not so much for literary reasons, as for the interest which attaches to it as the views of a soldier on the subject of war.]

Those who have seen the most of war—those even who have won their honours on the most brilliant battle-fields—are generally foremost in making efforts for the preservation of peace. They have witnessed so many of the dire effects of war, so much misery, affliction, and demoralisation, that, unless in the defence of their country against the attacks of a foreign foe, they would neither willingly again draw the sword themselves, nor sanction its being unsheathed by others.

It has fallen to my lot to witness many scenes of warfare; and I treat those who may have visions of glory, conquest, and so forth, to bear with me whilst I endeavour to convince them, by a brief retrospect, and by the reflections naturally arising therefrom, that nothing can counterbalance the unspeakable advantages of peace. What sounds are those which fill the air? The drums and trumpets of a division of an army approaching a town, in a country which is the theatre of war. They are national and friendly troops; but their arrival does not produce any pleasurable feeling in the breasts of the inhabitants. They are worn out. Yesterday the town was occupied by a brigade of the enemy's forces, which had only marched out in the morning; and although it was a disciplined force, it had left disastrous traces behind it. In every house numbers of officers and privates had been billeted; the authorities had been peremptorily called upon to supply rations and forage for the brigade; not a corner not a nook in the greater part of the houses had been left unexplored; and the sacredness of domestic quietude had been infringed upon. The town-people had scarcely made a perceptible progress in the restoration of their dwellings to something approaching to their usual state, and were just preparing to seek some repose, and were congratulating one another on the prospect of a quiet night, when their ears were assailed by martial sounds. And now their homes are again crowded with military; fresh demands are made for supplies; fresh anxieties, alarms, and toils fall upon them. This sad state of things lasts throughout the war. There are neither homes, nor domestic peace, nor security. The spirit of the people at length becomes broken, and family ties are rent asunder by the strong temptations to which the youthful members are exposed by a continual succession of authorised intruders—many of whom are intriguing and immoral, as may easily be supposed when the heterogeneous materials of which even the best-regulated armies are composed are taken into consideration. If open towns or villages are thus exposed, how dreadful is the condition of a fortified place when besieged by a powerful army, and defended by a competent and determined garrison! For weeks and weeks the showers of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries pour into, and burst over, the devoted town without intermission. Alarm and dismay are stamped upon every countenance; women and children are huddled together under ground, or in places where there may be a chance of shelter; many are crushed to death by the ruins of their falling dwellings; heaps of slain inumber the streets; great numbers of houses are on fire; the starving people crawl about the perilous streets in search of alimnt of the most revolting description; they are parched with thirst, and there is no water; a horrible contagious fever breaks out; the livid corpses are piled up in the streets, for the

survivors are too weak to bury them; and the soldiers, decimated by the enemy's fire or by disease, can render no assistance, for they are at their posts in the batteries. At length a breach is made in the walls, the assault commences, and the forlorn hope is led by gallant officers. Down, down are many brave fellows hurled into the ditch; those who follow them share the same fate in great numbers; but others scramble over the dead bodies of their comrades; the defenders are slaughtered or driven back, and the place is taken by storm. Alas for human nature! Cruelty and the most revolting scenes of depravity are perpetrated, perhaps during two or three awful days and nights, by an unbridled soldiery, amidst flames and explosions! The shrieks of the victims are unheeded, and the officers in vain exert themselves to stay the frightful torrent of human infamy. At last the savage tumult ceases, and an awful silence ensues—the silence of exhausted vice, intemperance, and death! And wherefore this letting loose of all the bad passions, this agony, these frightful deaths? Perhaps for a matter in dispute between two potentates, who are awaiting the result in their luxurious palaces afar off—a dispute for which the harmless people care not one straw. Peradventure a crown is claimed by one branch of a royal house, and is possessed by another; or the case may be that a portion of territory belonging to a neighbouring state (a territory snatched ages ago from the aborigines) is coveted in order to round a district, or with the view of creating popularity for the head of a republic, so as to insure his re-election. But is it not monstrous and humiliating that the people should be thus tortured, and stricken to the earth, and exposed to these diabolical assaults, on account of such personal envy and ambition?

Come with me to the battle-field. What fury! what carnage! The cries and groans of the wounded and dying are unheeded; and those whose hearts have been at all times, in their private capacities, open to appeals, however feeble, from their suffering fellow-creatures, now, in the excitement of the moment, rush upon, or gallop over, enemies or comrades indiscriminately. Many, in the very height of their fell onslaught, are in their turn laid low by bullet, lance, or sword, and lift up their imploring hands on the approach of their hosts who are overthrowing every obstacle to their advance or retreat.

The battle is won. The hostile forces are vanquished, and their artillery captured; a dynasty has been changed; a so-called 'balance of power' established; or a political principle vindicated. Grandiloquent proclamations and manifestoes are now published; rejoicings take place in cities, towns, and villages; and promises are made which, it is almost certain, will never be realised. It is more than probable that the remedy will be worse than the disease; that, whether from hollow professions, or the frustration of honest intentions by after-intrigues, the ostensible object for which so much suffering and slaughter were incurred will be cast chiefly into the background.

Let us now visit one of the field hospitals, whither the wounded are conveyed during and after a battle. Here, in a hamlet half in ruins, from having been the scene of various conflicts in the course of the military operations, lie some of the victims of war. The military surgeons are doing all that skill and humanity can accomplish to alleviate this accumulation of human suffering. One amputates a shattered limb; another probes a wound with scientific and gentle hand; whilst many a poor, prostrate creature, severely wounded, casts his imploring eyes towards the over-occupied surgeons, hoping that his case may be the next to be attended to. On a sack filled with straw lies a fine, young man; there is blood upon his clothing; a musket bulk has lodged in his shoulder. He speaks not, but his lips are distended, and display a fine set of teeth clenched together; this gives a grinning yet anguished expression to his countenance. Poor fellow! his eyeballs seem starting from their sockets with almost speaking anxiety. Poor fellow! he has been stricken with lock-jaw; he will in all probability die a lingering death from starvation. No food, no liquid can pass his lips; the portals of aliment are

closed; and it is to be feared that no human skill can reopen them.

From the hospital it is but a few steps to the dead-house, where the bodies of those whose wounds have produced fatal effects are deposited for a few hours previously to receiving sepulture. In a corner of the hovel lie the mutilated remains of several gallant men. What a fine head crowns that trunk!—for it is but a trunk. This man must have been a soldier of some years' standing; his head is rather bald, and the hair on his temples is thin and grizzled. The expression of his countenance, even in death, is noble and placid; his head is pillowed on the shoulder of a pale youth, whose strength had not been sufficient to resist the wasting effects of his wounds. What can compensate the widow of the stalwart veteran, or the mother of the young man who had not yet attained his full strength, for their bereavements?

Hard by lies the body of a man whose face had been frightfully gashed by a sabre-cut, and one of whose arms had been amputated; mortification ensued, and he died, without pain, after much previous suffering. Bandaged limbs and heads—awful disfigurements from gun-shot wounds or from gashes in the face—these are the marks of the sufferings of those whose corpses add to the horrible heap.

I will not pursue this sad theme any farther. I have sketched a very faint outline only of what I have witnessed on the dread theatre of war. Its evils, however, do not cease with the enormous amount of physical suffering which it occasions: the demoralisation consequent upon war is beyond description. By degrees, and from repeated temptations, backed by bad examples, many a virtuously-disposed individual becomes habitually immoral in conversation and practice. A wandering and unsettled course of life begets a reckless state of mind; there is no *home* feeling, no magnet to attract, as is the case on occasional absences from the domestic circle on business or for recreation. The soldier becomes, by degrees, indifferent to aught but contrivances for securing his own personal conveniences on the march or in quarters: where good principles have begun to take root on a soil perhaps naturally prone to moral weakness, they almost inevitably perish under the influence of the contaminated atmosphere of the camp in time of war: and crimes which would never have suggested themselves to the mind, or been possible in the ordinary course of life, are committed without reflection and without remorse.

Cupidity, too, is fostered to a great extent in war time. The supplies for large armies in the field must be obtained at any cost: it is necessary to have recourse to intermediary persons in order to procure them; and the door is opened to speculations and malversations of all kinds, which are practiced and connived at, and ramified indefinitely. At the termination of a war, some parties may have accumulated large fortunes, whilst others, who have been living in reckless luxury far beyond their original sphere or legitimate means, are suddenly reduced to a mere pittance, and the artificial wants they have acquired lead them, perhaps, to the committal of dishonourable deeds in order to supply them. The country is exhausted and burdened with liabilities which it takes years and years of heavy taxation of the people to liquidate; and it is very likely that just as the nation is beginning to recover itself—when new paths for prosperity are being discovered, and fresh sources for the employment of the industrious and scientific classes are becoming developed—at this fair and auspicious moment, when the fruits of a long peace are just within the people's reach, another political convulsion casts them again on the brink of the dreadful gulf of war.

I say that, inasmuch as that great power—steam—has brought into rapid and continued intercourse far-distant nations which, in our grandfathers' days, were almost unknown to each other—that intercourse being calculated to humanise the people, and to foster the elements of peace—so, amidst the wondrous changes in every division of the world and of society which have been accomplished in our day, it would be well if a high court of arbitration were established for the settlement of conflicting political

points, and thus prevent bloodshed and the perpetration of crime for the attainment of objects which are not of the slightest importance to the masses who are the main supports of the social fabric.

THE REAL AND IDEAL.

I SAW her as she once did seem—

A form that haunts the poet's dream;
A ray from high, a moment felt,
With power to gladden and to melt;
A white cloud wandering in the sky,
So filled with heavenly light, the eye
Forgets that from our own dark earth
That thing of glory had its birth.

Sweet sister! even so didst thou
Appear—and so I see thee now:
Thy calm eyes, and thy silky hair,
Thy cheek so pure, and pale, and fair,
That when my soul thus dwells on thee,
I almost doubt if thou couldst be
(So heavenly bright, so mockly mild:
A fading flower, an earthly child!

Again I saw her, and though years
Had passed that filled my eyes with tears,
I knew that form, where Womanhood
Her summer bloom had gently strewed:
And on her fair arm one did lean,
With love confiding and serene,
On whose gray hairs she fixed her eyes
In playful, and yet pensive guise.

And as he folded to his breast
His darling child, and praised and blessed,
For very joy the old man wept:
Oh what an icy chillness crept
Throughout my veins, when that fair scene
I knew was but what might have been—
The blasted hope, the withered bloom,
That sleeps within her early tomb!

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.

It is a great libel, to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with an organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, or hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute; independently of which they appear to act in so organised and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting, as to defy all danger. Many a time has my utmost caution been of no avail in attempting to approach these birds; either a careless step on a piece of gravel, or an eddy of wind, however light, or letting them perceive the smallest portion of my person, has rendered useless whole hours of manœuvring.—
Wild Sports of the Highlands.

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NATURAL ANTIQUITIES.

WE all more or less experience the desire of realising the far Past. Few are insensible to the pleasure of seeing distant ages reproduced, either in the books of the antiquary or the pages of the novelist. So earnest and eager is this feeling, that we usually lament that, through neglect and the effects of time, pictures of ancient events, manners, and strains of private and public thinking, are now so imperfectly presented to us. Some may almost be said to pine for an exact reproduction of antique things and doings, never ceasing to deplore that it is unattainable. I remember when, amongst the impossible things which youth will long for, one of the predominant in my own case was, for the power of living even one day in the period of our great civil war. *That*, I felt, would have been a joy superior to all which the imagination could conceive.

Vain the wish, of course. Our knowledge of antiquities, as antiquities are usually considered, must be as accident has determined. But there is a question

Do we assign a comprehensive enough character to archaeology, as the science of antiquities is called? Commonly, when we examine a remote era, we look solely for points in which it differed from our own—as in dress, style of architecture, warlike customs, forms of religion. We catch at a Roman shield as furiously as ever Dacian hewed at it, and probably feel a deeper interest in a point of mediæval church faith than the priests could then succeed in impressing on their living auditories. These things alone do we feel to be true antiquities: the external, accidental, and transient—what the caprice, ignorance, clumsiness in expedient, and defectiveness of social power dictated—are exclusively in our regard. But for any such purpose as the resuscitation of an age, as it really was, before our living eyes, it may be said to be equally necessary to keep in view what is constant and indestructible; namely, the human nature itself, and the outward facts of the world with which it is placed in relation. There is, in short, a doctrine of Natural Antiquities which is almost as greatly to the purpose as anything else.

Walking not long ago with one of my own children, and finding him lay hold of me, as is his custom, by the forefinger, the reflection occurred to me, 'how natural is this position?' Little children must have thus walked by their fathers' sides since ever our kind existed. The obvious convenience makes the fact as clear as if we had a register all along telling us once an age, 'Little boys still hold their fathers by the forefinger as they walk together.' Here, then, is a genuine picture of a feature of domestic life of ancient ages brought up to our view at once. So also must parents, in remote ages, have found little ones gathering and clutching about their knees, and climbing up for kisses, as they do now.

Since every parent finds this done now-a-days, and remembers acting in the same way by his parents in his own childhood, we need no historical evidence to prove its antiquity; yet there is a satisfaction in finding that, just as Burns the other day describes the Scottish cottager seated by his fireside at eve, with

'The lisping infant prattling on his knee'—

just as another English poet speaks of the rustic sire, and the young ones that

— 'climb his knee, the crowded kiss to share,'

so does Virgil, half way back to the beginning of history, record as amongst the pleasant circumstances of an Italian cottage pair—

'Interca dulces, pendens circum oscula nati.'

['Meanwhile their harling children hang around their kisses.']

In the same beautiful scene, the Mantuan bard introduces 'sanctique patres'—'revered old fathers,' the very same image which Scott gave us, thirty years ago, in the Sandyknowe picture in *Marmion*—

— 'The thatched mansion's gray-haired sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good.'

We thus are needlessly informed that the hoary grandfather has had his seat at the cottage fireside since ever there was such a thing as a cottage fire. We may see, at this day, under almost every humble roof in Ireland, the very same image of quiet old age which might have been seen in the days of the patriarchs. It is an antiquity unchanging, and never to be changed while our species lasts.

It may be fairly presumed that this principle is always the more true the more nearly we approach the fundamental simplicities of nature. The human being is occasionally capable of being unkind to a parent, but the female is hardly ever so to her offspring, or to the infantine generally. Hence, when we see the down look of the mother upon the babe on her bosom or in her lap, we may be more than usually assured that we behold a touch of nature's grace that was in all time, as far as our species is concerned, and evermore will be. Not more true is this posture and this inimitable smile of her who bore her first babe last night, than it is of the very mothers whose blessed lot it was to be the first to exemplify it on our world. Can any common kind of proof be necessary? Oh no. Yet here, too, let us by all means have glimpses of the babe-regarding mothers of different ages. It is not much less, then, than three thousand years since an Ionic Greek, by name Homer, described Andromache taking back her infant from the arms of Hector—

'Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she held,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.'

It was possibly five hundred years still earlier that a Hebrew, describing a woman's conduct towards the offspring of a daughter-in-law whom she loved, said—'Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse to it.' Oh, never was the day in man's era when gentle woman did not take mute unthanking, and yet most grateful babyhood upon her bosom, exactly as these old writers describe!

Ancient writers, while chiefly occupied with the accidental and transient, yet occasionally exhibit traits of the natural feelings which show that these have never been changed. A necessitous friend will, at the present day, obtain our assistance once or twice, without any grudge, but if he comes too often, we tire of beneficence. Now, Hesiod, who is ranked as one of the very earliest Greek writers, remarks this circumstance. A farmer in Norfolk or East Lothian would not very readily lend a plough and couple of horses to a neighbour when he had immediate use for them himself. Such, according to old Hesiod, was the feeling of the agriculturists of his day also. The ever-fed man is found amongst us to be ill to please, even at the most luxuriously-furnished tables. What is this but the *mala copia* of Horace?—

'When the tired glutton labours through the treat,
He'll find no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.'

The vivid power of hope has been sung in charming strains by one of the sweetest of modern bards. We all daily feel that it "springs eternal in the breast." Ovid had occasion, sixty generations ago, to describe the same delightful visitant. 'The physician may forsake his patient,' says the poet of Rome, 'but hope remains with him.' It is at this day the support of the fowler and the angler in their sports: so it was when Tibullus thus wrote—

'Hæc laqueos volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces.'

Every peculiarity of the human constitution is an activity. Hippocrates's description of a fever is applicable now; and the light and short sleep of the aged is remarked by Euripides. All that results, too, from natural affluences and wants is the same in all ages. When we sit under the tansor, having nothing else to do, we fall into chat. The barber's shop thus becomes a centre of light talk or gossip. Now it was so in the time of Aristophanes just as it is now. A London rogue expresses much of his meaning by winks; 'a naugly person winketh with his eyes,' says Solomon in the Proverbs.

The appearances of external nature may in like manner be said to be a kind of antiquities. The sun came forth in the morning like a bridegroom to the patriarchs, as to us. When we see that magnificent spectacle, our visual sense takes in the very same objects which met the eyes of the earliest men; nay, which were presented before men lived to see them. Spring is described by Virgil in terms which would still exactly apply—

—'Nunc omnis æger, nunc omnis parturit arbor;
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc stirpemissimus annus.'

['And now the fields all teem, and every tree,
Now bloom the groves, now smiles the beauteous year.']

But we know with not less certainty that the same renewal and repair of nature took place, in all its circumstances, at this season, innumerable ages before the *Bucolics* were written. The budding tree we saw in our garden last April was the type of all such objects throughout the present era of natural arrangements. Though the builder's accounts for the Pyramids were to be found to-morrow, they could not be a more satisfactory piece of archaeology, while in comparison of date they would be as things of yesterday. The meanest flower that blows has the same character. That one, 'sweet, modest, crimson-tipped,' which Burns apostrophised—we see it in the hands of admiring childhood whenever we choose to walk out to a Scotch burn-side. It was the delight of our fathers in their childish days too. William Wallace, six centuries ago, 'pu'd the

gowans fine' at Elderslie, as children would be seen doing there at this very day. It was the same when the Romans came among the Attacotti—the same before man's foot had yet intruded into this island. Keep away from the garden and the hot-house, all nature is but an antiquarian museum; singular only in this, that it has few doubtful readings, and no memorials of which the purpose is forgotten.

As already hinted, we are only disposed to consider that an object for antiquarianism which brings the men of past ages, and their modes of thinking and acting, before us. We therefore see a tooth of the holoptechinus, or a shell of the mountain limestone, and know that it is thousands of thousands of years old, without having any feeling of this kind about it. Yet though natural objects present us with no trace of the handiwork of the ancients, many of them are necessarily liable to be associated with our race. All which we know to have existed of old under the contemplation of men, may well bring the men before our minds. To look on the moon, for example, and reflect that it is the same object which Pompey beheld the night before Pharsalia, does in some measure realise Pompey to us. Walking in a pleasant valley beside a lake, in weather which invites us to sleep in grottos or arbours, and hearing cattle lowing, we may be said to bring Virgil before our eyes, for these things he saw often, and has well described.* It may at the same time be acknowledged that we have a more powerfully appealing kind of natural antiquities in the human dispositions and habits, and all the little circumstances necessarily attending human life.

A child sitting on our knee, or clasping us round the neck—the look of gentle affection from the partner of our home—the whole scenery of the fireside, from the gray-haired sire or venerable grandam to the clambering infant, from the active bustle of the morning to the smiling quiet of the evening—the gestures and looks by which the passions are instinctively demonstrated—the appearances produced on us by cold or heat, by activity and by indolence—these are all natural antiquities of what I may call the first class. Seeing these, it becomes little better than folly to delight in an ancient Egyptian wig, or a picture of an old woman spinning brought from Thebes, for here we have the very fathers of our race, the true *prisca gens mortalium*, brought up before us.

RIVER PERILS.

Various books have been written upon the perils of the sea, but we are inclined to think that the peril of rivers would form a subject of more universal interest. The sea is known to comparatively few, and indeed a great portion of the people, even of these islands, live and die without having ever seen it. But the river is bound up with the memories, affections, and sympathies of us all. The burn or rivulet, the stream, the torrent, all have the legends of the heart and the imagination; and one-half of the inventions of romance and the dreams of poetry have there either their scene or their source. We may smile at the superstition of the eastern nations, but we all unconsciously deify our own rivers. We take to our hearts the Thames or the Severn, the Forth, the Forth, or the Clyde. We compare them with the streams of other countries; and although candidly allowing their inferiority in some unimportant respects, such as volume, beauty, or rapidity, as the case may be, we assert with heat their pre-eminence in some other quality—only essential, perhaps, in our own recollections and associations.

This train of ideas has been set in motion by a short passage in a very little book.† It is a description by Mr Miller of a phenomenon which occurs in the Trent.

* 'At latis otis fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; At frigida Tempæ,
Mugitusque bovm, mollesque sub arbore sonni,
Non absint.'
† The Boy's Summer Book.

'There are not many rivers up which the tide, or heygre, as it is called in the country, comes; and those who never before beheld such a sight would be struck with fear and astonishment. Fancy yourself in a boat on a broad, calm river, in a still summer's evening, borne gently along by the current, and scarcely a ripple on the smooth surface of the water, saving what is made by the swallow as it every now and then dips down. Away you go, laughing and chatting, and leaving the boat to its own lazy motion, just gliding along as it likes past the old town, beyond the last wharf, below the white mill; away and away, between winding banks, where willows are ever waving; between sweet meadows, where flocks bleat and herds low; leaving one village on the right hand, and another on the left, and still moving along with a kind of dreamy, idle motion, just as the water wills it, just as the boat chooses to drop down; when, hark! hush! what sound is that which comes like the first roaring of a storm through the forest? Although it is yet above a mile off, you hear that low sullen roar, deepening every moment as it draws closer. Louder and louder—nearer and nearer it approaches. Then you hear a distant shout of human voices; sailor calling to sailor, ship answering to ship; onward and onward the alarm is sounded, repeated by the boat above you, as you send downward the cry of "Ware heygre!" which is taken up and echoed by every boat upon the river for miles away. Steady, boys! "swape" her head half round, so that her nose shall just plough the high hill of water which is coming down thundering upon us. How awful it looked!—a huge wall of water swelling within twenty feet of us, as if some huge monster, large as the hills, and suddenly risen from the deep river-bed, and that was the swell he made before heaving his gigantic and hideous head above the surface of the river! Fear not, my boys; we pardon your looking a little pale, as this is the first time you have been out on such an adventure. Steady, steady! we shall be upset if you all rush to the opposite side of the boat, and she will be turned bottom upwards in a moment. Be firm; fear not, move not! Hold on by the "tlofts" and side as firmly as you like; but, at the peril of your lives, move not! It comes! Bang! dash!—up in the air, and down with a plunge that almost makes us dizzy. Steady, round with her head—and we are off like an arrow from a bow—half-filled with water, it is true, and drenched to the very skin; but ours is a good, strong, deep boat, made for the stormy sea service; and we have an old rusty sauceman at the bottom, ready to bade her out with. So hurrah, my boys! for now we have nothing to fear. What a pace we go! Jove! it is like dashing down the Falls of the Niagara! There never was a vessel in the world went quicker through half a mile of water than we have done. What a grand sight!—was it not? The very trees on the bank seemed to be flying in the air, so rapidly did we dart past them; and as for the houses, every window seemed to dance by in long lines of light!

While musing on this vivid description, our thoughts are carried to a kindred phenomenon we have often witnessed in the Seine, where the river begins to narrow at Caudebec. The *barre*, as it is there called, is the water of the sea rushing up a mountain-high, as the phrase is, and carrying all before it. A curious circumstance once occurred near Caudebec, showing the tremendous strength of the torrent. There was an island called Belcinne, opposite the town, on which stood a convent celebrated both for the poverty and piety of the monks; and this island, with all its buildings and inhabitants, was ingulphed one day by the *barre*, and utterly disappeared. The superstition of the time of course attached a legend to the circumstance, which was described as having happened for no other purpose than to give a salutary lesson to the great feudal lord of the place; but the inventions of men sink into insignificance when compared with the wonders of nature, as you shall hear.

Centuries passed away, and the little island of the Seine was only remembered in tradition. Nay, as manners changed, and old opinions became shaken, some people even doubted whether it ever had any existence at all, except in the legends of the monks; when lo and behold, Belcinne rose suddenly up one day from the bottom of the Seine like an apparition of the past! This was in the year 1641; and the inhabitants of Caudebec could hardly believe their eyes when they saw in the river before them, hardly a stone's-cast from the bank, that traditional island, with its convent walls, which were now not even a memory of the oldest inhabitant. The sequel is thus described by the writer of the present notice in a pictorial description of the beautiful river in question:—"It did not remain long the object of their gaze. The waters of the Seine, as if conscious of the presence or approach of some terrible phenomenon, shuddered visibly. A low moaning sound was heard along the river, and presently a white line appeared in the distance, extending from shore to shore. The noise increased, till it resembled first the bellowing of a herd of wild beasts, and then the roar of a cataract. The white line appeared to be a wave of boiling foam rushing against the stream, and revolving, as it rushed, on its own axis. Sometimes it broke on the prow of a vessel steering down to the sea, and sometimes it lifted her up, and dashed her headlong upon a sandbank, formed at the instant, as if for her destruction. Occasionally it overflowed the terrace-banks of the Seine, sweeping away cattle, huts, and men at one blow; but immediately recalling its forces, it held on its wild career, shouting the louder as it flew, and increasing in magnitude, till it resembled a hill of foam. On reaching Quillebeuf, nearly opposite Lillebonne, straitened by the immense sandbanks which there almost choke up the river, its fury seemed to attain its climax. This was only in appearance, however. Carrying everything before it, it continued its deadly force, more calm, but not less fatal, along the narrow stream, till, rolling past Caudebec, and swallowing up the island of Belcinne, with its convent walls, at a mouthful, it appeared to spend its rage, and gradually subside in the distance."

The *barre* occurs every month, with greater or less force, at a certain period of the tide, and not unfrequently does mischief, notwithstanding the regularity of its appearance. The celebrated St Pierre, author of the *Studies of Nature*, when once voyaging up the Seine, was so astonished to see himself pursued by a hill of foam, that he stood up in the boat to gaze at it; and the consequence was, that the leap his vessel gave when she was overtaken by the enemy sent him headlong into the river, and he narrowly escaped being drowned.

We were once in danger not less than that of St Pierre, when crossing the Severn at a considerable distance from the sea. The tide was out, and we had rather extensive sands to cross before reaching the narrow channel of the river near the opposite bank. A man working on the shore warned us that there was danger; and we might the rather have believed him, that we had ourselves heard of carriages, horses, and human beings falling a prey at the same place to the sudden influx of the sea. But we had calculated the time of the tide, and, moreover, had taken it into our wise heads that the man had some concern in the little inn close by, where he doubtless wanted us to remain for the night, as the evening was close at hand. In short, we were stubborn; and, like most stubborn people, had good cause to repent our folly.

For some distance the sand was firm, and we trudged sturdily on; but by degrees it began to slip more and more under our feet. This we knew was a symptom of the returning tide, and we began to think, in some alarm, that we might have made a miscalculation. The man on the shore, however, had given up his work to

gaze after us; and this, instead of determining our return, had the effect of urging us onward till it would have been more dangerous to return than to proceed. The sand, in the meantime, slipped more and more. We could not rest our feet for an instant, without their sinking. Pools of water were formed, as it seemed to us, before our eyes; and several times we were up to the knee in the treacherous and triumphant element. The channel was now at hand—it was gained. But what of that? The ferry-boat was lying alone and empty on the opposite bank. It was obvious that the hour was past, when passengers were expected, for no human being was visible near the cottage. We called—we shouted—we screamed; and we could hear faintly in the distance the voice of the man whose warning we had neglected trying to add to the din.

Hitherto we had been comparatively easy, for we had something to do. The toil of pressing on with a determinate landmark before us had filled our mind, and left little room for apprehension; but now that we could advance no farther, that no exertion of ours could bring us one foot nearer the firm land, it was indeed awful to stand, or rather dance, upon these shifting sands, to feel our footing more insecure every instant, and to hear in imagination the roar of the coming tide. We were at length seen from the shore; and the frantic haste of the ferrymen, as they rushed towards their boat, proved, if nothing else had done so, that the moment was critical. But in spite of their haste, we blamed them for their tardiness. Never were hands so useless, or feet so slow! Never did that creep through the water so drowsily! But at length they were within reach—we were dragged on board—and in a few moments were once more safe on shore! Our alarm had not been without foundation; for in a very few minutes no sand was visible from bank to bank—all was one hissing, bursting, boiling sea.

There are other rivers in England, as dangerous as the Severn. We all remember the anecdote related in *Carrie's Life of Burns* of the traveller who was overtaken by the tide of the Solway. He lashed himself to a pole, whence his cries were heard throughout the night; but the hopes which had nerved the arm and pitched the voice of the poor wretch were fallacious. His position could not be ascertained in the darkness; the river rose above his head; and the returning light showed his dead body hanging over the sand.

The frequency of accidents may seem surprising in the case of such regularly-recurring phenomena as the rise and fall of rivers; but the same 'tempting of Providence,' as it is called, takes place in every situation in which human nature is placed. A soldier, for instance, goes into battle with the absolute certainty upon his mind that it will cost the lives of a particular number of hundreds or thousands of men; but he has rarely any suspicion that he himself is to be one of the victims. We always fancy that there is something special in our own case which will shield us from harm; and indeed a recent writer, in speculating upon the subject, has gone so far as to hazard the opinion that no man, under any circumstances whatever, believes himself to be about to die. He may take leave of his friends, and lay down his head upon the pillow; the executioner may adjust the rope about his neck; the waters of a river, in the deep waste and middle of the night, may gurgle in his throat and hiss in his ears—but still there is a secret, lurking hope at the bottom of his heart, which flies only with the last breath of life.

The imprudences of men as individuals, are perpetually renewed in their proceedings as aggregate bodies. A village that has been destroyed by the eruption of a volcano is rebuilt on the same spot, as soon as the lava is hard enough to render it practicable. When the inundations of a river have subsided, the inhabitants return to reconstruct their dwellings in the same places whence they had been driven by the rise of the water. In some countries this recklessness arises from the apathy of a religious fatalism. In Bengal, when

its banks are flooded by the Ganges, it is common to see the peasantry calmly smoking on the tops of their huts, which rise like islets out of the waste of waters. If it is the will of the gods that the river is to recede before their frail habitation, built of mud and reeds, crumbles beneath them, it will do so; if not, they must perish—and very often, accordingly, both house and master disappear from the face of the earth before the eyes of the passing boatmen, with no other sound than the gurgle of the water as it devours its unresisting prey.

The vagaries of rivers, however, are not confined to the waylaying of an incautious traveller, or the destruction of a hut or a village. Their 'treasure-caves and cells' are filled with the paraphernalia of kings, and whole cities sleep in their tremendous embraces. Nor are the consequences of their permanent recession less terrible. A considerable portion of the valley of the Nile has become a desert, not from the inundations of the stream, but from the disappearance of its fertilising branches. From this cause Memphis sleeps in her grave of sand, with the Pyramids for her monument; and from the river to the Libyan mountains all is solitude and desolation.

The Indus, in like manner, has obliterated the historical footsteps of Alexander the Great as completely as the returning tide effaces the print of a child's gambools upon the sand. Medals are found, to attest his march along the banks, but the towns and cities have disappeared; and here, as in the valley of the Nile, nothing more than names remain, to serve as subjects for the controversies of the learned. This applies to the lower Indus, after the five rivers of the Punjab have united in one vast stream; but even before this junction, we are assured by Lieutenant Wood, in his journey to the Oxus, that the waters in some places, during the season of inundation, are so broad, that 'from a boat in their centre no land can be discovered, save the islands upon the surface, and the mountains upon the western shore.'

The appearance of the river in such places is faintly imaged by that of the Shannon in Ireland, where the voyager threads his way among small green islands, some hardly seen above the surface, and some closing the horizon from view with their waving hay or corn. But in India everything is on a great scale. The boatman wanders for hours out of sight of the mainland, bewildered and lost among the multitude of island-fields, with no sound in his ear to diversify that of the dip of his paddle except the moaning call of the plover. But suddenly a voice salutes him, as if from the deep, and he sweeps past a human being alone in this terrible solitude, and busy in detaching the edible roots of the bulrush, as the speck of land on which he leans is melting away under the action of the current. A larger island, however, is now neared, although little more than level with the water's edge; and from the luxuriant vegetation which covers it, there comes a confused hubbub of sounds, composed of the shouts of men, the screams of women, the yells of children, and the lowing of cattle. A family from the mainland had migrated to this oasis in the watery wilderness in search of pasture for their cattle and bulrushes for their lives. The moment had now come, however, when the aid was to be submerged by the rising of the river; and although, like ourselves in our non-adventure in the Severn, they had made their calculations, they are almost too late. The men and women dismantle their reed-built huts in an instant, placing the materials on a raft, while the youths scamper off to collect the cattle. But how is the colony to be conveyed? Where be their luggage-boats and transports? The raft suffices for the inanimate objects; and as for themselves—plunge goes a buffalo into the water, and plunge goes the pilot-herdsman after him, seated on a bundle of dried grass, and holding fast by the animal's tail. The rest of the herd follow the lead, chelter-skelter, driven in by the long lances of the young men. These, as well as the older folks, male and

female, sling themselves upon inflated hides, and follow the mad cortège; while the children, propped upon dried gourds, dance like bubbles in their wake. That this is a river peril may well be supposed; but custom renders the natives callous. The passing voyager enjoys the fun, and claps his hands at their headlong hurry and mishaps; while the flying colony, who are on their way to the next island, reply with Indian Billingsgate, till the two parties, on that seemingly shoreless sea, are out of sight and hearing of each other.

It is not possible to exhaust a subject like this. It would lead us from continent to continent, and from country to country, throughout the whole habitable globe, and the whole world's history. Nothing that romance has invented, nothing that poetry has dreamed, can equal in beauty and sublimity, in interest and excitement, even the every-day history of a river. Yes: but of a river whose phenomena, although always in accordance with the wonderful regularity of nature, are yet sufficiently uncertain in the eyes of man to give scope for his blunders, and offer temptation to his imprudence. There are as few streams in nature as there are characters among the human kind: to whom the words of the poet can be applied—

* Though deep, yet clear, though tranquil, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without overflowing full.*

GOSSIP AND MISCHIEF.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

* Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double doors through which we pass;
For once escaped, back to our cell
No art of man can us compel!*

Mrs Barbauld's 'Enigma on Words.'

A word once let fall cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses.—*Chinese Proverb.*

It was in a pleasant drawing-room, opening on to a lawn and flower-garden, that on a pleasant summer evening some eight or ten friends were assembled to drink tea. There were two maiden ladies of uncertain ages, but very certain fortunes; and Mr and Mrs Jessop—the chief apothecary of Broomfield, expecting every moment to be 'called out' to relieve some ill that flesh is heir to, and rather fearful of losing his importance should no such catastrophe happen; and yet in his heart knowing very well that he should enjoy a quiet evening and unbroken rubber of whist amazingly. Then there was a retired officer, a middle-aged bachelor, who tortured a flute, and drew from it excruciating shrieks, which, however, he called an accompaniment to the piano. In short, it was just one of those sociable meetings of every-day sort of people which, in a sociable place like Broomfield, are occurring somewhere or other every night in the year. Mr Webster, the host, was the principal attorney of the place, a good sort of man, and strictly honourable in his profession; and his wife was a little bustling body, fond and proud of her husband, and prodigiously jealous of new-comers, who might take away his clients. Indeed so very much interested was she in all things that could aggrandize his fortune, that she was rather distrustful of those happy acquaintances who kept out of law, and could find nothing in which Mr Webster might help them.

Dora Leigh, the youngest of the party, was on intimate terms with all. She was a kind-hearted girl, of one or two-and-twenty, free from care, and full of health and spirits. With deep blue eyes, regular features, and a profusion of rich golden hair, she was almost pretty enough to have set up for a 'belle'; indeed, now that her most intimate friend the beauty of Broomfield had become Mrs Fowler, there were many who were inclined to promote Dora by a sort of brevet rank, until some magnificent candidate should come forward to eclipse her. She had gained, too, some little consequence from officiating as bridesmaid to the *célebré* Grace Smythe; and from being, as her intimate associate, most certainly lifted into a higher sphere than

that in which she had moved before; for the portionless beauty had married as the world calls 'well'; that is to say, a man of large fortune, and of good family. But she had married well in a much better sense, Mr Fowler being a high-minded man, and full of generous feelings. He was considerably older than his wife, she being about Dora's age, and he just forty; but a disparity of this sort often proves of very little consequence, when characters and tastes are congenial. Perhaps, with a peculiarly sensitive nature, like that of Mr Fowler, it had the effect of making him more devoted, more attentive, more thoughtful and watchful over her happiness than a younger husband might have proved; for he felt a sort of gratitude to her for bestowing her young and warm affections on him in preference to some more outwardly attractive rivals. But necessary as it is, this has been a long digression from Mrs Webster's tea-party, where, to own the truth, a sort of gossip was going on, which now and then passed the boundary-line, and merged into scandal.

'A fine house, you know, don't make happiness,' said one of the party; 'and I cannot but think Grace Smythe must have liked some of her younger admirers better than that serious-looking middle-aged man. By the way, I wonder she don't make him dye his hair.' I could not but notice at church last Sunday how gray he has grown.'

Dora laughed. The idea of Mr Fowler, the very personification, in her eyes, of truth and intelligence, dyeing his hair, presented itself to her mind as irresistibly ludicrous.

'Why do you laugh?' said one of the maiden ladies, pulling her cap forward by an instinct which thus betrayed the secret she was anxious to keep.

'I was thinking,' replied Dora, 'that if Mr Fowler should stand for Broomfield at the next election, as there is some talk of his doing, and meanwhile were to dye his hair, what a jest it would be in the mouths of his opponents. And as for Grace liking her younger admirers better than Mr Fowler, she would have married one of them if she had.'

'Ah, if she could; but perhaps though they flattered about her, they did not propose.'

'Indeed but they did! some of them, I know,' replied Dora warmly; 'though Grace was much too generous to boast of such things. Besides, she would have had many more offers if she had been heartless enough to lead her admirers on for the mere triumph of refusing them. It is not because people don't talk of their lovers that they have them not; and Grace was one who never made a boast of her conquests.'

'And much to her credit,' claimed in the bachelor major.

Dora's emphatic 'I know' had impressed her hearers with the conviction that she was entirely in Mrs Fowler's confidence. This was quite true; they had been like sisters from childhood, and had shared with each other the thousand-and-one secrets and mysteries which young girls for the most part create out of the most harmless nothings. In a recent instance, however, this confidence had assumed a graver and less innocent character; for Grace had had the weakness or fondness to betray to her friend a circumstance which her husband had related to her, the concealment of which was conducive to the happiness and peace of mind of more than one individual. It is true that its publicity could not affect the lives, property, or character of the living; but it would be attended with very painful results nevertheless.

'It must be very disagreeable,' said Mrs Jessop, still pursuing the discourse about the absent—it must be very disagreeable to Mrs Fowler, I should think, to have her husband's niece constantly residing with them.'

'My dear,' interposed her spouse, 'no other home would be so proper for Miss Danvers, I think.'

'She is very amiable, I believe?' returned the lady interrogatively, and appealing by a look to Dora, who

found herself referred to as an authority, and was not quite insensible to the consequence she had derived.

'Very amiable indeed,' she replied; 'and as clever as she is kind and good.'

'And rich!' exclaimed another. 'They say she will have twenty thousand pounds when she is of age.'

'Not quite so much as that.' And Dora, unconsciously to herself, spoke with the air of one who could give very exact information if she chose.

'I never could understand why my husband was not allowed to make Mrs Danvers' will,' exclaimed the hostess, who was busy at the tea-table, and had alternated a few interjectional remarks on the Fowlers, with inquiries of her guests touching their predilections for green tea or black. 'Mr Webster has made Mr Fowler's own will, and transacted his most private business. The idea of taking his sister up to London in her weak state of health, not three months before her death, and arranging all her affairs with a London lawyer, seemed to me very ridiculous.'

'People little know what a good reason there was for that proceeding,' said Dora in a low voice to Mrs Jessop, who sat next her.

'Indeed! A secret?' responded the lady in a whisper. 'Well, I have heard as much.'

'Have you really?'

'Oh, long ago—I forget the particulars.'

'Then I must not refresh your memory, though I know all about it,' the thoughtless girl could not forbear adding.

'Oh, Dora, Dora! Beware the petty pride of boasting that a confidence has been placed in you! You are caught in the net of an artful woman, who laughs in her sleeve to think how easily you are deceived, and who never heard that a word of mystery was attached to Mrs Danvers or her daughter, till your pride of the trust reposed in you betrayed that you were unworthy of it.'

'What do you say to a walk in the garden?' exclaimed Mrs Jessop so soon as the tea equipage was removed. The proposition was voted an excellent one. The drawing-room opened to a verandah, whence one step conducted to the refreshing turf and serpentine gravelled paths. Naturally, the party divided into twos and threes; some to talk politics, some (of the ladies) to descant on that self-supplying, inexhaustible theme—domestic management; one relating how and why she had given her housemaid warning, and another declaring her cook had got quite the upper hand, believing her mistress would put up with anything, because her 'muster' said (oh, rare excellence!) her simple roasts and broils were perfection. One or two of the party perhaps noticed the gorgeous August sunset spreading across the sky its gold and Tyrian dyes, the mighty herald-banner of night and her glittering train. And doubtless the eyes that were uplifted to this contemplation regarded also things more near, and marked how the convolvuli folded themselves to rest, how the shrubs deepened almost to black, and the roses blushed to darker crimson with the deepening twilight. But the pure, and beautiful, and odorous lily-bell was the last and longest to shed around the daylight's fading rays, till in the deep shadow it seemed, like Truth, a self-sustaining light!

Neither regarding sunset nor summer flowers, however, Mrs Jessop contrived a *l'ête-à-l'ête* with Dora Leigh, drawing her, as if by accident, into the least attractive and most secluded of the many paths which meandered through Mr Webster's rather extensive grounds. This done, by the old trick—though old tricks are new to the young and unsuspecting—of appearing to be cognisant of all she wished to know, the artful, unprincipled woman succeeded in her object; and Dora Leigh, almost before she was conscious of her weakness, had betrayed the confidence of her dearest friend!

The cold-hearted, narrow-minded scandal-monger glowered over the intelligence she had thus extracted,

just as if the evil or misfortunes of others removed so many of their thorns from her own path; while, day by day, Dora Leigh became more conscious that something was at her heart which robbed it of its serenity—the memory of her fatal error! And this became a haunting Presence, which no sophistry of her own could dispel.

Months had passed away, and the scene was a very different one from Mrs Webster's flower-garden. Dora Leigh was now on a visit to her friend Mrs Fowler, who had requested her society for a month, as the best consolation she could find for the unavoidable absence of her husband, he being on the continent transacting some affairs in which the interests of a political friend were vitally at stake. His niece, Selina Danvers, of course remained at home with Mrs Fowler, who often smiled when she had occasion to play the chaperon to companions so nearly of her own age. A circumstance, however, had occurred which rendered it likely that, so far as Selina was concerned, her matronly duties would soon cease. A very few days after her uncle's departure, Miss Danvers had received an offer of marriage from a gentleman every way worthy of her, and so far as worldly position was concerned, highly eligible for a husband. Handsome, amiable, and intelligent, Arthur Staunton was well calculated to win affection; and the truth was, that Selina was deeply and sincerely attached to him. Moreover, he was heir to a baronetcy, and in present possession of an ample fortune. So very certain was Mrs Fowler of her husband's opinion of him, that she had exercised her matronly authority so far as to sanction his addresses, and permit his frequent, almost daily visits. Of course she had written all these particulars to her husband; and she was delighted to find he approved of her conduct. In one of his letters, however, there occurred these words: 'But rejoiced as I am to hear of such a prospect of happiness for Selina, I wish I had been on the spot; for there is a circumstance which ought to be communicated both to Mr Staunton and his father, and which could be explained verbally far more pleasantly than by letter. You know the sad story to which I allude. However, a few weeks' delay can signify but little, though I feel very uneasy until they know the truth.'

'I wish I could show you your uncle's letter,' said Mrs Fowler to Selina, who had waited with throbbing heart and flushed cheeks to gain some glimmering of its contents; 'but there are some secrets in it,' she added with a forced smile. 'However, he will write to you himself by the next post, and tell you how heartily he rejoices in your prospects.' And in due time the letter arrived, and henceforth Selina felt that it was scarcely possible a cloud could come athwart the horizon of her destiny.

No such arrangement had ever been verbally made; but somehow or other it grew into a habit for young Staunton to ride over to Mr Fowler's, a distance of only three miles, every morning, and offer his attendance on the ladies in their walks or drives, and in fact enter into any project which might be in agitation. And no doubt he felt duly grateful to Mrs Fowler for pursuing the charitable and considerate system of pairing off with Dora Leigh whenever opportunity offered, and leaving him to pay exclusive attention, and enjoy mysterious low-toned *l'ête-à-l'êtes* with the lady of his love. That these were not very wetting, may be presumed from the fact, that he seemed to grow every day more and more anxious to take her entirely to himself, and earnestly intreated Mrs Fowler to commence preparations for the wedding, instead of waiving, as she insisted on doing, till her husband's return to England.

'But on one eventful morning the usual hour of his coming had passed without Arthur making his appearance; and this, moreover, on an occasion when he had actually made an engagement and appointment to be with them. Selina said little, but moved often to the window; while her sense of hearing, quickened even to a degree of fantasy, imagined the sound of his horse's

hoofs half a dozen times. Mrs Fowler looked at her watch more than once, and with mock gravity, railed at the inconstancy of lovers; but her railery was in reality born of that full trust and security which could alone have permitted it. Dora Leigh, on the contrary, said little, but was full of vague apprehensions, which every now and then possessed her, she hardly dared ask herself why.

Presently there was a sound. No fancy now: it was really a horse's gallop; and scarcely had this stopped, when the sonorous peal of the bell proclaimed that it had obeyed some impetuous touch. The next instant the gate was flung open, and hastening towards the house, he threw his reins to the groom, and, all splashing and mud, was, from choosing a short but bad road, made his way into the presence of the ladies, almost without giving time for a servant's announcement. It was evident at a glance that something terrible had happened, for his countenance bore the expression of intense anguish, and he seemed for a while unable to articulate; and when at last he did speak, in answer to hasty interrogations and exclamations, his words were incoherent. Selina had taken his hand, rather than he having offered his; and, in her anxious questioning, had leaned the other upon his shoulder, and brought her face near to his own. The action seemed to arouse him; and, holding her for a moment at arm's length, he exclaimed, gazing at her as if he would read her very soul—'No, no!—you are in ignorance of the truth. It cannot be that you would have deceived me!'

'Deceived you? Never!' she cried, and perhaps the unwavering light of her clear soft eyes was even more convincing than her words. 'Of what did you suspect me?'

'Perhaps Mr Staunton will give me an interview?' interrupted Mrs Fowler, with as much composure as she could command, for her countenance had assumed a livid hue, and she leant for support on the back of a chair.

Meanwhile Dora Leigh had sunk upon a sofa, and her features seemed almost convulsed with internal agony. But just then no one observed her.

'As you please,' murmured Arthur Staunton, and he followed Mrs Fowler into another room.

'Will you tell me what you mean by deception,' said she after a moment's pause, 'or shall I guess?'

'It will be no guess,' he replied; 'I can see that you know to what I allude.'

'I think I do. But rest assured of two things: first, that Selina is in perfect ignorance of those sad events, a knowledge of which would make her feel shame for the memory of one parent, and pity for that of the other. Only on his deathbed did Captain Danvers confess himself a villain; only then did he acknowledge, what the precautionary arrangement of his affairs would almost have announced, that a youthful entanglement with an unworthy object, followed by a secret marriage, had prevented her being legally his wife whom he had wronged from his selfish but absorbing passion, but for whom, for twenty years, he had felt increasing love and devotion. This canker-worm at his heart had laid the seeds, there is little doubt, of the disease which carried him off; and his widow—for so I insist on calling her—never rallied from the shock of that bitter, cruel knowledge. Think you it would have been wise or well to afflict their innocent child by apprising her of the ignominy which attaches to her birth?'

'It is true, then?' murmured Arthur, not heeding the last question, and drooping his head upon his hand: 'I had hoped, even against hope, that the whole story was a fabrication.'

'It is true,' returned Mrs Fowler, 'as you would have been informed, with every detail, before now, had my husband been at home—and he will be at home to-morrow to speak for himself. Meanwhile, you may comprehend my reasons for delaying all preparations for the marriage. But stay and I will show you a letter in which he alludes to his intentions'—and fortunately the letter was at hand. 'And now, tell me,' she con-

tinued, 'how have you heard this story, which I believed to be a profound secret?'

'A secret! Why, it is the talk of all Broomfield, and with the most gross exaggerations—exaggerations that make out Mr Fowler to have lent the shield of his protection and sanction to his sister's disgrace during long years, in which Selina lived beneath a roof where infamy was her example.'

An exclamation of agony escaped Mrs Fowler's lips, and she clasped her hands as if in some repental appeal to the Most High. Arthur Staunton proceeded—'I may as well tell you the truth. My father, who, with all his high qualities, is of a most impetuous temper, and whose one weakness is inordinate family pride, has forbidden our union under pain of his lasting displeasure, and has already started for London to meet Mr Fowler there. He knows the hotel at which to find him, and I dread to dream even of the consequences of their interview.'

Horror at this story being the 'Galle of Broomfield,' now yielded to the terror of that meeting; for Sir William Staunton was in the army, and Mrs Fowler had reason to know that he entertained those ominous and ridiculous notions which too often belong to what is falsely called 'the code of honour.' For a little while she was stunned by the anguish of her mind; but presently it seemed strung up to a supernatural power of exertion. She sought Dora Leigh to ask her sympathy, and perhaps even her advice, though utterly unsuspecting that this sorrow had come upon them from her weakness and want of good faith. But with all Dora's faults, meanness and moral cowardice were not among them, and she was prepared to confess her error, even before her changing cheek and trembling form betrayed it.

What a distressing, humiliating scene was that which followed between those two dear friends! And Dora Leigh was most overpowered, because no word of reproach escaped from Mrs Fowler. She felt she could have crawled in the dust before her.

'Dora, I am more to blame than you are,' she exclaimed through her tears, for tears had now come to her relief—'I betrayed the trust of my husband; you have only been false to friendship.'

'Bless you for your mercy!' returned the other: 'but something must be done. I will go up to London directly—this very day—will see Mr Fowler, confess my fault, appease his wrath before he returns home—before you see him.'

'No,' said Mrs Fowler, 'not that; for I will go with you. I had thought of this before: I will take my husband's letter, and at any rate prove to Sir William there was no intention that he should be deceived. Alas! my husband, if once insulted by suspicion, may be too proud to defend himself.'

During this interview Arthur Staunton had found his way again to Selina's side. He was in a calmer temper, and full of love and trust; but he evaded an answer to her anxious questioning. He would not for worlds have been the one to let in the sorrowful knowledge to her heart. Her dismay was great when she found Mrs Fowler and Dora preparing for their sudden journey; a journey evidently occasioned by the mystery in which she was not permitted to participate. Yet she felt that, whatever it was, she was surrounded by those who loved her; and she strove to find comfort in Mrs Fowler's assurance, that 'her uncle would explain everything to her.'

It was evening; in a private well-lighted drawing-room of one of London's palace-like hotels stood two individuals, for the visitor had refused to be seated, and the other, though under the dominion of aroused passions, was by habit too much of a gentleman to return to his chair. He was also much too gentlemanly to enter upon a noisy vulgar quarrel; and whatever their discourse had been, it had not been heard beyond the room. But a painter who had studied the expression of human emotions would have interpreted the feelings which were at work.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mrs Fowler was announced, followed as we know by Iona Leigh. Her first impulse, after so long a separation, was to rush into her husband's arms, forgetting for a moment, in the joy of seeing him, both her fault and her sorrow. But men are rarely such creatures of impulse as we are; and Mr Fowler was by no means so oblivious. But in extenuation of his harshness, we must remember that his proud sensitive nature was writhing under the knowledge, just received, that she had betrayed his confidence. He stretched forth his arm rigidly to prevent her nearer approach, exclaiming, 'Stay, stay; your unexpected presence here convinces me that explanations are indeed necessary.'

The wretched and rebuked wife slid, as it were, into a chair, for her limbs refused their support. And as she leaned upon its arm, large silent tears of agony coursed down her cheek. They might have been unobserved by her husband, though not by Sir William Staunton, whose impetuous temper had been somewhat relieved by its first outbreak. Perhaps his son could have named a second weakness of character—for certainly some people might have thought his soldierly gallantry and devotion to the gentler sex bordered on one. He had often been heard to say he would rather oppose a charge of cavalry than have to refuse the request of a weeping woman. Dora Leigh had remained standing; and now, with courtier-like civility, Sir William drew forward a chair. She, however, declined to be seated; and approaching Mrs Fowler, took her hand—the hand which grasped her husband's letter—and holding it, as if by that affectionate clasp strength was given and received, commenced, in a clear though trembling voice, the history of the betrayal. She attempted to extenuation of herself; but two men of the world were able, from that very candour, to perceive that her fault had not been deliberate; and that she had been in a great measure the dupe of a heartless gossip. She shed no tears until she spoke of Mrs Fowler, and even then she tried to drive them back as hindrances to her speech. But she grew eloquent from the very intensity of her feelings; and when she thought a look of Mr Fowler meant that his wife's conduct was inexcusable, she exclaimed, 'Blame me—blame me as much as you will; but forgive and pity her. Remember we have been as with one heart and mind from babyhood—the habit of a life is not to be easily broken. One year ago I should have been wronged—yes, wronged, for friendship has its rights—by her hiding a care from me; and though I know and feel that now she is bound by a higher and dearer duty still, it was a knowledge not to be recognised at once. Mr Fowler, she betrayed your confidence in the early days of her marriage, before she had grown used to do without my sympathy—before she thoroughly knew the duties of a wife. You must forgive her, indeed you must; and not only forgive her, but confide in her if possible more than ever.'

Mr Fowler passed his hand across his eyes; and whether he felt compelled to obey the authority Dora assumed, or that his own heart was pleading, he hardly knew himself. It is enough that he found himself, by some strange magnetism, by the side of his wife, with an arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder.

'And the innocent,' continued Dora, approaching Sir William—'is the innocent Selina alone to suffer?'

He did not answer for a moment; there was a struggle still going on in his heart, but presently he approached Mr Fowler, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, 'Let all our bitter words be forgotten, and let our union defy the malice of the Broomfield gossips.'

A warm and cordial grasp was the best reply. 'And Selina,' murmured Mrs Fowler; 'can we still keep this tragic story from her?'

'I fear not,' replied her husband with a sigh.

'It has been a bitter lesson,' sobbed Dora.

'May all wives profit by it!' said Mrs Fowler, looking fondly and pleadingly at her husband: 'it is but half a man without perfect confidence. Trust the wife

who loves you better and better every day, who has lost all girlish awe of your superiority, who has learned to pour out her own giddy heart before you: trust her, it was the childish bride who betrayed you. Trust me—trust me for the future: you must promise?'

And notwithstanding the past, he did so promise.

Fears lest the exaggerated story should reach Selina's ears abruptly, induced her best friends to break to her the exact truth; but the shock to her mind was such, that it delayed her marriage some months. And perhaps, to the kindly hearts and really generous natures of the two 'culprits,' no punishment could have been so severe as witnessing the sufferings of a friend brought on by their thoughtless words.

INTEMPERATE ABUSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Our attention has been directed to a controversy, unpleasant in its features and useless in its tendency, on the subject of temperance, in a provincial print. Certain severe strictures by a correspondent on the alleged intemperance of a particular town appear to have excited the ire of the general inhabitants, and led to an indignant denial of the specific charges, which, without any bad intention, had been somewhat recklessly and imprudently made. The occurrence of this circumstance, unfortunately not new in the history of the temperance movement, induces us to point out the impolicy of all kinds of severity in attempts to remedy either individual or social imperfections.

The whole history of mankind, we believe, affords no instance of a vice or folly of any kind being eradicated by direct and severe attack. The vengeance of the law, and the scolding of the wise and virtuous, are equally powerless in winning from error. This was signally manifested in the case of witchcraft, which, in defiance of every severity and reproof, continued to be believed and pretendedly practised by large masses of people. The superstition, in point of fact, scarcely lessened in virulence so long as it was exposed to legal pains and penalties; and had the laws against witchcraft not been very properly abolished, witches in all probability would have existed till the present day. How valuable this lesson! Certain death by burning at the stake could not put down witchcraft. Preaching, lecturing, scolding—every available indignity which could be heaped on the heads of the poor wretches—were equally powerless. When, however, in the progress of social improvement, it became the practice to laugh at or disregard the pretensions to witchcraft, witches disappeared, and, except among a few illiterate fanatics, were no more heard of.

Similar instances of the value of forbearance in repressing evil habits and crimes could be produced from the experience of modern times. Harshness in the law is now justly believed to defeat the ends for which laws were made. Nor is this a surprising result of human feelings; all undue severity usually raising a sympathy in the fate of even the most abandoned malefactor. We accept it as one of the most pleasing features of the age, that error is no longer exposed to an unreasoning and vengeful condemnation, but is treated with a calm and humane consideration of circumstances.

To this improvement, in general feeling we regret to find a too frequent exception in the members of temperance societies. Our allusion to this circumstance, we trust, will not be misunderstood. To the temperance movement we give the most unqualified approbation, and it is only our sincere respect for the cause that induces us to remonstrate on the unnecessary warmth with which it is occasionally advocated by its proselytes. The world, we can assure them, is not to be overcome by calling names, by scolding, or by any other species of intemperance in language; it may be doubtful, indeed, if abuse does not aggravate the evil, by putting the accused on the defensive, and causing them to raise the counter-cry of sour and affected puritanism. Besides, on what principle of justice or reason has any one

violently to attack the habits of a brother, granting that these are not all that they should be? Interference in such matters, unless as a measure of police, is altogether monstrous, and can never obtain the favourable consideration of any but an inferior order of minds.

What, then, would we recommend to be done? Persuade and enlighten as much as you please, but let it be done gently. Let all reasonable measures be adopted to limit excess in the number of those establishments whence the means of intemperance are procured; cease every kind of railing and abuse, whether against habitual tipplers, or those who professionally supply them with liquors. Above all, keep in view that one kind of indulgence may always be best extirpated by the substitution of another. A disease has to be cured: in the language of medicine, *raise a counter-irritant*. The manner in which this may be done will at once suggest itself. Place within the reach of all, the means of harmless and cheerful recreation. What are these means? They consist of reading-rooms, popular lectures, books, concerts, public parks, and salubrious and comfortable houses. Fastidious persons, who find fault with everything, are alarmed lest such aids as these should advance the intellectual without improving the moral qualities of the people. Let them remain quite at their ease in this respect. The principal object to be served by reading-rooms, lectures, and so forth, is the furnishing of harmless for pernicious recreations. The question is not whether people *might* not be better employed if left to themselves, but whether they *will* be. We take a workman just emancipated from his labour in the evening: his home is squalid, or at least confined and dull: he has a craving for some kind of excitement: he meets a companion, and, after a little chat, they adjourn to the public-house, where the brilliancy of the fire, the smiles and gossip of the landlady, and the inspirations of the liquor, make the time pass pleasantly away: in other words, a demand for a necessary degree of excitement has led to a pernicious indulgence. Instead of railing at and dragging this unfortunate pair of individuals, we propose never alluding to their debauch, of which perhaps they are already somewhat ashamed. We substitute what they have been all along standing in need of, but never have had the sense to express—a means of excitement which, while exhilarating, shall not injure, but probably improve them. Opposite to the public-house, or at least somewhere quite in the way, we establish a reading-room—a table is covered with newspapers, magazines, and books; a cheerful fire blazes in the grate; the place is clean and comfortable, and a dozen respectable men are seated around, each hard at some sort of intellectual feast. There is absolutely virtue in the spectacle: the very thought of whisky in such a place would be almost felt to be a sin. Does any one presume to tell us that this *counter-irritant* would not, in very many cases, draw away and put an end to a foul social disease?

After all, however, great as is our faith in places of public recreation, we incline to think that in a taste for home pleasures lie the means of radically curing intemperance. It has not been by public places of resort of any kind that the higher and middle classes have been improved to their present standard, but by the charms of home, improved by lights, private reading, and converse. One night lately, we were at a party of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen. After tea there was miscellaneous conversation, people moving about the room at their ease; then there was a little music and dancing; lastly, a slight refection, in which cakes and lemonade predominated. All separated in the best possible spirits: the evening had been spent rationally and most delightfully. There was not a drop of spirits drunk, and yet there was not a teetotaler in the company—the whole thing was but a result of gradually-improved tastes and habits. The same night, as I afterwards learned from the newspapers, there was a party of individuals of a humble class assembled for dancing in a public-house

in a neighbouring street. After dancing they fell to drinking; from drinking they proceeded to fighting; and the police being called in, the whole were lodged in the watch-house. This was bad; but do we groan over it as an incurable evil? No such thing. The fighting party only obeyed their tastes and instincts; and give them time and opportunities of improvement, they will by and by conduct themselves like the other party over the way. A century ago, gentlemen and ladies drank, dined, and fought in taverns. Now, they have no taste for such exploits; they like to sit at home, reading or conversing with their families and friends. Will the working-classes ever be brought to this pitch of refinement? There can be no doubt of it. The mechanic of our own day is superior in many respects to the gentleman of sixty years ago. Education of course has had not a little to do in effecting this change of manners; and when the whole body of the people shall receive the advantages which a broad system of education will confer, they can scarcely fail to exhibit a corresponding advance in their language and ideas. In addition to educational influences, we have now the alliance of women, which the last age had not. Refined female minds, tastes, and habits are operating to advance the whole body politic. Precept may be disregarded; but example, which in this case is fashion, is contagious. Down and down will this spirit of imitation descend, till it leavens the entire mass. Woman's mission, now, for the first time, beginning to be understood, is, however, of too great importance to come in at the conclusion of an article, and we shall leave the subject for treatment on another occasion.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE ROBBED OF HER PLANET.

SERIOUS apprehensions are entertained by France that she may be robbed of her planet; a matter which, as immediately concerning the temper of the great nation, also does not very remotely concern the peace of all other and lesser nations. The first alarm on the subject was given by intelligence reaching the Academy that a Sicilian gentleman had seen a planet in the position in which Leverrier's ought to have been, so long ago as 1834. Soon after, it was announced that a Genevan had caught a glimpse of the same stranger in 1836. Finally came letters from England, showing how Mr Adams of Cambridge had pointed out 'the moral (?) certainty' of a planet in that place, long before Leverrier had got sight of it. Professor Airey and Sir John Herschel both state that they received Mr Adams's papers on the subject before hearing anything from Leverrier. Thus it appears that France is considerably disturbed in its claim to this waif or stray of the skies. The consequence has been a dreadful outpouring of wrath through speeches in the Academy and articles in the newspapers, inasmuch that even an Englishman's bile has been stirred, and he writes to the *Lancet* *Gazette*, denouncing M. Arago as one whose impudence would claim the invention of printing, of gunpowder, and the discovery of America, if not properly resisted. 'Therefore it is,' says he, 'that I cry in earnest supplication, *Don't let him have the new planet! Don't let him have the new planet!*'

God made the heavens and the earth, and granted man faculties to make a gradual progress in acquainting himself with all the wonders of the system. Every now and then he is permitted to see a little more of the illimitable region of the Eternal's glories, or to master some natural power which may be of service in promoting the grandest ends of humanity. Discovery might be described as a magnificent religion, revealed in bursts of glory, on the receipt of which men's senses might be expected to be wrapt in fresh and deeper adoration of the Supreme. What, in reality, do we find amongst the priests of this religion? Alas! paltry squabbles as to which of them, poor little emmets as they are, is entitled to some kind of personal aggrandisement on account of the things vouchsafed to their knowledge. So it happens

that the public, having heard with devout awe of the discovery of a new planet, and being anxious in all humility to obtain further information about it, must wait while these men have, in the first place, a mean fight over their glasses about their own contemptible interests. How does all this humiliate science, and prepare the children of levity for holding it in scorn! Seen in such a light, the men of science must appear to the common people of the world as connected with the Temple of Nature in much the same way as the doork-keepers are with St Paul's—merely collectors of two pences for a sight.

TRANSIT OF CATTLE.

Steam navigation is acknowledged to have done much for Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and other quarters in the way of cheap and rapid transit of sheep and cattle to market—a speedy and comparatively inexpensive voyage being now often substituted for one of a protracted nation, or for a fatiguing and ruinous journey by land. An additional convenience to the store farmer is in the course of being achieved by railway transit. On this subject we find the following observations in a late number of the *Edinburgh Register*—Mr Hyde Clark reckons the average loss upon the distance by driving, and consequent saving by conveyance on railway, at 5 lbs. per quarter for bullocks of 20 lbs.; 2 lbs. per quarter, or 8 lbs. for sheep and 10 lbs. per quarter, or 10 lbs. for hogs. This is believed to be a low estimate. Mr H. Handley, M.P., one of the heads of the agricultural interest, calculates the loss on driving from Lincolnshire to London at 8 lbs. for weight, and 25s. to 30s. in money for sheep. The loss for sheep he calculates at eight days for getting up to market, which is equivalent to three or four market days, during which the chances of the market may be much affected. The promoters of the Northern and Eastern Railway, in their prospectus, calculate the loss, by driving a hundred miles, at 40s. for bullocks, and 6s. for sheep. They state the supply of the London market at 150,000 beefs, and 1,500,000 sheep per annum, the saving on which, by railway conveyance, they set down at £675,000. The saving might be fairly taken at 40 lbs. for bullocks, 8 lbs. for sheep, and 20 lbs. for swine; which would give a gross saving of pounds of animal food on the present number conveyed on railways as follows:—On 220,000 cattle, 8,800,000 lbs. of beef; on 1,250,000 sheep, 10,000,000 lbs. of mutton; on 550,000 swine, 11,000,000 lbs. of pork. This would give a total of 29,800,000 lbs. of animal food, economised even at the present moment in the infancy of the railway system.

GUN SAWDUST.

We lately gave a short account of Schouboen's celebrated gun-cotton, the use of which was so likely to supersede in a great measure the employment of gunpowder for blasting and all the ordinary purposes of firearms. From the following letter, which we find in the *Athenæum*, it would appear that gun-cotton may in its turn be superseded by gun sawdust:—

Leeds, Oct. 28.—The gun-cotton is now a topic of conversation in almost every company—in the nobleman's palace, as well as in the labourer's cottage, it is regarded as a wonderful discovery, the applications of which are as yet almost lost in darkness. The results of my experiments may be comprised in the discovery of a cheaper, but equally explosive, compound—in common sawdust, and indeed in all woody fibrous vegetable material—by immersion from eight to ten minutes in equal measures of nitric acid, specific gravity 1.5, and of common oil of vitriol. A slight increase of the latter increases the rapidity of combustion. I here enclose you a specimen of prepared common sawdust, with which I have discharged a pocket-pistol, loaded with ball, with a force equal to that of gunpowder; indeed, I should say, weight for weight, it will prove the better projectile. I wish you to try yourself with the specimen enclosed. Put it into a pistol, making sure that it is in

the breech of the pistol: place on the nipple the percussion-cap; and you will find, on discharging it, that the force is equal to that of an equal weight of gunpowder.

GEORGE TURNER.

Since the above fell under our notice, we have seen it mentioned that tow and some other articles may in a similar manner be endowed with the explosive properties of gunpowder.

THE BUCHANITES.

Sixty years ago, Ayrshire and the adjoining parts in the west of Scotland became the theatre of operations of a remarkable religious sect, known generally by the designation of Buchanites, from the name of their foundress, Mrs Buchan. This woman may be described, in brief, as a pretender pretty much resembling an illustrious successor in the same field of enterprise—Joanna Southcote. Like Joanna, she sprang from a humble condition in life; and also, like her, aspired to divine honours. The history of Mrs Buchan is curious, if not instructive, and we propose, from a small volume before us,* to give it the publicity of which it seems not undeserving.

Mrs Buchan was the daughter of John Simpson, a person who kept a small public-house near Banff, where she was born about the year 1750, and named Elspeth. In early life she underwent many privations as a domestic servant among the farmers of the district; and it was only by the kindness of a relation that she learned to sew and read. Circumstances having induced her father to remove to Greenock, she accompanied him thither, and here, greatly to the honour of her biography, she contracted idle and degraded habits, and finally married Robert Buchan, a working potter, into an unenviable marriage. Buchan appears to have been an industrious man, disposed to do well; but his wife proved the plague of his existence. Having gone to Banff, he there left her with two or three children, to provide for herself and them as she best could. Mrs Buchan now attempted to support herself by teaching children to sew; but this fit of rational employment soon came to an end. She began to neglect both her family and school, in order to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission. This occurred in 1774.

Subsequent events led to the frequent inquiry, whether Mrs Buchan's fancies were the convictions of a disordered mind, or the dishonest pretensions of settled knavery. The explanations of her biographer make it conclusively apparent that she was the victim of her own frenzied delusions. Some time previous to the period in which she put herself forward as a divine personage, she had been a constant attendant at private religious meetings, where the warmth of the devotional exercises, and the frequent discussions of certain passages in Scripture, seem to have shaken her weak and ill-balanced mind, and inspired her with the wildest delusions. The woman was, in reality, mad; and in the present day she would, as a matter of course, have been quietly consigned to an asylum for persons in her unhappy condition. Although escaping this fate, Mrs Buchan did not meet with general sympathy in her profanities: the clergy, who had contributed by their prelections to arouse her enthusiasm, now became her enemies; and popular clamour being at the same time raised against her, she found it necessary to remove to Glasgow in 1781.

In the west of Scotland Mrs Buchan was in a more congenial field; yet she did not immediately make known her aspirations, but contented herself in the meanwhile with running after popular preachers in different parts of the country, and confining herself on all occasions to the use of mystical and Scriptural language. One of the persons to whom she disclosed her revelations was a young man, Andrew Innes, who became her first convert; the second, who occupied a higher position, was the Rev. Hugh White, minister of a dissenting congregation in Irvine, at which place Mrs Buchan took up her residence in 1783. Mr

* The Buchanites from First to Last. By Joseph Train. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1846.

White's adhesion to Mrs Buchanan's views gave much satisfaction to many members of the congregation to which he belonged; but others began seriously to find fault with their minister for his conversion to the new-fangled doctrines; and finally, after some investigation, he was dismissed from his living. The adhesion of White to Mrs Buchanan's pretensions caused a considerable sensation in the country, for he was reputed a learned and sensible man, and had at one time been a professor of logic in an American university. Among the common people of Ayrshire his conduct was imputed to the effects of diabolical agency; and on sundry occasions Luckie Buchanan,* as she was called, was in danger of suffering martyrdom at the hands of the more illiterate of the populace. Escaping to Glasgow, she once more took up her quarters with her unfortunate husband. Here, observes Mr Train, 'she was too much occupied with spiritual concerns to pay any attention to domestic affairs. She received so many visitors, that her husband was reduced to abject poverty by the extension of her hospitality to crowds of persons who were utter strangers to him.' Having for the second or third time thought her family to ruin, Mrs Buchanan accepted an invitation to visit Muthil, in Perthshire, where her crazy exultations appear to have been in some degree; and this journey she performed chiefly on foot, attended by her faithful son-in-law, Andrew Innes. Muthil did not prove a good land, and she returned to Irvine, along with a host of eager followers. This move was worse than worse. In consequence of the popular commotion, the magistrates resorted to the necessity of expelling the Buchananites from the town.

What were the precise tenets or maxims for which Luckie Buchanan and her followers contended so much obduracy, is nowhere very clearly stated. We can gather, however, that, in the first place, she professed to enjoy a special and personal communion with the Deity; secondly, that she and her believers believed they should not die, but be translated direct to Heaven; thirdly, that her sect should possess a community of goods, and bake together; and fourthly, that the institution of marriage was but a null, or at all events useless to her devout community. It was, we presume, this latter doctrine that principally incurred the wrath of the dour Presbyterians of Ayrshire, and led to the expulsion of the sect from Irvine. This event occurred in May 1791; and now began those annual wanderings which have imparted a species of picturesque interest to the name and history of the Buchananites. On departing from Irvine, Mr Buchanan, attired in a scarlet cloak, and one or two of his higher class of pupils, were seated in a cart, while the remainder of the company, to the number of upwards of forty, followed on foot. Among them were several individuals who had been in respectable circumstances, along with their wives and children; and there were likewise a number of young women, of good character, dressed in the simple garb of peasant maids of the Lowlands of Scotland. Allan Cunningham, in speaking of the journey of these remarkable enthusiasts, mentions that 'Our Lady, as they called Mr Buchanan, rode in front on a white pony, and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the Garden of Mercy, and with drink from a large cup called the Comforter.' Such, however, is the description of a poet. Andrew Innes, whose papers furnish Mr Train with his principal materials, presents a less encouraging account of the *hoyra* of the Buchananites. He describes the company as becoming travel-worn, hungry, and in great straits for lodgings. When we could get a few cakes to purchase at a farmhouse, we sat down on a bank of the next stream or rivulet we came to. Our Friend Mother broke the cakes, and gave each a piece; then one of the women followed with a tankard of water, and we handed it round. Thus a piece of oat-cake and a drink of cold water was our common fare: we all shared alike, except Friend Mother, who, after she had divided the bread, lighted her pipe, and took a smoke of tobacco.'

Wandering onward by way of Dundonald, Auchinleck,

and New Cumnock—exposed to indignities, prying curiosity, and fatigue during the day, and sleeping in barns and hay-lofts at night—the party reached the borders of Nithsdale in Dumfriesshire, where, greatly to their vexation, one of their members, Mr Hunter, town-clerk of Irvine, was seized by a sheriff officer, who had been despatched with a warrant to bring back the fugitive to his business; and several other persons, fearing similar consequences, returned with Mr Hunter to settle their affairs also. The existence of the society being thus threatened by so unexpected a deprivation of its most wealthy and zealous members, it was thought prudent by the wanderers to halt at the first resting-place they could find, there to await the return of their friends who had been separated from them. This was at New Cumnock, a farm in Nithsdale, two miles south of Troon, (near Clovenstone), thirteen miles west of Dumfries, and not more than one and a half miles from the place where the hunt of Coumarants used to cover a hundred or two of the country, and which Sir Walter Scott has since been saying has been occupied by Ballour of Ballour. It was, however, situated in the immediate return of Mr Hunter and others, the company felt inclined to settle at New Cumnock, more especially as Mr Davidson, the minister, who looked to the same advantage from the field of battle, had an empty barn at their disposal, and some other houses in his domain. Here, according to the accounts, commenced the political life of the community. The members lived together, and had all things common; and Mr Davidson was constituted treasurer, to purchase all that might be required. Friend Grant took care of the clothing; the other women assisted in washing, knitting, and mending; some of the men acted as tailors, and the women and all others found employment suitable to their capacities; illness was no sin of the Buchananites. While the society especially thus wrought with the hands, it was the peculiar province of Friend Mother and Mr White to speak by the head and tongue. Brother Andrew's account of the innards is beautiful in its simplicity. 'We want of accommodation in the barn, on account of so many visitors, who often kept Friend Mother and Mr White speaking all day, we were obliged to cool our scanty fare in the farmer's kitchen—which sometimes consisted of potatoes baked and emptied into a basket, and set on a small table, so that those who were pleased to withdraw from the controversy in the barn might take up one with its skin, and either dip it in a little salt, or take a bit salt being to it, or a drop of milk, when they was satisfiable. But at the first rush of visitors was played, the form of it became less agreeable; we then baked them, it put our meals in a regular state. All was at the same table, and partook alike of the same food, with the exception of our Friend Mother, who either served once at a table. Mrs Innes was employed in preparing others to do so.' Andrew adds, that the whole kept on both of harvest in the barn; but the arrangement was in time up-er, by Mr Davidson requiring the barn for his sheep, and the society then built a house of a somewhat different nature, to which they adjourned. 'Buchan Hall' is the country people denominated by that the new establishment, had a door for beds, to which the ascent was by a ladder, a kitchen with some little furniture, and a chest appropriated to Mr White. The latter, many seem to have been able to constantly attend to, in paying to crowds of inquiring visitors, and expounding to them how Friend Mother was the mysterious weaver, collected by the Revolution, in whom the light of God was restored to the world, where it had not been since the ascension of Christ, but where it would now continue, and the period of translation to the clouds, to meet the Lord at his second coming? On the inhabitants of the surrounding district, this and other doctrines of the Buchananites made no impression; and at length, outraged by what they considered a scandalous heresy, a large mob attacked Buchan Hall, and endeavoured, by a most unjustifiable degree of violence, to put the society to flight. This, however, with an equally imprudent and abortive attempt of the Presbytery to quell the heresy, did no permanent damage; the persecution only incited to renewed exertions, and a few respectable converts from

* 'Luckie' is an old familiar Scotch term for mother or mistress.

England were added to the community. By way of silencing the enemy, White compiled and published (1785) a work with the following title:—*The Divine Dictionary, or a Treatise indited by Holy Inspiration, containing the Faith and Practice of the People (by the world) called Buchanites, who are actually waiting for the second coming of our Lord, and who believe that they alone shall be translated into the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall be ever with the Lord.* "There appeared a great wonder in heaven—a woman." Rev. ch. xii. 5. Written by that society.' This volume, which was a complete jumble of lunatical jargon, might now be ranked as one of the rarest curiosities of literature.

Afraid of tiring our readers, we shall hurry through the concluding scenes of this remarkable drama. Labouring constantly under the impression that the whole were to be realised bodily to heaven, but uncertain as to the time of this apocalyptic, they, night and day, looked for a premonitory signal; and, with these excited feelings, the hive one night was thrown into an extraordinary commotion. A noise was heard which seemed like a voice from the clouds; all the members instantly started to their feet, shouting a doggerel, which commenced with the words, 'Oh! hasten translation.' There was a universal leaping, dancing, and singing. The farmer, astonished at the hubbub, rapped furiously at the door for admission; and being informed that the end of the world was come, when all except those within the house would be destroyed, he became equally excited, and besought Friend Mother to save him with the rest. Friend Mother, however, had discovered that it was a false alarm, and assured the terrified agriculturist that 'neither he nor any of his friends should suffer damage that night, for she now saw her people were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change which she intended them to undergo.' Andrew's account of this scene is graphic. 'As the light passed from her countenance, she called for a tobacco pipe, and took a smoke; and as the extraordinary agitation diminished, the people without dispersed quietly. How long the tumult lasted, I was not in a state of mind to collect, but I remember, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewn with watches, gold rings, and a great number of trinkets, which had been, in the moment of expected translation, thrown away by the possessors, as useless in our expected country. We did so because Elijah threw away his mantle when he was, in like manner, about to ascend to heaven. My own watch was of the number: I never saw it more; but I afterwards learned that John Gibson, our treasurer, had collected all the watches and jewellery then thrown away, and sold them in Dumfries.'

This manifestation having failed, as it was conjectured, for want of due preparation, Friend Mother inculcated the necessity of fasting forty days. Without hesitation all obeyed the injunction. The door was bolted, and the windows nailed down, and screened, letting in light only sufficient to enable the poor devotees to read; cooking was stopped; and the only allowable sustenance was a little meal, or molasses. The sublime expectations which animated the company indisposed them for food. Andrew, however, observes, that 'there was sometimes a desire for a little drink, and as Friend Mother was always stepping about among us, she kept a little treacle, mixed with hot water, and allowed to cool, which she gave to any person who was thirsty; but it was very seldom required, except by a blind woman, who lay in bed most of the time; and as she was very deaf, and could not feed by the eye and ear, as the rest of us did, she therefore required some earthly nourishment.'

This fast was the beginning of troubles. Some were almost starved to death, and reduced to the condition of skeletons; and the too-exemplary Andrew was so far gone, that he could not walk across the floor. The absurdity of this, and some other proceedings which came to light, roused a fresh scandal and commotion in Nithsdale. Two or three members left the body, either by the earliest persuasions or legal interference of friends, and things came to that pass that ruin threatened the fraternity. In this juncture, Luckie Buchanan and her conductor White were not dismayed: they considered the time of

departure from earth had at length arrived, and, accordingly, collecting the remnants of the corps, and animating them with spiritual counsel, all wended their way slowly to the top of Templand Hill, which they ascended before the break of day. A gentleman in the neighbourhood describes as follows the proceedings of the Buchanites on this occasion:—'I mounted my horse, and left Thornhill about sunrise; and as I was passing the farm of Templand, I was very much surprised at the sound of many voices, in full chorus, suddenly reaching my ears. The melodious strain came from the top of Templand Hill; and the silence of the scene, with the loneliness of the place, gave the music such a wildly-impressive and mysterious effect, that I alighted from my horse, and having tied it to a tree, I ascended the hill to ascertain if those sweet strains were really warbled from earthly lips, when I, to my great surprise, recognised several faces that I had seen at Buchan Ha', particularly that of Luckie Buchan herself. She was raised nearly her whole length above the crowd by whom she was surrounded, who stood with their faces towards the rising sun, and their arms extended upwards, as if about to clasp the great luminary as he rose above the horizon. On a sudden the music ceased, and being afraid I had been discovered by some of these enthusiasts, I hurried down the hill-side, mounted my horse, and rode on to Brownhill.' We need hardly add, that the attempt to ascend proved a dead failure, and exposed the Buchanites to the derision of the people. They were seen retracing their steps to their wonted abode, pale, emaciated, and downcast in spirits. Luckie was not unprepared with explanations of this unlooked-for termination of her predictions; but it was remarked that from this day her power over her deluded followers gradually lessened. By a number, particularly those from England, to whom the fast had proved a grievous affliction, she was denounced as an impostor. 'Many of them having placed all their worldly means at the disposal of the society, now actually became common beggars. Ashamed to return to their homes, they went from door to door throughout the greater part of Scotland, depicting, in unmeasured terms, the darker shades of Luckie Buchan's character, and detailing the miseries they had brought upon themselves and their families by listening to her irreligious foolishness.'

Passing over some unpleasant details connected with this secession, we come to the period when the authorities expelled the Buchanites from New Cample, in consequence of their failing to give security that they would not become chargeable to the parish. The removal took place in March 1787, and the body, considerably reduced in number, proceeded to Auchingibert, a wild moorland farm of little value in the parish of Urr and stewardry of Kirkcudbright. The lease of this dismal tract of land they had procured through the interposition of their friend Mr Davidson. The struggle of the small and now poor community of Buchanites for subsistence was keen and miserable; and, contrary to their tenets, they were obliged to labour for wages, the women being somewhat celebrated for their skill in spinning. Straighted circumstances did not improve White's temper, which had been gradually giving way, and on some occasions he came almost to an open rebellion against the rules of the society. Mother Buchan's declining health and death brought matters to a crisis. She died on the 29th of March 1791; even at the last professing her divine attributes, and exhorting the bystanders to continue steadfast in the doctrines which she had taught them. It might be supposed that her decease in the ordinary course of nature would have opened the eyes of her followers to the falsity of her pretensions. Luckie Buchan, however, had the art to keep alive the delusion, at least for a time. She said that her death would only be temporary and provisional. If the faith of her disciples was pure, without alloy, she would return to life at the end of six days; if they remained still faithless, she would not return to take them to heaven till the end of ten years; if they still were unprepared by faith, she would not reappear till the lapse of fifty years, when she would then, at all events, descend from heaven to convince the faithless world of its error.

In consequence of these promises, much care was taken of the body, which, however, never showed any sign of resuscitation. Meanwhile, White betrayed his true character, which, we regret to say, appears, to have been that of a designing and mercenary hypocrite. We may best dismiss him by saying that he broke up the association, and, seducing about thirty individuals to follow him, went to the United States of America, where all were dispersed. A small remnant of the community still clung together, and their history forms not the least interesting chapter in Mr Train's narrative. They removed to Larg-hill, a dreary waste, and there commenced a fresh struggle for existence: their success, under the most unpromising circumstances, enabled them afterwards to buy a patch of land at Crockettford, where they built several houses—how true that, in the face of all obstacles, 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich!'

At Crockettford the Buchanites died out one after the other, leaving the venerable Andrew Innes and his wife Katie among the last surviving fragments of the society. At length all were gone but Andrew, and the burden of years told him that he soon must follow. There was something deeply affecting in the position and character of this last—as he had been the first—of the Buchanites. Through various difficulties he had been able to preserve the body of Friend Mother, which, in a kind of mummified state, was kept by him in his cottage, and made the object of reverential attention. The 29th of March 1841, the fiftieth anniversary of her decease, was waited for with a pious hope in her resurrection. But alas! the day passed over, and the body of his mistress still resolutely maintained its ghastly repose. This singular enthusiast lingered on earth till the early part of 1846, when death in him also took its victim. By his special request, the long-preserved body of Mrs Buchan was buried with him in the same grave: and thus closes the history of the Buchanites.

In dismissing the subject, we beg to compliment Mr Train, not less on the perspicuity of his narrative, than the good taste with which he has accomplished his somewhat difficult task. We recommend the volume to the careful perusal of those who heedlessly flutter on the boundary between sound religion and the ravings of a disordered imagination.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE chief objects contemplated in Captain Fremont's second expedition were the discovery of a new pass in the more southerly range of the Rocky Mountains, which might serve as a direct line of road for emigrants to the new countries on the Pacific, and an extensive survey of the Oregon, including the basin of the great Salt Lake, and the valley of the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, and a return, by way of the Sierra Nevada and the highlands of Upper California, to the settled districts on the eastern side of the mountains. During this long journey, comprehending a period of fourteen months, and a distance of 10,000 miles, many places were explored which had never before been visited by civilised men, the descriptions of which present much that is new and interesting. The privations endured and dangers incurred were far greater than had been experienced in the survey of the preceding year. The most fearful risks were encountered in the passage of the Sierra in the midst of winter, and eventually some of the party fell victims to the hostility of the Indians.

In May 1843 Captain Fremont arrived at the little town of Kansas, on the Missouri frontier, where he met Mr Preuss and a band of thirty-nine *voyageurs*, some of whom had accompanied him in the previous journey. They were all armed with carbines, and, the better to defend themselves from enemies, a howitzer was included in the baggage-train. They followed the valley of the Kansas to the head waters of the Arkansas river,

and finding it impossible to cross the mountains in that direction, after several weeks of travel, were compelled to abandon it and take a northward course, when they crossed the range not far from the south pass, which had been their route on the previous year.

Twenty years ago, the immense expanse of western prairies was everywhere covered with countless herds of buffalo; but at the present time these noble animals are only found on a narrow strip of country extending along the eastern base of the mountains from the Platte river to New Mexico. The ordinary destruction of buffalo is prodigious—the American, Hudson's Bay, and other fur companies receive 90,000 robes annually in their trading operations with the Indians. The natives make new lodges or wigwags every year, for the roofs of which buffalo-skins are used; and as there are but four months in the year in which these are in a fit state for dressing, the waste during the other eight months is incalculable. The Comanches, and some kindred tribes, never trade in buffalo robes; they hunt the animals merely for certain portions of the flesh; all the rest is abandoned with the hide on the prairie. Like the red men, the buffalo are a characteristic of the western country; both will disappear at the advance of civilisation. So alarmed are the Sioux at the rapid decrease, that they have planned a war of extermination on the Crow nation, in whose territories the animals are yet abundant.

A few days' journey on the western slope of the mountains brought the party to a ridge in which occurs the oolitic structure, long wanting to complete the system of North American geology, by a connecting link with the more recent European formations. They were now approaching the great Salt Lake, one of the chief objects of the journey, by the valley of the Bear and Roseaux rivers, over which so much of mystery had long hung, accompanied by exaggerated rumour, that they advanced towards it with eager expectation. 'Hitherto,' says Captain Fremont, 'this lake had been seen only by trappers, who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver streams, caring very little for geography; its islands had never been visited; and none were to be found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers, including those in my own camp, were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool, through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly coloured with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realise.'

The party directed their course to an isolated hill, and, climbing to the top, saw beneath their feet the waters of the inland sea, stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of the exploration; and as we looked eagerly over the lake, in the first emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they saw for the first time the great western ocean. It was certainly a magnificent object, and a noble terminus to this part of our expedition; and to travellers so long shut up among mountain ranges, a sudden view over the expanse of silent waters had in it something sublime.

The captain and a few men embarked to visit a distant island, and were exposed to great danger in the transit, as the seams of their India-rubber boat, which were only pasted together, instead of sewn, opened with the action of the water. After much exertion, however, they reached the island, where they remained for the purpose of taking observations until the next day, when they rowed back to their camp, and all broke into a

shout of joy on finding themselves again in shallow water. Five gallons of the water, when boiled, yielded nearly two gallons of salt.

The monotony of travel in the wilderness was frequently relieved by the sight of numerous bands of emigrants journeying on the line of route for the valley of the Columbia. In some instances the exploring party joined company with these little troops, most of whom had some weary tale of sorrow and suffering to tell, conformed by the occasional sight of a grave on either side of the weary track. Some Shoshonee Indians ride up and invite the captain to visit their village; he followed them with a few others, and relates—'We had approached within something more than a mile of the village, when suddenly a single horseman emerged from it at full speed, followed by another and another in rapid succession, and then party after party poured into the plain; until, when the foremost rider reached us, the whole intervening space was occupied by a mass of horsemen, who came charging down upon us with guns, swords, lances, and bows and arrows. Indians entirely naked, and warriors fully dressed for war, with the long red streamers of their war-bonnets reaching nearly to the ground, all mingled together in the bravery of savage warfare. They had been thrown into a sudden tumult by the appearance of our flag, which, among these people, is regarded as an emblem of hostility. A few words from the chief quieted the excitement; and the whole band, increasing every moment in number, escorted us to their encampment. In a short time we purchased eight horses, for which we gave in exchange blankets, red and blue cloth, beads, knives, tobacco, and the usual other articles of Indian traffic. We obtained from them also a considerable quantity of berries of different kinds, among which service berries were the most abundant; and several kinds of roots and seeds which we could eat with pleasure, as any kind of vegetable food was gratifying to us. I ate here, for the first time, the *kouyah*, or tobacco root (*valeriana edulis*), the principal edible root among the Indians who inhabit the upper waters of the streams on the western side of the mountains. It has a very strong and remarkably peculiar taste and odour, which I can compare to no other vegetable that I am acquainted with, and which to some persons is extremely offensive. It was characterised by Mr Preuss as the most horrid food he had ever put in his mouth; and when, in the evening, one of the chiefs sent his wife to me with a portion she had prepared as a delicacy to regale us, the odour immediately drove him out of the lodge. To others, however, the taste is rather an agreeable one, and I was always afterwards glad when it formed an addition to our scanty meals. It is full of nutriment, and, in its unprepared state, is said by the Indians to have very strong poisonous qualities, of which it is deprived by a peculiar process, being baked in the ground for about two days.'

The party were nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger when they reached Fort Hall, a station belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. Here the captain dismissed eleven of his men, who feared to encounter the risks of the coming winter; and, continuing his route, towards the end of October obtained his first view of the Columbia, 'the great river on which the course of events for the last half century has been directing attention and conferring fame.' It is described as being 1200 yards in width, with banks which, in common with some other Oregon rivers, are much less fertile than the neighbouring hills. The adventurers followed the course of the stream, and by the middle of November Captain Fremont, with a few men in a canoe, reached Fort Vancouver, thus achieving another of the objects of his journey—the connexion of his survey with that of Commander Wilkes. He speaks highly of the reception by the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom he was furnished with stores and boats to enable him to return to the main body, who had been left encamped at the Dalles of the Columbia.

From this point, having provided provisions and animals for a journey of three months, they started in a south-east direction on the homeward route. After travelling some days through forests, rendered still more dreary by the snow, they found themselves unexpectedly on a rocky precipice. 'At our feet, more than a thousand feet below, we looked into a green prairie country, in which a beautiful lake, some twenty miles in length, was spread along the foot of the mountains, its shores bordered with green grass. Just then the sun broke out among the clouds, and illuminated the country below, while around us the storm raged fiercely. Not a particle of ice was to be seen on the lake, or snow on its borders, and all was like summer or spring. The glare of the sun in the valley below brightened up our hearts with sudden pleasure, and we made the woods ring with joyful shouts to those behind; and gradually, as each came up, he stopped to enjoy the unexpected scene.'

The pleasant valley was, however, soon passed over, and the party reached the foot of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Hills, the most formidable portion of their journey. For a long time they were unable to obtain a guide among the Indians. One old man, with a loud voice, and energetic signs, assured them they would find 'rock upon rock—rock upon rock: snow upon snow—snow upon snow: even if you get over the snow,' said he, 'you will not be able to get down from the mountains.' He made us, adds Captain Fremont, 'the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our Chinook, who comprehended even more readily than ourselves, and believed our situation hopeless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. "I wanted to see the whites," he cried; "I came away from my own people to see the whites, and I wouldn't care to die among them; but here—" and he looked around into the cold night and gloomy forest, and drawing his blanket over his head, began again to lament.'

At last an Indian agreed to guide them to the pass in return for the ample presents offered. Abundant clothing was given to enable him to withstand the cold; yet at the end of a few days he slipped away from the encampment after nightfall, and deserted the party. Captain Fremont could only keep up the spirits of the men by reminding them of the perpetual summer valley of the Sacramento on the other side of the mountains. The fatigues encountered in this part of the route were of the severest nature. Such was the depth of the snow, that a party was always kept in advance to level and beat the surface, to render it sufficiently hard for the passage of the animals, many of which perished for want of provender. The voyageurs, however, worked bravely; and at the end of February, after travelling 1000 miles from the Dalles of the Columbia, reached the highest ridge of the range, at an elevation of more than 9000 feet. From this point they were gladdened with the sight of the Bay of San Francisco and the fertile valleys of California. The difficulties of the descent were, however, greater than had been anticipated. The howitzer, and a large portion of the baggage, were abandoned; numerous valuable packs were lost on the backs of the animals that fell over the slippery precipices; and many horses and mules were killed to supply food for the daring adventurers. 'Some of the men became light-headed, and wandering off into the woods, were not recovered for several days. Mr Preuss, who had strayed from the right track, was missing for nearly a week. He kept himself alive by eating ants, and a few roots, which he dug from the rocky ground, and at length rejoined the party in a state of great weakness and exhaustion.'

In a few days they arrived at an American settlement on the Rio de los Americanos. Of 104 animals with which they left the Columbia, only thirty-three remained alive. The agreeable climate, with rest and abundant supplies, soon banished the recollection of privations,

and preparations were made for continuing the journey. By the end of March the party were again in motion. 'Our cavalcade,' writes Captain Fremont, 'made a strange and grotesque appearance, and it was impossible to avoid reflecting upon our position and composition in this remote solitude. Within two degrees of the Pacific Ocean; already far south of the latitude of Monterey, and still forced on south by a desert on one hand and a mountain range on the other; guided by a civilised Indian, attended by two wild ones from the Sierra; a Chinook from the Columbia, and our own mixture of American, French, German, all armed; four or five languages heard at once; above a hundred horses and mules, half wild; American, Spanish, and Indian dresses and equipments intermingled—such was our composition. Our march was a sort of procession. Scouts ahead, and on the flanks; a front and rear division; the pack animals, baggage, and horned cattle in the centre; and the whole stretching a quarter of a mile along our dreary path. In this form we journeyed, looking more as though we belonged to Asia than to the United States of America.'

Difficulties of a directly opposite nature to those through which they had already passed here awaited the travellers: the desert was in full view, apparently illimitable. A hot mist lay over it to-day, through which it had a white and glistening appearance; here and there a few dry-looking and isolated ridges rising suddenly upon it.

After travelling for several days in this dreary region, suffering greatly for want of water, the explorers were surprised by the sudden appearance of two Mexicans, one a youth of eleven years of age, belonging to a small party that had set out some days previously to cross the desert. They had been unexpectedly attacked by a band of one hundred Indians, from whom they had escaped, and ridden eighty miles, when they fell in with Captain Fremont's troop; two of which volunteered to go in pursuit of the Indians, and recover, if possible, the horses they had carried off. Starting on the trail, they came up with the robbers on the following day, who 'received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godoy's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck: our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, with a hideous howl. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence or expectation of a considerable party. The boy was released, he had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only bound as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had ridden about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours.' This disinterested and daring exploit, while displaying the power of resolution over mere numbers, recalls some of the extraordinary deeds of the age of chivalry.

The next day they arrived at the camping ground where the party of Mexicans had been attacked. Here, to quote the words of the report, 'the dead silence of the place was ominous; and, galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men: everything else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow half-faced tent, which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger, and to repulse it from that asylum.

One of his hands and both his legs had been cut off. Giacomo, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows: of the women no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lapdog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the bodies, and was wild with joy at seeing the boy again; he, poor child, was frantic with grief, and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. "Mi padre! Mi madre!" was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women, carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-live Indian ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godoy had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveller.'

At one part of the desert the travellers passed over a distance of sixty miles without finding a drop of water. Many of the horses were left behind, completely crippled by the hard and heated soil. The Mexican invariably dismounted and cut off their tails and manes, which are used for making saddle-girths, as the last resource to be derived from the worn-out animals. A few days later, Tabeau, one of the most useful and active of the voyageurs, was waylaid and murdered by the Indians; a loss which threw a gloom over the whole party. The dangers all had passed through had served but to attach them more strongly to each other.

In May, after having made a circuit of nearly four thousand miles, the party reached the southern end of the great Salt Lake, whose northern extremity they had explored so many months previously. Arriving on the banks of the Sevier river, it was found unfordable. 'We made here,' writes the captain, 'little boats, or rather rafts, out of bulrushes, and ferried across. These rafts are easily made, and give a good conveyance over a river. The rushes are bound in bundles, and tied hard; the bundles are tied down upon poles as close as they can be pressed, and fashioned like a boat, in being broader in the middle and pointed at the ends. The rushes being tubular and jointed, are light and strong. The raft swims well, and is shoved along by poles, or pushed and pulled by swimmers, or drawn by ropes. On this occasion we used ropes—one at each end—and rapidly drew our little float backwards and forwards from shore to shore.'

The remainder of the journey presented no incidents particularly worthy of notice; the Rocky Mountains were soon after recrossed; and on the last day of July 1844 the adventurers arrived at Kansas, from which town they had started fourteen months previously. Fuentes, the fugitive Mexican, found employment in St Louis, and Pablo, his little companion, was taken into the family of Senator Benton.

Captain Fremont has been again sent out by the American government to make further explorations in the interesting countries already visited. A glance at the map of North America will show the vast extent of ground passed over, and the still more vast regions that remain to be examined. The days of adventure are not over: there is yet abundant work for discoverers, which promises a rich harvest for science, and a valuable contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The red pine, near Barrie, and through all the Pen-tanguishene country, in Western Canada, grows to an enormous size. 'I measured one near Barrie,' says Sir Richard Bonnycastle in his recent work on Canada, 'no less than twenty-six feet in girth, and this was merely a chance one by the wayside. Its height, I think, must have been at least two hundred feet, and it was vigorously healthy. What was its age? It would have made a plank eight feet broad after the bark was stripped off.'

In a paper read before a late meeting of the Statistical Society by Mr Fletcher, it is stated that, during the winter months, eight hundred and ninety tons of coals are used, on

the average, per day, by the metropolitan gas companies, for the manufacture of gas; and that on the 24th of December, when the day is shortest, seven million cubic feet of gas are consumed in London and the suburbs.

"The skins of all lions killed throughout the regency," says Captain Kennedy in his 'Journey through Algeria and Tunis,' 'are sent to the bey, who pays a handsome premium upon each. The flesh is eaten; and, contrary to our expectation, we found it excellent, and made a capital supper upon the ends of the ribs stewed with a little salt and red pepper. It tasted like very young beef, and was neither tough nor strong flavoured!'

Many, and probably all white chalk rocks are the produce of microscopic animalcules, which are, for the most part, quite invisible to the naked eye, possessing calcareous shells, of which more than one million are well preserved in each cubic inch; that is, much more than ten millions in one pound of chalk. The extreme minuteness of these chalk animalcules is strikingly proved by the fact, that, even in the finest levigated whiting, multitudes of them are still present, and may be applied without suffering change to the most varied purposes. Thus, in the chalk coating given to printed chambers, paper, or even glazed visiting-cards, may be seen a pretty mosaic of well-preserved moss-coral animalcules, invisible to the naked eye; and thus our natural vision receives from such a surface the impression of the purest white, little dreaming that it contains the bodies of millions of beings which once enjoyed life—beings of varied and beautiful forms, more or less closely crowded together.

A PORTRAIT.

A large city, in fact, as things now are, is one huge manufactory of foul air—one compact conspiracy against the lungs and lives of its inhabitants. We are doomed to encounter foul air always and everywhere—by day and by night—out of doors and in doors—at every period of our existence—amid the convocations of business, and in the pursuits of pleasure. Out of doors tall chimneys and steam funnels vomit forth dense clouds of smoke; manufactories emit their noxious vapours; sewers pour through their gullyholes offensive gases; the churchyards and the slaughter-houses contribute their quota of animal exhalations; the streets are reeking with putrefying mud, and the banks of our rivers are thick with filthy deposits. Who, when he recollects all these sources of impurity, can wonder at the dark cloud which hangs over our large cities, and the dense fogs which visit us in the winter months? Who can wonder that disease is busy with us, and that pestilence is never absent? The interior of our houses—our shops—our workshops—our factories, is still worse. The foul air from without is purity itself to that which we encounter within. What with overcrowding, the almost total neglect of ventilation, the use of stoves, the barbarous custom of burning gas in the open air of our buildings, without making any provision for carrying off the poisonous products of combustion, aided and abetted by the national horror of draughts and the national indifference to foul air; what with all these sources of impurity and obstacles

to improvement, the air from without (often rendered doubly impure by the barbarous cess-pool dug underneath our houses) becomes in the interior of our buildings nothing more nor less than a subtle and deadly poison. The labouring class, and especially those who follow sedentary occupations in-doors, are of course the chief victims of this aerial poison; but no one, from the highest to the lowest, can altogether escape it. We encounter it everywhere—at home in our bedrooms and nurseries, abroad in all our places of resort. We breathe it at private parties, on the invitation of our friends; we purchase it at concerts and theatres; we cannot escape it even at church. Our children are poisoned by it at school; our adults in the prison, the shop, the workshop, the factory; our soldiers in their barracks; our sailors in their ships; our miners in the bowels of the earth. In one word, the chief characteristic of our large towns may be summed up in a short phrase—Foul air always and everywhere.—*Dr Guy.*

BIOGRAPHY.

There is no sort of reading more profitable than that of the lives and characters of wise and good men. To find that great lengths have been actually gone in learning and virtue, that high degrees of perfection have been actually attained by men like ourselves, entangled among the in-

firmities, the temptations, the opposition from wicked men, and the other various evils of life—how does this show us to ourselves as utterly inexcusable, if we do not endeavour to emulate the heights we know have been reached, by others of our fellow-creatures! Biography, in short, brings us to the most intimate acquaintance with the real characters of the illustrious dead; shows us what they have been, and consequently what we ourselves may be; sets before us the whole character of a person who has made himself conspicuous either by his virtues or vices; shows us how he came first to take a right or wrong turn; how he afterwards proceeded greater and greater lengths; the prospects which invited him to aspire to higher degrees of glory, or the delusions which misled him from his virtue and his peace; the circumstances which raised him to true greatness, or the rocks on which he split and sunk to infamy. And how we more effectually, or in a more entertaining manner, learn the important lesson—What we ought to pursue, and what to avoid?—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

THE TOAD-FISH OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

A tenant of most of the shores around Sydney is the toad-fish, which looks like a toad elongated into a fish, with a tough, leathery, scaleless skin, and a bloated body, dark-mottled brown above, and white beneath. It is usually about five inches long, and disproportionately broad, but swims very swiftly, and is, for its size, as bold and voracious as the shark. When I said Mr Meredith did not fish with the rod, I might have added that he could not; for the toad fish, which swarm everywhere, no sooner see anything dropped into the water, than they dart towards it by dozens, and fight among themselves for the honour of swallowing your hook, generally taking the precaution to bite off your line at the same time. This extreme anxiety to be caught might perhaps be pardoned, were the greedy little wretches fit to eat, but they are highly poisonous; and although I should have thought their disgusting appearance sufficient to prevent their being tried, I know one instance at least of their fatal effects—a lady, with whose family I am intimate, died in consequence of eating them. As they thus effectually put a stop to our angling by biting off every hook dropped in the water before any other fish had time to look at it, they especially enjoyed the benefit of the fishing-spear, upon which many hundreds, if not thousands, must have been impaled in succession. This sounds very wantonly cruel, but let no one pronounce it so who is not well acquainted with the toad-fish; for those who are, I fear no reproach. When speared, they directly inflate their leathery skins like a balloon, and eject a stream of liquid from their mouths, with a report as if they had burst. If flung again into the water, however wounded, they instantly swim about, and begin eating; and should one be a little less active than his fellows, they forthwith attack him, and eat him up.—*Mrs Meredith's Notes on New South Wales.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Men of genius, in former times, have often languished in obscurity, not because their merits were neglected, but because they were not understood. This, however, can scarcely happen in the present day, in which all sources of useful information are laid open, and in which unparalleled exertions have been made in the higher classes of society to diffuse improvement, and to promote all objects of inquiry which can benefit or enlighten the public. There are other uses, still greater uses, resulting from the communication of general and popular science. By means of it vulgar errors and common prejudices are constantly diminished. It offers new topics for conversation, and new interests in life. In solitude, it affords subjects for contemplation, and for an active exercise of the understanding; and in cities, it assists the cause of morality and religion, by preventing the increase of gross luxury and indulgence in vicious dissipation. Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

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TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

I WANTED to see Lord Rosse's telescope. I had heard a good deal about it, and, like everybody else, had a reasonable share of curiosity on the subject. Having, fortunately, a few weeks to spare early in October, I took the opportunity of visiting Ireland, mainly with the design of seeing this remarkable apparatus. The voyage from Liverpool was not particularly bad: in twelve hours we were safely landed at Kingston, and just in time for the railway train which was about to start for Dublin. In half an hour we were at the Gresham, Sackville Street, and comfortably domiciled in Ireland.

I have now been three times in Dublin, and have always gone to the Gresham: the first time from necessity, and the last two times from gratitude. Many years ago, in crossing from Holyhead, I lost my baggage—more correctly, bag; Gresham sympathised with, and was kind to me under my deprivation. Could I do less than always afterwards go to Gresham's, albeit Gresham has years ago retired, and left his hotel to others? Gresham deserved to make a fortune, as is pretty generally the case with those who enjoy this kind of luck. Originally a foundling, picked up on the steps of the Royal Exchange, London—whence, I believe, his adoption of a name—reared first as a boots, and then advanced to the position of waiter, he rose, by persevering industry and unconquerable politeness, to be the proprietor of the largest hotel in Dublin. I remember being very much struck with the magnificence of the concern in 1827, and it is still a good house, though on a somewhat reduced scale.

Dublin is a very delightful city, and any one can kill a week in it in a very satisfactory manner. I made away with pretty nearly two; and of what I saw during that extended period, something may possibly be said some other time. The thing I have at present to talk about is Lord Rosse's telescope, though we must go through some preliminary chat before coming to it. This wonderful machine is a good way from Dublin, as much as seventy-eight miles in a direction towards the centre of Ireland, and, as I can prove, it is quite a feat getting to it. It is situated at Parsonstown, a name which strangers will perhaps find difficult to discover in any ordinary map, seeing that Parsonstown is only a modern designation adopted from the surname of the Rosse family, and that the old authorised name of the place is Birr.

Birr or Parsonstown, it is all one: the question was how we were to get to it. On making all due inquiries, I learned that the best way was to take a railway train to a certain town from thirty to forty miles off, and that there we should certainly get a stage-coach to carry us forward. Very reasonable-looking information this, considering that it was given by a clerk in a coach-office, who

might be presumed to know all about it; and, to show our confidence in the wisdom of this Solomon, we—that is, madame and myself—procured tickets for the promised coach.

Next morning, accordingly, we were off. It was as fine a day as any we had seen in Ireland. Supposing that the noble proprietor of the telescope will permit us, to look into it, what a capital view of the moon we shall have to-night! This notion put us into remarkably good spirits, and disposed us to look indulgently on the peat mosses and other indigenous embellishments of the scenery as we hurried along on our journey. The railway, too, was really a wonderful work of art—not at all Irish in either construction or management: the gauge was just the thing—half way between the narrow and the broad: what nice carriages; the linings of tins: how easy one can sit; room for four on a side: I hope the concern pays; it deserves to be encouraged: with such railways Ireland will yet be a great country. Such benevolent communications lasted all through the cultivated and bog region, and brought us to that great flat expanse of natural sward called the Curragh of Kildare, through which the railway has been remorselessly cut. The Curragh was of course very much admired, not because it forms a first-rate race-course, of which fact a fellow-traveller spoke with national pride, but for its lively green pasture, on which lots of beautiful sheep—white-faced chevils—were comfortably grazing.

Having passed the Curragh, nothing further attracted our attention till we arrived at our destined station—but where was the coach? Nothing of the wheel genus was visible but a wheelbarrow, and the wheelbarrow was declared to be engaged.

'Where,' said I to the ticket-taking man, 'is the coach to Parsonstown? I don't see it, unless, to be sure, it is that barrow there with the turf basket?'

'Ah, your honour, the coach is gone three hours sin'; that was the wrong train entirely you came by: there will be no coach now till Saturday.'

'Then what a clever person that was who sold me the tickets! Are there no sort of cars anywhere to be had? Where in all the world is the town?'

'Why, sir, there it is up yonder forment you,' pointing to a collection of mud hovels and houses, about three-quarters of a mile off, at the top of a rising-ground.

During this colloquy a crew of young tatterdemalions, any one of whom would have served as a ready-made scarecrow, were at gaze on the luggage, eager to act the part of porters; and selecting a couple of these obliging gossamers, we trusted on behind them towards the venerable city before us.

The approach by which we ascended is through a suburb of mud-built cottages, the more aristocratic of which possess chimneys and windows; a middle order dispense with the windows; and an inferior grade seem to be satisfied with

having only a door—a common exit for men, women, children, pigs, and smoke. The Cefes of Cipul had not a very different order of architecture. On disentangling ourselves from this suburban approach, in which, as travellers, we were objects of considerable interest, we made our debut in the grand Place of the town—a wishid kind of street, crowded at the time with country people, carts, cattle, and other materials of a market-day, in which were included several stalls for the sale of men and women's apparel, having all the appearance of an importation from St Giles. Through this gay melange our two faithful gossamers conducted us to the principal hotel in the place, a house with a tolerably brisk exterior, and a seductive promise of cars on the signboard.

Nor was the promise altogether a sham. The bustle of the landlord, a young man, whom I shall introduce as Mr Hyacinthe O'Brallagan, was inspiring. 'He had a car, which would be at our service in a moment; he would send for it immediately; it had only gone to bring home a cart of turf—well, since he thought of it, he would go and fetch it himself.' And so he did, and the horse was forthwith trotted up to the door, and yoked to a car by a variety of rope and leather fastenings. The faith of an Irishman is boundless. O'Brallagan, in producing this elegant equipage, had doubtless a sincere belief in its powers of locomotion. 'Both horse and car had been over the road fifty times, and they had never yet failed, thank God!' So, taking his word for it, off we set, bag and baggage, madame, by way of precaution against the jolts, holding firmly on by my right arm; while the seat on the other side, to keep the vessel in trim, was occupied by a queer specimen of the Jehu species as ever 'druv' a fish from a bog. I have been told, for I haven't much personal knowledge of the subject, that there is no fear of Irish horses *riding*, provided you get them fairly under weight, and a little warm in harness. The great thing is to set them a-going. I had somewhere heard of the application of a red-hot poker; but on the present occasion there was fortunately no need for this ancient and, I hope, disused, incentive to locomotion. The blood of the poor hack was a little up, and, to do it justice, it did its very best to get on; the Place was cleared, in not bad style, and at a rough pace we wound our way through the western suburb of the town. Advancing on its journey, however, the animal began to see what was meditated; nothing less than a stage of fifteen or sixteen miles. This was a deception. On being coaxed into the journey, it had laboured under the natural impression that an excursion for turf to the nearest bog was all that was contemplated, whereas it was a regular car affair, with a couple of travellers—a whole day's work, without the slightest prospect of dinner. The more the horse seemed to reflect on this shameful usage, the slower it trotted; and the trot by and by declined into a spasmodic kind of walk.

'Holloa, Paddy! this wont do: we shall never get to our journey's end at this rate.'

'Never fare, yer honour.'

Whish, and down went a thwack on the ribs of the indignant and unfortunate quadruped. Paddy's whip was a cudgel, and with this formidable instrument he proceeded to execute a regular battery of the poor animal. At every second step, and with a jerk of the rein, was uttered the premonitory *whish*, and then down came the cudgel. It was a sorrowful spectacle—a contest of tyranny over suffering.

'Tell you, sirrah, this wont do: we must turn back.'

answer.

Whish—thwack.

'Stop, I say stop; we shant go an inch farther; the horse is utterly incapable of the journey.'

Whish—thwack.

'Stop this instant, I say, or I will make you! I command you to turn back!'

There was no little grumbling at this order, for Paddy was evidently unwilling to relinquish the job; but there being no use in temporising, the machine was turned round, and back we all came to the place of starting. Truly, I have no doubt, to the satisfaction of the horse,

but not less to the affected surprise of its proprietor, Mr O'Brallagan.

'What did you mean by sending out such an apology for a horse as this: the creature can scarcely stand?'

'Why, it went five-and-thirty miles yesterday.'

'Well, I shall not dispute the point. Had Mr O'Brallagan no better horse than this?—surely he had?'

'No—yes; that is to say, certainly he had another horse, but it was not a car-horse; it was a hunter, kept for coursing, and he could not possibly send it out to-day, for he intended to take it out with the greyhounds to-morrow.'

This was Mr Hyacinthe O'Brallagan's notion of things. If he had a better horse, he resolved it should not be forthcoming, and that was to me the same thing as his having no horse at all.

'Were there no other horses for hire in the town?'

'Not a leg.'

'When does the train go back to Dublin?'

'Five o'clock.'

'Then get dinner ready, and we shall go and have a look at the town.'

We accordingly proceeded to view the more interesting objects of the town, some of which are of great antiquity, and deserving of a visit on their own account. From the ruins of an old religious house, which for some time engaged our attention, we went to look for a modern chapel, said to be worthy of the inspection of strangers. Sauntering, therefore, through the town in quest of this place of public devotion, we thought we had at length found it out. A building stood a short way back from the street, and in front of it were loitering a number of men and women who had come to market, while others stood half-filling up the doorway. As we approached the edifice, a strange noise seemed to come from the inside: it was a confused sound of voices, over which one, in a higher key, sharply prevailed.

'How ridiculous to take this for a chapel! it is an auction-room: let us go in and see what is going on.'

We accordingly made our way into the house, expecting to enjoy the fun of an Irish auction; and let our surprise be judged, when I mention that it was no more an auction-room than a chapel—it was a county court—bar, bench, and all the rest of the apparatus of justice.

'The judges all ranged, a terrible show.'

consisted of three justices of peace, gentlemen of the neighbourhood, as I understood them to be; and the culprit at the bar, in custody of half-a-dozen armed constabulary, had all the appearance of being a small farmer, a rough blade enough, but a thought more decent in apparel than the bulk of the assembly who looked on this curious array of power.

The case was pretty nearly over when we entered, and therefore we could not gather its precise merits; but it amounted to something like this—the accused party had been found guilty of driving his cow across the railway, and was accordingly liable to punishment under the statute. The discussion now going on respected the degree of punishment, mixed with splenetic remarks on the heinousness of the offence, and the culprit's audacity in challenging the justice of the decision. What a burlesque on the solemnity of justice! All the judges were speaking at once, as if trying to talk each other down. The line of defence or extenuation urged by the poor fellow at the bar struck me as remarkably reasonable; and what an exemplification was it of the prescriptive misusage of Ireland! He did not deny having crossed the railway, but the railway was in the first place to blame. He had always been in the habit of driving his cattle to the fields by a road in this direction, and this path had been blocked up by the railway without his consent. He was, in fact, done out of a road for his cows; and in his opinion it was a very hard case. Instead of being guilty of injuring the railway, the railway had been guilty of injuring him.

Here was exactly a case for the merciful exercise of authority; but Irish justice-of-peace courts are not remarkable for discrimination. The judges were in full cry

on the enormity of the crime. One of them on the left, an oldish little man, with thin white hair, and a very red face, the lower part of which unpleasantly projected, was the loudest in his objections, mixing his severity, however, with pretended advice and commiseration.

"You have been found guilty," said this personage, of a very great crime—a very great crime indeed. You had no business, either you nor your cow, on the railway. Not, mind you, that I am, or ever have been, a friend to railways. I always opposed the railway coming this way; but then that was before the railway was the law of the land. Now that the railway is established by act of parliament, it is a very different thing. It is our duty to respect everything established; and though, as I said, I am no friend to railways as railways, yet when the railways are established railways, and have the law on their side, that gives them quite a new character; it gives them a legal standing; and whatever is legal must be supported by law."

"I say two years' imprisonment, with hard labour," broke in another member of the bench; "here is the statute—"Whereas if any person or persons"—and he went on reading aloud from a book, while the red-faced man continued his lecture.

"You see it is a very serious affair. Hundreds might have been killed; the consequences might have been fearful. Don't speak to me. I know what you are going to say. No doubt you have lost your ordinary road for your cows; but the statute does not say anything about that. The railway has stepped up the road legally; and all I can say is, that as law can only be met by law, I would advise you to rise an action against the law that has wrongfully, as you think, taken away your road. Don't imagine, however, for one moment that I advise you to go to law. My advice to you is, that having—I mean, that as you think you have—suffered an injury from the railway, you should take advice as to your being advised—that is, legally advised—as to the proper course in the premises, by which I mean the taking away of your road. You understand, I don't advise you to do anything; I only advise you to take advice—yes, advice, good legal advice—from some gentleman, such as, for instance, this gentleman here, pointing to an attorney, as I presumed him to be, sitting below the bench.

This language finished, the little red-faced man entered in a configuration about the length of imprisonment for the offence. One of the justices stuck to the statute, and advocated two years; a second thought that two weeks would be sufficient; and the little red-faced man considered that somewhere about a month might answer all the purpose of vindicating the law. Not the least amusing thing about the discussion was its being carried on in an unnecessarily high key—admonitions, accusations, opinions, all being delivered in a loud, angry tone of voice, as if directed to some one over the heads of the audience. The wrangle was maintained long and toughly; so long, that we became uneasy as to the progress of time, and were compelled to leave the court before the question was settled. And this was a court of justice! The whole affair more resembled a scene in Tom and Jerry than the proceedings of a regularly-appointed tribunal.

On retiring from the court-house we went back to the hotel, considering it fully time to have some little experience of Mrs O'Brallagan's cookery. How the dinner was served by a waiter about three-quarters drunk, who had been engaged that morning only on the distinct understanding that he was a to-be-taller—how this waiter came into the room every five minutes, thinking, in the conglomeration of his ideas, that the bell had rung; and how, on discovering his mistake, he always went to a large basket standing in a corner of the apartment, and therefrom abstracted a turf, which he placed carefully on the fire; and how at last we had to insist on his discontinuing these acts of attention, as we had no wish to be roasted, or to see the house on fire—how Mr O'Brallagan was very much scandalised with the waiter's eccentricities, and would have dismissed him on the spot, but for the considerate interposition of Mrs O'Brallagan—how Mr Hyacinthine O'Brallagan, who was an obliging fellow in the

main, by way of compliment, sat in the room during our meal, and entertained us with a full and particular account of his greyhounds—how Mr O'Brallagan gave it as his well-weighed opinion, that it would be a hard case, very hard indeed, if a man in business like him were not to get one day out of every four for amusement—how Mr O'Brallagan was of belief that every gentleman should keep a good riding-horse—and how it was Mr O'Brallagan's indelibly-fixed impression that the Union had been the ruin of Irish industry—must all be left to the obliging imagination of the reader. A slight stretch further of this accommodating quality will see us leaving Mr O'Brallagan's hospitable mansion, on our return, by train to Dublin—discounted no doubt, but with an unimpaired resolution to renew, on Saturday, our travels in Search of Lord Rose's Telescope.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MAGPIE.

THE general appearance of the magpie is so well known, that little need be said about it. The bird appears in two varieties in our country, one a little larger than the other, the former building its trees, the latter in bushes. Naturalists, however, enumerate many species as inhabiting different countries. In North America, the variety known here, or one differing in no material point, is found pretty generally spread, but not in great numbers, so that its existence was only detected in recent times. When Lewis and Clark travelled in 1804 to the Rocky Mountains, they rapt with the blue jay about the head of the Missouri; and then for the first time observed magpies, as if the latter animal had been restricted by the former to certain western ground, like the Indians by the Esquimaux.*

The active lively aspect of the magpie, with its long tail constantly moving up and down, is familiar to all persons who have any acquaintance with the country. So is its partly-coloured plumage, the basis of a descriptive term—*part-coloured* in common use. Now, however, are sufficiently well acquainted with the magpie, to know that there is not only a striking contrast between the breast and scapular feathers, and those of the rest of the body, but the wings and tail are beautifully glossed with blue, green, and purple, so that the bird, seen close at hand, and in a partial state, is a very fine one. Sometimes, though rarely, variations occur. Two magpies, formerly of a common colour, were hatched a few years ago at a farm-house in Eskdale, Dumfriesshire.†

The next most prominent peculiarity of the magpie is its chattering voice. The chattering pie is proverbial. Mr Waterton says, it "was notorious two thousand years ago for pertness of character and volubility of tongue. Ovid, who knew more of birds than any man of his time, gives an account of a family of young ladies in Macedonia who were all changed into magpies; and he expressly tells us that they retained their inordinate fondness for gabble long after they had lost the lovely form of woman:—

"Nunc quoque in alitibus, facunda prece remansit,
Ranca garritus, stultaque imbecilla loquax."

"And still their tongues went on, though changed to birds,
In endless chink and vain desire of words."‡

Somewhat more than a hundred years since, an ingenious Frenchman, named Peter Bourgeant, endeavoured to show in a book that beasts have a spiritual soul, which was answered by the French government in a warrant to clap up the author in La Meche. Let us hear, however, what honest Peter had to say on the magpie, which, as he justly observes, is so great a chatterer. "It is easy to perceive," says he, "that her discourses or songs are varied. She lowers or raises her voice, hastens or protracts the measure, lengthens or shortens her chit-

* Wilson's American Ornithology, 3 vols. 1822.

† Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary, by Beattie, art. Magpie.

‡ Audubon's Ornithology, White's & Borne.

§ Magazine of Natural History, May 1823.

chat; and these evidently are so many separate sentences. Now, following the rule I have laid down, that the knowledge, desires, wants, and of course the expressions of beasts, are confined to what is useful or necessary for their preservation, methinks nothing is more easy than at first, and in general, to understand the meaning of these different phrases. . . . Do but observe what circumstance she is in with regard to her wants, then reflect what you would say yourself in a like situation, and this will be exactly the very thing she says. For instance, if she speaks, eating with a good appetite, she infallibly says at that time what you would say on the like occasion:—"This is very good: this does me good." If you offer her something bad, she immediately says, as you would yourself:—"This does not please me: this is not good for me." In a word, suppose yourself to be in the several circumstances of one who cannot express anything but his wants, and you will find in your own discourse the interpretation of what a magpie says in those circumstances: "There is nothing more to be had here. Let us go to some other place. I am going: follow me. Don't you hear me? Who is coming there? Have a care, have a care! Let us fly away." You perceive that I could swell this dictionary with many like phrases, especially if I should take in all the expressions suggested by love, jealousy, grief, and joy.*

The magpie is by nature a very familiar bird; in Norway, where it is kindly treated, it lives in streets and farmyards, and even ventures within houses, exactly as pigeons do amongst us. In our country, its familiarity is seen in its habit of building in trees close to farmhouses, and in hedges and bushes near roads; but the hostility it meets with from husbandmen makes it shy, and wary in its demeanour. The fact is undoubted, that it is a voracious bird, devouring great quantities of fruit and grain in certain seasons, though in general it lives upon insects and other little animals, not disdain- ing carrion when nothing better is to be had. It is said to attack small quadrupeds occasionally, as hares and lambs; poultry also become its prey, and it is a noted destroyer of eggs. Professor Macgillivray describes the ordinary habits in lively terms:—"There," he says, "on the old ash that overshadows the farmyard, you may see a pair, one perched on the topmost twig, the other hopping among the branches, uttering an incessant clatter of short hard notes, scarcely resembling anything else in nature, but withal not unpleasant, at least to the lover of birds. How gracefully she of the top twig swings in the breeze! Off she starts, and, directing her flight towards the firwood opposite, proceeds with a steady, moderately rapid, but rather heavy flight, performed by quick beats of her apparently short wings, intermitted for a moment at intervals. Birds with long graduated tails generally fly heavily, or at least have the appearance of doing so: the pheasant, for example, and the magpie. Even the cuckoo, in its ordinary flight, seems to lack speed, although, on occasion, it shoots along with the rapidity of a sparrow-hawk. Chattering by the way, she seems to call her mate after her; but he, intent on something which he has spied below, hops downwards from twig to branch, and descends to the ground. Raising his body as high as possible, and carrying his tail inclined upwards, to avoid contact with the moist grass, he walks a few paces, and spying an earthworm half protruded from its hole, drags it out by a sudden jerk, breaks it in pieces, and swallows it. Now, under the hedge he has found a snail, which he will presently detach from its shell. But something among the bushes has startled him, and lightly he springs upwards, chattering the while, to regain his favourite tree. It is a cat, which, not less frightened than himself, runs off toward the house. The magpie again descends, steps slowly over the green, looking from side to side, stops and listens, advances rapidly by a succession of leaps, and encounters a whole brood of chickens, with their mother at

their heels. Were they unprotected, how deliciously would the magpie feast; but alas! it is vain to think of it, for with fury in her eye, bristled plumage, and loud clamour, headlong rushes the hen, overturning two of her younglings, when the enemy suddenly wheels round, avoiding the encounter, and flies off after his mate. There again, you perceive them in the meadow, as they walk about with elevated tails, looking for something eatable, although apparently with little success. By the hedge afar off are two boys with a gun, endeavouring to creep up to a flock of plovers on the other side. But the magpies have observed them; and presently rising, fly directly over the field, chattering vehemently, on which the whole flock takes to wing, and the disappointed sportsman, sheer off in another direction.*

The bird, he adds, "generally walks in the same manner as the crows, but occasionally leaps in a sidelong direction. . . . On the appearance of a fox or cat, or other unfriendly animal, it never ceases hovering about it, and alarming the neighbourhood by its cries, until the enemy has slunk away out of sight."

The nest of the magpie is curious in form—a cup-like basis of sticks mixed with clay, and lined with fibrous roots; over this a dome of twigs securely interlaced; a space being left at the side for the entrance. Though denied by some naturalists, there is reason to believe that the bird leaves a portion of the fabric so weak, that, on an exigency, it could slip out as through a back-door, and so escape.† Albertus Magnus says, "she not only constructs two passages for her nest, one for entering, and another for going out, but frequently makes two nests on contiguous trees, with the design of misleading plunderers, who may as readily choose the empty nest as the one containing the eggs; on the principle that Dionysius the tyrant had thirty sleeping-rooms." A curious contrivance of the animal for protection in peculiar circumstances is related by the Rev. Mr Stanley, as having been observed by a gentleman in a remote and barren part of Scotland. "Observing the magpies hopping round a gooseberry-bush, and flying in and out of it in an extraordinary manner, he noticed the circumstance to the owners of the house in which he was, who informed him that, as there were no trees in the neighbourhood, they had for several years built their nest and brought up their young in that bush. And that foxes, cats, hawks, &c. might not interrupt them, they had barricaded not only the nest, but the bush itself, all round with briars and thorns, in a formidable manner. The materials in the inside of the nest were soft, warm, and comfortable to the touch, but all round, on the outside, so rough, strong, and firmly entwined with the bush, that, without a hedge-knife, or something of the kind, even a man could not, without much pain and trouble, get at their young; the barrier from the outer to the inner edge being above a foot in breadth. Frogs, mice, worms, or anything living, were plentifully brought to their young. One day, one of the parent birds attacked a rat, but not being able to kill it, one of the young ones came out of the nest and assisted in its destruction, which was not finally accomplished till the other old one, arriving with a dead mouse, also lent its aid. The female was observed to be the most active and thievish, and withal very ungrateful; for although the children about the house had often frightened cats and hawks from the spot, yet she one day seized a chicken, and carried it to the top of the house to eat it, where the hen immediately followed, and having rescued the chicken, brought it safely down in her beak; and it was remarked that the poor little bird, though it made a great noise while the magpie was carrying it up, was quite quiet, and seemed to feel no pain, while its mother was carrying it down. These magpies were supposed to have been the very same pair which had built there for several years, never suffering either the young, when grown up, or anything else, to

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1730, p. 196.

* Macgillivray's *British Birds*, i. 568.

† *Jesse's Country Life*, p. 210.

take possession of their bush. The nest they carefully fortified afresh every spring with rough, strong, prickly sticks, which they sometimes drew in with their united forces, if unable to effect the object alone.*

Over and above all consideration of its predatory habits, country people have a superstitious prejudice against the magpie. They say it knows their future destiny, and bodes ill-luck. "To see one, or four, or nine, is held particularly ominous. 'They tell you,' says Mr Waterton, 'that when four of these birds are seen together, it is a sure sign that, ere long, there will be a funeral in the village; and that nine are quite a horrible sight. I have often heard countrymen say that they would rather see any bird than a magpie.† There is a custom in Scotland, which we have never seen alluded to, of nodding to the magpie on first seeing it, and saying, 'How do you do? how do you do?' by way of averting the dreaded evil fortune. The people of our country say—

One's sorrow, two's mirth,
Three's a wedding, four's death—

which partly agrees with the above statement of the case. Sir Humphry Davy has endeavored to explain that the male magpie, in stormy weather, may go abroad alone for food, leaving his mate in the nest, while in good weather both will venture forth.‡ But the suggestion does not, to our mind, get to the bottom of the mystery. How should four or nine be thought so unlucky?

There is good reason to believe that the magpie was unknown in Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and that it made its first appearance in that country in the latter part of the century before the last, entering by the county of Wexford, where English settlers formed the prevalent population. Tradition says that magpies were driven over to Ireland during a storm.§

The magpie is capable of being tamed, and made the friend and familiar of the family with which it lives. In that case its beak suffers, as does that of all naturally wild animals which are brought up about a house; but its chatter, its tricks, and ingenuity are a source of much amusement. It can very readily be taught to imitate the human voice. Of one which attained this accomplishment, my anecdote is given in Mr Hone's *Table-Book*. "A cobbler, who lived on indifferent terms with his wife in Kingsmead Street, Bath, kept a magpie, that learned his favourite exclamatory exclamation—'What the plague art (h)at?' Whoever came to his shop, where the bulk of his business was earned, the magpie was sure to use this exclamation; but the bird was watched by the ghostly, bodily, and tall per on of 'Hats to dress!' a well-known street pennantator and but improver, who, with that cry, daily passed the temple of Crispin. The magpie aspiring up with h. the cry of 'Hats to dress!' considered it a personal insult, and after long endurance, one morning put the bird into his bag, and walked away with his living plague. When he reached home, poor mag was dimly fed, and became a favourite with the dresser's wife. It chanced, however, that the cobbler, who supplied the sole understanding of 'Hats to dress,' waited on him to be rehearsed for his own understanding. The magpie, hearing his old master's voice, cried out, 'What the plague art (h)at?' 'Ha, ha, ha!' said the astonished and delighted cobbler; 'come to fetch thee home, thou scapegrace.' The latter and the cobbler drank their explanation over a quart of ale; and with a new, old, hat on his head, the latter trudged through Stall Street, with his magpie in his apron, crying, 'What the plague art (h)at?'"

There is, however, one drawback from the pleasantry of the domesticated magpie—that he is a determined thief. Like the birds of the crow family, to which he

is very nearly allied, he is particularly fond of shining articles. Thus he is extremely apt to filch jewellery, and other light articles of value, from the houses which he is permitted to approach. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the operatic drama of *La Gazza Ladra*, founded on the popular story of a serving-girl who narrowly escaped the death of a felon, on the suspicion of having stolen some of her mistress's silver spoons and forks, while the real culprit was a magpie, which secreted the articles in a neighbouring church tower. Mr Jesse tells us, that the magpie is not only fond of hiding things, but also is particular localities for that purpose. Two magpies, kept in a very extensive kitchen-garden, always hid food they could not eat, and also concealed bones, bits of bread, and even grains of wheat, which they scolded for and found amongst the stable manure. One day some men were sent to dig up that part of the garden which had been the favourite hiding-place of the birds. The work had scarcely commenced, when the magpies showed that they were perfectly aware of what was going forward; and also afforded a proof of the retentiveness of their memory, which was not a little extraordinary. They hastened to the spot, and with their beaks cleared the earth, which concealed their hidden treasures, which they conveyed to some distance, returning for the rest. In this way seven or eight bones and pieces of bread were disinterred, although some of them had been buried three or four weeks; thus showing that they perfectly recollected peculiar spots.

TALES OF THE PASSIONS.

ANGLER.

The wind blew chilly outside the house, and the fire burned brightly inside, when a happy-looking group drew round to enjoy the cheerful blaze. The younger portion of the family at least looked very happy, but Dr Davis, the father of the group, appeared more than usually grave and abstracted. "Why do you look so depressed to-night, dear papa? The wind that is howling outside is nothing to us, when we have a comfortable house and a good fire to be grateful for," said his eldest daughter, a nice-looking girl of about eighteen.

"The truth is, Mary, I can scarcely turn my thoughts from that poor young man, whose remains I this day accompanied to the grave."

"Oh, papa, I wish you would tell me his history—I always felt very much interested for him."

"With pleasure, my love. It is one of those from which we may all take a lesson, though perhaps some of my young auditors would rather hear of nothing merrier. I remember that poor young fellow a fine handsome child. He was the eldest son of a gentleman of fortune, and his birth gave rise to great rejoicing amongst all the friends of his father, Mr. Martin. He was about two years old when I made his acquaintance; it was when I first settled here, before I had the honour of knowing any of you. His father and mother were very old friends of mine; and when I went to see them, Mrs. Martin produced her son and heir, and introduced him to me with great pride. The young gentleman and I soon became very good friends, and when I called at the house, he invariably made his way into the drawing-room. It was with the most sincere regret I witnessed in the child extreme violence of temper. The eldest son, and a great pet, this, his only child, was but totally uncorrected. I often remonstrated with his mother on spoiling him, and begged of her not to allow him to indulge his passion so completely without control; but she used to say, 'Oh, he is such a delightful child, I cannot bear to scold him! He will be good when he gets some.' But Willie, I think, had quite sense enough to perceive that to get into a passion was the sure way to gain his points, and consequently had no notion of giving up a custom that he found so successful. When the maid came for him, he would bend, or try to kick her. If his mother desired him to do a stick, which was his constant auxiliary, was

* Familiar History of Birds, i. 252.

† Magazine of Natural History, ix. 225.

‡ Salmonia.

§ Yarell's British Birds, ii. 116.

again brought into requisition. I have seen him, at that early age, get into such a rage, that he would throw himself down, and kick his heels on the floor, or toss his playthings about the room until they were broken to pieces. On these occasions Mrs. Martin would generally say, "Well, Willie shall do whatever he likes; he shant go if he does not wish it;" and then pet him till she got him into good-humour again. She used to say in his hearing, "He is a good child, but he is very passionate;" as if it were a curious fact that he was passionate, and always must continue so; or, "I am afraid to forbid him such a thing, he will get so angry;" and Willie was quick enough to take advantage of this. His ill temper, though at first it annoyed his mother, in the end completely overcame her, and she would yield to his wishes rather than witness a fit of passion.

Willie was the only child for six years, when another son was born. All rejoiced at the event, as they said it would save the eldest from ruin. Unfortunately, however, it had not that effect. Mrs. Martin had just learned sufficient experience to turn over a new leaf, not with Willie, but with the new-comer. "Well, I believe you were right, Dr. Davis," said she to me, "when you told me I was spoiling darling Willie. I am determined to keep little Arthur in order, as soon as he is old enough to understand anything." I ventured to suggest that it was not too late to reclaim Master William; but she seemed to consider such an undertaking impossible. "I am so fond of him," she used to say, "I cannot bear to correct him." But I believe the truth was, she was so fond of herself, she could not endure to risk the smallest diminution of the child's affection for her. She suffered afterwards even for this weakness, for William always preserved a sort of overbearing manner to his mother. On the contrary, Arthur was always respectful and affectionate to her, as a son should be. Mr. Martin never interfered in the concerns of the nursery, except to make Willie do as he was bid, if he attempted to rebel in his presence; and the child, knowing that he must behave himself properly before his father, generally kept out of his way. As the son perceived that, however it might be with him, his brother was intended to be a good boy. He was not jealous of him, for he had no cause to be so; neither did he dislike him; I think he was even fond of him; but he found him a most convenient object on whom to vent his ill temper, when nursery maids no longer came in his way.

The more I saw of my friend Willie, the more I registered the treatment he had received. With the one exception of having his temper under no sort of control, he was the nicest boy I ever knew. Generous, open-hearted, and amiable disposed, he was beloved by all about him; and his manners were entirely those of a gentleman. But he was never to be depended upon, for his anger once excited, he completely forgot himself. I had some hopes that Willie would learn at school the necessity of self-control. His temper must, I am sure, have got him into many scrapes; but, alas! nothing cured him. He had been too long allowed to indulge his passion, and had even found so much benefit in it, that he had not the resolution to begin an improvement then. In fact, he had never been taught how extremely sinful and wicked it was to get into a passion—he had never learned the necessity of praying for grace to overcome himself.

When William returned home for the vacations, I perceived with regret that there was no improvement in him. Arthur was naturally a very good-tempered boy; and besides, had the advantage of being better taught than his elder brother.

I have often seen William strike him in anger, and he never attempted to make any return. He was always ready to forgive William when he repented, which he generally did when his anger had cooled. Yet, notwithstanding, I think, though he never got angry himself, Arthur had a way of irritating his brother.

It is very curious, but I do believe the most good-tempered people are often those who are the most apt to exasperate others. Because a gift would not annoy them, they think it should not vex others; and thus, without

intending it, they try the tempers of those who are more irritable than themselves. I remember sometimes saying to Arthur, "You should not do such a thing to your brother; it vexes him." "But it ought not to vex him," he would say. "You think, my little man, that it ought not to fret him, because it would not annoy you; and you are right in thinking that he should not let himself be annoyed at it; but you see it does vex him, so you should not do it or you will have to answer for being accessory to his sin."

Well, years passed quickly by, and my friend William came of age. We had a grand ball to celebrate his majority, and a great dinner to the tenants. Mrs. Martin looked the picture of happiness. The young heir appeared to the greatest advantage. Every one was in good humour, every one was trying to please him: there was nothing in the least to disturb him. I remember seeing him once at the ball with Mrs. Eastwood—a very interesting-looking girl, the daughter of a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood.

A few months after, Mrs. Martin told me, with great delight, that her son was going to be married to Miss Eastwood. She said "she was everything she could wish him to find in a wife: very well educated, amiable, and good-tempered; and that is a very important point after all," she added with a sigh. I had hoped that William was beginning to correct the violence of his temper, but the sad tone of her last words made me fear I was wrong.

The day was fixed for the wedding, and I was invited to it. I went to call on William, to congratulate him, but, as I entered the parlour, Mrs. Martin met me with tears in her eyes. I anxiously inquired if there was anything wrong. "My son's marriage is broken off," said she with considerable agitation: "and I fear his unfortunate temper is the cause." She then proceeded to tell me that, a few days before, William went out hunting with his intended father-in-law. During the day his horse became restive, which in itself irritated him; and a countryman attempting clumsily to assist him, and making the matter worse, William became very angry, and struck the poor man. "You know," she said, "what a dreadful expression William's countenance gets when he is in a passion. Happily, the man was not injured. It was the first time Mr. Eastwood had seen William angry; and he witnessed the scene with great regret, and even terror. He began to fear that a man who could thus let his passions overcome him, was not to be depended on; and that his daughter's happiness would be very insecure in such hands. He felt it his duty to make inquiries as to the general character of William's temper; and, alas! he had to learn that such fits of passion were but too frequent. Indeed," she said, "some people are so ill-natured, that I fear he has even heard exaggerated accounts of poor William's defects. He then, as I may, he wrote to my son, saying that he felt it his duty to withdraw his consent from his daughter's marriage; that he did so with the sincerest regret, as he knew it would make both William and Lucy very unhappy; but he felt that the pain it would cause them would be the lesser of two evils, as he feared that he would be unwarrantably risking the happiness of his daughter's whole life were he to intrust it to the keeping of a man whose temper was so uncontrolled. He concluded by impressing upon William very kindly, but very urgently, the necessity of, though late, commencing a reformation, begging of him to remember the awful account he would one day have to render of every angry word and deed of passion; and finally, holding out to him a hope of winning Lucy's hand, some future time, when he had earned it by overcoming his temper."

Mrs. Martin said that when William read this letter he was perfectly infuriated; he walked rapidly up and down the room, tore the letter in pieces, and threw it into the fire. Mrs. Martin tried to soothe him, but she felt more than ever her want of influence with him. He left the room; she tried to follow him, fearing to leave him alone in the state of mind he was in; but he slammed the door, and locked it after him. When she was able to get out of the room, she learned that he had left the house,

carrying a small portmanteau. His father and she spent the night in a state of the greatest misery on his account; but the following morning she received a note from him, requesting her to send his servant after him with his luggage, as he was going on the continent. "He has gone away," she said, "without answering Mr. Westwood's letter, or making any explanation to Lucy. The poor girl is inconsolable; and I, oh, I am very wretched! It is all, all my fault." "I really felt for her very much, she wept so lately."

"Two years passed by. Mrs. Martin heard occasionally from her son; at first his letters came very seldom, and the angry tone of them distressed her, but by degrees they improved; at length one came that gave her great pleasure. In it he said he regretted to hear that Lucy had taken his absence so much to heart; at the same time he could not help feeling pleased at her constancy, as he loved her as much as ever. At first, he said, he felt angry with her father for breaking off the marriage, which he thought very unkind; but he now began to perceive that the error lay with himself, and he had resolved, for her sake, to commence a thorough amendment of his temper. Alas that he had no better motive! The resolution, based only on such a foundation, was built upon sand. His letters continued to express the same sentiments. He used to say, "I am getting so meek and quiet, the post-boys may even keep me waiting with impunity. When I feel myself in sufficiently good practice, I shall come home and claim dearest Lucy's hand; I wonder if she will give it to me. No girl ever had such a good-humoured husband as she will have." Mrs. Martin smiled in showing it to me. "I hope he will keep his resolution," said she; "Mr. Eastwood remarked that he would trust him more if he trusted himself less."

"Shortly after this Mr. Martin died. On this occasion Arthur was with his mother all that the best of sons could be. Still the widow, in her affliction, naturally wished for William's return. He came without delay, and I will do him the justice to say that on this occasion he tried every art of kindness and affection to console his mother, and make her losses as less grievous."

"William now renewed his complaint, and the year of mourning for Mr. Martin gave ample time to Lucy's father to judge of William's improvement. He contrived several ways of taming his temper, but William was always on his guard, and kept himself under control. Poor Lucy had been so miserably denying his absence, that her father was very glad to see no objection to the marriage any longer. Again the day was fixed; and William, now sure of his prize, became less cautious."

"One day he and his brother were standing on the steps of the hall-door, both in great good-humour, when William's favourite hater rushed past them; it had escaped from the stable, and the groom was following in great agitation."

"The animal, in trying to escape pursuit, jumped over an invisible paling. Unfortunately its leg caught, and it fell. This was too great a trial of William's temper; his passion rose; he grew first pale, then red; he stamped his foot on the ground, and gave vent to his passion without control. "If Lucy saw you now!" exclaimed Arthur. The taunt was too much at the moment. William turned round and struck him on the ear. The blow in itself was not one seriously to injure him, but it was so sudden, that it made him stagger. Unfortunately he was standing on the very edge of the step, and, horror of horrors! he fell down the flight on his head. His brother tried to catch him, but his fall was the work of a moment. I happened to come up at the time. I never witnessed such a scene, and may I never behold such another! Arthur lay lifeless with his head on the step, and William sat beside him, his eyes glaring, his teeth chattering, and a fixed vacancy in his countenance. "What has happened?" I exclaimed. "He made no reply, but pointed to his brother. I took him by the hand, and led him into the house. He made no resistance, but followed me like a child, without speaking one word. The whole household gathered about us as we entered. Leaving poor William to the care of the servants, I listened to attend

to Arthur; but, alas! my efforts for him were unavailing. The fall had been fatal. Happily the poor mother was out, or I do think she would have lost her senses. Her carriage was now seen driving up the avenue, so we carried poor Arthur's lifeless form into the house, that it might not meet her eye. But then the question occurred—who should tell her what had happened in her absence? She had left her sons in health and high spirits, preparing for the approaching wedding. She returned to find one dead—his life sacrificed to the uncontrolled passion of the other."

"The following morning William was in the height of a brain-fever. It was fearful to hear his ravings; ever on one subject—his brother. In all my experience of illness, I never witnessed one so distressing. For some time his life was in imminent danger; his mother watched by his bedside night and day: her misery was truly heartrending to witness. Her remorse for the way in which she had brought up her eldest son, her grief for the loss of Arthur, the manner of his death, and her fear of losing William also—all together, culled an overwhelming weight of misfortune. "I think she would have sunk under it, but for the excitement of her son's illness, which obliged her to exert herself. In the course of time, and after days of frightful suspense to his mother, William recovered his health, but not his senses. He remained a wretched maniac. At first he used occasionally to be very violent, but finally the insanity calmed down into a melancholy madness—more hopeless, though not so distressing. He never recovered his senses until within a few hours of his death, when he spoke to me quite collectedly, though he seemed to have no recollection of anything that had happened."

"The doctor stopped. He had brought tears to the eyes of his young auditor, and his own were not dry."

"Now tell me, my boy," said he, after a pause, to his youngest child, "what is the moral of my story?"

"It is, papa, that we should all learn to control our passions."

"Yes, my child; but it can only be done by a pious reliance on God's assistance."

"Tell me, papa, what became of poor Lucy?"

"She is still alive, but I fear gradually wasting away with decline. I do not think she will long survive William, poor fellow."

"And his mother—what of her?"

"She died, I am happy to say. She suffered dreadfully from reproaches of conscience for the wrongs she had committed in the education of her son; but she sought consolation where alone it was to be found—in religion—and died quite calmly. It was truly a tragical dispersion of a household. I hope it may be a lesson to us all!"

MENTAL EFFECTS OF LONG VOYAGES.

Is a small medical work,* designed for the guidance of landmen during sea voyages, we find some remarkable observations on the mental effects produced by living on board ship. That people should experience sickness and other unpleasant bodily ills at sea, is to be reasonably expected; but few will be prepared to learn that a lengthened voyage is apt also to disturb the mind, and alter the usual habits of thought. Between the physical and mental system there is, in bodily speaking, a well-known sympathy—the mind usually suffering along with any serious bodily derangement. At sea, says the author of the work referred to, this sympathetic disorder is peculiarly apparent. "In the year 1810, a young subaltern proceeded in a freight ship to the East. He was of a plethoric habit, and from the day of his embarkation made up his mind to eat and drink as much as possible, and to take the least possible exercise. The vessel was ninety days in making the passage, and during this period the young officer continued to quarrel with almost every one of his fellow-voyagers; the most

* Hints to Landmen on Sea Voyages, and Sea-Sickness. By Arthur Rance, of R. C. S. Orr and Co., London.

trivial circumstances giving rise, in many instances, to the most "mighty contest." In fact this young person had lost all control over his temper—a natural consequence of the excited condition of his biliary organs. There is in my recollection a circumstance which fully bears out the hypothesis—that the reckless mode of living indulged in on board ship exercises an extraordinary influence over the mental faculties. A gallant major of the ——— regiment once asserted at theuddy table that one of the queen's frigates, during a strong breeze, went clean over a strange bug, merely carrying away the truck of her mast! Notwithstanding the utter improbability of this story, the major defended his veracity with such pertinacious obstinacy, that upon a person at table saying he doubted the possibility of such an occurrence, he considered himself greatly insulted, and it was not until fourteen days had elapsed that the affair was amicably settled. On another occasion a quarrel arose from the circumstance of a gentleman's forgetting to ask a person who sat next him if he felt disposed to take a tart, and in this case three weeks had elapsed ere the disputants became completely reconciled. I can at once add a few more instances of this peculiar state of mental derangement: I have heard, on more than one occasion, the captain of a colonial regiment declare as his opinion—and he would have supported it with his honour—that the tea was made of bilge water; and when the assertion was contradicted in positive terms, he felt extremely indignant. I remember a young subaltern attacking an assistant-surgeon in the most vehement manner, simply because his family had caught the measles from a little girl who was afflicted with the disease in the cabin adjoining his own. This morbid irritability of temper leads those who labour under its influence not only to torture themselves about their own imaginary troubles, but to busy themselves with the affairs and interests of others. In the year 1812 there were twenty-seven passengers on board the ship (bound to the East), six of whom were single ladies, all amiable and accomplished, as single young ladies ought to be. One of these fair damsels, being of a lively disposition, laughed to an immoderate extent, and her laughter excited the extreme displeasure of a Dutch clergyman, who had, during the voyage, devoted a large portion of his time to the care of his body. This honoured personage, in the exercise of his discretion, wrote a long letter to a married lady on board, complaining of the girl's conduct, and begging that a sense of his indignation might be communicated to the unconscious offender, who was at length sentenced to three days' sedentary employment at the remotest end of the cabin table. The affair, however, did not end here—a military doctor on board also took upon himself the responsibility of giving the young lady in question a long and severe lecture upon the impropriety of indulging in her natural disposition to laughter. Finding herself thus attacked, the lady consulted the young friends of her own age and sex; and the result was, that the dire conspiracy was made known to the young gentlemen passengers, who remonstrated with the worthy doctor upon the injustice of his proceedings—the young gallants little dreaming, at the moment, that their interference in the matter was quite as unjustifiable as the course adopted by the doctor. The result was, that several quarrels took place; and in many instances it was found extremely difficult to avoid a serious termination. However, as the disputants approached their destination, the joy which the mind experienced effectually overcame the ailments of the body, and at length a general amnesty was declared.

A curious instance of this cankering of the feelings during long sea voyages occurs in the awkward ill-will which passengers manifest towards each other when arriving at any of the half-way stations to India. The author mentions "having heard it remarked by several hotel and lodging-house keepers at the Cape, St Helena, and the Mauritius, that the passengers are always in a state of warfare; the ill-feeling existing amongst them being at times perfectly ludicrous. Many of them will not live in the same house with their fellow-passengers. The consequence is, that they are often put to serious inconvenience, and are obliged to content themselves with

abiding-places, which, under ordinary circumstances, they would consider unfit for their reception."

Bilious congestion, arising from over-eating and want of exercise, is mentioned as the proximate cause of these mental disturbances; but we should also ascribe them to the listless idleness and vacuity of thought which usually prevail on board ship. The recommendation of Mr Romer to passengers is to eat and drink in moderation, take regular daily exercise, and keep the internal functions in order. May we be permitted to add—let every ship have a good library on board, from which the means of mental solacement is to be obtained?

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our previous article, it was mentioned that Mr Henry Colman is an American agriculturist, who had visited the United Kingdom with the view of procuring information on subjects connected with his profession. We have referred to his ideas on the general aspect of England—the beauty of the country, and yet, amidst all its rural loveliness, the too frequent inferiority of its husbandry. Turning from the appearance and management of the soil, he speaks of the persons who reside upon and cultivate it.

To an American, it appears strange that men of capital should be found renting land; and it is still more surprising that such tenants should, in some instances, expend thousands of pounds on manures and grass seeds; yet experience, he says, 'has demonstrated that in these cases the most liberal outlay of capital is the most sure to be followed by successful results.' Such outlays of course only take place when leases for a term of years are granted; and it is generally the want of these that discourages substantial improvement. Our tourist acknowledges that the payment of rents acts as a stimulant to industry—an admission of some value; the proof of the fact, however, on a comparison of the condition of the American and British farmer, being too evident to be disallowed. Mr Colman is pleased with the practice in Scotland of granting leases of nineteen years. 'One would be led to infer that the terms on which landlords live with their tenants, in Scotland, must be honourable and just to both parties, since renewals are common: the same estates have been, in many instances, in the same families for a century, and the expenses incurred in some cases by tenants, in the erection of permanent buildings and other fixtures, are very heavy; showing the confidence of the tenant in his landlord. One farm was pointed out to me where the tenant had recently died, leaving only one child, an infant son. In this case, that the lease might be retained in the family, three of the neighbouring farmers had agreed to take the whole management of the estate until the young man came of age. In such cases, there is very little difference between a lease and a freehold in fee-simple.' The Scotch lease, in point of fact, is a species of inheritance—a thing belonging to the family for such a term of years as makes it worth while to obtain and preserve it. The obligation to pay a pretty smart rent stimulates the farmer to try all proper means to make the land productive; but as the obligation has usually some reference to the price of grain for the time being, he is to a certain extent protected from absolute ruin, and the landlord may be said to participate in his risk. Landlords are sometimes harsh, though, in the main, getting a poor return for their money; nevertheless, observes Mr Colman, 'I believe there is a great deal more abuse of power on the part of farmers towards their labourers, than on the part of landlords towards their tenants. The farmers can protect themselves; the labourers, in general, are without power. Indeed, the more cultivated and improved the education of a man, and the higher the condition which he occupies in society, the stronger are the inducements to a just and honourable conduct, not only in his enlarged mind, but

in the increased value of character to such a man. Without imputing wilful cruelty on the part of farmers generally towards their dependents, we fear that, in too many instances, they may be convicted of something worse than neglect. It is undeniable that farm-labourers are, as a class, poorly paid, and little sympathised with. 'I will not say they are in a degraded condition,' observes Mr Colman, 'for that would not, in any sense, apply to them, unless where, by their own bad habits, they may have degraded themselves; but they are in a very low condition, and extremely ignorant and servile. They rarely, as with us, live in the house of their employers, but either in cottages on the farm, or in a neighbouring village. They are usually comfortably clad, in this respect contrasting most favourably with the mechanics and manufacturers in the cities and large towns; but they are, in general, very poorly fed. Their wages, compared with the wages of labour in the United States, are very low. The cash wages paid to them seldom equals the cash wages paid to labourers with us, and our labourers, in addition to their wages in money, have their board; but the English labourers are obliged to subsist themselves, with an occasional allowance, in some instances, of beer, in haying or harvesting. The division of labour among them is quite particular—a ploughman being always a ploughman, and almost inseparable from his horses; a ditcher, a ditcher; a shepherd, a shepherd only: the consequence of this is, that what they do they do extremely well. But they appear totally destitute of invention, and have evidently little skill or ingenuity when called upon to apply themselves to a work different from that to which they have been accustomed. Their gait is very slow, and they seem to me to grow old quite early. The former circumstance explained itself to me when I examined and lifted the shoes which they are accustomed to wear, and which, when, in addition to being well charged with iron, they gather the usual amount of clay which adheres to them in heavy soils, furnish at least some reason why, like an Alexandrine voice, "they drag their slow length along." There are occasional instances of extraordinarily good management where they are enabled to accumulate small sums; but in no case, under the best exertion, can they make from the wages of labour anything like a provision for their old age and decay.'

The condition of the rural population in Scotland seemed to the traveller to present some pleasing but also some bad features. The practice of exclusively employing only unmarried men, and lodging them in hütens, or huts, by themselves, meets with just reprehension. 'It is not difficult to infer that, where young men and others are turned into a hovel together, and without any one to look after their lodging or prepare their meals, the style of living cannot have the advantages even of the wigwam of a North American savage; for there, at least, there is a squaw to provide food and look after the premises.' A practice equally vicious, if not identical with that of the hütens system, is the putting unmarried ploughmen to sleep in stable-lofts; and to this Mr Colman does not allude. Will it be credited by Englishmen that Scottish farmers—men of capital and general intelligence, as well as professing Christians—should actually make a practice of sending their servants to sleep among cattle? Yet such is the case, and though it would be difficult to devise a more effectual means of demoralisation, such means are not wanting. Once a-year, during harvest, there may be said to prevail a wide-spread and long-accustomed system of breaking down all sense of virtue or decency among the labourers. We here allude to the method of lodging the large bands of reapers, native and Irish, men and women, of whom sometimes as many as two hundred live for a time together. 'I was curious to know,' says Mr Colman, 'how so many people were lodged at night. In some cases they throw themselves down under the stacks, or upon some straw in the sheds, or outbuildings of the farm; but in the case to which I

refer above, I was shown into the cattle-stalls and stables, the floors of which were littered with straw; and here the men's coats and the women's caps and bonnets upon the walls, indicated that it was occupied by both parties promiscuously. This was indeed the fact. Each person, as far as possible, was supplied with a blanket, and these were the whole accommodations and the whole support. This was not a singular instance. I am unwilling to make any comments upon such facts as these. They speak for themselves. They are matters of general custom, and seemed to excite no attention. I do not refer to them as matter of reproach to the employers, who were persons of respectable character and condition, and whose families were distinguished for their refinement; but it presents one among many instances in which habit and custom reconcile us to many things which would otherwise offend us, and lead us to view some practices, utterly unjustifiable in themselves, with a degree of complacency or indifference; and as matter of fact, because they have been so long established. I believe there is only one part of the United States where anything resembling such a condition of things prevails, or would be permitted, and there only among a class of beings whose claims to humanity seem not very well established in all minds, and whose degradation, on account of their complexion, appears absolutely hopeless. But even here, this indiscriminate consoiling is not common; nor would it be permitted by any respectable planter. We hope these remarks will not be without their due effect on the mind of the agriculturists, who, erring from no deliberate purpose, will be the more inclined to remedy the evils admitted to.

This intellect and kind-hearted American, feels acutely for the ignorance of letters, and consequently mental apathy, manifested by the bulk of the English rural people; and, from experience, estimates the value of education, which would be injurious to the labourers. 'Who does not know the difference between a stupid and an intelligent labourer; between a man scarcely raised above the brute which he drives, and a man whose faculties are all awake, and who is constantly upon the alert to discover and adopt the best mode of executing the task which he has undertaken; between a beast allotted the creature of instinct, or a man's machine, moving only as it is impelled, and unable to correct its own errors, and a thinking, knowing, reasoning animal, always searching for the right way, making all his actions subservient to his judgment, and gathering additional resources of power and facility of action from his own and the experience of others? Every one will admit that the more intelligence, the more skill, the more knowledge a man has, the better is he qualified, other things being equal, for the management of a farm. It holds equally true that the more intelligence, the more skill, the more knowledge a labourer has, the better is he qualified to assist in that management, and to perform the part which belongs to him in the working of the whole machinery.' The American labourer having been educated and taught to depend on himself, to inquire, to reflect, to observe, to experiment, occupies a comparatively high station in the scale, and will push, unassisted, through numerous difficulties. Let the English labourer be exposed to the same educational influences, and no longer will he be quoted as a degraded and helpless being.

Mr Colman makes mention as follows of an interesting attempt on an estate in Germany to adjust the claims of capital with those of labour:—'A German baron, with whom I have the pleasure of a friendly acquaintance, has given me a outline of his arrangement with his labourers, which, as far as it is practicable, deserves much consideration, as, according to his own account, it secures their industry, fidelity, and contentment. No human arrangements are perfect, and no human laws can be framed which the ingenuity of men will not contrive to evade; but as there appears in

this plan every motive of good faith, good faith on both sides would seem to be all that is necessary to its successful operation. First, from the products of the place, the customary rent is paid, and the wages of the labour employed. The surplus remaining is then divided into five equal parts. Two of these parts are claimed by the proprietor for his skill, intelligence, and care, in the superintendence and management of the property; one part is retained as an insurance upon that part of the property which is liable to loss or destruction; one part is devoted to actual improvements upon the place; and one is divided among the labourers themselves, according to the rate of wages which they receive for their work. Whether these proportions are properly adjusted or not, I shall leave to the judgment of my readers. It is obvious that any others might be adopted which should be deemed more just. It is certainly an approach to an equitable arrangement, and my friend assures me that it works well. He says he leaves his estate at any time with perfect confidence that his interests will be cared for and protected, and that there will be no waste of time, and no squandering of property, and no neglect of duty. Success is, in proportion, as much the interest of the labourers as of the proprietor.

This gentleman, who has three hundred men in his employment, says the system works well; and that every year's experience gives him stronger confidence in its justice and advantages. First, his work is done; secondly, it is done in the best manner in which his labourers are able to execute it, because it is the interest of all that it should be done, and well done. The labourers have a system of rules and fines among themselves, always subject to his approbation, and, after being once approved, always rigidly enforced. They inquire, of their own accord, into the best methods of doing what is to be done; they point out mistakes which have been committed, and improvements which may be made, subject always to his judgment. If men are found unskilful or incompetent in the particular branch of duty assigned them, he is advised of it, and persons more suitable are selected by their judgment who best understand the capacities of their fellow-labourers for the work. They are held jointly responsible for any injury to the property, unless the offending person is found. An individual guilty of any neglect of duty, or any improper conduct, or any violation of the established rules, is mulcted in a pecuniary fine. The names of the offenders are always announced at the close of the year; and these fines go towards a general entertainment and festivity. The proprietor himself hears all complaints; and a labourer, whose bad habits are judged incorrigible, is discharged.

STORY OF AN EDINBURGH SEDAN-CARRIER.

At the corners of some of the principal streets of Edinburgh there may be seen little groups of message-carriers and sedan-carriers, rather rough-looking fellows in general, as might be expected from the exposure they undergo, but always decently dressed, and universally reputed to be steady and trusty to a remarkable degree. For the most part these men are natives of the Highlands. The services which their forefathers paid to chieftains as gillies and as soldiers, they now are willing to render to the public at large for a regular scale of charges. Thus it happens, in many instances, that an industrious writer, of the blood of Macculdaine or the Siol Tormid, carrying on business in Castle Street or Queen Street, will have his papers carried daily to the Parliament House by a scion of one who bore his ancestor's standard in battle three centuries ago; or that a young beauty, of the house of MacLaughlan or Mackenzie, is borne to the Assembly Rooms in a chair by the descendant of those whose proud charge it was to carry her forefathers through floods or

quagmires in the days prior to General Wade. Now-a-days, chair-carrying is a much-reduced business, in consequence of the prevalence of hackney-chaises; only a few old ladies stick by them, much like Caxon's three customers in the Antiquary. Eighty years ago it was different. Edinburgh being then only an assemblage of alleys, and these huddled within narrow space, the chair was almost the sole vehicle for the convenience of evening visiting for both sexes. Still, however, the street-messengers and chairmen, taken together, form a conspicuous feature in the active life of the Edinburgh streets.

It is now a century since a member of this fraternity went through a series of extraordinary adventures, which have given his name a place in history. Ned Burke was a native of North Uist in the Hebrides, the son of a poor man, whose grandfather or great-grandfather had come from Ireland to settle in that island. Ned never learned to read or write, nor was he able to speak a word of English till he was upwards of thirty years of age. After passing several years in the service of various gentlemen, and thus acquiring some knowledge of the world, he became a chairman or sedan-carrier in Edinburgh. In the year 1745 he had again attached himself to a single master; he now served Mr Alexander Macleod, advocate, a near relative of the chief of that name. This gentleman joined the army of Prince Charles, to whom he acted as aid-de-camp. Ned was thus led into what was called the Rebellion.

At the conclusion of the battle of Culloden, when the prince was obliged to leave the field, Ned Burke had the duty assigned to him of conducting his royal highness away, and guiding him through the country. For this he was well qualified, by the knowledge which he had acquired in the course of his services with various Highland gentlemen. He led the prince and his party westward for many miles, till, in the middle of the night, they arrived at Inverferry, a deserted man-*er*, where they were glad to rest without any suitable accommodations. Here, on that day, Charles disguised himself in Ned's coat, that he might the better make his way to the west coast. They proceeded along the glens, and over vast mountains, till at length they reached one of the inlets of the Atlantic, on which they set sail in an open boat. A week from Culloden Ned had lodged in a cow-house, in the desolate island of Benbecula, with only two or three friends, and poor Ned Burke as his sole attendant. They were buffeted about the Western Islands for some weeks, enduring all kinds of hardships and privations, and under the greatest danger for their lives. At this time Ned had only to go to some station of the enemy, seldom far off, and give information of his master's hiding-place, in order to secure the sum of thirty thousand pounds, which would have made him as great as the demigod his chief; but it does not appear that the faintest idea of such treachery ever entered the mind of this simple child of nature.

In the wretched outcast life which the party led, skulking in creeks of desert islands, exposed to the weather by night and day, often at a loss for the simplest necessities of life, the prince, as is well known, never lost his good spirits. On the contrary, the cheerfulness with which he submitted to, and endeavoured to make the best of everything, was the wonder of his companions, as well as a great support to them. Ned had the duty of arranging and preparing such victuals as they possessed. That is to say, he prepared them as far as any means of preparation existed in those miserable circumstances. Charles, however, finding Burke not over-part in his ways of managing food, entered into the business himself, and then they became, as it were, joint cooks. A cake made by the prince with the brains of a cat, was afterwards spoken of by the individuals of the party as an unusually great treat.

On another occasion, Ned, having dressed some fish, regretted there was no butter. 'We'll take the fish till the butter come,' said the prince. Afterwards, remembering there was some butter among their stores, Ned went for it, but found it jammed amongst fragments of bread. He was about to give up the notion of using it, when Charles pointed out to him that the bread, being eaten itself, could not make the butter dirty; and then he made sauce with it for the fish.

Burke afterwards related some curious particulars of what occurred when he was in the prince's company. Charles having killed a deer, Ned brought it home, and, making ready some collops, there comes a poor boy, who, without asking questions, put his hand among the meat, which the cook (Edward Burke) seeing, gave him a whip with the back of his hand. The prince, observing this, said, 'Oh, man, you don't remember the Scripture, which commands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe.' The prince then ordered some rags of clothes for the boy, and said he would pay for them; which was done accordingly. The prince called more, saying, 'I cannot see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, and I the power to support them.' Then he prayed that God might support the poor and needy, &c. This boy made a bad return for the kindness of the prince. He gave information against him to the nobles, but fortunately was disbelieved.

Ned used to play 'antics and monkey tricks,' to divert Charles and his friends in their distresses. His simplicity, and the singular circumstances of the party, enabled the poor fellow to speak to his superiors with the utmost possible freedom, without giving any offence. According to the report of a boatman who was of the party, 'Ned was always the rough man. I have seen him frequently at "Deil speed the hears!" with the prince, who honoured the joke so well, that they would have fluted together like two hail-wires [scolded like two hob-naileds], which made the company to laugh and be merry, when otherwise they would have been very dull.'

One of the soles of Ned's shoes happening to come off, Ned carried the fragment which he said he forced to go with him. The prince, hearing him, called to him and said, 'Ned, look at me!' when (said Ned) I was holding up one of my feet to me, where there was a hole as big as a shoe; and then I said, 'Oh, my dear! I have nothing more to say. You have done my mouth indeed.'

For being two months under Burke's guidance, the prince was compelled to part with him and the rest of his little party, in order to put himself into the care of Flora Macdonald, who undertook to conduct him, in the disguise of a female servant, to the Isle of Skye. Burke then passed, a solitary fugitive, into his native island of North Uist, where he lived for seven weeks in a hill called Eyal, feeding for twenty days upon nothing but dulse (a kind of sea-weed) and shellfish. The extremity of his case was great, for at that time a paper had been read in all the churches, forbidding any one to harbour, or give so much as a meal to any of the rebels, under pain of death. Oliver, a married brother of Ned, did actually, from mere fright, refuse him the least succour; whereupon Ned thought himself entitled to steal one of Oliver's shoes, and make his own use of it. On the other hand, Jacob, an unmarried brother, did all he could in Ned's behalf, encountering every hazard cheerfully. 'God bless poor Jacob!' interjects Mr Forbes. 'One night Ned, being in great misery, went to steal a boat, in order to take the sea; but some fishers being near by, and hearing a noise, came out with force, thinking this to be an enemy. Ned was obliged to leave the boat, and take to his heels, for he had far rather have been killed

or drowned, than to be taken prisoner, because by that time it was well known he had been the prince's servant; and therefore he was afraid, if taken, they would put him to the torture, to make him tell all that he knew, and he could not bear the thoughts of doing hurt to anybody.'

Another relative was so base as give information against Ned; but luckily, like the ungrateful boy, he was not credited. One day he encountered one of the countrymen armed in behalf of the government, who at once recognised him. 'Follow me,' said the man. 'To what place and I to follow you.' 'Farther into the country.' 'Friend,' said Burke, 'have you got any to help you?' 'No,' and then he bowed Ned with having been the prince's servant. Ned answered, 'Many a prettier fellow has been his servant.' After a little more altercation, Ned drew forth a pistol, at which his friend vanished with all possible speed. He afterwards brought a party to the spot; but Burke had meanwhile hidden himself effectually. Soon after this, while concealed in a cave, and when no friend dared be seen with him, a shoemaker's wife came under cloud of night, and brought him a little food.

A little before this, Ned had come one day to buy a pair of shoes at Clatsachranish, when General Campbell, Captain Ferguson, and their whole force, came to the place. Ned was then in a sad perplexity, and did not well know what to do. Spying an old black coat and an old pair of breeches in the house, he put them on, hiding his own clothes under a chest, and went out at the door unconcerned. He stood a while among the men, and conversed easily with them; then, slipping by degrees out amongst them, he got to the hills to his old cave. Jacob Burke and the shoemaker's wife got his clothes (a Highland dress), and brought them to him.

Tiring at length of this wretched life, Ned went and gave himself up to an old master, Macleod of Talisker, who, receiving him kindly, was the means of his getting to Scotland's country on the mainland, where he remained with his late master, the Duke of Argyll, till the passing of the act of indemnity. He then returned to Edinburgh, and quietly resumed his humble duty as a schoolmaster.

Probably every reader of this simple mind of Ned Burke that he had done nothing more than a very plain piece of duty, during the summer of 1746. If he formed any idea of a reward, it must have been of the simplest kind. Thus lightly did the brave fellow talk of the prince's obligation to him, when conversing with Mr Forbes. 'If the prince do not come and see me soon, good faith, I'll go and see my daughter, [alluding to the prince having adopted his name when in the female disguise], and crive her, for she has not yet paid her christening money, and as little has she paid the coat I gave her in her greatest need.' Ned's old companion, Donald Macleod, the boatman, spoke in high terms of him to Mr Forbes as an honest, faithful, true fellow. Donald said that, 'in the event of a rebellion [restoration], Ned would carry a chair no more, for he was persuaded the prince would settle a hundred pounds a year upon Ned during life, and he could afford to, for a truth, that not any man whatsoever deserved it better.' 'Honest Ned,' says Mr Forbes, 'I not (by his own confession) much above forty years of age, and is both stout and sturdy for all he has gone through.'

Alas! Burke was not long to survive these perilous adventures. He died in Edinburgh on the 23d November 1757. Mr Forbes inserts in his manuscript the following epitaph for the worthy rebel-carrier:—'To perpetuate the memory of Edward Burke. Born in a humble cottage, and of mean parents, in the island of North Uist; ignorant of the first principles of human learning; doomed to converse with lowly people; and exposed to all the various temptations of poverty. Happy in these disadvantages, since thereby his genuine worth was the more conspicuous! Fidelity and disinterested friendship eclipsed his other virtues. Let the venial tribe behold and admire, and blush, if yet a blush re-

* The writer here transcribes from a report of Burke's adventures with the prince, taken from Ned's own mouth in September 1747, by the Rev. Mr Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen at Leith. What follows is taken from other manuscripts. Mr Forbes, in possession of the water, and is here printed for the first time.

mains! Learn by his example, oh, ye great! He preferred a good conscience to thirty thousand pounds!

One cannot but seriously ask if the age of Walpole is not somewhat redeemed by its being also the age of NEB BURN, the SEDAN-CARRIER.

THE 'DWARF-NATION' IDEA.

THE world has long been haunted with the idea that somewhere in Africa there is a nation of Tom Thumbs. The common report of ancient writers placed their habitat on the shores of the Red Sea; but as European knowledge advanced, it has been shifted by degrees, till now it is fixed on the south of Kuffah, the most southern province of Abyssinia. In the middle ages, when the attention of Europe was absorbed by the further East, the seat of the pugmies was transferred for a time to India. This seemed as likely a domicile as any; for it was recollected that the first Greek visitors had found in the Punjab a people eight feet high, and another with only one eye—the latter, in order to make up for the deficiency, being provided with a pendulous ear, long enough to be used for wiping their faces like a handkerchief. Travellers, accordingly, received well-authenticated accounts of the existence of a nation of dwarfs on the Indian continent, and others, more fortunate, actually saw them. Odoer is satisfied with describing them from report; but the less credulous Mandeville only believed his own eyes.

The interest of Europe was of course mightily roused by the confirmation of so ancient a tradition, and it waited with much anxiety for the arrival of a specimen of the diminutive people. And the specimen came. And not one alone, but many. Dwarfs became a staple article of commerce: and if they had only been *living*, they might have been the progenitors of a nation of their size nearer us than Abyssinia. But the dwarfs imported from India were despatched—dried, stuffed, and spiced; Lilliputian mummies, in short, intended to grace the cabinets and museums of the learned and the curious. Perhaps, in process of time, it excited some surprise, as well as discontent, that there was not one living specimen among them. Perhaps the humanity-mongers of that day got up an agitation about the impropriety of killing little men for exportation; but so it was, that the small shrivelled anatomies came to be looked upon with some reserve, till the trade was finally stopped by the following bulletin from the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo:—

'But you must know that those who bring the little men from India practise a great deception. I assure you the figures to which they give the name are manufactured in this island in the following manner:—There is a species of small monkey, with a face resembling the human, which they catch, skin, and shave off the hair, except on the beard and chin; having thus moulded them into a human semblance, they dry and preserve them with camphor and other articles. But it is a gross deception; for neither in India nor in any other country, however savage, are there men so small as these pretended ones.'

This acute old traveller, however, was thought to carry his disbelief too far. It was very well to set people right as to the non-existence of a dwarf nation in India, especially after everybody had become tired of the nasty little anatomies; but to throw discredit upon the whole pigmy race—to turn all history into a fable—was a scepticism nothing less than profane. Marco Polo, therefore, was believed when he related what he knew of his own knowledge, but disbelieved when he dogmatized in other matters; and the ethnologists once more turned their eyes upon Africa, in the hope of finding, in some oasis of its vast wildernesses, a nation of human beings at the most three feet high.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Ludolph the learned Orientalist appears to confound, in some extraordinary way, the pigmy with the monkey tribe. In his history he calls them dwarfs, but de-

scribes them as apes; and yet, in a note on his map of Ethiopia, he states that the king of Zingaro (a territory in Southern Abyssinia) was a monkey. De Lisle, in the following century, restores the human nature of the dwarfs, but edges them out into the wilderness beyond the most southern province of Abyssinia; and in the present century, one of our recent travellers, Major Harris, describes them (from report) with some minuteness in his 'Highlands of Ethiopia.' 'Both sexes,' says he, 'go perfectly naked, and have thick pointing lips, diminutive eyes, and flat noses. . . . they are ignorant of the use of fire . . . fruits are their principal food; and to obtain these, women as well as men ascend the trees in numbers, and in their quarrels and scrambles not unfrequently throw each other from the branches. . . . They have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms, possess neither flocks nor herds, are not hunters, do not cultivate the soil, but subsist entirely upon fruits, roots, mice, reptiles, ants, and honey.'

Mr Johnston, in his travels in Southern Abyssinia, points out the applicability of this description to the *monkey tribe*, and ridicules the idea of expecting to find a new variety of the human race in the deserts of Africa. He concedes, however, that this monkey may be of a family admitting of more complete domestication than usual, and supposes that it may be identical with the house-monkey of the Egyptians, which was accustomed to gather fruit for its masters, and perform other menial offices. But we would remark that the dwarfish size of the supposed pigmy people is against this supposition rather than otherwise; for the Egyptian monkeys, at least as represented in their sculptures, were in general strapping personages, somewhere about eight feet high.

It was not wonderful that Ludolph should have taken little pains to discriminate between men and monkeys; for in his time the notion was current even among the learned, such as Monboddo and Rousseau, that the two were of the same species, and that their moral and physical differences were the result of circumstances. Even Buffon declares, that if our judgement was limited to figure alone, the ape should be regarded as a variety of the human species. Before these great writers, Bontius, the chief Dutch physician of Batavia, described them as wanting nothing of humanity but the faculty of speech. Their females, he assures us, had even a sense of modesty. Linnaeus likewise gave an account of a Javan ape which it would be difficult to distinguish from a man. As for Aristotle, he looked upon the pigmy as a connecting link between the human and brute kind, partaking of the nature of both.

The grand difficulty about the African nation of dwarfs is the fact, that not a single specimen has been seen either in Abyssinia or Egypt. The reason given for this is a very lame one—that the little men are so useful as slaves where they are caught, that not one of them is sold out of the country. The same thing might have been alleged of the Indian pigmies we have mentioned, but it was seen that the excuse would not answer; and thus the curiosity of the savans of Europe was obliged to be satisfied with pickled monkeys. But it must be observed that those who deny the existence of a race of little men, by no means dispute that of a nation of slave monkeys. Mr Johnston himself contends that their non-appearance in the neighbouring countries, into which slaves are carried, *proves* them to be merely a more sagacious kind of ape; and he refers to the practice of the ancient Egyptians in calling to their aid such a species of animal-servants. The apes of the Egyptians, however, we repeat, were not of the pigmy kind. They resembled more the famous warriors of Ceylon; and are sometimes represented in the sculptures of Upper Nubia, as they are in the caves of Ellora, in the employment of drawing cars yoked with horses.

It must be admitted, however, that the monkeys of India have either been somewhat exaggerated in the sacred poems, or that their descendants have greatly

degenerated. When they undertook to assist Ram in recovering his wife Secta from the demon-king of Ceylon, they carried with them sundry fragments of the Himalaya for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the strait to the island; but on learning that Ram had managed the affair without them, they dropped their burdens, and thus formed the Vindya range of mountains, some six or seven hundred miles long. But this, we apprehend, will be too much for the belief even of the believers in modern pygmies, and so we shall say nothing more about it.

Although it is difficult to believe in the existence of a pigmy nation even in Africa, where we see such grotesque varieties of the human form, we trust that, by and by, we shall have some more definite information touching the monkey tribe, who have had the folly to get themselves into slavery through a display of their reason. The gigantic black orang, described in the 'Naturalist's Library,' who attacks the elephant and lion with clubs and stones, and carries off the young negro women to the forest, like Allen-a-Dale, has no resemblance to the civilised monkey of Ethiopia. The latter is more easily identified with the smaller and gentler kind of the same family; but even these, we are sorry to say, are speedily addicted to the battle when temptation comes in their way. The orang-outang of Borneo, described by Dr Abel, exhibits a greater appearance of sensuality; but if the learned naturalist intends to draw a general portrait, we must protest against his assertion that the creature is utterly incapable of walking in an erect posture, and that his arms, like the fore-legs of other animals, are requisite to support his body. Mr Earl, a later visitor, saw one in the same island, who walked about habitually on his hind-legs, and only took to all-fours when alarmed. This creature was extremely gentle, completely devoid of monkey naughtiness, and when playing with children, which he was very fond of doing, might be seen running after them with his eyes shut and his arms spread out like a child playing at blind-man's-buff. Another observed by the same gentleman was only eight months old, and presented, at a little distance, a perfect resemblance to a negro child, more especially when its nurse had tied a napkin before it, and was feeding it with a spoon. It crawled about on all-fours like an infant of the same age, and never appeared so happy as when rolling on the floor, hugging a towel or a piece of cloth.

Dr Abel's orang ate all kinds of food, and drank wine and spirits, although he preferred beer and milk. He neither practised the grimaces and antics of other monkeys, nor possessed their perpetual proneness to mischief. He was grave and melancholy both in aspect and disposition, was sensible of gratitude and friendship, and on board ship was fond of sitting at his cabin-door enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air that seemed a burlesque on human nature. Our philosopher, however, had some vanity. He was obviously ashamed of being caught playing with the other monkeys on board with the *abandon* he gave way to with the boys of the ship. These, on the other hand, who were of a smaller species, had not sense enough to make distinctions. They saw no difference between their grand friend, now that he was an inmate of the cabin and the companion of human beings, than when he climbed trees instead of masts, and cracked nuts and jokes with his comrades of the woods. The very first time they set eyes on him, they flew upon him with a vulgar heartiness which greatly disconcerted his new dignity, even while it gratified his simian nature; and after that, he was seen to compound between the two sets of feelings, by treating them with reserve and hauteur in public, and having a desperate game with them in the rigging when the decks were clear.

There is no doubt that it would be highly gratifying to a practical age like this, if we could turn such exuberance of animal energy as is displayed by these creatures to some useful account, and for this reason

we confess we are greatly taken with Mr Johnston's idea of a nation of slave-monkeys. But that gentleman, while puffing away the pigmy dream, which was perhaps one of the last lingering superstitions of travel, replaces it with another, of which we admit we can make neither head nor tail. Hear his own words:—

Nothing can be positively asserted, but I believe myself that we are on the eve of a most interesting ethnological and geographical discovery, that will at once afford a solution to all the strange and improbable accounts which have reached us respecting the inhabitants of Central Africa. What we hear of dwarfs, cannibals, and communities of monkeys, may perhaps prove to be merely a muddled stream of information, conveyed to us through the medium of ignorance and barbarous tribes, but which may have some foundation of an unexpected character, in the existence of a nation in this situation, which, almost physically separated from the rest of the world by impassable deserts and un navigable rivers, has continued in its original integrity, in a perfect condition of society which, once general, then almost extinguished, evidently preceded the barbarism from which the present transition state has emerged, and which I believe to be gradually progressing to the re-attainment of the previous excellence of the primeval social institutions.

This is a strain beyond Rousseau. The arts and sciences, of what we foolishly call civilisation, but which is, in reality, a departure from it, are to be blown to the winds; and mankind, after four thousand years of error, are to return to that blessed state of primeval excellence which is described to be the present position of the nation of monkeys. The story of the pigmy tribe was nothing to this; and we do hope that, when our author stumbles upon his model people in some oasis of the Affrican desert, he will at least send home a few of them, skinned and pickled, for the gratification of our barbarian curiosity.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

A GENTLEMAN of literary and scientific attainments, who has had opportunities of studying the habits of working-men, invites our attention to a scheme of improvement, which he thinks has not yet been generally attempted. After adverting to the establishment of libraries and reading-rooms, he proceeds as follows:—

There can be no doubt that the diffusion of a taste for literature by these means may greatly contribute to eradicate gross vice and intemperance; but to this many obstacles stand in the way. One of the most serious is the imperfect education of the working-classes, even in the mere elements of reading. They have, in general, spent but a short time at school, and the art, but imperfectly learned there, has subsequently been almost forgotten. To many, reading is as simple as speaking or listening; the eye catches the form of the words as readily as the ear would do their sound. But with the partially-educated the case is very different. They read slowly, and with difficulty; the words must be spelt out by letters and syllables; and so imperfectly are they even then recognised, that they must be pronounced aloud before they can be understood. Many persons have remarked this habit of the half-educated without inquiring into the cause, which, there is little doubt, is that now mentioned. Can it be wondered at that people in such circumstances are not fond of reading? We might rather expect that they should never open a book, than that they should have recourse to them habitually for instruction and amusement. It is only the few in whom the desire of knowledge burns strong, who combat against this difficulty till they succeed in overcoming it. With the great majority, it con-

times to render information in print little more than a sealed book, and deprive them almost entirely of the advantages which the great diffusion of cheap literature opens to all classes.

A better and more extensive system of education will remedy this evil among the rising generation, but can effect little with those already grown up to manhood, and engaged in all the toil and drudgery of life. With them other means must be taken of bringing knowledge to their door, and introducing among them higher thoughts and purer desires. Now, I conceive that this end might be attained by short lectures or addresses on interesting subjects, delivered in a plain and familiar style. Of course these lectures would need to be gratis—open to all without fee or reward. The taste for such things is now dormant, and it must be first awakened before we can expect men to make any sacrifice of their money to gratify it. It would be a great matter could these men be got to attend, and to take an interest in the subject of the lecture. But that they would do this, if not universally at first, at least in gradually-increasing numbers, I entertain no doubt.

The success of popular lectures in towns where there are enough of persons able to pay for them, gives reason to expect that they would be no less successful among the poorer classes, if brought equally within their reach. The crowds who, on Sunday evenings, flock to church, instead of employing themselves with a book at home, shows how much more willing the majority are to listen than to be at the trouble of reading for themselves. I have little doubt, also, that they profit more by it. The words are given to them with the proper force and emphasis, and sentences are thus fully understood and come home to the heart, which, if read in a book, would have been dark and obscure to nine out of ten of the audience. Any one who has ever listened to a street preacher, and observed the eager attention of the crowd around, will need nothing more to convince him of the superior energy and efficacy of the spoken word.

It is on these grounds that I think much might be done to improve the condition of the labouring-classes, and to raise their character, by a system of oral instruction. Let men be sent to address them at their leisure hours, in a plain and intelligible style, on subjects of general interest to them, and we have no doubt that the good effect on their morals and habits would be speedily seen. They would no longer need to fly to the alehouse to relieve the tedium of an idle hour, and they would be supplied with other subjects of conversation than those in which they now are almost forced to indulge. But we would take a lesson from Knox and the old reformers, and, when speakers were not to be had, employ readers. Let some book or periodical of an amusing and instructive nature be chosen, and a person appointed to read it aloud at a certain convenient time and place, and we have no fear of his not finding an audience. The newspapers of the day would undoubtedly prove the most attractive reading, but many difficulties would stand in the way of adopting them for this purpose. But there is a wide field of other literature well-fitted for this purpose, which needs not be specified here, and which men of all parties might approve. In this manner the thinking powers of the people would be awakened, their desire to improve their condition strengthened, the means of doing this shown to them, and the attractions of gross vice and sensuality weakened and destroyed. Besides this, much information useful to the men in their ordinary employments might be communicated, rendering their labours more pleasant to themselves and more profitable to the public.

It is hardly necessary to remark that we cordially approve of the plan of gratuitous reading and lecturing, with the view of reaching large masses who habitually shrink from private study; but the difficulty of finding the pecuniary means, must inevitably prevent its execution on anything like a permanent or universal scale,

unless the more advanced of the operative classes take upon themselves the duty of reading and lecturing, and of otherwise encouraging a systematic course of mutual instruction. Already, we are glad to say, some excellent Mutual Instruction Societies are in operation.

LITERARY RELICS.

The universal reverence entertained for men of genius causes their residences, and every little thing belonging to them, to be regarded with an unusual degree of interest. Hence it is that relics of them—their autographs, pens, snuff-boxes, and other articles—are so eagerly sought after, and so highly prized. The neighbourhoods in which they dwell are watched through with greater interest than others more beautiful or stilling, but not so renowned. There is a charm, as Washington Irving observes, about the spot that has been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty, and consecrated by the inspirations of the poet, which is heightened rather than inspired by the lapse of ages. It is, indeed, the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

The house in which Milton resided between the years 1651 and 1659 still exists at 18 York Street, Westminster. Jeremy Bentham, to whom the house lately belonged, put up a tablet on the back wall (believed to have been the front in the poet's time), inscribed, 'Entered to Milton, prince of poets.' This habitation, when in part called 'Paradise Lost' was undoubtedly composed, is now let out to two or three poor families, the ground-floor being converted into a chandler's shop. From the parlor windows the poet could have commanded a fine view of St James' Park, more picturesque than that at present. At Clarendon, in Buckinghamshire, is another residence of Milton, in which he composed 'Paradise Regained.' Though the poet is said to have been planted by Cromwell in the garden of Sidney College, Cambridge, was cut down in March 1834, the mulberry tree planted by his illustrious Latin secretary, Milton, has been more fortunate, still flourishing in the peaceful garden of Christ's College, where it was planted by the youthful student. Some say it has suffered considerably from a violent east wind, which sadly shattered it; but its aged boughs are now carefully propped up, and its trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. With these aids, it promises to look green for many years to come. Its fertility appears to have undergone no change; in the summer it is laden with fruit, of which more than two bushels of the finest flavour were gathered in the season of 1835. The smallest fragment from this tree are religiously cherished by the poet's numberless admirers. In August 1734, when Milton's coffin was discovered buried under the plank in the channel of the church of St Giles, Cripplegate, some friends of the overseer contrived, at night time, to possess themselves of the hair and some of the teeth of the immortal poet.

In the park at Penshurst Castle, Kent, stands a famous oak, said to have been planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney.

'What genius points to yonder oak?
What sapling does my soul provoke?
There let me hang a garland high,
There let my Muse her accents try;
Be there my earliest homage paid,
Be there my latest vows made;
For thou wast planted in the earth
The day that shone on Sidney's birth.'

In the grounds of Abbotsdon Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry-tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs:—'This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esquire, at the request of Ann Thurstley, as a growing testimony of their friendship, 1778.'

Henry Kirke White's favourite tree, whereon he had cut 'H. K. W., 1805,' stood on the sands at Whitton, in Northumberland, till it was cut down by the woodman's axe; but, in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

An English traveller, desirous of possessing a memorial of Madame de Sévigné, purchased for the sum of eighteen thousand francs the chair in which she died at Provence.

Sir Isaac Newton's sugar dial, which was cut in stone,

and attached to the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, is now placed in the Royal Society's collection.

Some years ago, a curious arm-chair which had belonged to Gay the poet was sold by public auction at Barnstable, his native place. It contained a drawer underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller private drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's 'fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty,' is bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, 'to the friend of mankind, General Washington,' adding, 'that if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it.'

Thorpe's 'Catalogue of Autographs' (1843) includes a letter from a Miss Smith of Arundale, forwarding to the Earl of Eglinton 'a chip taken from the coffin of the poet Burns, when his body was removed from his first grave to the mausoleum erected to his memory in St Michael's churchyard, Dumfries.'

The tower of Montbard, in Burgundy, was Buffon's study, and, together with the gardens in which the great naturalist used to recreate himself, is religiously kept up by the inhabitants.

Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parson still exists as a part of the present mansion erected on the spot. A patch of the great forest near Binfield has been honourably preserved, under the name of Pope's Wood. His house at Twickenham is gone, the garden is gone, and in disorder; but the celebrated grotto remains, tripped, however, of all that gave it picturesque, grace, and seclusion.

Cowper's house at Olney is still standing in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet; his out-let is occupied as a girl's school. The summer-house in the garden, wherein he used to sit among his verses, remains, its walls covered with visitors' names. His residence in the neighbouring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in front.

Goldend's cottage at 'Dhuan, wherein he wrote the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and the 'Deserted Village,' was pulled down a few years since, to make way for new buildings.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF 'STRIKE'

We cannot refrain from writing in the regret generally expressed by the press in meeting certain occurrences which have lately taken place in relation to a strike among a number of workmen at Belfast. The following is the account given by the newspapers of this remarkable and lamentable case of attempted coercion. 'A few days ago, eleven mechanics and iron moulders, in the employment of Messrs Combe and Donville, of the Falls Foundry, Belfast, were tried at the Belfast quarter-sessions for illegally conspiring and combining to injure Messrs Combe and Co. in their business, by using force, threats, and intimidation to prevent different persons from working for that firm. The prisoners all pleaded "Not guilty," and the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the trial. From the evidence, it appeared that Mr Combe, finding he was receiving a great deal of trouble from a union of workmen established in Belfast, brought over and employed a number of men from Scotland and England. This gave great offence to the union, which forthwith commenced tampering with the newcomers. Some were compelled to join the union by threats of danger to their lives if they refused; and others were met on their arrival by parties appointed for the purpose, who took them to dram-shops, drugged them with whisky, and then put them on board the packet, to be conveyed back to their own country. One of the new hands was told by the conspirators that they could get a man to kill him for sixpence; another of them, "that if he went to work at Messrs Combe and Company's, it might do well enough whilst it was light, but when it was dark he would run a chance of having his brains knocked out." Serious assaults were also committed by members of the union on the obnoxious parties; and ultimately, Messrs Combe and Co. were compelled, in self defence, to indict the prisoners at the bar. After half an hour's consultation, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty" against all the prisoners, at the same time recommending them to mercy. The individual who had taken the lead in the conspiracy was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and at the expiration of his term, to find

bail to keep the peace for three years; the other conspirators were ordered minor periods of imprisonment, and to find bail also. In this case the persons charged have been pronounced guilty by a jury of their own approval—by a jury fraudulently packed to protect them from justice. The case is, one of a most monstrous kind. It appears that the sheriff, or his deputy, sent check summonses, signed, to a *cumulated* *list*, who filled them up with the names of jurors at his pleasure; that a fellow called Hill, who keeps a low public house, came to him with a set of names which he wished to have introduced; that most of these were not on the sheriff's list, and, beside, that the jury panel had already been made out; that, however, two of the names (that of Hill being one) which were on the list, but low down, were brought up, *or some having been made*, and all this for the purpose of serving the trustees. This fraud was detected and confessed; and the business of the sessions was abruptly brought to a close.

We sincerely trust that the trial and its painful exposure will have the effect of producing a new and better feeling between employers and employed in Belfast.

DISFORMATION—A WORD TO MOTHERS

The most common cause of a high-shoulder is to be found in the pernicious practice of undressing girls as low as the hemming of their clothes will permit. Instead of the shoulder straps of their dresses being as they should be, namely, above the root of the acromial process (that is, to the centre of the shoulder), they often, indeed most commonly, either only just at the extreme end of the acromion, and rest on the rounded upper part of the deltoid muscles, pressing nearly on the extreme end of the shoulder, or are actually far down on the arm; in consequence of which, the dress having little or no support at the shoulders, is constantly dropping; and the girl, to save her clothes dropping down, or at least to keep them in place, is continually hitching up the shoulder, from which the shoulder straps must easily slip, and thus the elevating muscles, becoming stronger on that side, pull the shoulder permanently up, and produce a very ugly appearance. But the mischief does not stop here! For though there really be no disease of the spine, yet this constant hitching up of the shoulder, causes the head and neck to be thrown to the other side, whilst the chest is thrown out to the same side; and thus a lateral curvature of the spine is produced, and a girl's figure is spoiled, for the simple purpose of an overing her neck and shoulders as far as possible, which, as well for decency as for the preservation of the child's health, ought to be covered. Many parents have been thus the real cause of their daughter's disfigurement, if not of more serious consequences; and therefore, in growing girls, who have the least disposition to slip their shoulder out of their dress, most especial care should be taken to prevent the possibility of keeping up this habit by having the dress made so high that it cannot slip down, and then, the sensation of its slipping being lost, the child no longer continues to hitch up her shoulder, and, by a little attention to her proper carriage, the mischief, if not of long standing, may be got rid of. *Chloris's System of Dressing.*

THE DUTY OF THE HISTORIAN

Is to make us dwell with delight on the scene of human improvement; to lessen the pleasure too naturally felt in contemplating successful courage or skill, when ever these are directed towards the injury of mankind; to call forth our scorn of perfidious actions, however successful; our detestation of cruel and bloodthirsty passions; however powerful the talents by which their influence was secured. Instead of holding up to our admiration the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' it is the historian's duty to make us regard with unceasing delight the ease, worth, and happiness of blessed peace; he must remember that

'Peace hath her victories
No less important than war.'

and to celebrate those triumphs, the progress of science and of art, the extension and serenity of freedom, the improvement of national institutions, the diffusion of general prosperity, exalting on men pure and wholesome themes all the resources of his philosophy, all the graces of his style, giving honour to which honour is due, withholding all incentives to misplaced interest and vicious admiration, and not finally by general remarks on men and on events, but by the power of describing the one,

and recording the other, causing us to entertain the proper sentiments, whether of respect or of interest, or of aversion or of indifference, for the various subjects of the narration.—*Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters.*

PRIOR THE ENGRAVER.

Mr Prior has had few advantages beyond skill and perseverance. Born of humble parentage, his father died when he was very young, and his mother followed him to the grave before the son was old enough to remember much more than the constant tenderness of a mother's love. He was thus left to the care of an aunt, who watched over him with great solicitude, and whose kindness he still remembers with all the tenderness of a grateful heart. His first predilection for drawing was shown by the figures he drew out the walls of his aunt's house, and the rude outlines of trees, churches, and houses on the covers of his copy-books at school. These rude attempts at drawing attracted the attention of the Rev. William Turner of Newcastle-on-Tyne; his aunt was induced by his advice to bind him apprentice to a general engraver and printer in the town of the name of Lambert. Here he cut ciphers on silver spoons, names on dogs' collars, card plates, and invoice heads. His skill increasing, his master intrusted him with the heads of shop bills for tea dealers—Chinamen on a stranded shore, with honey jars and tea chests, and a ship in the far distance. He had now the good fortune to gain the acquaintance of a fellow engraver with a large collection of prints, some of merit, and all of a character beyond what he had as yet seen. Prints became a passion with him from this time, and he at once determined to become something more than a mere engraver of shop bills, and to try his hand in the walks of Vivares and Woollet. He copied prints, drew at home in the few leisure moments allowed him, and advanced before very long from engraving crests and the tops of spoons to works of a high calling, in which he could display the skill he had thus been toiling to acquire. As soon as his apprenticeship was over, he left Newcastle for London, and entered into the employment of the Messrs Pinden. Here he acquired a further insight into his art, and succeeded in saving a little money, that he might indulge hereafter his favourite scheme of devoting his time to works of a high class only. The illustrated volumes published by Mr Virtue in Ivy Lane, found him full employment at this time; and as soon as his skill had sufficiently advanced, and his funds were on the increase, he offered the whole of his hard-earned savings to Mr J. M. W. Turner for a drawing to engrave from. He had seen H. Idelberg, and, enchanted with the spot, asked Mr Turner for a sketch of the place. The drawing was made in 1833, and the engraving produced in 1846, and I considered," he says, "my collected time on it to amount to fully, or indeed over, three years. It is difficult to compute every half-hour and hour, but it has been thus long at the least." Mr Prior's story is an interesting one, almost as much so as the early history of the poet whose name he bears.—*Jerrald's Newspaper.*

COST OF SLAVE-TRADE SUPPRESSION.

A return was lately presented to the House of Commons of the men and money expended in the crusade against the slave-trade in 1845. The average naval force kept on foot in that year for the suppression of the slave-trade was 56 ships, carrying 5166 guns and 9239 men. Of these, 27 ships, with 282 guns, and 3331 men, were employed on the west coast of Africa. There were 4 fourth-rates, 2 fifth-rates, 6 sixth-rates, 28 sloops, 13 steam-vessels, 3 gun-brigs. In a note appended to the return, it is stated that "although the above number of vessels were furnished with slave-trade instructions, yet they were only employed in cruising against slave vessels, in so far as the other duties of the stations on which they were respectively employed would permit." The cost, so far as relates to the department of the accountant-general of the navy, of the vessels employed on the west coast of Africa in 1845, was £291,501; of the vessels not employed exclusively on the west coast of Africa, £414,953; total, £706,454. The items of 'wear and tear,' 'stores,' 'coals and machinery,' amounted to £117,793 for the vessels employed exclusively on the west coast of Africa, and £128,291 for the others; a total of £246,084. The return shows that 166 officers and men died, and 104 were invalided on board the vessels employed exclusively on the west coast of Africa; and that 93 died, and 167 were invalided in the others.—*Newspaper*

Graphic. [Query: the good done by this expensive naval force?]

FLOWERS AND LIFE.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

LOVELIEST OF God's creations

Are the flowers that gem the earth;

In life's various relations,

'Mid its scenes of woe and mirth,

They are ever by us valued even as things of priceless worth.

Mark the child amid them roving

Full of innocent delight;

Mark the youth and maiden loving,

Giving to each other's sight

Those many-love-interpretors which tell their hidden thoughts aright.

When the marriage vows are spoken,

And the merry bells outring,

What so well fond hopes betoken?

What so fit can friendship bring,

To strew the path wherein the pair are newly entering?

And when lost in blissful trances,

'Neath the honeymoon they rove,

While soft looks and tender glances

Tell of confidence and love,

Flowers seem blessings sentiered round them by angelic hands above.

Thence all beauty and all sweetness!

Out, alas! that they must fade;

Farbly for truth no completeness,

There's no sunshine without shade;

Like a lighted rose the loved one stricken is, and lowly laid!

When the funeral bell is tolling,

And the lone-bell looks'ch drear,

And adown the cheek is rolling

Sorrow's agonising tear,

Faded blossoms, hope's frail emblem, deck the coffin and the bier.

And when time hath gently chie'd in

Grief to something like repose,

By the voice of memory hidden,

To the tomb the mourner goes,

Pleas'd he sees it wreathed and covered with the violet and rose.

And amid his weeping, lowly

Bending to the verdant sod,

Thoughts come o'er him calm and holy,

And he bleaseth, praiseth God

For the flowers of life that ever to me around his cheere-tening rod.

In the Press.

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JUSTICE AND EXPEDIENCY.

THERE is an old maxim of classic celebrity, and somewhat ponderous emphasis, about letting justice be done, although the heavens should tumble about our ears. This proverb certainly looks very heroic, and sounds sufficiently grand; but as there is no danger of any such fearful contingency—seeing that it is justice which holds all things together—we beg to substitute for it the following native, and far more truthful production:—
'Do what thou oughtest, and come what may.'

This simple proverb, humble as it may appear, contains, in reality, the soul of all high poetry, the essence of all true heroism, the basis of all moral greatness. It is, moreover, the Christian expression of the same great truth which paganism strove to utter. It gives a philosophic precision to what before was a blind impulse. *Est justitia, non cula*—Be justice done, though the sky fall. The impulse is in the right direction, but it knows not what it seeks. If such contingency were possible, justice would be but an arbitrary and unscrupulous formula, the iron discipline of a tyrant: it could have no immutable relation to universal good; it would afford no sure refuge for the timid and sympathising heart. But justice has a firmer, a wider, and a holier basis than any mere human impulse. It is founded on the universality of God's love for his creatures. Its purpose is the conservation of all that is good; it can only be destructive to selfishness, and its attendant crimes. Let no man's heart fail him for the consequences of a just action. It cannot be injurious; for it is in harmony with all that is good, with all that is of God. If men could only be convinced that the real interest of each was identical with the common good of all, selfishness and crime, and their consequent misery, would soon be banished from the earth. The great error of human calculation, is to suppose that one individual may be really benefited by another's loss; that life is a mere selfish scramble, a competition of isolated wants. No error can be more deluding than this. It is true that individuals may gratify their selfish desires, and this apparently at the expense of their neighbours. But it should be well considered what is the true nature and value of this selfish gratification.

What is the great object for which mankind were created? Is it that each should pamper his own appetites, regardless of the happiness and wellbeing of others? If so, the final work of creation, the end to which all things minister, is a failure; for throughout God's universe such a scheme of social enjoyment is impossible. Men must learn to restrain their own appetites and desires, for the benefit of each other, and find a pleasure in so doing, or universal happiness is not only unrealised, but eternally impossible. Creation will not minister to a purely selfish purpose; it is only in

proportion as a man endeavours to promote the happiness of others, that he can really insure his own. It is not sufficient that mankind should club together, each solely for his own particular pleasure or benefit, as some pseudo-philosophers have proposed. Such a bond might serve for an outward and temporary connexion; but even then no dependence could be placed on such a principle; without some higher bond, some unselfish motive, the merest business connexion would soon become broken. So long as a man regards solely his own selfish advancement as the great purpose of life, he will, as a matter of course, seize every safe opportunity of preying upon his fellows. But how much more would this be the case in those intimate relations upon which every one's happiness more immediately depends? How is it possible for selfishness to meet selfishness, in the intimacy of domestic life, without collision? Unless there were to some extent a voluntary surrender of self, and a sympathising regard for the welfare of others, it would evidently be impossible for a family to dwell together. Self-evident as these truths must be, they have often been theoretically denied; and attempts have even been made to establish communities and social relations upon a purely selfish hypothesis. But all such schemes are philosophically absurd. The principles of self-subservience and mutual love, however the selfish may scoff at them, are the only social principles universally possible.

Seeing, then, that universal selfishness is necessarily inconsistent with universal happiness, let us now consider how far individual selfishness and individual happiness can ever be identical. But first—What is happiness? We frequently hear of it, and frequently speak of it: it is the object of universal pursuit; but very vague and contradictory are the ideas connected with it. Each would fain distort happiness, so as to accord with his own desires, instead of striving to train his desires into a condition in which happiness may be possible. But the point in question is not now the true happiness for which man is evidently designed; we simply seek a definition which shall apply to every instance. Happiness, then, expresses that condition of the soul in which every conscious desire is gratified, either in anticipation, or in actual enjoyment. When this is the case, the individual is as happy as his capacity will admit, or as his ideas can imagine. He cannot be rendered happier, except by awakening and gratifying some new desire; but so long as there is a desire hopelessly craving to be gratified, happiness is an impossibility. Such, then, being the essential condition of happiness—the ideal of bliss to which all must aspire—it remains to be seen whether selfishness can, by any possibility, attain it. In order to judge of this, we may first consider to what extent our selfish desires can generally be gratified. And who can be more conscious than the

selfish that everything seems to conspire against them? — that their motives and purposes are perpetually thwarted: — that even when everything appears most favourable, and the cup of enjoyment is already in their grasp, long ere it can reach their lips some bitterness will arise to poison the draught? How, indeed, can it be otherwise? They have set themselves against everything, against the order of the universe; and everything necessarily appears to conspire against them.

But, viewing it simply in its own nature, without reference to anything else, can the demands of unmitigated and systematic selfishness ever be fully gratified? Even if circumstances were so arranged that they could be freely indulged, would they yield that full and perfect delight which constitutes happiness? No, assuredly; for the love of self is so insatiable, that it destroys its own capacity of enjoyment. Like ardent spirits to the appetite of the drunkard, indulgence only aggravates the burning thirst it strives to quench. There is a fierce pleasure in the draught; but that very pleasure is a scorpion stinging itself to death. A selfish desire ungratified is essentially painful, even in the hopeful anticipation of its delight; and the stronger the hope, the more eager the desire becomes. It is a torturing fire, craving for the fuel that only adds to its intensity. Such is selfishness in the maturity of its growth; and to such a condition does every selfish indulgence tend.

How different, how entirely opposite, is all unselfish delight! Here every action, every motive, every impulse, carries its own reward. A selfish spirit is perpetually a source of at least uneasiness every moment except that of actual indulgence; and the more entire the selfishness, the more painful will be the craving experienced: but an unselfish spirit is always delightful, so long as there is a hope of its wide-loving purposes being realised. Selfishness destroys its own power of enjoyment; because the more it is indulged, the more rapacious and impossible its desires become: but kindness and sympathy, the more they are cherished, so much the more do they open the heart to all joyous and hallowed influences, and so much the more attainable must its aspirations necessarily be. In proportion as we find our chief delight in the happiness and wellbeing of each other, and teach our selfishness to yield a willing ministry to this purpose, in the same proportion we place ourselves in harmony with all that is good, and thus in the only condition in which happiness is possible. The case is the same in the moral as in the physical world. So long as we live in harmony with the physical laws of God's universe, we shall secure bodily health and enjoyment: so long as we, and those with whom we are connected, act in harmony with the moral laws which he has ordained for our intercourse with each other, we shall enjoy the gratifications and pleasures arising from our social relations; and so far as we inwardly live in harmony with the highest laws, by striving to love all that is good, and true, and perfect, for its own pure sake, we shall enjoy that internal peace and delight which no outward circumstances can either afford or destroy, and which must constitute the life of all true and perfect happiness. This, then, should be the primary object of every individual—to bring himself, both inwardly and outwardly, into harmony with the divine government: for only by so doing can man fulfil the design of his creation, by becoming, both in will and in action, an image of his Maker.

It has been very generally imagined that the perfection of practical philosophy consists in reducing our

desires and wants to their absolute minimum; but this is only partially and occasionally true, as a means to accomplish some all-absorbing purpose. As a general rule of life, it is far from being a true position. In fact, the whole tendency of human progression has borne testimony against it. In spite of the philosophers, the world, in its restless march of improvement, has gone on adding comfort to comfort; awakening new desires, and discovering new wants; increasing man's capacity for enjoyment; every day affording fresh gratifications, before undesired, because hitherto unthought of. This change in the condition of mankind has formed the subject of many eloquent regrets; men have looked back with wistful eyes to the simple pleasures of their forefathers, dejectedly inquiring whether the world has advanced in happiness in proportion as it has added to the multiplicity of its enjoyments; and because some doubts have hung over this point, they would have hopelessly cut the knot, instead of patiently unravelling it, and thus have destroyed, instead of wisely following, the thread of human destiny. They would have stultified the youth for ever, to save him from abusing the intelligence of manhood. It is well for us that a kind Providence has been more bountiful in giving, than the human heart has been grateful in acknowledging the blessing. Whether mankind have advanced in happiness in any adequate proportion to the means supplied, can be known only to the 'Searcher of hearts.' Doubtless every age has its peculiar liabilities to error: instead, however, of vainly endeavouring to stay the progress of civilisation, let us rather strive to solve the problems which it continually urge upon our attention, in order that we may learn to live usefully and happily, in agreement with our improving condition.

Happiness is not to be attained by reducing the number of our wants, but by ennobling them; that is, by reducing them to order, so that the greatest number and the most excellent may be harmoniously and enduringly gratified. The more a man increases the number of his desires, so long as they may be consistently gratified, the more he enlarges his capacity for happiness. This capacity, as we have already shown, can only exist in an unselfish heart; for such a heart alone beats in unison with Heaven, with all that is good and perfect. Happiness is a necessary result of agreement with the laws of God; because, according to these laws, all creation is framed; and, for the same reason, their violation or infringement must lead to misery.

If we can once feel assured that the laws which govern the mind, and which overrule the action of one mind upon another, are as immutable as those which govern the outward universe, we may readily see that it is as useless to attempt to escape from the one as from the other. What sane person would attempt to move in utter disregard of the laws of gravitation? Who, in commencing any physical undertaking, would frame his plans in direct opposition to the physical laws? And, again, who that had once convinced himself of the existence of such a law, would ever doubt the certainty of its action? Have not all the physical improvements of modern society arisen from the discovery and application of such laws? Philosophers before the time of Bacon experimented according to their own arbitrary fancies; how they endeavour to operate in accordance with the laws of nature—with what difference of result we all well know. Why, then, should we fear to apply the same principles to the regulation and improvement of our hearts? If we believe that the

same God who designed and created the habitable universe, also framed the human heart, with its wondrous and infinitely diversified capacity for happiness—why should we fear to trust in the certainty and security of his laws in the one case any more than we do in the other? Such a fear is recreant both from religion and philosophy; for it doubts the divinity, the omnipotence of goodness and of truth.

How utterly truthless, then, must be the position, that any conduct can be just in principle, and yet inexpedient in practice! Justice may indeed often prove an untoward minister to selfishness; it can seldom be 'expedient' as a means to mere isolated indulgence; but it must always be really expedient, for it is the only condition either of complete or of universal happiness. Justice is universal and absolute expediency; and that only can really be individually or partially expedient which harmonises with it, for particulars are merely portions of their respective universals. To deliberately and wilfully set up any arbitrary standard of expediency, so as to supersede the immutable law of justice, is to prefer a narrow, short-sighted, and self-destructive policy to the consistency and security of Infinite Wisdom; it is to prefer the insane gratification of our own selfish conceits to the fullest delight that the human heart is capable of receiving—namely, that of participating in the happiness of all; it is, in fact, to exclaim with Milton's Satan, 'Evil, be thou my good; or, in other words, 'Self, be thou my god.'

Let us, then, if we would really attain and promote true happiness—and not merely pamper our own corrupt wills—in whatever we undertake, first ask ourselves the searching question—Is it just? And if, after an honest examination, our consciences respond with a clear and unhesitating affirmative, then let each of us, with humble confidence in the God of justice and of humanity, remember the simple words of the proverb:—'Do what thou oughtest, and come what may.'

PATERSON AND CO.

A TALE.

MISS GENEVIEVE PATERSON was the daughter of a wealthy merchant defunct, and the sister of a wealthy merchant living, both of the well-known firm of Paterson and Co. She possessed a considerable fortune of her own, besides expectation; had once been reckoned a beauty; and was still a very personable woman of some forty years of age. That she remained Miss Genevieve Paterson was entirely her own fault. She might have been married over and over again; the common council and the court of aldermen had been opened to her more than once; and it was even said that she had actually refused the better half of the civic throne. Miss Genevieve, in effect, was proud—that was her failing. She had reasonable beauty, tolerable good sense, kindly enough feelings, and ample fortune; but all these advantages were swallowed up by her pride. And this was hardly to be wondered at. Long before Miss Genevieve came into the world, her father had got ashamed of his small beginnings. He would fain have forgotten his talents, industry, honesty, even the blessing of approving Heaven, which had raised him above the mass of his fellow-citizens. He could think of nothing now but his wealth and greatness, present and prospective; and when to these were added a child—though an only child—a daughter, who was both a wit and a beauty, his measure of prosperity was full. He had nothing more to live for, and accordingly he died, and was buried; and there was an end of Paterson, senior—of Paterson and Co.

Miss Genevieve was born in the purple. Her stately walk was never accelerated by any voice more powerful than that of her own inclination; her complexion was never deepened by any glow but that of anger; the very winds of Heaven were not permitted to make her nose blue. But of all the admirers of her greatness, all the slaves of her beauty, all the ministers of her pride, the most enthusiastic, the most devoted, the most pernicious was John Singleton. John Singleton was a sort of charity-boy, a species of errand-lad, who had become attached, one knows not how, to the Paterson car. Poor John Singleton! when he first saw the little lady enshrined in the unimaginable finery of his master's dressing-room, how his great eyes, open mouth, and distended ears gaped as if they would have swallowed her! And they did swallow her. She became, from that moment, a part of his existence; she was the soul—the esthetic meaning, as it were—of Paterson and Co. He respected, and in some sort dreaded, his master; but for her, who was his master's idol, he worshipped. In the course of years the errand-lad became the clerk. Poor Mr John Singleton! when he took tea sometimes at the very table at which she sat—when the cup and saucer in his hand clattered like a pair of castanets as she spoke to him! Spoke! ay, and kindly too—and sang—oh what a voice, what an ear, what a piano!—and what a heart of this for keeping time, as if she played by electricity with a wire between the instrument and his heart! In the course of years the clerk became the Co. Poor John Singleton, a failure! He had begun with his own eyes his young mistress grow from a little girl into a full-blown woman, and from a full-blown woman into an old maid; but to him she was his young mistress still. As for himself, the cross-feet of time were deepening their traces at the corners of his eyes; the light gradual powderings of snow were beginning to tell on his chestnut hair; and the slim figure of the errand-lad had already waded into the respectable fulness, not yet ungainful, of the prosperous merchant; for John Singleton, Esquire, was now in his fiftieth year. But his heart was still sound—still true. He loved Miss Genevieve with the love of a partner of the firm—just touched, it may be, but not rendered fantastic, by those lingering dreams of youth which play upon the imagination without affecting the judgment. Love of any other kind he would have considered profanity; that is, if he could have conceived so absurd and monstrous an idea at all.

To Miss Genevieve John Singleton had been a slave, whose humility he admitted, as something proper and praiseworthy; and Mr John Singleton an acquaintance, worth any dozen of the rest in matters of obedience and devotion; but John Singleton, Esquire, as a partner of the firm, commingled her respect, and as a personal adherent of her own, through thick and thin, even her friendship. Still, all these characters were unperceptibly blended in her imagination; and although Miss Genevieve had been known even to shed a tear when mentally contrasting the uniform devotion of John Singleton with some real or imaginary slight inflicted upon her pride, the idea of any warm attachment between them would have called all the indignant blood of her ancestors (if she had had any) into her face.

Time wore on, however, and Miss Genevieve, although still unquestionably a fine woman, had reached those years when there is no dellying. At this epoch a new wooer presented himself, who, although a widower, was, in point of rank and fortune, as unexceptionable as any of those she had refused in her noon of beauty; and after many doubts, and many misgivings, she at length consented, with the proud decision of her character, to put her still white and smooth, though somewhat chubby palm, into the blood-red hand of a Baronet.

Sir Peter Dingle was a tall and portly man, with shaggy brows and a profusion of grey-brown hair, which, at a little distance, gave something almost ferocious to his

appearance; but on nearer approach, the spectator was reassured by a mild blue eye and a well-founded lip, not to mention an unsteady gait and an irresolute step. Sir Peter, in fact, was understood to have been the victim of domestic tyranny; and many persons thought that his preference of Miss Genevieve arose from her rather tall and full-formed figure, presenting a striking contrast to that of the skinny little vixen from whom death had relieved him twelve months before.

His wooing proceeded without accident. It may be said, indeed, to have been carried on in public, surrounded and regulated by all the punctilios of society; for he and his bride-elect were never known to be alone together till the day on which the proposals were made and accepted; and even then the affair was over in less than a quarter of an hour. The morning, in short, was fixed; the lawyers on both sides were hard at work; and Sir Peter was invited to dinner to meet the lady's friends.

We have said the wooing had proceeded without accident; but this, philosophically speaking, is incorrect. The accidents, however, were separately invisible to the naked eye; and are therefore indescribable by the pen, although, somehow or other, Sir Peter felt more and more anxious as the fateful moment drew near. He tried to love Miss Genevieve, but felt as if he could not take the liberty. He once called her 'Jenny' aloud in his dressing-room, but immediately looked round in alarm, as if he had done something impudent. At the grand dinner, his heart died within him as he contemplated her queen-like figure; and in taking her down stairs, instead of offering his arm, as comfortable people do, he led her at arm's-length by the tip of one of her fingers.

When seated at the table, he was somewhat reassured, for a baronet was a great man in that company. One of the guests was continually looking at him furtively, and always withdrawing his eyes suddenly when detected, to fix them on his plate. The same individual appeared to have an unusual appetite. He ate everything, without discrimination or remorse. He refused nothing. He sequed the sequence of dishes, and jumbled every sauce upon his plate that was handed round the table or stood within his reach. He imagined everybody asked him to drink wine, and all sorts of wine—and accepted the invitation frankly. This was John Singleton; but the occasion was a great one for John, and it is hardly surprising if he was not exactly aware of what he was about.

Sir Peter, in the meantime, though gratified by the attention he received, was seated, of course, next his stately bride, and that spoiled everything. She was *exquisite* to a degree he had never witnessed before but in one person; and when at length she rose slowly, and drawing up her figure to its full height, made him bow, Sir Peter bowed in return so low, that before he had raised his head, the door was opened for her by another. That other was of course John Singleton; and the baronet was annihilated by the look of indignant surprise turned upon him by Miss Genevieve as she swept out of the room.

It cannot be said that he resumed his composure when she was gone, although he breathed more freely. Some terrible idea appeared to haunt his thoughts, which every now and then he would lay hold of, as it were by stratagem, and attempt to drown in the claret. And he was successful by degrees. So many successive duckings at last told upon the troublesome spectre, which now kept clear of the magic circle of the decanters; and after a time, Sir Peter, knowing that it would be imperatively required of him, got up valiantly to pay his lady-love the compliment of presenting himself in the drawing-room the first man of the company.

The baronet was daunted for a moment as the glare of light and beauty broke upon his eyes when the door was opened. The chandeliers seemed unsteady—the floor was a little steep—but, mustering his courage, he walked hardly up to the bride, and attempted to dash into conversation. She was cold—reserved, as if she had not forgotten the matter of the door; but she was likewise beau-

tiful: the claret felt warm at his heart, and the baronet persevered. He at length ventured to squeeze gently her little finger as her hand drooped by her side; and exulting in the fact that it was not withdrawn, he asked her to sing. She wanted pressing. 'Surely,' whispered Sir Peter, who was now beyond fear, 'you will not deny me such a favour? Let me lead you to the instrument, my angel—do, my own—Jenny!'

If the unhappy man had dragged her up the room like a milkmaid by the arm, or been guilty of any other monstrous solecism, he might have been pardoned; but the fatal word he had pronounced was the terror of Miss Genevieve's life.

'Sir,' said she, reddening to the roots of the hair, and flashing a lightning glance upon the culprit, 'I would have you to know that I am still Miss Paterson!' She turned away as she spoke, and walked, like a bourgeois empress, to the other end of the room.

When the rest of the gentlemen entered the room, their first look was directed to the solitary bride, and their second in search of the baronet. There was no baronet.

'Where is Sir Peter, Miss Genevieve?' whispered John Singleton, as he bent over her chair.

'I don't know,' replied she sulkily.

'Then I know!' remarked John in a voice of awe.

'Why, what do you know? Speak!'

'You daunted him, miss; I saw it all at the table; and something dreadful, I have no doubt, has happened here. He is gone.'

'Gone! What do you mean?'

'Why, that he is gone. All is over; but don't distress yourself. I shall ascertain the worst, and return in an instant.'

During his absence Miss Genevieve sat like a statue—her glassy eyes fixed on vacancy, and her ears watching for some sound of terror from without.

'Well!' said she, almost breathless, as John re-entered the room.

'He is gone!' replied John.

'Oh my!' exclaimed Miss Genevieve, clasping her hands, and ready to faint.

'Don't distress yourself, miss, for I will follow him this instant if you bid me!'

'You! Oh, John Singleton!—Oh!' and catching him by the arm, she burst into tears. It was now John's turn to be at the fainting; but surprise kept him up.

'What do you mean, Miss Genevieve?' said he. 'Am I to pursue him or not?'

'Pursue him! Then he is not—gone!'

'But he is, miss: to Dover in the meantime by the night coach, that was just passing; and to Calais, I have no doubt, in the morning, for he was heard to ask a question of the guard about the steamboat.' Miss Genevieve was overwhelmed for an instant; but at length addressing John Singleton in a voice dreadfully calm, she said, 'I will not—cannot—shall not hear it! I will not be the scorn, pity, and ridicule of the town. He must come back—he must sue anew for the hand he has thus forsaken. Go, John, follow him; bring him into the room if you have to drag him with cords; add this one more proof of your inextinguishable friendship, and trust to the gratitude of my whole after-life!'

The next morning the weather was so tempestuous, that there was considerable doubt as to whether the steamboat could leave the harbour of Dover; and only one cabin passenger was so hardy as to enter the vessel till they were actually heaving off the lines by which she was moored to the quay. At that moment another gentleman jumped on board, and commanding them frantically not to sail till he returned from the cabin, was just about to plunge down the companion-ladder, when a sea bursting between the pier and the vessel, the remaining mooring-line snapped, and she drifted out to sea. At this sight John Singleton clasped his hands in despair. 'Once on the shore of France,' said he, 'the wretch is safe; and how can I return to meet the eye of Miss Genevieve without my prisoner?'

The storm increased; and the fugitive baronet, as he lay upon a sofa in the cabin, was so dreadfully sick, that it

was some time before he could recognise the face which was every now and then raised from the cushion of the opposite sofa, and was always withdrawn suddenly as their eyes met. The association of ideas at length led him to the dinner table of the day before; but in his state of ghastly sickness and confusion of mind, it is no wonder that his impressions were vague and indistinct. How could the omnivorous guest of yesterday be in the Channel with him this morning? It was an absurdity; yet it must be real. What was his purpose? What could he do to him in France? Whose business was it if he, Sir Peter, chose to stand an action for breach of promise rather than undergo another thirty years' slavery? The man was an ass; he was worse. Oh, if he were but well enough! But here another lurch of the vessel made the baronet's very soul die within him, and, sinking back in utter exhaustion, he closed his eyes upon his enemy.

While the baronet was thus alternately glaring with rage and goggling as if in the agonies of death, Mr John Singleton lay enjoying the fugitive's misery, and feeling desperately his own; for John was every whit as sick as the betrayer of Miss Genevieve's affections. A desperate lurch at length occurred, which threw Sir Peter into the middle of the floor, and in the reaction John was stricken by his side. It is lucky they were both at that moment half dead, and that they were compelled to gaze inertly in each other's faces, with their sodden eyes, till they became accustomed to the sight.

The storm continued many hours, and the vessel beat about the French coast, not daring to approach. It was already dusk when she lay at length by the side of the pier. Sir Peter by this time neither knowing nor caring in what country, or if in the habitable globe at all. Mr John Singleton felt better, and he had the baronet carried forthwith into a vehicle; and before the latter returned to entire consciousness, they were rattling along a dark and solitary road.

Sir Peter wondered whether his enemy was taking him. Was he thus hurried up the country to be confined in a prison or a convent? Was his consent to the marriage to be extorted by bread and water? He looked in John's face, but the impassable features gave no reply, and the baronet had not yet heart to speak. He turned his eyes towards the road, and with a languid curiosity, indicative of returning strength, he watched the foreign-looking faces and costumes which gathered about the carriage as they were changing horses. They at length arrived, as he supposed, at their destination. He was lifted out of the vehicle, hurried through a large and handsome hall, whisked up a broad staircase, and all but dragged into a magnificent drawing-room; where he found himself—partly from surprise, partly from fear, and partly from sheer inanition—kneeling at the feet of Miss Genevieve.

The steamboat had been unable to approach the French coast with safety, and after beating off and on all day, had returned to Dover.

Sir Peter threw a feverish look at the door, the windows, the chimney, and then heaved a deep sigh. 'Madam,' said he, 'spare me your reproaches! I was unable to take leave of you last night, because sudden and imperative business called me to a distance. Forgive the unintentional disrespect—restore me to your favour—and withdraw not that lovely hand from one who will prove the most devoted of husbands!'

'You ask this!—you intreat my pardon?—you sue for my hand?'

'I do.'

'And I refuse it! Rise, sir, and take this answer as final. Open the door for the gentleman. Mr John Singleton,' continued Miss Genevieve, leading him within the folding-doors of another room.

'Miss Genevieve!'

'Mr John Singleton!—I promise you for this service the gratitude of my whole life.' She leant heavily upon his arm as she spoke; and John, after having suffered so much, could hardly support her with his arm; so he took two. She leant heavier still. A glance told the rest—

which was confirmed in a few days by the small print of the newspapers. When Mr John Singleton left the inner drawing-room that evening, he was heard to mutter, as he descended the stairs three steps at a time—'The errand-lad!—Miss Genevieve!—Paterson and Co.!'

VISIT TO THE GROTTTO OF ADELSBERG.

IN that part of Austria which lies between Trieste and Vienna, the traveller has occasion to pass through the district of Carniola, celebrated for its picturesque beauty, but still more remarkable for its grotto of Adelsberg. Desirous of visiting and exploring this subterranean cavern, besides seeing some parts of the adjacent country, we started from Trieste at daybreak; but our conveyance being somewhat slow, as is not unusual in southern Europe, we did not reach Adelsberg till early the succeeding morning, the night being passed by us at Prewald, near the mountain in which the famous grotto is situated. At Prewald, we were conducted to an office where the names of visitors are registered, and a small sum paid by each, destined to the repair of the path, which has been constructed with such extreme difficulty in the interior of the cavern. Here we were also provided with guides, whose costume, however well-adapted to the lower world we were about to explore, gave them somewhat of an unearthly appearance amongst ordinary mortals, as it consisted entirely of black oil-skin; and the effect was heightened by the great torches, which they waved continually to and fro, as well as by their wild gestures and loud cries in a jargon perfectly incomprehensible to us, but which, we were told, was a dialect of Slavonian. They each selected one of us to be the exclusive object of their care, and proceeded to march beside us along the steep and stony path which led to the entrance of the grotto. The aperture was in the form of an arched gateway. It opened into the solid rock, at a considerable height on the side of a precipice; and as we stood on a sort of platform, which had been arranged in front, we were called upon to remark one of the first wonders of this curious cave.

From the elevation on which we were placed, we could trace the graceful windings of the Peuka, a river of very considerable size. Through the distant valley we had passed the day before, and on to the mountain's base, it came with its rapid and abundant waters glancing in the morning rays; but there, taking an abrupt turn, it rushed towards the cavern, and suddenly abandoning the sweet sunshine in which it sparkled so gaily, plunged precipitately into a deep black cavity, that yawned to receive it, directly below them by which we were ourselves to enter, and there disappeared at once in the profound abyss. The singular direction thus given, without any apparent cause, to the course of the stream, is not, however, the only surprising circumstance connected with it. We were told, that after being traced to some distance within the grotto, it there became altogether lost to view, and could nowhere be discovered returning again to upper earth. How so large a body of water can be absorbed, or in what deep abyss it is ingulfed, remains unexplained. One only solution to the mystery presents itself, but it seems rather to heighten than diminish the difficulty. At a distance of some twenty miles from Adelsberg, just where a well-beaten country road conducts into the interior, appears a very surprising object. A great river suddenly bursts, in the most extraordinary manner, from the ground—not an infant stream, designing to gather stranger waters to its bosom, and so swell its volume as it flows along, but a complete and abundant river, which speedily forms a channel for itself, and continues to roll on uninterruptedly till it reaches the sea. Now, in this river, named the Timavo, be in reality the imprisoned Peuka retreating impetuously to the light of day, it must be supposed that the cavern from which it escapes is of an extent which bewilders the imagination.

The opening by which we were to enter was secured by a huge iron door, round which, at that moment,

were clustered a detachment of Austrian troops, who, like ourselves, were about to visit the grotto, and stood waiting for their officers, not yet arrived from the inn. It was a fortunate circumstance for us, as each man carried a torch, which would enable us to see the cave to singular advantage. Passing through the midst of them, the bolts and bars of the great gate were withdrawn, and closed again with a loud noise, which announced our separation from the living world.

We found ourselves in a small outer cave, whence two sombre passages branched off to the right and left. Our guides now seized us by the hand, in a manner which intimated significantly that we were no longer to be free agents; and when, turning to the left, and plunging with us into the gloom, we felt our feet giving way on the slippery ground, we became most willing to submit passively to their guidance. They dragged us quickly on, seemingly well acquainted with the unseen path: the last glimpse of daylight disappeared; there was a rush of damp cold air over our faces; 'an intense darkness closed in all around; and our eyes, full of the sunshine we had left, fastened instinctively on the little twinkling lights of the torches carried on before us—our only stars in this new and terrible night. For some time we were hurried on, unable to discern anything, till, at a given moment, our conductors stopped, and bade us look around. We obeyed, and gradually, as we became accustomed to the profound obscurity, a scene was revealed to us indistinctly by the faint torchlight, of which it would not be easy to convey any adequate conception. We seemed to have entered on some vast mysterious realm where 'among night,' expelled from the sunny world, had fixed, unmolested, her eternal dominion. The guides, dispersing themselves far and near, endeavoured to give us some idea of the immensity of the cavern. Boundless, indeed, it seemed to be in extent and in height, whilst hundreds of feet below us, we could but just distinguish the roar of the captive river, as it fled through the gloom, its very voice sounding hollow and changed since we last had heard it singing in the sunshine.

When the first feeling of wonder and awe had passed off, we became lost in admiration of the magnificent architecture of this palace of nature, even in the dim twilight by which we looked on it. Around us, on all sides, and seen more distinctly because they were pure white, rose stupendous pillars, formed of stalactites, that towered up into the darkness far above our heads, till they were lost in the vapoury clouds that seemed to overhang us. Their base was in like manner altogether hidden from us, and it was a marvellous thing to think that time alone was the architect of these mighty columns; for we could see hanging in all directions little tiny stalactites, like new-frozen icicles, each having at its point a bright crystal drop of that fluid, containing lime in solution, by which they are formed; and as such gradually thickening, is succeeded by another, till, drop by drop, century by century—for assuredly it is the work of ages—those fairy branches grow to be as lofty and massive as the gigantic pillars that seem to support the unseen roof. Nor were these the only ornaments with which the ever-working hand of nature had arrayed this abode of night; for these wonderful stalactites had taken every species of fantastic form—sometimes grand and terrible, sometimes beautiful and delicate, as though modelled by the sculptor's art; and, combined with the huge masses of rock that rose rugged and menacing from the gloom as from a deep dark sea, they produced the most marvellous and startling appearances, offering to the bewildered eye a succession and variety of scenes that baffle all description. Where we ourselves were placed, strange and mysterious shapes were grouped around, and innumerable narrow passages and lofty corridors branched off in all directions into the yet unexplored regions of this most wonderful cave. The road by which we were to proceed crept along among the rocks—now over natural, now over artificial arches,

and had evidently been constructed with great difficulty. As we advanced, penetrating further into the depths of this sombre world (with the lights which we began to think so precious), our eyes were continually mocked with delusive appearances. On one side, we could not but believe that we were gazing down through the dim aisles of some great cathedral, our imagination perfecting the details of the fretted roof, and Gothic ornaments; and with the next turn the scene would change, and the rocks shape themselves into the perfect likeness of a miniature landscape, with valleys and hills, and distant cities—the sunlight only wanting; while, again, some opening corridor would seem to present the symmetrical arrangement of a gallery of statues, each standing on a snow-white pedestal. Of all the forms into which this cavern dew had hardened, by far the most beautiful was that named 'the banner,' and which was indeed exactly like a flag of spotless white, hanging in light folds, each one of which was exquisitely formed, and completed by a border of a yellowish hue. It was strange thus to find the minute perfection which characterises all the works of nature displaying itself in these hidden realms of darkness. We are accustomed to perceive it in the admirable workmanship of every tiny leaf or fragile blossom on the earth; but here, where no eye was ever to behold them, the very colouring of each one of these little stalactites was correct and beautiful, as though touched by an artist's most delicate pencil. When the guide struck on any of the pillars with a small stick, it emitted a strange metallic sound, that was remarkably melodious, and added to the singular effect produced by the various murmurs already floating through those dismal chambers. These were caused principally by the currents of air rushing through the numberless passages, and also by the peculiar manner in which the interminable echoes told upon each other from arch to arch and rock to rock. The perpetual dropping of water throughout the whole vault produced of itself a hollow, ceaseless reverberation, that, I know not why, caused a shuddering sensation; indeed it was no easy matter to avoid fancying that this terrific cavern was inhabited by unearthly beings.

After a short time, we proceeded on our way; but it required some courage, after the first mile or two, to continue to penetrate the never-ending depths; the path was both difficult and dangerous, and but for the energetic assistance of the guides, who almost carried some of us over the rocks, I think we should have abandoned any attempt at further progress. Now it led several hundred feet down the side of a precipice to the very brink of the river, whose roar, gradually swelling on our ear, became almost deafening as we approached, and the torchlight touching its wreaths of foam, showed us how it dashed itself against the terrible rocks that were its prison bars; then toiling up a steep and slippery ascent, till we scarce could hear its murmur, we crossed it, and passed to the other side by a natural arch eighty feet in length.

There are many lateral passages, apparently of vast extent, but quite unexplored, from their difficulty of access: so that it is impossible even to form an idea of the actual limits of the cave, of which the portion already known would seem to be but the threshold. It has been proved that it was known at a very early period, by the discovery not long since of a large gallery, the walls of which were covered with names and inscriptions dating from the year 1213 down to the commencement of the seventeenth century, when, it would appear, the entrance had been closed by an earthquake or other subterranean convulsion. Numerous fossil bones were found within it, and some of animals altogether unknown. One lamentable tragedy seemed to have taken place here. A skeleton, perfectly entire, and incrustated with stalactite, was discovered in a contracted and agonised attitude, with one arm clasped round a pillar for support. Probably this was some unfortunate being whose light had been extinguished

by accident, and who had wandered (how hopelessly!), lost and bewildered, through the interminable labyrinth of his tremendous tomb.

In a deep pool, in the recesses of the cavern, is found that strange fish the *Protus*. This curious creature was altogether unknown till it was discovered in this subterranean abyss; and from its singular formation and habits, has become an object of much interest. It is of the genus *anguineus*, said to be about a foot in length, and perfectly blind, as though purposely created to inhabit those regions where no light can ever penetrate. In its natural state it is of a clear flesh colour, but it changes to a deep violet when exposed to the air. No period has as yet been put to the length of time when it can exist without food, though the learned men of France and Germany have been unremitting in their endeavours to starve it by various scientific experiments.

We came to a resting-place, where our pilgrimage was about half accomplished, in a portion of the grotto in size and shape like a large open hall, and which had, in fact, been arranged as such with great care and ingenuity. The floor was dry, and covered with sand; seats were hewn out of the sides; a hollow rock formed an excellent music gallery; and thus, we were told, it was converted into a ball-room, at an annual festival held within the grotto on Whitsuntide, when it is lighted up at an expense of three hundred florins, and an assemblage of six or seven hundred persons gather together to hold their festivities in this strange locality. It must have a singular effect to hear these vaults resounding to the lively music and echoing feet of the dancers; and if the cave is indeed, as the neighbouring peasantry imagine, the work of demons or of gnomes, they might well have laughed to find how human follies and human vanities can penetrate even into the heart of the earth. Whilst we sat there to rest a few minutes, a loud shuffling noise, and a strong light, penetrating far and near, announced the approach of what really seemed to be an invading army of demons; the whole German troop of soldiers came rushing in, waving their torches, and shouting in wonder and delight. It was marvellous to see what ranges of interminable chambers, of which we had not even dreamt, were now revealed to us by this partial illumination; and as they passed on, and entered one by one the narrow passage which conducted onwards, the train of lights had exactly the appearance of a long fiery serpent winding through the cavern depths. We were by this time chilled and wearied; but we persevered in wandering on for a considerable way, till we at last reached the point where all but the very adventurous must cease from further investigation. The last picture which here presents itself, is perhaps the most striking of all. Emerging from a low narrow corridor, we found ourselves in an open space, whose limits were lost in vapoury gloom; and spread out before us, cradled by majestic rocks, lay a beautiful little lake, its deep pure waters still and peaceful as those over which the sunbeams break, and the warm land-breezes sweep. A little boat lay floating on its breast, in which any enterprising person might cross to the other side, and proceed to explore yet farther the mysteries of the cave; but this is very rarely attempted, for the danger and difficulty are extreme, and many dismal stories are told of travellers who have entered the dark vault, and never again been seen, or who have been found dashed to pieces amongst the precipices. As for us, we were in no condition even to wish for the display of farther marvels. We were all much exhausted, as the fatigue had been very great; and our shoes were so entirely destroyed by the sharp stones, that every step we took was one of torture to our bruised and wounded feet. Our return was therefore slow and painful; and so true it is, that the weakness of the mortal frame is a clog to the mind—all our first enthusiasm and excitement were put to flight by our bodily sufferings, and the very objects we had before so much admired, served now only

as objects by which to calculate our progress towards the upper world. We were seized with a great horror too, when a rush of wind from a side passage threatened to extinguish our lights. The doom of those to whom such an accident should occur in this mysterious cave would be inevitable; for there would scarcely be a possibility of their ever finding their way out of its inextricable maze.

Great was our joy when there dawned at last within this terrible night a far-off faintly-twinkling ray, which, gradually increasing, grew to be the opening that was to restore us at length to a world of light, of beauty, of living flowers, and fragrant winds, and warm sunshine. So great was the violence of the contrast, that we were at first quite blinded, and felt as though we could never again bear to look upon the earth, clothed in such a flood of glory as the common daylight—*hail* so thanklessly received—now seemed to us. Indeed it was only after a good night's rest at the quiet village that we could realise to ourselves that we had not been under the influence of a midnight dream, during all that strange voyage of discovery to the heart of the earth.

THE OLD SCOTS ACTS.

SCOTLAND, as is well known, possesses a body of laws differing considerably from those of England. At the Union, these laws were insured to the country, and they remain till the present day, with certain modifications and additions of a comparatively recent date. The foundation on which the Law of Scotland has been reared is a work entitled the *Legum Aposstatum*, the origin of which has long been a subject of literary controversy. The probability is, that this ancient code of laws was compiled by a learned churchman, at the request of David I., or some other monarch. It embraces the substance of the Pandects of Justinian or old Roman civil law, select portions of the Levitical and Canon law, the feudal law, and common law of the kingdom—the whole adapted to the necessities of the age, and expressed with the most admirable brevity and perspicuity. The *Regum*, which is altogether a remarkable production, contained the only written law of the kingdom, until James I. (a contemporary of Henry V. of England) began to supercede the enactments of parliament.

The Scots parliament consisted of about three hundred peers and representatives, the different estates of the realm—nobles, prelates, and commoners—all assembled in one house, the sittings of which took place at Perth, Stirling, Edinburgh, or any other locality convenient to the sovereign. The first parliament whose enactments assumed a regular and recorded form was, as has been said, in the reign of James I. It sat at Perth, and commenced its arduous duties on the 25th of May 1424; and this, therefore, is the date of the first Scots act. It cannot but be interesting to know what was the nature of the laws enacted by this assembly of notables.

During its sitting, parliament enacted twenty-five laws applicable to the state of the kingdom; and so clearly and briefly is each act narrated, that it puts to shame the unintelligible and long-puny jargon of modern legislation. Could anything be more explicit than the following?—“It is statute and ordained that no man openly rebel against the King's person, under the pain of forfeiture of life, lands, and goods.” Such is the third act of the parliament in question. The seventh act enjoins the capture and punishment of *sorners*, whether on foot or on horseback—the first of many similar laws significant of the ancient state of Scotland. *Sorners* were a class of mendicants, who entered people's houses, and took by force what was denied as an alms; in some of the acts they are spoken of as *masterful boggars*, and the terror of the rural districts. From the tenor of the

4. You are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very outset! It is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the *Regum*, there is not a *condemnation* in the practices but you'll find a spot of it.—*Peter Peckles* in *Highland*.

eleventh act, it would seem that, even in these early times, there had been disputes about killing salmon in close time. The act forbids this offence, under the penalty of a fine; but he that is convicted a third time 'shall tyme [lose] his life, or then bye it,' by which we understand that the offender shall have the option of being put to death, or of saving his life by paying a ransom to the king. A beneficent law follows: it enjoins the removal of all cruives or yaices [stake-nets, we presume] placed at the mouths of rivers to prevent the free ingress and egress of salmon, also the removal of all such engines in fresh waters every Saturday, and likewise during close time. The object of all this, doubtless, was to favour the breeding of, and angling for, salmon at the proper seasons. The eighteenth act ordains that all men, from twelve years of age, shall 'busk [dress and accoutre] them to be archers;' and that places for archery shall be made 'near to parish kirks, to which, on holy days, men may come, and at the least shoot thrice about.' The twenty-fourth act, enjoining the establishment of inns, for travellers, may be copied in its exact wording and spellings. 'It is ordained that in all Burrow Townes of the Realme, and through-fares quhair [where] common passages are, that their be ordained hostillars and receipters, havand stables and chalners. And that men find them bread and ale, and all other fude, alsweil to horse as men, for reasonable price, after the chainges [according to the customary dealings] of the countrie.'

In the second parliament of James I. we observe the first statutory enactment of a law which, we believe, was peculiar to Scotland, and in after times became a source of no little oppression and complaint. This was a law against *besing makers*—persons who spoke ill, or told lies, of the king, to the engendering of discord between the sovereign and his people; the penalty for the crime, a vague species of sedition, was the loss of life and goods. In the acts of the third parliament, we find a law apparently resulting from the above obligation to establish inns. It begins by narrating how the innkeepers have complained to the king that his heirs, in travelling, 'no not come to the 'hostellaries' provided for them, but lodge with their acquaintances and friends; whereupon it is ordained that all travellers on foot or horseback shall in future 'lodge in no other place but the hostellaries aforesaid; and that every person in a burgh, not an innkeeper, who admits travellers or strangers shall forfeit forty shillings. A curious result this of the meddlesome interference of legislatures with private convenience. The sixty-sixth act of the same parliament is more reasonable. It is a law empowering sheriffs to seize all idle and lazily-disposed persons who have no means of living, and set them to work; and failing their continuing at work, to put them in prison. The fifth parliament concludes with an act, for which a parallel, as respects Ireland, has often been craved in modern times. This law enjoins that lords and other landholders shall repair their castles and manor-houses, 'and dwell in them themselves, or one of their friends, for the gracious governal of their lands by good policie, and to expende the fruit of their lands in the countrie where the lands lie.' Strange, to find a law against absenteeism in a Scots act of 1426!

A considerable number of the old acts, like those of England at the same and a much later period, proceed on a total ignorance of the first principles of political economy. Almost every year acts of parliament were passed regulating the wages of craftsmen, the price and mode of sale of victual and other articles, the export of gold and silver coins or bullion; also the forbidding of certain imports and methods of traffic; the interference, we should imagine, from the frequency of repetition, producing only a temporary and insufficient effect. The following may be given in illustration:—

No man, under pain of escheat, to buy any English cloth, or other English goods, from Englishmen.—13, James I., 145.

Sheriffs and bailies to inquire who buys victual and

holds it to a dearth; the victual so held to be escheated.—6, James II., 22.

No man to take out of the realm gold, silver, or bullion, under pain of escheat.—8, James II., 34.

No cattle to be sold to Englishmen but for ready gold or silver.—8, James II., 35.

All who have corn unthrashed, within or without barns, shall cause it to be thrashed entirely out before the last day of May next to come.—9, James II., 37.

No victual to be held in ginals [stores], except what is needful for personal or family use for a quarter of a year; and that all above this quantity be sent to market within nine days, under pain of escheat.—9, James II., 39.

For bringing of victuals, it is ordained that strangers who bring in victual be favourably treated, and thankfully paid.—10, James II., 40.

The current gold coin, native and foreign, is ordained to be 'cryed higher;' such as the Henry nobles to be proclaimed worth twenty-two shillings, &c.—13, James II., 58. This was a vain attempt to keep the coinage from leaving the country.

Magistrates to inquire rigorously into the price, goodness, and fineness of bread, ale, and all other necessary articles daily bought; and where any workman is found taking prices considerably more than the article is worth, he shall suffer escheat of the goods for a first, and be suspended from his craft for a second offence.—5, James IV., 56. What scope for petty tyranny and suffering in this act! And yet such regulations existed with respect to bread till our own day.

No man shall be craftsman and merchant at the same time; he shall renounce either his craft or his merchandise, under pain of escheat.—14, James IV., 107.

Foretellers who buy fish, flesh, or other stuffs before they are offered in open market, or those who sit in the market before the proper time of day, to be imprisoned, and suffer escheat of goods.—4, James V., 21.

The act 5, Mary, 12, regulates the price at which animal food shall be sold: a chicken four pennies, a pig eighteen pennies, &c. [eighteen pennies Scots were equal to three-halfpence sterling].

Merchants and other persons, natives or strangers, are strictly prohibited from exporting from the kingdom any native lint, lint yarn, or linen cloth, under pain of confiscation.—1, William and Mary, 29.

For the encouragement of the linen manufacture, no corpse of any persons whatever shall be buried in any shirt, sheet, or anything else, except in plain linen, made and spun within the kingdom.—1, James VII., 16. This act was strictly enforced by the 1, William, 32, with this addition, that none presume to bury any one in Scots linen in value above twenty shillings Scots per ell. Elders of parishes to see bodies put into coffins, in order to prevent fraud.

For the encouragement of the native woollen manufacture, the importation of cloths or stuffs of any kind made of wool, or wherein there shall be wool, as also of hats, caps, stockings, gloves, or any other article of wool, is forbidden under severe penalties.—1, William, 8. For still further encouraging this manufacture, the acts above narrated for causing interment in linen are rescinded. It is ordained that no bodies whatever shall be buried in linen under certain penalties; but that all interments shall be only in plain woollen cloth or stuff.—1, Anne, 14.

Another class of acts which appear to have proved equally ineffectual, though somewhat troublesome to the lieges, were those which proposed to regulate the private affairs of families, and the kind of dress which each person might wear. The following are a few examples:—

No man shall wear clothes of silk, or use furs, except knights and lords of two hundred marks at least of yearly rent, and their eldest sons and heirs, without special leave of the king.—9, James I., 119.

No man in burgh to be found in taverns of wine, ale, or beer, after the stroke of nine hours and the ringing

of the bell in the said burgh. Those found, the aldermen and bailies shall put them in the king's prison, under the penalty for neglect of fifty shillings.—13, James I., 144. It would appear from this act that, four centuries ago, as great a degree of anxiety was manifested respecting the intemperance of the people as is expressed in our own day.

The realm being greatly impoverished by sumptuous clothing, it is ordained that no man who lives by merchandise—aldermen, bailies, or other good worthy men excepted—shall wear clothes of silk, nor scarlet gowns, or furrings. And that they make their wives and daughters in like manner be apparelled, corresponding to their estate; that is to say, on their heads short curches, with little hoods, as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries. Tails to gowns, with furs, allowable only on holidays. And in like manner the barons and other poor gentlemen, with their wives, who have only forty pounds of rent. As to the commons: no labourer nor husbandman shall wear on workdays anything but gray and white clothing, and on holidays light-blue, green, or red; and their wives the same, with curches of their own making, which shall not exceed forty pennies the ell. And that no woman come to kirk nor market with her face muffled or covered, that she may not be bend, under the pain of escheat of the curche. [Here follow exemptions as to clerks and dignitaries].—14, James II., 70.

All barons and freeholders that are of substance to put their eldest sons and heirs to the schools, from the time they be six or nine years of age, and to remain at the grammar-schools till they be competently founded and have perfect Latin; and thereafter remain three years at the schools of art and juris [law], so that they may have knowledge and understanding of the laws.—5, James IV., 54.

In consequence of the dearth of victuals, it is ordained that no archbishop, bishop, or earl live at his meals more than eight dishes; no a noble, prior, lord, or dean more than six dishes; no baron or freeholder more than four dishes; and no burges or substantial man more than three dishes [under severe fines, which are specified].—5, Mary, 25.

All gentlemen, householders, and substantial burgeses are ordained to have a Bible and psalm book in the vulgar language in their houses, under the pain of six pounds of fine. Magistrates to search houses, and apply the fines; a third of each fine to be their own, and two-thirds to go to the poor of the parish.—6, James VI., 72.

There shall be no working, holding markets, gaming nor playing, passing to taverns or alehouses, or selling of meat and drink, or wittily remaining from the parish kirk, in time of sermon or prayers on the Sabbath, under pain of a fine of twenty shillings.—6, James VI., 70.

To stanch the great excess and superfluity at bridal and other banquets among the mean subjects of the realm who are very unable to sustain the cost, it is ordained that no person under the degree of prelates, earls, lords, barons, landed gentlemen, or others, who are worth two thousand marks of yearly rent, have at their bridal or banquets, or at their tables in daily cheer, any drugs or confections brought from parts beyond seas; and that there shall be no banquets at any baptisms after baptising of bairns, in time coming, under the pain of twenty pounds.—7, James VI., 111.

The act 3^d Charles II., 14, regulates the number of persons who shall attend marriages, baptisms, and funerals, also the clothes to be worn on such occasions. 'It is ordained that there shall not be invited to burials any greater number of persons than these following:—To the burial of noblemen, and bishops, and their wives, not above one hundred noblemen and gentlemen; to the burial of a baron of quality, not above sixty; and other landed gentlemen, not above thirty. And that the [hired] mourners at the burials of noblemen, and bishops, and their ladies, do not exceed thirty, at the

burials of privy counsellors, lords of session, and provosts, not more than twenty-four; and at the burials of landed gentlemen and citizens, twelve.'

The greater number of the Scots acts may be said to refer to matters of the foregoing nature, and, strictly speaking, are more regulations of police than definitions of civil right; a large portion of the remainder consists of regulations with respect to benefices, letting of lands, salmon fishing, practice in legal proceedings, and the annual shows of weapons; also enactments respecting the king's person and authority, and stringent edicts for the suppressing of mendicancy, and the capture of thieves. Any special notice of these laws would, we believe, afford little amusement; and we confine ourselves, therefore, to the picking out of a few more acts, remarkable either for their oddity, or the light they throw on ancient manners.

Because blacksmiths, through ignorance or drunkenness, spoil and lame men's horses, by shoeing them to the quick; it is statute and ordained that whenever a smith shoes a man's horse in the quick, that smith shall find the man a horse to ride upon, and do his labour, till the horse be whole. And if the horse lames through the said shoeing, and will not heal, the smith shall hold the said horse himself, and pay the price of the horse to the man who owes him.—10, James III., 79.

Forasmuch as there are diverse printers in this realm who daily and continually print books concerning the faith, ballades, songs, blasphemations, rimes, as well of Kirkman as temporal, and others tragedies in Latin and English tongue—it is devised, statute, and ordained, that no printer presume attempt, or take in hand to print any books, ballads, songs, blasphemations, rimes, or tragedies in Latin or English, in any time coming, until the same be seen, viewed, and examined by some wise and discreet persons, depute thereto by the ordinaries whatsoever; and thereafter a license had and obtained from our sovereign lady and the lord governor [Earl of Arran] for unprinting of such books, under the pain of confiscation of all the printer's goods, and banishing him of the realm for ever.—5, Mary, 27. This act was passed in the heat of the Reformation, when the church was exposed to all manner of ribald pasquinades. As an act establishing a censorship which proved unavailing, it is curious in the present age of free printing.

The 5, Mary, 16, is an act to repress swearing and execrations. 'For every such fault committed by a prelate, earl, or lord, the penalty is to be twelve pennies; a baron or beneficed man, four pennies; a landed man, freeholder, vassal, burges, and small beneficed man, two pennies; and a craftsman, seaman, serving-man, and all others, one penny.' Numerous acts follow, till a late period, against profanity, blasphemy, cursing and beating of parents, and other monstrous offences.

To put down the abominable superstition of witchcraft, used by divers of the heeds of this realm against the law of God, it is ordained that no manner of person or persons, of whatever estate or degree, take in hand, in any times hereafter, to use any manner of witchcrafts, sorceries, or necromancies, nor give themselves forth to have any such craft or knowledge, thereby abusing the people, under pain of death.—9, Mary, 73.

In case it happen that any landed proprietor be lawfully convicted of theft, or receipt of theft, or stoutheirfe, in time coming, he shall be deemed guilty of treason, and forfeit life, lands, and goods.—11, James VI., 50.

No person, without the king's license, to fight any single combat, under pain of death and escheat of goods.—16, James VI., 12.

For the restraint of the vile and detestable vice of drunkenness, daily increasing, all persons convicted of this offence to be fined; for the first offence, three pounds, &c.—22, James VI., 20.

The last Scots parliament sat at Edinburgh in the winter of 1706-7, and closed its career without attempt-

ing any revision or reversal of the enactments which had been recorded since the reign of James I. This neglect, if so it may be called, has never been repaired by the vigilance of its successor in the function of law-making—the parliament of the United Kingdom. The old Scots laws, in general, remain unaltered by any formal enactment. A few are occasionally quoted; but the greater number have been suffered to drop quietly into disuse, and so far they are practically a dead letter. The real active law of the country, gathered from the *Regiam*, old acts of parliament, and the usage of the courts, is embodied in the digests of lawyers—Erskine, Hume, Stair, &c.—along with statutes of recent enactment.

THE SOLITARY CITY.

MANY years ago I removed from a small country town to the huge Metropolis, several hundred miles distant. I remember the counsels of my parents on the occasion, the wholesome fears they wished to inspire, and the thousand cautions they gave me to walk circumspectly in the crowd; to discriminate nicely in my choice of acquaintances; and to eschew, above all things, the whirling vortex of company, into which an inexperienced person was so liable to be drawn. I cannot help smiling sadly as I reflect on the provincial simplicity of such advices, and the dreary years I passed in London before I could be said to have formed a single acquaintance, or had any temptation put in my way to enter into society at all.

There are, it is true, introductions which operate as an 'open sesame' even there; but these are of a peculiar class, and are only within the reach of a few. To the many, London society presents as hard and stony an exterior as the cave of the Forty Thieves; and they may circle round and round it in search of an opening for years, and try all the conjurations of the enchanter in vain. In the desert there are peopled oases, where the stranger may enjoy intercommunion with his kind, but in London every heart is closed against him: an atmosphere of repulsion seems to surround every family; and while his ear is stunned with the myriad noises of a great city, and his eye distracted with its ever-moving crowd, he is, emphatically, alone.

Society in London may be described as consisting of so many circles, the parts of which are extended over spaces of lesser or greater dimensions. People are in no respect acquainted from contiguity. A knows B, who lives six miles off; but, a thousand to one, has no knowledge of his next-door neighbour. Circles so scattered are impenetrable from invisibility; yet, when once entered, they are found, with an external air of repulsiveness, to possess all the kindness which distinguishes the human family elsewhere. I say when entered; that is, introduced in a regular manner. And there lies the mighty difficulty! The vastness of the place creates suspicion, or at least a certain distance of manner; and nothing is more common than for parties to be on nodding terms for a lifetime, without advancing an inch farther in each others' acquaintanceship. If any one wishes to fly from the world, let him plunge into London, and no wilderness will yield him a more secure retreat.

If the Londoners show a general character of reserve, it cannot be said they have any disposition to pry. Nowhere is respect for individual rights or feelings so markedly evinced. Nobody cares who you are, or what you are, or where you come from, or anything else about you. All that people care for is, that you pay your way, mind yourself and don't trouble them. Not that there is any positive churlishness, but it is against all rule to be unauthorisedly familiar. This is very observable in the higher class of coffee-rooms and taverns. There, each visitor selects an empty box or table, if he can find one; and if he is not so fortunate, sits as far from his neighbour as he can, or entirely abstracts himself in a newspaper. In the clubs, the

case is nearly similar. I know men at this moment who are moving heaven and earth to obtain admission to the Athenæum, in order to become personally acquainted with the stars of literature and art it numbers among its members. They may as well think of becoming personally acquainted, by as summary a process, with the stars of heaven.

I was once sitting in a coffee-house, where there were only two other guests, one an old gentleman, and the other a young one, occupying different boxes. The former was a fine old man, with hair as white as snow, and a remarkably benignant expression of countenance; while the other presented a favourable specimen of the Londoner, and was obviously an intelligent and educated person. The attention of the senior seemed to be attracted by the younger man. He looked at him long and earnestly. Some pleasing recollections appeared to be associated with his appearance; and at last getting up, though with some difficulty or uncertainty, he approached the object of his interest, and seated himself in the same box. The young man looked up, and their eyes met. The old gentleman seemed about to speak; but on the other dropping his eyes again upon his newspaper, he paused. At length he broke the dead silence of the room.

'I think you will understand,' said he, 'and I trust you will pardon the liberty I am about to take.' The young man looked up in surprise, succeeded by an expression of impatience. His eye dropped again upon the newspaper; but presently, as if on consideration, he looked up again, and bent his head chillingly, as much as to say, 'Speak—since you will.'

'I hardly know,' continued the old man with a gentle smile, 'why I address myself to you. But this room is very solitary—very silent. The inarticulate noise of the street puts me in mind of the rush of the wind round a cottage on the moors. It seems to dispose one to kindly feelings and social converse; and although your features are new to me, I feel as if I was acquainted with their expression. I am, in short, a sort of natural physiognomist. That is why I have addressed myself to you; and if you are not specially engaged—' He hesitated, for the young man's expression became more chilling, as his mind seemed to shrink from contact.

'Sir,' said he in a tone of cold decision, 'I wish to read the newspaper.' The old gentleman looked hurt for a moment, but hardly surprised, and he got up slowly, returned to his own box, and the room relapsed into silence as before.

The solitude of London is as profound in the great arteries of trade and population as in the remote, thoroughfare streets, where crisis is even growing in the interstices of the stones. But although the same in degree, it is different in kind. Each district has its own character of solitariness, and the hermit of Somers-town is a distinct person from the hermit of Thames Street. I am acquainted in my own person, as I have hinted, with the utter desolation in which a young man may live for many years in the crowd and bustle of London; and in a visit to one of the suburbs, I learned that a young woman may be in the same predicament.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon when I found myself one day traversing the quiet streets of Pentonville, which looks on with the most profound composure at the traffic of the City Road. Pentonville is not a hermit through disgust of the world, but through listlessness and indifference. It cannot understand the bustle of mankind; it does not know what they are about, and does not care. The dust of the great highway sweeps past, not through it; and it preserves, although it cannot be said to feel or enjoy, a charmed life of its own. Already (for Pentonville keeps early hours) the fragrant scent of tea arose from some of the areas as I passed, and the cries of the milkmaids, bringing their contributions to the afternoon meal, were heard in all directions. Paragon Terrace, as all men know, is retired even in this retirement. It is small, genteel, and eight-roomed, and being one-sided, it

enjoys a rural view in front over brick-fields. It was here my business lay; in fact—why should I disguise it?—I was looking for lodgings.

Being satisfied with the sitting-room proposed for me in one of the houses, I ascended to the highest landing-place of the neat but narrow stair, to look at the bedroom; but when the landlady had already turned the key in the door, an authoritative double-knock at the street door called her down. She turned the key back again, therefore (which is mentioned as a characteristic trait of the London landlady), and left me standing on the landing-place. Presently there came tripping up the stair a nice-looking young woman—it may be hardly out of her teens—bonneted, shawled, and brown paper-parcelled. She unlocked a door beside me, and was about to go in, when, taking her for the landlady's daughter, I inquired whether her key would unlock the other door. She answered in the negative.

'Are the two rooms alike?'

'Oh no,' said she; 'this is only my room.' Only her room! I could not resist the curiosity I felt to get a peep. It was a mere closet, which was entirely filled by a little bedstead, a little round work-table, and a single chair. In one corner of the room there was a little chimney, with a very little grate, supplied with a homoeopathic dose of remarkably small coal. What might be at the other end I could not tell, as the door was prevented from opening to the extent of more than one-third by the bedstead.

'And you live here alone?' said I. The young girl looked as if she did not know whether to shut the door in my face (which would have been London all over) or not; but after a momentary pause, in which she saw in me a lad about her own age, she replied with a smile, 'Not quite alone—chirrup! chirrup!'

'Chirrup!' replied a daisy-cumey in a cage hanging by the window, rousing itself as if from a nap.

'You have not room for many visitors?' observed I.

'I have no occasion for room.'

'What! have you no visitors?'

'No. How should I? I have of course no acquaintances.'

'Why of course?'

'Because I am from the country—and not many years neither.'

'Years! cried I with a start, for my period was as yet only months. 'Do you mean to tell me that you have been years in London without making a single acquaintance?'

'To be sure I do,' replied she with a pleasant laugh and a look of surprise. 'How should I make acquaintances?'

'Do you not know your landlady, for instance?'

'Yes, to pay her my rent; but what I call an acquaintance is some one to visit and to chat to. I have so many acquaintances in the country! But then I do talk to the milkwoman sometimes, when I run down stairs for my halfpennyworth—and she is such a chat! And when I go to the warehouse for my work, there is a dozen young ladies as well as my self all gabbling away at the same time—ha! ha!'

'But do they not visit you, nor you them? Do you not walk together? Do you never even meet on the street?'

'Never. They have all their own families, or their own friends, or their own acquaintances; and for me, I have only—my own cask! Chirrup! chirrup!'—and the poor young girl went gaily into her room, and shut the door, leaving me—great self that I was!—with a swelling heart and brimming eyes standing on the landing-place.

This is a specimen of a London bermitress—of a class little known and less noticed. Some fortuitous circumstances may at length bring them an acquaintance; and they may marry a clerk, a shopman, or a journeyman, and become the mothers of a line of Cockneys. But in general they pass a monotonous, though not always an unhappy life, from youth to age, and glide away from

the world without leaving a trace on its surface. The young girl I have mentioned became better known to me. We remained landing-place acquaintances for some time, for I took lodgings in the house; but the details of a life without blame and without incident would tell poorly here, and so I shall pass from the solitary of Pentonville.

I may say, however, that on the present occasion she had been put into better spirits than usual by receiving such an abundance of work from the warehouse; that she expected, by next Sunday, to have enough of savings to be able to complete the purchase of a new bonnet. What, then, was Sunday to her? It was a day to walk; to see crowds of people she did not know gliding past with their families; to watch snudly interesting couples 'keeping company,' and wonder with a smile whether she would ever have a wooer; to pat little children on the head, and recall to memory her own brothers and sisters; and finally, to have a large slice of plumpudding as an addition to her frugal dinner. In happy anticipation of these enjoyments, her hours of labour passed on that evening till it was time to sup and go to bed; for although the hour was still early, candles were expensive, while in the morning it was at that season light enough to work, even in London, before seven o'clock. Her supper consisted of more than one good slice of bread, which she rendered savoury by means of cheese—nibbling the latter like an economical mouse. She even thought, in the abundance of her good fortune—smile not as I record the circumstance!—of stepping out for a half pint of beer. She counted some pence, however, that were piled on the little mantelpiece; she calculated again, and then, shaking her head, took down from its shelf the little brown teapot, which she had filled with water after her afternoon meal. 'It has something like the colour!' thought she, as she poured the contents into a cup and breaking into shades at the colour, she drank off a beverage well known to the female solitary of London, and went gaily to bed.

The solitary habits of the Londoners are sometimes productive of a little inconvenience. On one occasion I heard the following dialogue between an artificer of some kind, with a stray batch of tools hanging over his shoulder, and a female voice in a subterranean shop.

'I say, m'fader, please to tell me where Mr Thompson the other livs—somewhere about here?'

'You must go round the corner,' screamed the voice. 'Do you know the lady as sells greens and ginger-bread?'

'No.'

'Then do you know the house as stands all alone, without never a shop for two doors?'

'No!—toady.'

'If a do you know the apple-stall the police went allow there by yon manner of mean?'

'No! and the artificer, at downright crusty.

'Then you must pass all these till you come to the chamber's with the sign of the tea-canister. Mr Thompson is in the one pair back.'

'Why didn't you say that at first?' said the artificer angrily. 'I loves there!' And hitching his basket on his shoulder, he passed on to find in his own lodging-house the man he had been looking for all over the neighbourhood.

Many such experiences I dare say, could be presented; and something still more illustrative of London solitude could be told in reference to that difficulty of difficulties—strangers getting into business in London—of making their existence known. On this latter particular we have an explanation of the advertising mania—the eager and enormous expensive struggle by which thousands are daily endeavouring to introduce themselves to notice. All who have read the 'Diary of a Physician,' will possess a vivid idea of the sufferings and melancholy sinking of the heart to which many professional men are exposed at their entrance to metropolitan life. This, however, is taking only a one-

sided view of affairs. There are lights as well as shades in the picture. The apparently impendable barrier once broken, where are we to find so boundless a circle of friends—where such cordiality, where such professional encouragement, as in the Solitary City? If in that vast theatre of action all are received with indifference, so is the way to fame and fortune opened indifferently to every comer. London is the only place on earth where national distinctions are disregarded—where men of all parties, sects, and colours exist on a footing of equality. Repulsive, therefore, as the exterior of metropolitan society may be, let us again assure the faint-hearted of its warmth and tenderness within. We may also venture to say that, to our apprehension, there has latterly been somewhat of a thaw in the reserve of London life. It may be fancy, and yet it does not seem unreasonable that the Metropolis should partake of the softening influences of the age. More family acquaintanceships are formed, more visits are paid, more kindly intercommunion of every sort takes place; and in the course of another generation, perhaps, some of the anti-social peculiarities to which we have been adverting may be only matter of tradition.

ISABELLA DE LORNA.

In the Caribbean Sea is situated the small island of Sorreno, so called from having been at one time inhabited by a Spaniard of that name. The interior, although the whole island is not more than eight or nine miles in circumference, is agreeably diversified with hill and valley; and on its sandy shores are ever found great numbers of the finest turtle. One day, about the middle of the seventeenth century, this insignificant, and, as it usually was, uninhabited, island was visited by a buccaner vessel, which cast anchor in one of its creeks; and its commander, the celebrated desperado Cleveland, leaving his ship, set out alone to explore the solitary domain.

It was almost sunset before he had made the tour of the island, mounting every hill to obtain a complete view; but still the pirate continued to walk on. At last he descried a human figure moving slowly in the middle of a little valley at some distance; and afraid that the burning orb, which he saw declining rapidly towards the sea, would leave him in darkness before he reached the object of his search, he quickened his steps, and strode sturdily down the hill-side. In these latitudes there is no twilight—no gradual departure of the tropic sun.

'No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dyes his wrath allay;
With disk, like battle-target shod,
He rushes o'er his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once, and all is night.'

Before this consummation, Cleveland reached a cabin, or Indian hut, made of tussuck grass, in the middle of the valley, and stood face to face with the solitary of Sorreno. This man—discovered by a roving bandit, in an Indian hut, on a desert island, in that far away sea—was the republican general Lambert, one of those stern and desperate men who had been concerned in the trial and condemnation of Charles I. The story he told Cleveland was to the following effect:—

'I have been lured across the Atlantic, and ultimately cooped up in this narrow territory, by the artfulness of a beautiful Spanish maiden, Isabella de Lorna, and, need I say, my own folly. This young lady I first heard of in the Tower of London, when lying there after the Restoration, under sentence of death, for being concerned in the trial of the king. While in prison, I became acquainted with Venables, another of Cromwell's officers. This person was incarcerated in consequence of having unaccountably failed, even with a strong force, to capture St Domingo. Unbosoming himself to me, he mentioned that the expedition under his command, consisting of five thousand men, sailed under sealed orders, to

be opened in a certain latitude. Previous to that time he took a vessel with the unlucky Spanish maiden on board; and he fell foolishly in love with her before he knew that his business was to capture her native city of St Domingo, to which she was then returning from the mother country. When the orders were at length opened, he communicated their nature to her; and she, from motives, it was supposed, of patriotic devotion, purchased his departure on the understanding that she was to give him her hand and affections. Having agreed to this dishonourable treaty, it was easy for Venables to find an excuse for retiring with the armament. On departing, he kept the fleet before the wind, passed the Ozama, which is the ruin of St Domingo, and landed on the coast to the westward of the city. This was in express contravention of the orders of Cromwell, whose plans were precise, and laid out on the best information; but once in that position, Venables had a very sufficient excuse for retiring from the attempt, the deep jealousy between the English and their prize, and Mount Najayo being already bristled over with Spanish arms. He proceeded, with the Spanish girl, to Jamaica, which he captured; and thence returning to England, was immediately sent to prison for trial by the Protector.

'Such,' continued Lambert, 'is the confession which Venables made to me in the Tower. I was deeply interested in the narrative, and resolved, if I had the good fortune to be liberated, to see the artful girl who had produced so remarkable a catastrophe. On receiving a commutation of my sentence of death to perpetual residence in the island of Guernsey, with a brief interval of liberty to visit my friends, I sought out and saw Donna de Lorna, the young Spaniard, whose appearance realised all the dreams of my imagination, all the longings of my heart. The question occurred to me—Did she really love Venables? and at length I ventured to suggest myself as preferable. This was wrong; but what will an unscrupulous passion not suggest? The lady, who perhaps had given up hopes of Venables, transferred her affections to me. My first thought was to get her to follow me to Guernsey, the place of my banishment. To this, however, there was the serious objection, that Venables was to be immediately liberated, and might follow us. Besides, she easily persuaded me that, in St Domingo, in the bosom of her family, and in the luxury of a world resembling the earthly paradise, I should find that repose for which my soul longed, and a more fitting habitation than elsewhere for my blessed Eve.

'Our elopement was soon determined on, and our plans laid and executed so well, that we were out at sea, in a vessel bound for Cadiz, before the cause of the fair Spaniard's disappearance was even suspected. At Cadiz we embarked for Hispaniola; and in fine, along with my protégée, whom it was my proudest hope to make my bride, arrived at our destination. The lady was received with transport by her family, which was one of the wealthiest and most respectable in the place. She mentioned that in a former voyage homeward from Spain, she had been taken prisoner, and carried to England, and that she owed her deliverance to me. This was all. There was no word of our love and matrimonial engagement, although it had been arranged that I was to be introduced as her betrothed. I was surprised, and presently I became alarmed. Was it possible that I had been made use of merely as the instrument of her deliverance? I demanded to see her, but I never saw her again. That night my chamber was entered by her three brothers, who told me, in a voice of concentrated passion, that their sister had confessed the whole of her adventure. I was stupefied. I had been made a dupe—a poor convenience—and was now to be cast away after my utility was past! The Spanish brothers had at first resolved upon my death, but they now merely required, that I should instantly re-embark for Europe by the way of Cartiagena. It was a relief, a positive enjoyment, to fly from the spot where the traitress had her being; and at midnight,

on the very day of my arrival in St Domingo, I found myself at sea, leaving behind for ever the lessening shores of the Ozama.

'The brothers embarked with me; and understanding not a word of Spanish, and they being the only persons on board who spoke English, I could make no one acquainted with the treachery of which I had been the victim. The strong easterly winds, which blow incessantly within the tropics, made it difficult for them to pursue their southerly course for Carthágena; and this, added to the prevailing currents, drove them towards the Nicaragua coast, amidst the numerous small islands which decorate these tranquil seas. One of these islets, in particular, was pointed out to me by the brothers. This was Sorreno, on which, with a supply of provisions, I was put ashore; and here you have found me.'

Such was the story told to the buccaner on the desert island, which he had visited on hearing it reported that a new regicide had taken up his abode on the domain of Sorreno. Cleveland, however, though willing to serve the narrator, and far from hinting that his misfortunes might be considered only a fair retribution for his treachery to Venables, could not help giving vent to his indignation at the political crimes of the regicide. Their argument, indeed, on this point ran so high, that the affronted buccaner at length turned on his heel, and went back to his ship—Lambert assuring him that if ever they met on Christian ground, he would call him to account for his impertinence. The vessel remained for some time in the bay; and Cleveland, in the meantime, made an excursion to the Spanish main, after which he returned to Sorreno, and found Lambert in a disposition somewhat milder than before. He took him, therefore, on board his vessel, and after a short voyage, put him ashore on the coast of Jamaica. From hence Lambert betook himself to his appointed retreat in Guernsey, where he died, after an agreeable and tranquil sojourn.

In concluding this singular narrative, we may say a single word of Venables. On being released from the Tower, he expected that he should now be united to the lady who had accompanied him to England; but lo! she had vanished, as we have related—contrived to dupe another Englishman, and to find in him the means of returning to her friends. We cannot compliment her on her integrity; but neither can we sympathise in the mortification of her infatuated admirers.

HER MAJESTY'S TOBACCO DEPOT, LIVERPOOL.

Two or three years ago, when visiting the London docks, I was favoured with a sight of one of the largest storehouses in the world—the depot of tobacco under the charge of the custom-house officials. That there should have been another such depot in Great Britain, I entertained no idea, till, on a late occasion, when I visited Liverpool. There I found a tobacco warehouse connected with the customs, apparently equal in dimensions and importance to that in London, and giving an equally impressive notion of what John Bull, in his folly, habitually puffs into the atmosphere.

Entering by a dingy courtyard adjoining the Queen's Dock, I was conducted into this Liverpool tobacco warehouse. The first sensation on entering is that of an intense acrid odour, which affects not only the nostrils, but the breathing, for the atmosphere is loaded with tobacco effluvia. Somewhat inconvenienced by this feeling, we pass up an aisle or interval between rows of casks, and find ourselves in the centre of the vast apartment. The light, which is admitted by the roof, reveals hogsheads on hogsheads of tobacco, piled up on every side, leaving passages between for the operations of the attendants. The length of the building is five hundred and seventy-five feet, and its breadth two hundred and fifty; the roof being supported on small but strong cast-iron pillars, so as to afford the

largest possible accommodation in the space. Great as is this enclosure, it has lately been found too circumscribed for the storing of the large quantities of tobacco imported into Liverpool, and several additions to the building have recently been made. There is not a particle of architectural ornament about the structure. The exterior shows nothing but a dead wall; one side forms a wall to the dock, and the other is separated from the Mersey by a pleasant parade. Indeed the whole building is nothing but a mighty shed, round which custom-house regulations have thrown an air of isolation.

All the tobacco which comes to the port of Liverpool must, except in special cases, be warehoused in this building. It is here examined by the owners or importers, who select that which is good, and on which they deem it profitable to pay the duty of three shillings per pound. That which is rejected is cast aside and burned. The hogsheads which contain the tobacco are roughly and widely made, but they are very firm and strong, and each contains about twelve or fourteen hundredweight. When one is to be examined, it is brought from a heap, and set upright on the ground. The fastenings of the staves at the lower part is unloosed, and the wood-work is then lifted bodily up, leaving the tobacco exposed as a large compact cylindrical mass. A workman then digs into it with an iron crow bar, and large pieces, like cakes, are removed. These are examined, and a judgment pronounced on their quality. A portion is pulled out as a sample, wrapped neatly up, and marked with certain exhibitive figures known to the initiated. The whole is then firmly pressed together again, and in a few minutes it is placed in the cask, hooped, and removed. Every piece of tobacco that leaves this warehouse must pay duty; and even the samples thus selected, small though they be, are charged, though, if they are again brought back, the amount is returned.

Nearly all the tobacco stored here is from the United States of America, but principally from the state of Virginia. It is all in an unmanufactured state, consisting of the light-brown leaves rolled together and compressed. The warehouse contains the largest quantity towards the beginning of winter, or just after time has been given for the autumn leaves to be gathered, dried, and sent across the Atlantic. On the day of my visit, it was calculated that about twenty thousand casks were in the warehouse, and if we suppose each of them to contain, on an average, twelve hundredweight, we have an aggregate of twenty-six millions eight hundred and eighty thousand pounds of tobacco, realising a revenue to government of nearly four million pounds sterling. Although this, however, must have been the accumulated stock, the yearly quantity entered for home consumption in 1842 was 22,309,360 lbs.; increased to this amount from 8,000,000 lbs. imported in 1798. The duty received in the former years was £3,580,164. The ideas called up by such a mass of tobacco are perfectly staggering. If the material ministered to the necessities of man, the sight of so many millions of pounds would be quite cheering. But to think that the tobacco, piled in such enormous quantities here, is all to vanish in smoke through the meanness of the mouths of enlightened Britons, quite overpowers the imagination, and completely baffles the grasp of common sense. The idea of a nation like the British, which is now doing such wonderful work for all humanity and all time, gravely, and as a matter of course, puffing out in smoke, or inhaling in dust every year, more than twenty-two million pounds' weight of tobacco, and finding ways and means to pay between three and four million pounds sterling for the privilege of doing so, is really, to say the least of it, very humbling to the pride of the nineteenth century. And yet this is not all. I have merely indicated the quantity on which duty is paid; but Mr Macculloch calculates that one-third of what is consumed in Great Britain is supplied by the smuggler; which will give, as the grand annual total, about thirty-three million and a half pounds' weight. This is only about

a sixteenth part less than the quantity we require every year for home consumption of the more innocent and amiable luxury, tea. Tobacco, says, as Arthur Cayley in his *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* says, be

'Poison that cures; a vapour that affords content more solid than the smile of lords; Rest to the weary; to the hungry food; The last kind refuge of the wise and good.'

But all the imagination and fancy, wit and humour of poets, will not bide one jot of our sadness at the mighty monument of human frailty exhibited in these great receptacles.

About the centre of the warehouse is built a large furnace, which was crackling and roaring merrily on the day of my visit, while hot gleams shot out from chimneys in the massive iron doors, giving evidence of the fearful fire within. In every establishment there is always something known by a jocular nickname, and the standing joke about this furnace is to call it 'Queen Victoria's Tobacco Pipe.' All the rejected tobacco is burned in this right royal tobacco pipe. Fortunately for the citizens of Liverpool, the tobacco warehouse is at a considerable distance from all dwelling-houses, otherwise the strong fumes arising from the furnace-chimney would prove anything but conducive to health. Behind the furnace is a large circular recess, in which the tobacco ashes are piled up to the extent of several cart-loads. They are found useful in many chemical preparations, and being of a siliceous nature, form a good dentifrice.

At one end of the warehouse there is a division called the Cigar Room. This contains myriads of cigars, neatly and firmly packed in convenient cases. None of these are of course allowed to be taken away without the payment of duty, though, in cases where they are required for ships' stores or exportation, a drawback, or repayment of the duty to the extent of 2s. 7½d. per pound, is made. Besides the foreign cigars, a vast quantity is made at home; but it is clearly understood, from the exposures that have been made from time to time in the London newspapers, that many of the latter are of British growth as well as British manufacture. Not only are dried cabbage leaves, and other materials of the kind, liberally used for the purpose, but in a recent case inquired into by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, it was shown that some cigars are entirely composed of *brown paper*. In this cigar room there are also large heavy packages of the finer sorts of tobacco, known by the names of 'Cavendish,' 'Negroland,' 'Honey-dew,' &c. This finer sort is obtained from those parts of America where the climate is warmer than in Virginia. These also are piled numerous packages of a cubical form, one foot thick, containing South American tobacco, the covering consisting of cattle skins, apparently dried in the sun, and stitched firmly together. They were lying found in great numbers, and resembled a mighty pile of brown and variegated hairy trunks. It is curious, indeed, to find here, wrapping tobacco, the skin of some noble animal that may have ranged freely over South American plains, until the desire to 'turn an honest penny' by the sale of its hide tempted a hunter to ensnare it with the fatal lasso. Several of these packages, which had been slightly damaged by the salt water, had been opened, and, as I understood, were considered not good enough for the smokers of this country, and were to be exported to Africa for the use of the negroes. In the same room, some men were engaged in chopping off the hard woody fibres of the canes, on which the owners would not pay duty. These fragments are all gathered together, and, on the principle that all is valueless which pays no duty, are cast into the fire.

The utmost attention is paid to accuracy in weighing the tobacco previous to charging it with duty. Scales which weigh about twelve or fourteen hundredweight at a time are used; and after the workmen have steadily added the pile in one of the scales, they all withdraw.

A circle is formed, within which none but the proper officers are allowed to enter; and when they have ascertained the weight, a signal is given, the spell is dissolved, and the pile is removed. The celerity with which the workmen fix it again in its covering is surprising. The staves, which seem as if they were kept from falling to pieces only by a slight attachment to one of the ends, are lifted up in a mass, and brought down, covering the material. A rope is slipped round the lower part, to keep them together, the hoops are rapidly fixed on, and the hoghead tilted up and placed under a powerful screw, which compresses the tobacco firmly down, previous to the fastening of the other end.

In the dock adjoining the warehouse the tobacco vessels are generally moored; and the hogheads carted in a few minutes from the ship's side into the safe keeping of her majesty's revenue officers. The warehouse is the property of the corporation of Liverpool, which receives from government an annual rent for it of £1364, 5s.

It may truly be said that this tobacco warehouse is a 'commercial wonder,' and still more truly that it is a 'moral wonder.' It is wonderful to think that all this mighty store, springing from the soil of the new world, is soon to be cast forth into our atmosphere in clouds of smoke from meerschaum, cigar, and 'dudeen'; and still more wonderful to think of the dreamy visions and cloudy air castles, and damaged health and mean habits, to which all this smoking must give rise. It is indeed a moral wonder, which men ought to contemplate with sad and serious feelings.

Column for Young People.

THE BISHOP AND THE BIRDS.

[Is a little circle of young persons, it sometimes happens that one is peculiarly gifted with the power of story-telling, and becomes, accordingly, the established centre of the group. Such a person we conceive Agnes London to be, the girl-author of a little volume, which her mother, Mrs. London, has edited, under the title of *Tales for Young People*. There is surprising spirit, and some tolerable apprehension of natural character, in this cluster of stories, particularly in one which, from its length, may be called the chief substance of the volume—*The Dogs' Country Parrot*. Of another (*The Lost Gloves*) it is unnecessary here to speak, as it appeared originally in these pages, the actual writer being then unknown to us. A very few short pieces are added, as a second part, by Mrs and Miss London.

We were anxious to present some extracts from the stories of the principal writer; but, finding difficulty in doing so, without going further than is fair towards so small a book, we have finally determined to make a little translation from the German, by Miss London, our justification for bringing this specimen of juvenile authorship before our readers. A bishop, who had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' thus explains the matter to an intimate friend:]—

'Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper-berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to

pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper-berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood, he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than any thing else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees; "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read!"

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."

DIFFERENT STATES OF MEDICAL PRACTICE

IN THE THREE KINGDOMS.

THE following just remarks on this subject, appear in the *Scotsman* new paper, in a review of an address published as a pamphlet by Mr Carmichael at Dublin, the object of which is to promote medical reform in Ireland. We have touched on the subject before; but while the evil exists, it cannot be presented too often to notice:—

"We perceive from this address, and from another presented to Mr Carmichael by the Fellows and Licentiates of the Irish College of Surgeons, that Dublin, like most of the large towns both of England and Ireland, labours under medical disadvantages which are scarcely known in Edinburgh. In the sister kingdoms, the apothecaries are the general practitioners of medicine (the family doctors, in short), and they are remunerated, not by fees for their attendance, but by profit on the medicine they furnish. This state of things bespeaks an unenlightened, trading, material spirit in the people, who apparently do not appreciate skill, judgment, and experience as worthy of re-

muneration, but are willing to pay for physical stuffs which they can see, handle, and swallow. A greater or more injurious delusion than this has never possessed the public mind. The whole current of medical science is now directed to the study and guidance of the vital functions, with a view to preserve them in health, and to restore them when diseased, not by drugs, but by means of correct habits of living, diet, air, exercise, climate, and moral influences. This is the true science of medicine. It raises the medical practitioner at once to the dignity of a moral and intellectual benefactor of his race. He becomes the friend and best adviser of his patients in regard to their habits of life, the localities of their residences, their habits of application to business, the treatment of their children, &c.; and for such advice based on knowledge and experience, and most beneficial to the tendencies, it is the interest of every patient to pay, and to pay liberally.

Such are the views of medical science, advocated by the great leaders of the profession in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and we are happy to add, essentially adopted and acted on by the public of Edinburgh. In this city, the general practitioners, with extremely few exceptions, merely visit the patient and prescribe. His prescription is carried to any apothecary's shop the patient prefers. The practitioner, in many instances, does not know which shop this is; and most certainly he has no interest in it, directly or indirectly. Physician, patient, and apothecary, would all equally revolt at the idea of any unadmitted trade of gain between these three functionaries. With us the general practitioner is paid by fees, and by fees alone.

In England and Ireland, widely different views of medical science seem to be entertained by the people. In these countries, the human body, when sick, appears to be regarded as some what like an old rickety tenement which has been attacked by rats, beetles, crickets, or some other species of vermin, quite foreign to its substance and constitution, but worth preserving by scraping the floor and gnawing the timber, &c., week by week down. The man of skill is called in, and by means of smoke, arsenic, broken bottles, plaster, and other appliances, labours to expel the intruders. If he succeeds, the fabric is saved; if he fails, its decay is accelerated, and its dissolution is anticipated as certain. Thus is the human body treated by the English and Irish apothecary. With him, vermin, like vermin in the tenement, is a positive entity, which has taken possession of the body of his patient; and his object is to expel it by drugs. The Pharmacopoeia is his inventory of shot and shells, to be discharged at the attack till the foe shall be compelled to evacuate it; and each shot has its power. Iron and sulphur had up to the forty-eight pounder. The patient is placed in preparation to the vision of the bombardment, and he courageously sustains the assault, in full confidence of victory at last. The idea of the disease being nothing foreign to the body—nothing that needs to be attacked and expelled—but merely deranged functions, which must be restored to health by hygienic treatment (the side use of drugs being to aid nature in her own evolution), all this appears to be too abstract and impalpable for the popular understanding. Hence even the enlightened practitioner is often forced, by the state of the public mind, to follow the pernicious system of administering drugs, in many cases merely to satisfy the patient, and to obtain remuneration for his own skill and attendance."

NOTE.

There are, I have said, three sources of beauty—natural beauty, given beauty, and artificial beauty. For what did the Creator make things so beautiful as they are made? Had he intended? For what has he endowed man with an exquisite sense of beauty, but that he may cultivate it, and find in it a source of pleasure and delight? As I have grown older, this sense of beauty—and I deem it agreeable sentiment—has become more acute; and every day of my life, the world and nature, nature and art, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral creation, the heaven and the earth, the fields and flowers, men, women, and children, wit, genius, learning, moral purity and moral loveliness, deeds of humanity, fortitude, patience, heroism, disinterestedness, have seemed to me continually more and more beautiful, as, at the setting of the sun, man looks out upon a world made richer and more glorious by his lingering radiance, and skies lit up with an unwarmed gorgeousness.

and splendour. But the human countenance seems in many cases to concentrate all of physical, intellectual, and of moral beauty, which can be combined in one bright point. Why should it not, therefore, be admired? In the commingled beams of kindness and good-humour brightening up the whole face, like heat-lightning in summer on the western sky; or in the flashes of genius sparkling in the eyes with a splendour which the fires of no diamond can rival; or in the whole soul of intelligence, and noble thoughts, and heroic resolution, and strong and lofty passion glowing in the countenance—there is a manifestation of creative power, of divine skill, univalued in any spot or portion of the works of God.—*Colman's European Agriculture.*

THE STOMACH AN UN-USED MEMBER.

The stomach being distended with soup, the digestion of which, from the very nature of the operations which are necessary for its completion, would in itself be sufficient labour for that organ, is next tempted with fish, rendered indigestible from its spines; then with flesh-and fowl; the vegetable world, as an intelligent reviewer has observed, is ransacked from the cryptogamia upwards; and to this miscellaneous aggregate are added the pernicious pastries of the pastry cook, and the complex combination of the confectioner. All these evils, and many more, have those who move in the ordinary society of the present day to content with. It is not to one or to two good dishes, even abundantly indulged in, but to the overloading the stomach, that such strong objections are to be urged; nine persons in ten eat as much soup and fish as would amply suffice for a meal, and as far as soup and fish are concerned, would rise from the table not only satisfied, but saturated. A new stimulus appears in the form of stewed beef, or *Cochilles à la Supreme*; then comes a Bayonne or Westphalia ham, or a pickled tongue, or some analogous salted, but proportionably indigestible dish, and each of these enough for a single meal. But this is not all. Game follows; and to this again succeed the sweets, and a quantity of cheese. The whole is crowned with a variety of flatulent fruits and indigestible necks, included under the name of dessert, in which we must not forget to notice a mountain of sponge-cake. Thus, then, it is that the stomach is made to receive, not one full meal, but a succession of meals rapidly following each other, and vying in their mischievous and pernicious nature with the ingredients of Macbeth's children. Need the philosopher, then, any longer wonder at the increasing number and variety of dyspeptic complaints, with their long train of maladies, amongst the higher classes of society.—*Paris on Diet.*

HOW TO SPEAK TO CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded, I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered, as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavour to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection; so also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm, to the untaught one, in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a

pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.—*Christian Register.*

THE WOODLAND WALK.

BY WILLIAM FELIOT, A CANADIAN IMMIGRANT.

LET us in the forest stroll,
For winter's nigh;
And not the lone church-bell doth toll,
Or dreamer sigh
Sweeter, than the soothing wind
Telleteth to the trees his mind.

The sun no longer dazzling bright,
The green earth scorches;
But with misty mellow light,
As golden torches,
Falls upon each weeping tree—
Fitting light those trees to see!

Now the twisted old thorns wear
Their russet dresses;
Now the tangled grape vines bear
Their purple tresses;
The cranberry now gleameth, leading
Its weight upon the dogwood bending.

Bright the streamlet sparkles by,
Sauttering in play;
But soon it statheth gaily
To wend its way,
O'er the mossy limestones welling,
And of gaudesome fancies telling.

See the wood grouse strutting past,
Then turn away;
The chitmouse's comic plumes cast,
Amidst its play;
Woodpecker, with eye a-swoon,
Craving work to give one glance.

Hark! the fretting blue jay chileth,
Sire scurs to see;
Nimbly the black squirrel hideth
In the old oak-tree;
Slily creepeth the garter snake,
Making for the sheltered brake.

Low in the beech the brown owl sits
With staring eye,
Wondering, in his dreamy wit,
Whether to fly;
While far away, through elm and oak,
Harshly comes the raven's croak.

High upon the staunch black cherry,
The plover sways—
With its front he maketh merry,
Flapping his wings;
As on the neighbouring dead ash limb
The stealthy hen hawk watcheth him.

Damp and crumbling the old tree lies
Beneath the storm;
Decorously the green moss tries
To hide its form;
And many a wan and yellow leaf
Will lend its shroud in silent grief.

Gently o'er the wild wind breatheth
The elm-tree old—
For which the hanging creeper wreatheth
Its purple fold;
Softly, on the bronzed oak,
Bearing mark of the thunder stroke.

It churrneth to the yellow bass
A dreamy lay;
The crows on maple then to pass
It hark away;
Now it loudly stoops to talk
To the golden-robed sunnec.

Through the wood it whispereth low,
Consoling all—
'Give not way to care or wo—
The leaves may fall,
But again the cherry springs
Back both leaves and flowers will bring!'

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TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our second attempt to reach Lord Rosse's telescope was more successful, and attended with fewer adventures, than that of which I have presented an account. First by railway to Kildare, and thence by coach, the journey of seventy-eight miles from Dublin was satisfactorily performed; and early in the afternoon of an October day we found ourselves comfortably seated in a hotel in Parsonstown.

The appearance of this town somewhat surprised us. In travelling towards it from Dublin, we have occasion to cross various extensive tracts of bog, useful no doubt for fuel to the adjacent inhabitants, but otherwise unproductive, and too large and unsightly to inspire pleasing emotions. There is also seen not a little wayside poverty—mud hovels, a poor state of husbandry, and a struggling, though far from dense population. Immediately beyond one of the dreary bog regions, we come suddenly upon Parsonstown, almost as neat and brisk a town as could be seen in England—environs consisting of numerous villas, a square of good houses, and several regular streets; pretty nearly the whole being whitewashed, and possessing an air of substantiality and comfort. To account for these agreeable features, I was informed that Parsonstown has become a favourite resort of families seeking a place of genteel retirement, though the nature of the climate is by no means favourable to those requiring a dry and equable condition of the atmosphere. Perhaps not the least irresistible of its attractions are the easy terms on which building-ground is obtained from Lord Rosse, and the not less marked liberality of that nobleman in opening his extensive pleasure-grounds for several hours daily to all who choose to visit them.

A walk along a terrace of houses, forming, with the trees opposite, a species of boulevard, conducts us to the gate of his lordship's domain; and, uninterrupted, we soon reach the lawn in front of the castle—a large and commodious building of some antiquity, which endured a siege during the wars of the Revolution. In whatever manner the edifice was surrounded with defences in those troublesome times, it is now open to the park-like lawn that bounds it on the north, and in which are situated the various telescopes of its ingenious proprietor. Previous to the arrival of the steward, who was kindly deputed to afford us every desirable information, we had an opportunity of taking a general glance at the apparatus, and of looking around the grounds, through which flows, in many a meandering turn, the pretty little river Lower Brosna, a tributary of the Shannon.

The telescopes, on which of course our attention was

mainly riveted, are three in number, like the degrees of comparison—great, greater, greatest; and are all situated near to each other, so as to command a fair view of the heavens over the tops of the trees which bound the lawn. The smallest is contained in a dome-roofed edifice, resembling an ordinary observatory, and therefore presents nothing exteriorly remarkable. The two larger are under no roof; they are open to the weather; great black tubes dangling from chains like the funnels of steamboats, lowered slopingly from the perpendicular. One of these is twenty-six feet long and three feet in diameter, and is adjusted so as to wheel round to point in any required direction. The other, which is appropriately called the 'monster telescope,' measures fifty feet in length by six feet in diameter, and is suspended between high and substantial walls, which permit its command of only a stripe of the heavens from south to north—an arrangement which, however imperative from the bulk of the machine, I was sorry to think must somewhat lessen its usefulness.

So much for a first glance of these wonderful astronomical instruments. Before we had walked round them, the steward, an intelligent and obliging young man, placed himself at our service; and, by way of beginning at the beginning, conducted us to the workshops where the whole apparatus was made. Our road proceeded through a clump of trees, and emerged on a courtyard on the right of the castle, where an entire engineering establishment disclosed itself. It was certainly something new to find a smelting-furnace in active operation, blown by a steam-engine, within a dozen feet of the drawing-room window of a nobleman's castle! The furnace was puffing away at a great rate; and a neat little engine was diligently occupied not only in blowing the bellows, but in giving motion to sundry shafts, belts, and pulleys. A large complex piece of machinery, designed to turn and smooth the specula of the telescopes, was at rest; and about a dozen men were here and there occupied with sundry minor operations. All the workmen who have, from first to last, been engaged in preparing the telescopes, or the apparatus connected with them, have been natives—a fact which will seem strange to those who are unacquainted with the aptitude for instruction of the Irish character. It will probably appear not less surprising that the instructor and superintendent of these artisans in their multifarious duties has been no other than Lord Rosse, whose accomplishments in practical science, independently of his rank, would place him in a distinguished position. As illustrating of his skill in this respect, an anecdote is related by the good folk of Parsonstown, to the effect of his lordship having on one occasion visited an engineering establishment in London, and there shown such a knowledge of mechanics, that the proprietor, in his ignorance of whom he was addressing,

offered him a situation of some hundred per annum—a compliment, one can fancy, which is not likely to be paid to many other members of the peerage. Devoted to pursuits involving mathematical calculations, he has been pretty constantly engaged, since 1826, in perfecting the means of telescopic observation; and on this interesting branch of science alone he is understood to have spent, till the present time, as much as £30,000. Long-continued and costly as have been these labours, they could not have realised their present successful results, unless they had been conducted with the most imperturbable patience and good-humour, together with a readiness to have recourse to new and hazardous expedients on all occasions of difficulty and defeat. On this account, the operations of his lordship more resemble the long and studious exercises of the old alchemists in their laboratories, than the proceedings of a modern man of science and letters.

It would be a very long story to tell all that Lord Rosse has done since he commenced his labours twenty years ago, and I need therefore refer only to the more important steps in his operations,—a slight popular sketch being alone desirable in these pages. His lordship began by attempting to make a telescope, with glass lenses, of the old and usual kind. A short course of experiments proved that little good could arise from this effort, and he then adopted the principle of the reflecting telescope, an instrument differing considerably from a refracting or lens telescope, and of later invention. Sir Isaac Newton was the first who constructed a telescope of this kind, in 1666; and one which he made in 1672 is still preserved as a curiosity in the library of the Royal Society. The principle of the reflecting telescope is exceedingly simple. At the bottom of an open tube is placed a piece of polished metal, of a slightly hollowed or spherical form, called a speculum; and on this, as on a concave mirror, the object is reflected. The reflection may be seen directly by looking in at the upper end of the tube; but as this would partly intercept the rays from the object, it is customary to cause the reflection from the speculum to fall on a small flat mirror, placed obliquely at the proper focal distance in the tube, and then look in upon that by an eye-glass at the side. The power of a reflecting speculum depends, like that of a lens, on its diameter and degree of sphericity; or, properly speaking, its capacity for collecting the rays which stream from any object. In employing the exact spherical concavity, however, there is always a slight confusion to the eye, in consequence of the centre of the speculum giving the image or reflection of the object at a different focal distance from the parts at and near the circumference. This confusion, which is called *spherical aberration*, can be avoided only by forming the speculum with a parabolic curve; that is, a concavity slightly elliptical or oval; but the exceeding difficulty of producing this figure with mathematical accuracy, may be judged from the fact, that if two specula of six feet in diameter, the one spherical, and the other parabolic, were pressed into contact at the centre, the edges would not diverge from each other more than the thousandth part of an inch. The spherical form, therefore, with all its defects, has usually been employed. The objection, which equally applies to spherical lenses, may be diminished or removed by the opposite aberration of a concave lens. Although the spherical aberration may in this manner be remedied in lens telescopes, there is one still more serious imperfection which it is difficult to avoid. A ray of white light, as is well known, is resolvable into several rays of different

colours. In passing through a glass lens, these coloured rays are refracted differently, and consequently present a confusion to the eye. This confusion, which is called *chromatic aberration*, has been attempted to be remedied by making lenses partly of flint and partly of crown glass, so as to accommodate the refraction of the different rays, and bring them to the same focus. Dolland's *achromatic* telescopes, constructed on this plan, have been the most successful in this respect; but they do not perfectly meet the difficulty; and hence the probability of insuring greater accuracy in the reflecting than in the refracting or lens telescope.

Lord Rosse, at the outset, abandoned the spherical form altogether, and endeavoured to produce a true parabolic speculum, which should be free from aberration. An approximation to the parabolic in small specula had previously been attained by certain telescope-makers by means of hand labour. His lordship attempted no such imperfect process: he invented a grinding and polishing-machine, by which, after repeated trials, he realised the means of making perfect specula of any dimensions, from one to six feet in diameter. A difficulty not less formidable impeded his operations—the casting of a speculum of sufficient size and strength. Herschel discovered Uranus with a speculum of forty-eight inches diameter; but it became tarnished, from defects of composition, and was abandoned for one of eighteen inches. That which was now desirable was a nice adjustment of metallic compounds, which, while affording a durable lustre, would also give that degree of ductility by which the speculum could be handled and ground without liability to fracture. After numerous trials, it was found that the best combinations were of tin and copper, in the proportions of rather more than two of copper to one of tin.* These proportions fused together, and cast in a mould, made a preferable speculum metal. Here it may possibly be asked, Why not make a speculum of glass, and silver it on one side like a mirror? This was, in reality, done by Short, an eminent telescope-maker about a century ago; the plan, however, which is open to some objections, has never succeeded well since. Besides, it must be recollected that it is not the glass of a mirror which reflects, but the metal on its back; and therefore, if a mirror can be made without a facing of glass, its reflection is more likely to be correct. The object of Lord Rosse, then, was to construct a large metal mirror, neither too soft nor too hard in substance, and of imperishable brilliancy of surface.

With a knowledge of the proper proportions to be used, Lord Rosse commenced making a speculum which should be three feet in diameter, by casting sixteen separate portions, to be soldered together afterwards. After repeated trials, he made one of this compound kind, and it was by the experience he acquired in doing so that he became acquainted with the method of casting a large speculum in a single piece. Several troubling difficulties attended his first efforts. Small air-holes were formed in the metal, and the speculum cracked in cooling. A mould of sand, and subsequently a mould of cast-iron, failed in giving freedom from pores. The desideratum was a kind of mould which should retain the molten metal, and yet allow the air-globules to escape. Such was at length discovered, and it is this which has deservedly stamped Lord Rosse's name with celebrity, reducing as it does the casting of specula to a certainty. The simplicity of the contrivance causes it to

* Correctly, 1264 parts of copper to 589 of tin.

appear a matter of no great wonder; but, like the plan pursued by Columbus to make the egg stand on end, it is easy only when it is known. The contrivance consisted in making the bottom of the mould of layers of hoop iron, bound closely together, with the edges uppermost. By this means the iron conducted the heat away through the bottom, so as to cool the metal towards the top, while the interstices between the hoops, though close enough to prevent the metal from running out, were sufficiently open to allow the air to escape. At my visit I had an opportunity of seeing this singular mould: it was a large disk of malleable iron, the layers of which were about half an inch thick, and to all appearance so closely welded, that water could not filter through them.

The first large speculum thus made in a single piece was a round plate of metal three feet in diameter, nine inches thick, and upwards of a ton in weight. On becoming solid, it was removed, to be annealed, to a brick oven, the mouth of which is level with the ground, at the distance of a few feet. The oven was nearly red-hot when the speculum was shut up within it, and from this temperature it was allowed to become gradually cool, when the annealing was completed. The time required for annealing a plate of this large size is, I believe, about three weeks; and yet, with all this attention, so brittle is the metal, from sudden variations of temperature, that a warm hand laid upon it in a cold night will make it fly in pieces.

Following the mass to the next stage in its progress, we find it placed, with the face upwards, upon a turning apparatus. Here it is seen moving round slowly, immersed partially in water, in order to be kept cool, while a grinding or rubbing tool works on its surface. By means of this grinder, with emery and water, and the adjusted rotative motions, the proper parabolic curve, along with a certain degree of smoothness, is produced; after which the surface is similarly polished with resin, and some other substances. The required curve is ascertained in the following manner. The grinding is performed on the ground-floor of a house, adjoining which is a tower several storeys high. On the top of this tower is erected a mast, the summit of which is ninety feet from the speculum on the grinding machine. To the top of the mast the dial-plate of a watch is fixed, forming a small round object reflected against the sky. When the workmen wish to try the capacity of the speculum, it is cleared of its grinder, trap-doors overhead are opened, the figures on the dial-plate are reflected on the speculum, and this reflection is seen at the regulated focal distance by means of a small eye-piece: in other words, a temporary telescope is formed without a tube; and by this ingenious yet simple device the speculum is wrought to that nice parabolic figure which brings the incident rays to an exact focus. Of the extreme accuracy required, we may obtain some notion from a statement of Lord Rosse, that an error of a small fraction of a hair's-breadth would destroy all hope of correct action; and Dr Robinson mentions that the smallest inequality of local pressure during the polishing process, would be attended with the result of changing a well-defined star into a blot or comet.* The speculum,

nevertheless, was polished in the short space of six hours.

The speculum, so fortunately completed, was fixed or bedded on three iron plates, which gave it support, and then transferred to its appointed situation in the tube. This, as I have already noticed, is three feet in diameter and twenty-six feet long, and attached to an apparatus on the lawn, by which it can be brought to bear on any point of the sky a short way above the horizon. The machinery for moving it round and raising and depressing it is simple and ingenious, and notwithstanding its size, it may be adjusted with the greatest ease. Two step-ladders form part of the apparatus, and by these we mount to a gallery, which can be raised or lowered to any required height. In order to procure an observation, the tube is first brought to bear on the star or other object, and the gallery being raised, we ascend to it by one of the ladders. On reaching the gallery, which is a small ruled platform sufficient to hold several persons, we find ourselves close to the telescope, near its upper extremity; and here, on looking through a small eye-piece fixed to the tube, we at once recognise in the obliquely-placed mirror within the object of our observation. The tube is of wood hooped with iron, and the focal distance of the speculum is twenty-seven feet. I was rather surprised to find that the mouth of the tube remained permanently open, the natural idea arising in my mind being that the rain and vapours would enter thereby, and injure the speculum at the lower extremity. I was informed, however, that the telescope is lowered in wet weather, and that the speculum is confined in a case, the cover of which is withdrawn by an exterior action when required. A vessel of quicklime is also kept constantly in the case, for the purpose of absorbing the moisture and acid vapours by which the speculum might be tarnished.

The power of the telescope depends on the glasses employed in the eye-piece. This requires a little explanation. The rays collected by the speculum are directed on the mirror at the proper focal distance, and there reflected clearly, or brought within telescopic reach. A telescope must be employed to magnify the image, or draw it out; and accordingly a small telescope like a pocket prospect glass technically an eye-piece, is used for this purpose. But this eye-piece requires to be used with discretion: its glasses must be suited according to circumstances. Unless the atmosphere be exceedingly clear and dry, a powerful telescope will magnify its particles, and these will seemingly form a haze interceptive of lucid observation. Different densities, from contending streams of warm and cold air, will have a similar result; and if the atmosphere be excessively cold, as in a Russian winter, floating specks of ice, invisible to the naked eye, will be magnified so as equally to interrupt perfect astronomical observation. Such contingencies present serious drawbacks to the increase of power in telescopes; and in the instrument we have been describing, they are attempted to be overcome by employing various eye-pieces, whose magnifying powers range from 180 to 2000—that is to say, taking the power of the naked eye as 1, an artificial power is applied to give an appearance from 180 to 2000 times greater.

The performances of this magnificent twenty-six-foot telescope were found to be far beyond those of any previously constructed instrument. Certain patches of light or nebulous matter in the heavens were resolved into clusters of separate stars: stars hitherto seen but dimly, appeared round and well-defined; and on the surface of the moon, valleys, mountain-tops, and craters of volcanoes were plainly visible. Gratifying as were these results, Lord Rosse considered that something still grander could be achieved; and before the twenty-six-foot telescope was well finished, he projected one of the extraordinary dimensions of six feet diameter in the speculum, with a tube of fifty feet long. The casting, grinding, polishing, and mounting of this monster speculum were pretty nearly a repetition, on a larger

* I have been indebted for some of these facts to an excellent article on Lord Rosse's telescope in the Dublin Review; likewise to an equally able article on the same subject in the North British Review. In the latter, the following technical explanation is given of the mode in which the parabolic figure is imparted by the turning apparatus. "The operations for this purpose consist, 1st, Of a stroke of the first eccentric, which carries the polisher along one-third of the diameter of the speculum; 2d, A transverse stroke twenty-one times slower, and equal to $\frac{1}{27}$ of the same diameter, measured on the edge of the tank, or 17 beyond the centre of the polisher; 3d, A rotation of the speculum performed in the same time as thirty-seven of the first strokes; and, 4th, A rotation of the polisher in the same direction about sixteen times slower. If these rules are attended to, the machine will give the true parabolic figure to the speculum, whether it be six inches or three feet in diameter. In the three-foot speculum, the figure is so true, with the whole aperture, that it is thrown out of focus by a motion of less than the thirtieth of an inch."

scale, of what had been previously done. Its focal length is fifty-three feet; it weighs nearly four tons; and as its diameter, as has been mentioned, is six feet, it has an area four times greater than that of the three-foot speculum. When finished, the speculum was placed in a square box, which is attached to the lower end of the tube, and by means of a door can be entered at pleasure. This box adds six feet to the length of the tube, which, like its predecessor, is of wood, hooped with iron like a barrel, and so wide, that a tall man could walk through it without stooping. It is this huge black funnel that I have spoken of as being suspended between high and strong walls. It swings with a clear space of twelve feet on each side; and so far it can be drawn aside, giving half an hour before and after the meridian. By means of a windlass, and a most skilful adjustment of chains and counterpoising weights, it can also be brought to the zenith, or turned fairly round from south to north, always within its bounds of twenty-four feet. Enormous as are its dimensions, and although weighing altogether twelve tons, it seemed to me about as easily moved as the other telescope; and it is as much in the mechanical contrivances for effecting this purpose, as in anything else, that the peculiar merit of the structure consists.

At the period of my visit, few observations had been made by this monster instrument; some parts of whose apparatus, indeed, were not completed; but so far as a trial in favourable conditions of the atmosphere had been attempted, the results had been interesting and important. Nebulae which had baffled the smaller instrument were now resolved into stars; thus adding strength to the growing impression that all nebulous matter—such as that luminous arch in the sky called the Milky Way—will ultimately yield to telescopic power, and be seen to be only assemblages of separate stars—suns, the centres of planetary groups like that to which our own system belongs. Unfortunately, the atmosphere during the two nights which I attended in Lord Rosse's grounds was not propitious for observation. I had an opportunity, for only a few minutes, of seeing a group of binary stars of different colours; and these certainly were distinct, clear, and lustrous, like a pair of glittering diamonds. The moon, on both the occasions of my visit, kept provokingly under a tract of clouds, and the hemisphere, except for a brief interval of time, was loaded with an Irish drizzle. Yet this was no solitary disappointment. Astronomers spend weeks at Parsonstown, and yet perhaps enjoy only one or two really good nights for observation. When to these atmospheric impediments is added the comparatively limited lateral range of the great telescope, a long space of time will appear to be required for making a thorough and general search of the heavens.

Disappointing in some respects as may be the result of such transient observations as that which my time allowed me to make, not the less grateful will be the feelings of visitors towards Lord Rosse for his unexampled politeness and liberality in throwing open to them his workshops and the whole of the telescopic apparatus which adorn the beautiful grounds around his mansion. To use the complimentary language of a local writer*—"With a rank and fortune, and every circumstance that usually unfit men for scientific pursuits, especially for their practical details, if his lordship only encouraged those undertakings in others, he would merit our praise; but when we see him, without losing sight of the duties of his station in society, give up so much time, and expend so much money on those pursuits himself, and tender not only his name illustrious, but his rank more honourable, we must feel sympathy in his successes, and rejoice that he has obtained from all quarters the highest and most flattering encomiums, and that he can now enjoy, in the use of his telescope, the well-earned fruits of his previous labours." To this

I do not need to add a word, further than to say that I shall always look back with satisfaction to the view which I was allowed to enjoy of what are unquestionably among the greatest curiosities of the age, Lord Rosse's telescopes.

THE CONSCRIPT.

A SKETCH FROM PARISIAN LIFE.

IN a narrow street of a poor suburb of Paris there stood, two or three years ago, a small and obscure fruiterer's shop, where a few withered cabbages and some stale fruit placed at the door made a melancholy show; whilst on the shelves within were symmetrically arranged baskets, which, though complaisantly supposed by customers to contain something, were, in reality, quite empty.

'Mathieu Girard, Fruiterier,' was written in large and half-effaced letters above the door of this humble abode. There was no one in the shop; but in a small back-room beyond it two women were seated. They spoke but little, and busily plied their needles, though one of them occasionally glanced towards the shop, as if expecting some customer to enter; but the precaution was needless: it remained vacant; and at every glance the woman sighed, and once more resumed her work. The back-room was small, and almost bare. A dingy bed, half-hidden in a recess, a table, and a few chairs of painted deal, were all the furniture it contained. It was dark, moreover, as all back-rooms have been from time immemorial, and the dull glimmering light which streamed from the high narrow window appeared to increase rather than diminish the natural gloom of the place. The two women were seated near the light, which fell full upon them. They were both somewhat advanced in years; and their pale and wrinkled features bespoke a life of poverty and care. They were sisters, but notwithstanding their relationship, very different in temper and personal appearance. Antoinette Girard, the fruiterer's wife, was tall and thin, a simple, meek-looking woman, long accustomed to misfortune, to which she had at length submitted with a kind of indifference, proceeding more from a broken spirit than from resignation. Ma tante Anne, or Aunt Anne, the name under which her sister was generally known, was, on the contrary, a brisk little creature, full of spirit and fire, with many mysterious winks, and nods, and prophetic hints, which it was not given to everybody to understand. She was a firm believer in dreams, and held cards, as a means of divination, in great reverence: indeed she trusted to them, and her nightly visions, in almost every important occurrence of her life; and notwithstanding her repeated failures, held her faith in them unchanged. It might, indeed, have been supposed that Anne lived for the mere purpose of dreaming. As she had never been married—her unlucky dreams having, she said, always come in the way just as she was on the point of contracting a matrimonial engagement—she had for many years resided with her sister Antoinette; thus, however, escaping only a few of the cares of matrimony. The two females had been for some time sewing in silence, when Antoinette, pausing in her work, suddenly observed in a melancholy tone, 'No, no, I have no hope, Anne; my poor Jean will not get a good number. His father and I have always been unlucky, and we shall be so to the end.' And the old woman shook her head dolefully.

'Ha! Antoinette,' replied Anne with mysterious solemnity, 'if Jean had only listened to me he would have consulted Mademoiselle Lenormand before she died, and then we should have known what number he was to get, and whether he was to be a soldier or not. But no; he always said it was throwing away money. Young people don't believe in anything now-a-days.' And Anne shook her gray head even more sadly than her sister.

'If I were only dead, they could not take Jean from you,' said a low broken voice, which proceeded from the bed in the recess.

'Did you speak, Mathieu?' inquired Antoinette, going up to the couch of her paralysed husband.

* T. Wieda, M.P. 'Account of the Telescopes of the Earl of Rosse.' Shilds and Son, Parsonstown. 1845.

'Ay, ay,' he muttered, without making a direct reply, 'Heaven help us; our poor Jean has no chance.'

'Ay, he has no chance,' sadly repeated his wife, resuming her seat.

Mathieu and Antoinette Giraud had been married for many years, and had begun their wedded life with every prospect of happiness. In one sense they had indeed been perfectly happy; but so far as worldly matters were concerned, they had had to endure all the trials of poverty and misfortune combined. After struggling for some time against the difficulties which surrounded them, they had at last been obliged to give in, and leave their neat and comfortable fruiterer's shop in the Rue St Honoré for one in the suburbs of the city. Scarcely had they removed to their new lodgings, when Mathieu became paralysed. This unhappy event cast upon his wife the sole burden of attending to the shop and supporting the family. To this task, notwithstanding her strenuous efforts, Antoinette would have proved wholly inefficient, but for the aid she received from her only son, then a youth of fifteen. Jean Giraud was scarcely out of his apprenticeship, though he had the heart and courage of a man; he was a locksmith by trade, but, on account of his youth, did not earn, with all his industry, more than a few francs a week. On this scanty sum, and the little that Antoinette and Anne made by their sales in the shop, and their exertions in the shape of needlework, the whole family contrived to live: no easy task, considering that old Mathieu's illness was very expensive. Still, they did live, and, as Antoinette often proudly observed, 'without owing a single sou to anybody.'

The French working-classes have, generally speaking, a deep and wholesome horror of debt.

As Jean grew older, his earnings increased, and some comfort began to reign in the little family. A few hundred francs even went to the savings' bank; but this was only a provision for the approaching time when Jean would probably be snatched from his parents to enter the army, according to the laws of the French conscription. The fatal epoch had now arrived: Jean was twenty-one; and on the next day he was, with the other youths of the neighbourhood, to proceed to the mairie; and there, in the presence of the mayor, to draw forth from an tin a roll of paper on which a number was inscribed. If the number was a low one, such as 12, 25, or even 10 or 50, Jean Giraud must bid his parents farewell, and become a soldier; but if it was a high one, as, for instance, 80, 90, or 100, there was little or no chance of his being ever called upon to fight for his country, and he might quietly remain at home. Had he, moreover, been a widow's son, or afflicted with any awkward deformity, this would have sufficed, whatever number he drew, to exclude him from the service. This was why Mathieu, regretting his own useless life, observed, with a groan, that his poor Jean had no chance; whilst Antoinette, thinking of her son's muscular and well-knit frame, echoed with a sigh, 'Ay, he has no chance.'

A melancholy silence had followed these last words, and Antoinette was in the shop attending on a customer, when Madame Anne mysteriously drew a pack of cards from her pocket, and muttering to herself, began dealing them out, and spreading them on the table before her. For some time she eyed the cards with apparent satisfaction.

'All goes on well, Antoinette,' she eagerly said, addressing her sister, who now came in from the shop: 'just look: here is an ace of diamonds, which signifies good news; then here are plenty of clubs, which mean money; and now see if the card I am going to turn up is not a good one!'

As she spoke she laid the ace of spades upon the table. 'Oh!' she cried in consternation, 'the ace of spades! Why, I can have no hope after this! But 'tis all of a piece. I dreamt of a fat last night. Ah! poor Jean, all is ruined; the ace of spades!' and she rocked herself in her chair with every token of despair.

'What! has anything happened to Jean?' inquired a low and tremulous voice behind.

Anne and Antoinette both turned round somewhat

hastily; but more, however, to greet the new-comer than to testify their surprise at her unexpected appearance.

She who thus anxiously inquired after Jean was a pretty brunette, about eighteen, with glossy black hair smoothed under her little white cap, and very brilliant dark eyes. Her dress, though remarkably plain and simple, had that indescribable air of neatness which characterises the better class of the Parisian grisettes, and added even a new charm to her attractive little person. Marie, for such was the name of the pretty grisette, was a *gilette*, or waistcoat-maker, and being an excellent workwoman, sometimes earned no contemptible sum by her industry. She resided in the same house with the Girauds, and, if the truth must be told, had for the last six months been betrothed to Jean, whose parents loved her almost as tenderly as the young man himself. Marie of course took great interest in the question of Jean's coming fate, as the two lovers had agreed to postpone their marriage until all was over. If he was so fortunate as to draw a good number, the wedding was to take place in less than a twelvemonth; if, on the contrary, he became a soldier, Jean and Marie would have to wait eight years for the fulfilment of their happiness.

Marie's spirits were not cast down by this alternative. She was an orphan, and had been early taught self-reliance and trust in Providence. Hope had indeed become so habitual to her, that she would have indulged in it even under desperate circumstances. In this disposition she was upheld not only by the buoyancy of youth, but also by her natural good sense, which led her to contemplate even misfortune under its most advantageous aspect. Besides, as she sometimes philosophically observed, 'God was for all; for both rich and poor.' It must, however, be confessed that, notwithstanding her philosophy, Marie felt no little anxiety to know the result of Jean's trial on the next day. Eight years was a long period to pass without perhaps seeing him more than once or twice! And even less selfish considerations led her to fear this result when she reflected on the unhappy condition to which his absence would reduce his parents. As she entered the back-room on this evening, and heard Aunt Anne mention the name of her betrothed in a tone of despair, Marie, therefore, felt some uneasiness; and receiving no reply to her first question, she anxiously repeated, 'Has anything happened to Jean?'

'No, Marie,' sadly replied Antoinette; 'tis only the old story: to-morrow is the day.'

'Ay, to-morrow is the day,' sorrowfully echoed Anne; 'and depend upon it poor Jean will go. I did not turn up an ace of spades, or dream of a rat, for nothing.'

'Oh! is that all?' said Marie somewhat relieved; 'he has still a chance I hope.'

'A chance!' doubtfully answered Antoinette; 'have we not always been unlucky? No, no, we have no chance. If even Jean was lame, or wanted a few teeth, or ---'

'Well,' interrupted Marie, laughing in spite of her real grief, 'I am not sorry, for my part, that he is not exactly as you would wish him to be. But,' added she more gravely, 'you must not get into low spirits, Madame Giraud; though you have not been very happy as yet, it is true, still a day comes at last for the poor as well as for the rich.'

Here Mathieu sighed audibly, and Marie approached the old man's bed.

'How are you this evening, Monsieur Giraud?' said she gently.

Mathieu gazed on her tenderly, but made no reply. He had known and loved Marie for years; for when he first fell ill, his wife and sister-in-law being sometimes compelled to leave him alone, the young waistcoat-maker would then come and sit by his bedside with her work, cheering him with her pleasant laugh and merry song. It is indeed quite characteristic of the grisette that she always sings, and she has even prettily and poetically been called 'the lark of Paris.' Never, surely, was there a merrier lark than Marie. From staying occasionally near the old man, she at last came to spend with him a few hours every day; this was mostly in the evening time, when Jean came home from work. The young man would

then sit at the head of his father's bed, whilst Marie was working at the foot. It was thus their courtship began, to the great delight of old Mahieu, who was never happier than when he could thus see them together, and who now dwelt with bitter grief on their approaching separation.

'If I were dead,' said he, mournfully gazing upon her, 'you could be his wife.'

Marie's eyes filled with tears; but striving to hide her feelings, she observed with apparent cheerfulness, 'And why not whilst you are alive, Monsieur Giraud?'

'Because Jean will have a bad nuber,' replied the old man in the same desponding tone.

'Well, really,' exclaimed Marie with some impatience; 'you all seem quite determined that it should be so. Aunt Anne has turned up an ace of spades, and of course Jean must be a soldier; Madame Giraud says that she is poor and unlucky, and that there is no chance for him; and even you, Father Giraud,' she added in her most caressing yet reproachful tone—'even you must needs put in that, if you were dead, I should be his wife! Really this is too bad. I came here to seek for a little comfort, and not only find none for myself, but cannot even afford any. I suppose,' she pettishly continued, 'Jean will be as bad as the rest of you when he comes home.'

As she spoke thus, the door leading from the shop to the back-room opened, and Jean entered.

Jean Giraud was, indeed, as his mother had averred, not so fortunate as to be afflicted with any personal deformity. Far from it. He was tall, well-made, and good-looking; and his curly chestnut hair, dark-blue eyes, and fresh colour, proclaimed him to belong to the real Frank race of his country. But on this evening a cloud sat on his usually open brow, and notwithstanding his efforts to conceal his feelings, the restless glance of his eye, and the occasional nervous twitching of his lips, betrayed his secret anxiety. Jean Giraud was as much of a hero as any of his countrymen; he certainly was not of a timid disposition, and personal apprehensions had nothing to do with his present feelings. His only thoughts were for his parents. 'What were they to do when he was gone? Who was to support them in their present helpless condition? For Antoinette and her sister earned very little, and what the shop brought in was barely sufficient to pay the rent and taxes. Jean's mind brooded on these thoughts until he was well-nigh distracted. Though he loved Marie most tenderly, still it was not the prospect of parting from her that now saddened him: she was eighteen, and he twenty-one; they were both young, and might wait even eight years and yet be happy. But his parents! He strove to think no more of the subject, but in vain.

As he entered the back-room where the little family and his betrothed were seated together, Jean, however, endeavoured to assume something like cheerfulness. He whistled a tune with even more than usual glee, bade Marie good-evening with a merry joke, and sitting down at the head of his father's bed, declared he had never been so hungry for supper. Antoinette rose silently, and, assisted by Marie, began laying the things on the table. The supper was a frugal one, consisting merely of some bread, cheese, and wine. They all sat down to it in silence, Jean in vain endeavouring to appear cheerful, in order to induce his mother and aunt to imitate his example. Scarcely was the meal over, when Antoinette, overcome by her feelings, burst into tears.

'Why, *maman*, what is the matter?' exclaimed her son with astonishment.

'Ah, Jean! what were you whistling?' she sorrowfully replied.

Jean started, for he had been humming the tune of the *Pommes*, a favourite military song.

'Ay, ay,' said Anne mystically, shaking her head, 'tis only another token. I did not turn up the ace of spades for nothing.'

'Well, and let us suppose, after all, that he should get a bad number,' resolutely observed Marie, 'he will not be for it—nor shall we, I hope. I know what you are going to say, Jean,' she quickly added, noticing her be-

trothed's sorrowful look as it rested on his mother; 'but I feel very dull in my room up stairs; what if, when you are gone, I should lodge here? Madame Giraud could take care of my money for me, and I am sure that would be a great relief; for though I do not earn much, still sometimes I don't know what to do with it, little as it is.'

'Marie!' exclaimed Jean in an agitated tone.

'I won't be interrupted,' peremptorily said his betrothed; 'besides, Monsieur Jean, this does not concern you, for it is all to be whilst you are away: your only business will be to write us such amusing letters as may make us laugh heartily.'

'And if he goes to Algeria?' observed his mother in a faltering tone.

'Well,' replied Marie with a faint attempt to smile, 'he will perhaps catch Abd-el-Kader, and become wushal of France.' But, unable to control her emotion any longer, she buried her face in her hands, and fairly burst into tears.

'Marie!' cried Jean reproachfully—but he also could get no further; and leaning his brow upon his hand, he looked very fixedly at the table.

'Well, well,' said Marie, after a brief though sad pause, 'all is not desperate yet. God is for the poor as well as for the rich, and perhaps he will leave us Jean.'

The next morning was as bright and fair a one as was ever seen in spring, and the sun shone quite merrily into Madame Giraud's shop, where, with Ma tante Anne, Antoinette was engaged in arranging everything, though the thoughts of both were certainly but little engrossed by their mutual occupation.

'Antoinette!' suddenly said Anne, 'do you know what I dreamed of last night?'

'No,' replied her sister, slightly starting; 'what was it about, Anne?'

'I dreamed that Jean had a black spot on his forehead.'

'Well, and what does that mean?'

'That means that he will have a bad number.'

'Heaven have mercy on us!' sorrowfully observed Antoinette; 'but perhaps, sister, you are mistaken.'

'Mistaken!' echoed Anne with undisguised wonder; 'would indeed I were; but you know, Antoinette, I was never mistaken yet in a dream; besides,' she muttered to herself, 'I shall try the cards by and by, and then we shall know all about it.'

'Hush!' said Antoinette, 'here is Jean; it is of no use to sadden the poor fellow.'

Jean indeed entered the shop dressed, and, as his poor mother declared, with a faint attempt to smile, quite spruce. Though not looking particularly merry, he did not seem to be very sad; he was calm and composed; for if he felt acutely, still his pride would not allow him to betray any unbecoming emotion in the presence of his comrades who were to accompany him to the *mairie*. After greeting his mother and aunt, Jean entered the back-room, and sat down by his father's bedside. The old man was asleep, but he soon awoke; and taking his son's hand between his own, gazed upon him with melancholy tenderness.

'Jean, my boy,' said he in a low tremulous voice, 'think of your poor father whilst you are away, and of your mother too; perhaps you will never see them again. Ah! this will be a sore blow to Antoinette,' he added in a mournful tone.

Jean rose, and walked about the room: all this was truly hard to bear.

He found it harder still when he sat down to breakfast between his mother and Marie, whose red eyes and pale cheeks testified that she had spent a sleepless night. The meal was a silent one, but it was nearly concluded when Anne entered the room. She was more than usually grave, and shook her head in a most prophetic and Sibyl-like manner. 'What is the matter, Anne?' tremulously inquired Antoinette.

'I have just been dealing out the cards in my room.'

'Well,' anxiously said the poor mother, 'what about Jean?'

'I have seen the number he is to get.'

'Ah! which is it?' eagerly asked Madame Giraud.

'Jean will get number 27,' replied Anne solemnly.

'A bad number!' faintly echoed Antoinette.

'Maman,' almost angrily exclaimed Jean, 'can anything so foolish affect you thus?'

'Foolish!' cried Anne indignantly; 'ha! young people don't believe in anything now-a-days.. I only grieve for you, Jean, that I am in the right; would indeed I were wrong, and that you were not to get that ugly number 27!'

Jean knew his aunt's obstinacy on this head, and, unwilling to irritate her uselessly, he dropped the subject.

When the breakfast was over—and a cheerless one it was—all arose, for it was time for Jean to depart. He first went to his father's bedside. Old Mathieu caused himself to be raised on his couch, and in a low broken tone muttered a heartfelt benediction over his son, whilst the weeping Antoinette stood near him. From his parents Jean turned to Aunt Anne, who very affectionately embraced him, but muttered something at the same time about his unfortunate incredulity, and number 27. Marie alone seemed collected and calm, and though she was sad, a smile of hope played around her lips.

'Be of good cheer, Jean,' said she, giving him her hand; 'God is for us all, for the poor and the rich. Be of good cheer; should even the worst happen, we will strive to bear it patiently.'

Jean gazed affectionately on his betrothed, and once more embracing his weeping mother, precipitately left the house, not daring to trust himself with a look behind.

We will not endeavour to describe the hours of anxious expectation that followed—hours that actually seemed days, so slowly and tediously did they drag along. Antoinette, under pretence of seeing to the shop, was constantly looking in the street for Jean; whilst Anne every quarter of an hour went up stairs to her room with a mysterious look, and came down again with a clouded brow and ominous glance. The infection seemed to have caught Marie herself; for though she sat with her work near Mathieu's bed, the old man sadly remarked that her needle often flagged, and, for the first time since many days, that she had no merry song to cheer him. Then there were two or three old neighbours who occasionally peeped in and out with wo-begone features, holding mysterious conferences with Aunt Anne, and starting her poor sister by dismal tales of many a young and handsome conscript whom they had known, and who had fallen, poor fellow, in his first battle. In short, they were all as comfortably miserable as they could be, when Marie, unable to bear her impatience any longer, left her work, and going to the shop-door, looked out into the street. It was vacant, and no token of Jean was to be seen. With a sigh she once more entered the back-room; she had scarcely, however, reached the threshold, when she suddenly paused, and turned pale: a loud shout had echoed at the farthest end of the street.

'The conscripts!' said Antoinette in a low tone.

'So soon!' answered Marie with seeming indifference; 'don't you think it may be something else?'

'No, no,' replied Antoinette in a feverish voice; 'it is the conscripts; I hear their music.'

The merry sounds of a fiddle might, indeed, as she spoke, be heard at the end of the street. Supported by Marie, for she was nearly overcome with emotion, and followed by her sister, the poor mother proceeded to the front-door, whilst Mathieu prayed fervently in his bed.

When they looked out, the conscripts still stood somewhat far down in the street. Their hats were ornamented with tricoloured favours, and the number each had drawn, whether good or bad, was fixed in his hat-band, and visible even at a distance. But Antoinette and Marie vainly strove to distinguish Jean in the crowd.

'I see him!' at length cried Marie, turning pale.

'Ha! where is he? what is his number?' simultaneously exclaimed the two sisters, less clear-sighted than their young companion.

'There—there beyond: he looks round this way; but I can see nothing of his number.'

'Ay, ay, I see him now,' eagerly remarked Aunt Anne; 'and alas! poor boy, I can see his number too. Ah! I knew it—27!'

'It is not 27,' hastily observed Marie; 'for see, Aunt Anne, Jean holds up his hat for us to see it; the number begins with a one, and then there is a nought.'

'Ay, ten,' said Anne; 'worse still than 27: I knew it was a bad one.'

'No, it is not ten,' continued Marie in a tone tremulous with emotion; 'there is another nought—it is a hundred;' and falling down on a chair, she burst into tears, whilst Jean rushed into the shop waving his hat with triumph.

We will not endeavour to describe the scenes that followed—Old Mathieu's joy, Antoinette's silent rapture, and Marie's bright smiles. Aunt Anne, though greatly delighted, was very much surprised: both her dreams and cards had for once signally failed. As for the dream, it was, she averred, quite her own mistake, for evidently the spot on Jean's forehead meant nothing; it should have been on his hat, to prove at all significant! Then she had most probably miscounted the cards; such an error could never otherwise have happened—nay, she even recollected something about a hundred! Farther than this Aunt Anne would never yield when reproached with on this subject. It is, however, worthy of remark, that her faith in dreams and cards seemed rather shaken, as she henceforth indulged in much less speculation concerning them than she had formerly been in the habit of doing. As for the old neighbours, they were very much pleased, but not so much surprised; they were almost certain all would turn out well, but had not said so, lest they should create expectations that might be deceived. But to return to the description and his family.

The day was spent by them in much happiness; indeed there was almost too much of this quality in it. The event was so delightful, so unexpected, so everything that was pleasant, that Antoinette, Anne, Marie, and Jean were quite bewildered. Mathieu seemed alone a little sensible. Towards evening they had, however, grown calmer, and after supper, sat up to make plans for the future—the only apparent consequence of which was, their separating very late. When Marie at length rose to depart, and bent over Mathieu to bid him good-night, she could not resist the temptation of whispering to him—'Well, Father Giraud, do you wish to die now?'

'No, Marie,' said he, gazing on her affectionately; 'no, not yet.'

'And you, Madame Giraud,' playfully said the young girl, turning towards Antoinette, 'don't you think we poor folks are sometimes as happy as the rich, if not a great deal more so?'

'Ay, and ten times as happy,' warmly replied Antoinette, who was now quite merry.

'No, not ten times,' smilingly observed Marie; 'for you knowed watches over both rich and poor.'

The sequel need scarcely be told. In less than a year Jean and Marie were married, and old Mathieu, though still paralyzed, declared himself so happy at the event, that he expressed his readiness to die; which has not, however, prevented him from living ever since, and repeating the same wish on the birth of his son's first child, which, being a girl, will give its parents no uneasiness on the subject of the conscription. Jean and Marie have not grown very rich, but the house has been newly painted, and, somehow or other, is often filled with customers that it used to be: it no longer contains any withered cabbages, and is so frequently visited by the children of the neighbourhood, that no fruit grows stale in it. Antoinette superintends the general concerns of the house, Anne has taken charge of the little Marie, whose horoscope she persists in formally drawing on every anniversary of her birthday. Jean attends to his work; and Marie, though she still contrives to earn a few francs with her waistscoats, attends to the shop, and, as old Mathieu declares, gladdens the whole place with her merry songs. 'And yet,' as she often observes, 'how strange that all this happiness should have depended on one insignificant little number!'

It is true Marie generally closes this philosophical remark by quoting her favourite saying; but it is, we hope, too well impressed on the reader's mind to require repetition.

A FEW WORDS IN DEFENCE OF COMMONPLACE.

We were reading, not long ago, a short historical sketch of the literature of the eighteenth century, and paused at the criticism of the writer upon the works of Robert Burns. Among other poems which were highly praised, but not beyond their deserts, was included that very affecting composition entitled, 'To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough in April 1786.' The critic remarks upon this, 'that the composition is not pure throughout;' and that 'the latter part runs somewhat into commonplace.' The portion upon which this disparaging judgment is passed is that in which, after mourning the hapless fate of the daisy, the poet compares it to that of 'the artless maid' betrayed by love—to that of 'the simple bard' overwhelmed in the ocean of life, of which he is 'unskilful to note the dangers—to that of the 'man of suffering worth' driven to the brink of misery, and deprived of all stay but Heaven—and to his own fate, described in the beautiful but too prophetic lines—

'Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
'That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-harf drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.'

It may be conceded to a very rigid criticism that these reflections are commonplace; but it will not be uninteresting to inquire whether, in being commonplace, they cease to be beautiful; and whether this very common phrase is not very much misunderstood, and very much abused? As regards this particular passage, it can scarcely be denied that the reflections flow naturally from the subject, that they are appropriate, earnest, and beautiful, and such as would suggest themselves to a true poet, and find sympathy with a true-hearted reader. If so, and if the phrase be correctly applied in this instance, it does not always follow that that which is commonplace is unlovely, or that a writer should reject a fine reflection because it is obvious, and one which might suggest itself to every reader of a cultivated mind. It appears to us that great wrong is done by the careless use of this, as a phrase of condemnation on the part of critics. Nothing is more easy than disparagement, unless it be that more decided form of it which Falstaff alluded to as the easiest of all things. The critic whose taste is perverted—who craves odd combinations, startling paradoxes, and quaint expressions, and who prefers hard roots of similes, dug out of the barren soil with much labour, to the spontaneous growth, leafy and green, that appears above ground, and may be seen of all men—may find in the most beautiful of human compositions the greatest occasions to cry out against the 'commonplace.' The most exquisite passages in Shakespeare and Milton that have become household words to us on account of their very truth and beauty, may in this sense be considered commonplace. So may the glorious 'sunshine itself, and the pure air, and the clear abundant water, all of them daily blessings that we do not prize as we ought, because they are so beautiful as to have become 'common.' Who is to escape altogether from the commonplace? The very critics that complain fall into that which they designate as an error. Their complaints are commonplace, if their own interpretation of the phrase be a correct one. After

all, ideas are limited. A new thought is the jewel of a century. The greatest and most beautiful of thoughts are old, but, like flowers, they spring up spontaneously in new soils. The unlettered poor often forms in his own mind the grand ideas which germinated in the mind of a Homer or a Milton. Bloomfield, the farmer's boy, who knew nothing of the classics, had beautiful thoughts, which he expressed with almost the same turns of phraseology as Horace, Ovid, and Tibullus. The best of writers make use of old materials very often, as Bloomfield did, quite unconsciously. There is a fountain of thought in every mind; and the stream that flows thence does not necessarily proceed, as Coleridge happily puts it, 'from a perforation made in some other man's tank.' The great majority of ideas that are considered new are fashioned out of old ones; and very often the utmost that the most original of writers can do, is to present them with novelty of form, illustration, or combination.

Besides this, there is another view in which the generous critic should regard the commonplace. To him who has a plethora of other men's ideas, who has culled them from all writers, ancient and modern, the simple ideas, however pleasing, that suggest themselves to men who have been more of thinkers than of readers, may appear tame. An epicure, in like manner, who may have been long accustomed to the pleasures of the table, may find no enjoyment in a ripe apple; but there are other tastes to which it may be delicious. A man who has been cooped up for a twelvemonth in a dingy office, may take the most exquisite pleasure in escaping into the fields and plucking daisies. Another, released from a dark dungeon, may luxuriate in the free fresh air and the glorious sunshine; and he whose mouth is parched with thirst, may think all heaven comprised in a draught of water. To them these things are far from commonplace, though they might be so to another man filled to repletion with the enjoyments of life and society. There are millions of minds daily springing up to make acquaintance with literature, who would be deprived of a charm, a beauty, and a glory, if they had not an opportunity of reading the immortal commonplaces to which the gorged and over-refined critic may think it incumbent upon him to reject. Possibly, a critic of this class may consider these remarks as commonplace; but we shall be quite content to have them called so, especially if they lead even one to refrain from disparagement of the beautiful, because it may come before him without the zest of novelty. There is something to be said for everything, even for the commonplace; and as there is no man so bad as to be without a touch of goodness in him so is there no old thought, however commonplace, that one who is determined to be pleased may not extract pleasure or instruction from. As for writers, let them not be deterred from simplicity and naturalness of diction by any fears of disparagement of this kind. He who thinks clearly, and expresses himself simply and unaffectedly, will, if his subject be good, please most readers. The great fault of writers in the present day is, that they affect an originality which they do not possess. An original man is as rare as a new planet; and he who makes grimaces, and plays extravagant tricks to look original, not being so, commits a greater offence against good taste than could be alleged against any one for merely falling into the commonplace. Let us not be understood as doing battle for the 'trite,' though even in the case of triteness there is a 'for' and an 'against' which two ordinarily clever disputants might with advantage have an agreeable argument about. There is, however,

'A soul of goodness in things "common"
Would men observingly distil it out;'

and to induce both critics and readers to do so more frequently, is the object of these remarks. What a blank our speech and our literature would be, were all the commonplace taken out of them!

THE EMIGRANT.

'THE Emigrant,' by Sir Francis Head,* if not the most amusing, is at least one of the most curious literary compounds which have for some time issued from the press. By its eccentric and clever author it is candidly compared to a crow—a small lump of carrion, and two or three handfuls of feathers; the carrion being certain chapters on Canadian politics, and the feathers the lighter sketches by which the said disquisitions are enabled to take flight. Sir Francis does himself something less than justice in the comparison, and yet his perception of the public taste cannot be questioned. His homilies on the Canadian rebellion, and maunderings on the prospective ruin of the colonists by the introduction of 'responsible government,' borne up though they be with a good many jokes, would assuredly have had little chance of popularity, unless blended with a variety of short and spirited sketches, suitable to the present craving for that species of material.

Any endeavour to reason the writer out of his convictions that our Canadian possessions are on the high road to destruction, would be clearly a waste of words, for he does not reason himself. Those who recollect the position of affairs in Upper Canada, when under the administration of Sir Francis ten years ago, need not be reminded that this amiable personage seems to be under the influence of but one predominating sentiment, and that sentiment is Loyalty. Far be it from us to undervalue this sentiment, but we surely speak the common sense of mankind, when we say that it requires to be kept in due regulation, and is only one of many guiding emotions in civilised communities. With little else than the cultivation of this sentiment, however, our author would seem to expect to govern mankind; and hence in no small degree the distraction of affairs in Canada previous to recent changes. It is quite possible that the measures adopted to bring the local executive and legislative bodies into harmony with the wants and wishes of our Canadian brethren, as suggested by the Earl of Durham and others, were not without faults; but it appears to us that they are at least an approximation to what is desirable. The old system was notoriously bad, as is evidenced by a thousand circumstances, the most palpable of which is the universal stagnation on the Canadian, in comparison with the activity on the American side of the frontier. Perhaps, even with all the aids and concessions of the mother country, it will be impossible to introduce a proper spirit into Canada. Such is our own impression. The colonial connexion would appear to be radically unnatural, and baffling to every effort. The great distance of the possessions from the mother country, the necessity for delegating a share of the sovereign power, the creating of imitative institutions on a meagre scale, the difficulty which the parent state has in learning the actual position of affairs abroad, but, above all, the fatal yet seemingly necessary reliance of the colonists on the home legislature, by which native energies are cramped, and enterprises checked, are all serious difficulties, which no arrangement devised by experience could adequately overcome. Beyond a certain rudimentary point in their career, colonies do not appear to thrive; just as children would not be able to prosper, if, after a certain age, they were to remain under the parental authority. Without imputing blame anywhere, the people of the United Kingdom are becoming sensible that the condition of the colonies generally is far from creditable, and that the expense they incur is not compensated by any corresponding advantage; and the

next feeling will probably be, that at the first suitable opportunity they should be handsomely offered their freedom, and left to govern themselves. With the parental blessing, such a separation would be infinitely more gracious, and consistent with a high morality, than a repetition of the disgraceful rupture which, sixty years ago, tore from us the old American settlements.

Whatever were the ideas of Sir Francis respecting the prerogatives of the crown on his arrival in Canada, they would appear to have been considerably strengthened by the advice which he there received from the hangers-on of the vice-regal court.* Of this the following incident is amusingly illustrative. Within a week after my arrival at Toronto, I had to receive an address from the Speaker and Commons' House of Assembly, and on inquiring in what manner I was to perform my part in the ceremony allotted to me, I was informed that I was to sit very still on a large scarlet chair, with my hat on. The first half was evidently an easy job, but the latter part was really revolting to my habits and feelings, and as I thought I ought to try and govern by my head, and not by my hat, I felt convinced that the former would risk nothing by being for a few minutes divorced from the latter, and accordingly I determined with white gloves to hold the thing in my hand; and several of my English party quite agreed with me in thinking my project not only an innocent, but a virtuous act of common courtesy; however, I happened to mention my intention to an Upper Canadian, and never shall I forget the look of silent scorn with which he listened to me. I really quite quailed beneath the reproof, which, without the utterance of a word, and after scamping me from head to foot, his mild, intelligent, faithful countenance read to me, and which but too clearly expressed—"What! to purchase five minutes' leathsome popularity, will you barter one of the few remaining prerogatives of the British crown? Will you, for the vain hope of conciliating insatiable democracy, meanly sell to it one of the distinctions of your station? Miserable man! beware, before it be too late, of surrendering piecemeal that which it is your duty to maintain, and for which, after all, you will only receive in exchange contumely and contempt!" I remained for a few seconds as mute as my Canadian Mentor, and then, without taking any notice of the look with which he had been chastising me, I spoke to him on some other subjects; but I did not forget the picture I had seen, and accordingly my hat was tight enough on my head when the Speaker bowed to it, and I shall ever feel indebted to that man for the sound political lesson which he taught me. We were not before aware that it was necessary, on becoming a governor, to drop a usage universally common among gentlemen.

With all its drawbacks in the form of political disquisition, Sir Francis's volume has the merit of being one of the most readable productions of the day. The name, it will be surmised, is one of the 'handful of feathers' to which he alludes; for it has little connexion with the substance of the volume, and is imparted only for the sake of buoyancy. With Sir Francis's ability for lively and graphic, and also for pathetic narrative, it could have been wished that he had confined himself entirely to sketches illustrative of natural and social features in Canada. His account of the Canadian seasons, forests, and lakes, though mere touches, give us a more forcible idea of the reality than the most elaborate details. Speaking of the grandeur of the works of nature in America, he observes that 'the heavens are infinitely higher—the sky bluer—the clouds are whiter—the air is fresher—the cold is intenser—the moon looks larger—the stars are brighter—the thunder is louder—the lightning is vider—the wind is stronger—the rain is heavier—the mountains are higher—the rivers larger—the forests bigger—the plains broader; in short, the gigantic and beautiful features of the new world seem to correspond very wonderfully with the increased locomotive powers and other brilliant discoveries which, under the blessing of the

* 'The Emigrant.' By Sir Francis D. Head, Bart. Second edition. London: J. Murray. 1846.

Almighty power, have lately been developed to mankind.

Of the intensity of the Canadian cold no one in Britain can have the slightest conception. Freezing takes place at 32 degrees of the thermometer, and fifteen degrees below that point is considered in this country a severe frost. In Canada, however, the cold attains ten, twenty, or thirty degrees below Zero, and however dry and pleasant the atmosphere may be during this extreme temperature, it proves dangerous to those who do not take precautions against it. If not thoroughly protected by furs, the blood chills; and according to Sir Francis, the frost-bitten fingers and toes can be broken off like twigs. On account of this intensity of frost, American ice is much harder and colder than English ice, and will retain its solid form long after our ice is melted into water. Hence the impossibility of competing on equal terms with the American ice exporters.

The excessive cold of North America is ascribed to the large forests, which prevent the action of the sun on the fallen snow. Every tree which is hewn down, therefore, by the toiling immigrant, is so much done towards the melioration of the climate. Sir Francis has a theory, that nature is also silently working to effect the same end, by means of no higher an agency than swarms of little flies. 'The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them there. The wily Indian observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that, by setting fire to the forest, the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America.'

The operations of the emigrant are also beginning to make an impression on these vast forests. Inspired by an unconquerable industry, his encroachments in time produce a visible effect, and his clearing assumes the marks of productive improvement. Often, however, is the hapless settler in the woods overtaken by casualties and disease, and death closing the scene, his little domain is once more left to the usurpation of the wilderness. The appearance of these deserted clearings—monuments of human failure—is always deeply affecting. 'In many of the spots I passed,' says Sir Francis, 'I ascertained that these dispensations of Providence had been as sudden as they were awful. The emigrant had risen in robust health—surrounded by his numerous and happy family, had partaken of a homely breakfast—had left his log-hut with a firm step, and with manly pride had again resumed his attack on the wilderness, through which every blow of his axe, like the tick of a clock, recorded the steady progress of the hand that wielded it. But at the hour of dinner he did not return! The wife waited—bade her rosy-faced children be patient—waited—felt anxious—alarmed—stepped beyond the threshold of her log-hut—listened: the axe was not at work! Excepting that indescribable Polyan murmur which the air makes in passing through the stems and branches of the forest, not a sound was to be heard. Her heart grieves her; she walks—runs towards the spot where she knew her husband to have been at work. She finds him, without his jacket or neckcloth, lying, with extended arms, on his back, cold, and crushed to death by the last tree he had felled, which in falling, jumping from its stump, had knocked him down, and which is

now resting with its whole weight upon his bared breast! The widow screams in vain; she endeavours to extricate her husband's corpse, but it is utterly impossible. She leaves it, to satisfy her infant's hunger—to appease her children's cries! The above is but a faint outline of a scene that has so repeatedly occurred in the wilderness of America, that it is usually summed up in the words, "*He was killed by the fall of a tree.*"

One of the most lively of Sir Francis's lighter pieces, is the story of Henry Patterson, an emigrant cobbler, and a lark which he brought with him from England. Patterson had received the lark as a parting gift, in the Thames, from his friend Charley Nash, and in remembrance of whose kindness he called the lark Charley. In the Gulf of St Lawrence the vessel was wrecked: almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers: and accordingly, when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board excepting Charley, whom he had preserved, and afterwards kept for three days, in the foot of an old stocking.

After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a nail into the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common skylark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer!

The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure, unadulterated English voice upon the people of Canada, can probably be imagined by those only who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long-continued absence and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their fatherland, of their parent home. All sorts of merriment, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound, to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujah, of a common homely-dressed English lark! Reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even they could desire to improve. I believe that, in the hearts of the most obdurate Radicals, he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. I must own that, although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events for his size) the most powerful advocate of Church and State in her Majesty's dominions; and that his elo-

quence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.

One person offered a hundred dollars for Charley, and a Sussex carter, overcome by home sickness on hearing the eloquent notes of the bird, offered for him his horse and cart. Patterson, however, would not sell him; and kept him till his death in 1837, when he was purchased from the widow by Sir Francis. The acquisition brought little pleasure. Hung up in Government House, Charley would not sing, and on leaving Canada, he was given to a humble friend, Daniel Orris, whose station in life was about equal to that of Patterson; accordingly, as soon as Orris hung the bird on the outside of his dwelling, he began to sing as exquisitely as ever. At length the poor little exchequer lark died. 'Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London, who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruined plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him. I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words:—This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March 1843, universally regretted.—Home! Home! sweet Home!

These are limited specimens of a very pleasant book, but they will serve to incite a desire to go regularly through its contents.

A VISIT TO THE CASTLE OF LAIG.

HAVING seen the remarkable grotto of Adelsberg, situated, as I have said, among the mountains of Carniola,* our party proposed to visit the old castle of Laig, of which some marvellous accounts had reached us. On this excursion we left Adelsberg at daybreak, for we reckoned on having a fatiguing journey before us.

As we advanced through the more mountainous districts of Carniolan Styria, the character of the scenery became exceedingly wild and desolate; and the peasantry, whom we had already thought sufficiently uncouth and unprepossessing in appearance, now really seemed to be half savages. Before we reached the village of Laig, the weather also had changed in a very ominous manner, and everything in the aspect of the heavens announced that we were about to be visited by a tremendous storm—a truly German storm, which is as terrific as that of any country I know. The skies had become as black as night, and every now and then great gusts of wind were heard howling and shrieking through the forests round us with a violence which probably laid low the loftiest trees. But this was all as yet; and as we had no difficulty in finding a guide who undertook to convey us at once to the castle, we trusted to find ourselves under shelter before the tempest actually burst upon us. Our guide could speak nothing but the strange Crag-noline jargon, as unmanageable a guttural as it is possible to hear; and it was some time before he could make even the coachman understand that he must take the horses from the carriage, and harness in their stead four wild-looking oxen, which he had brought for the purpose. When this change was effected we resumed our course, and ascending a steep, rugged, stony road, began to dive into the very heart of the mountains. We were already surrounded by them on all sides, and the scenery was quite that of the Alps—precipices and hills, and great rough pine woods, all shrouded in fogs and mist. Every step that we advanced, the path, for it could scarcely be called a road, became more and more

difficult and dangerous; and at last, just when the landscape seemed wildest and dreariest, and a huge precipice (the most convenient place in the world for dashing a carriage to pieces) yawned invitingly on one side of us, the storm burst over our heads in all its fury. Such a storm I have never seen before nor since! The thunderbolt with which it commenced, like the first roll of the cannon announcing the battle, fell from the heavens with a noise as though a whole street of houses had been thrown to the ground; one tremendous flash of blue lightning quivered for several seconds on the vast sheet of darkness that overhung us; then, seeming to rend it asunder, the whole mass broke up into great sweeping clouds, that rolled themselves down upon the earth, and dissolved into torrents of rain and hail. The horses reared and plunged; the oxen laid their heads together, and bellowed dismally; the guide disappeared under the carriage; and the coachman flung his pipe into a bush, and crossed himself frantically. As for us, we thought how pleasant would be the recital of this adventure, after it was over, but meanwhile we looked despairingly through the driving mists, and saw only ravines and rocks. Pushing on, however, when the first panic had subsided, we presently reached a height, where the guide told us he and his oxen must leave us, as we were close to Laig, and could not miss our way. He assisted in replacing the horses, and vanished before we could remonstrate. We could not miss our way, certainly, as it consisted of a most precipitous zig-zag descent, where there was no choice but that of keeping on the narrow dangerous road, or falling headlong into the abyss by its side. Both wheels of the carriage were locked; the coachman and his master went together to the horses' heads; and so we commenced our perilous descent. The war of the elements had now begun in good earnest; peal followed peal, doubled and redoubled by the echoes through the mountain passes; the electric fire leapt round us in all directions; and the wind swept the rain and mist over the face of the crags. By what strange circumstance our horses, half wild with fear, brought us in safety down this terrible hill, it is impossible to explain; but such was the case, contrary to our expectation, and crossing a torrent which raged beneath it, we looked up and beheld the little lonely village of Laig, perched high up among the rocks of a seemingly inaccessible mountain. Here we were compelled to leave our carriage standing in the water, and to proceed on foot, half-blinded with the rain and hail.

When at last we reached the village, which lay imbedded among precipitous hills, we found that not a single inhabitant could understand a word we said. At length an old woman was discovered somewhere, who could mumble a few words of German, and with her assistance we explained to the peasants, who seemed most anxious to serve us, that we wished them to help the unfortunate coachman to bring up the carriage, and that for ourselves we desired to find shelter as speedily as possible from the storm. A dozen of them started off instantly to fulfil our first request; and as to the rest, they said there was no accommodation for us but in the castle of Laig itself. But where was the castle? The old woman turned round, and pointing with her stick right up a most tremendous cliff which rose near us, we could dimly distinguish, about half way from the summit, some kind of building clinging to the bare face of the rock, with the clouds rolling round and beneath it. No practicable means appeared of reaching this eagle's nest; but one of the peasants offered so confidently to conduct us to it, that we supposed some such must exist, and proceeded anxiously to follow his steps. What had once been a path, was now, from the violence of the rain, the bed of a torrent; and wading laboriously on, we ascended a winding staircase of rocks that seemed interminable, till at length, when wet and wearied, we actually reached the castle, all our misfortunes were forgotten in wonder and admiration! A stupendous cliff rose, as I have said, precipitately

from among the mountains, its summit altogether lost in the mist, whilst round its base, now so far below us, a torrent raged and foamed. A large deep cavern broke the bare surface of the cliff half-way from the top, and in its mouth was built a strange fantastic old castle, held in its marvellous position, as it were, by the iron arms of the rock! The building was ponderous, yet handsome, though very irregular, as in many places the natural cave formed part of the walls, and some of the turrets were perched on a separate piece of rock. Anxious to penetrate into the interior of so extraordinary a dwelling, and crossing the drawbridge, we entered its outer hall—in fact a damp dark vault, beyond which all manner of dismal-looking ruins were to be discerned, with the rain dashing through them. Some men working here showed us a steep narrow stair, which we proceeded to ascend; and although, at every turn, we came upon the dark opening of some dungeon-looking cave, no signs of a human habitation appeared at all. This long stair was succeeded by a wooden gangway, communicating with a range of ruinous vaults. Having traversed these, another flight of steps brought us at last to a passage, where a little old woman stood waiting to receive us, who looked exceedingly like an animated pin-cushion, for she was very short and fat, and her gray hair was decorated with an innumerable quantity of large coloured pins. She saluted us with a volley of unintelligible jargon, to which we could only reply by pointing significantly to our dripping clothes, whereupon she turned and led us up another long stair, hewn out of the rock, into a singular gallery. It was very large, and while three sides of it were built in by the thick walls of the castle, the fourth consisted of the bare face of the cliff, which was overgrown with wild brushwood and creeping plants, and whence rills of water flowed down over the ground. Our conductress led us on to the farther end, where, opening a low door with a huge rusty key, she ushered us into really a habitable apartment. It was furnished with two or three couches, a wooden table, an enormous iron stove, and several quaint-looking oak chairs. There were also various large windows, from which we beheld a scene of unparalleled grandeur. The roof of this room occupied the pinnacle of the highest turret, and as the storm had not abated, we seemed at this immense elevation in the very midst of it. Below us, as well as above, great masses of cloud were whirling and wreathing themselves over the battlements and towers; and the tempest driving past the windows, now flashing, now thundering, sent its sheets of hail rattling against the stout old walls. The roar of the wind was nearly deafening; and when looking down the perpendicular precipice, in whose hollow our dwelling nestled, we could distinguish nothing but the tops of trees breaking through the mist, and looking up, only the beetling rocks and the clouds—we felt as though we were hanging in mid-air, and had no connexion with the earth at all. The sweeping rain and hail prevented our seeing anything beyond the cliff itself; but this alone was a view we had never seen equalled. Night closed in very shortly after our arrival, and we could not wait to examine the interior of the cavern-castle till morning; meanwhile we gathered round the huge old fire, and when listening to the roaring of the tempest without, whilst the casements shook and rattled, and the dim light of a solitary iron lamp cast strange shadows through the vaulted room, we felt as though some of the old sleep-destroying romances of Ann Radcliffe had been realised for our special benefit. The effect was further heightened by the entrance of the old woman with an immense ancient-looking book, in which the visitors' names were to be inscribed, but which, to our great delight, contained also a sort of history of Luig and the Luigers in manuscript, with many singular legends respecting the family. It was written in the reign of a man of the last century, and the most learned of our party could only promise us a translation of some part of it for the next day. Meanwhile we were desperately

hungry, and the old lady repeatedly pantomimed that 'something was coming,' which, however, never came, till at last we discovered that a flock of goats we had greatly admired descending the mountain had been sent for on our behalf, and that we had actually seen our much-wished-for supper gambolling and frisking there in the shape of a fat kid. We could not stand this, and preferred dining on brown bread, which was the sole food the castle afforded; and finally went to rest, to get what sleep we might in our airy habitation. Next morning, our first act was to hurry to the windows to feast our eyes once more on the wonderful view they displayed; but, to our astonishment, the whole landscape lay buried under a sheet of snow, and long icicles hung from every crevice in the rock. This was an unexpected sight at so late a period in the month of May, but it greatly enhanced the wildness and desolation of the scene.

We proceeded now to explore the interior of our extraordinary abode, and certainly it would not be easy anywhere to find a building more singularly constructed. Luig Castle is of extreme antiquity, and passed through the hands both of the Turks and Venetians; but it is evident that the purpose of the original founder, in choosing so strange a locality, was to render it a fortress completely impregnable by open force, and in this he amply succeeded. We ascended first by a long stair, excavated from the rock, to a variety of curious apartments, partly built artificially, and partly formed by the ingenious adaptation of the natural cavern. A wooden gangway across a deep chasm, which it required some courage to pass, next brought us to a low Gothic doorway, by which we entered a cave of great size, that had once been fortified by a drawbridge, and was still almost inaccessible. This was the keep of the castle: it had a number of side-rooms, or rather dungeons, connected with it; and a long steep ascent led from it by ladders, steps, cut in the wall, and other expedients, to an upper platform, where there was a curious old fountain. At a great height in the rocky wall of this chamber there was an arched opening, communicating with long galleries through the mountain, which actually, it is said, extend to the valley on the other side. We then went down to the lower storey, below the room where we had passed the night, and found another range, even more singularly intricate, of rooms and caverns. Not the least extraordinary sight of the whole is the torrent at the foot of the cliff, which gushes out from a dark hole in the rock, somewhat in the same manner as the river at Adelsberg. Close to it a cave, the entrance to which is secured by a door, penetrates, they told us, for miles into the mountain. We agreed, when we had examined thoroughly the intricacies of this curious place, that it was well worth the trouble of the journey, difficult and even dangerous as we had found it. We left it at noon; and even the view we obtained of the exterior as we descended the steep path to the village, would in itself have been a sufficient attraction.

The admirable means of defence which Luig Castle possesses, were so amusingly illustrated in one of the legends we found in the old book, that it is worth recording.

In the fine old feudal times, when Luig was in its glory, and its barons, who possessed all the vast domains around, were exceedingly rich and powerful, it passed, in the course of hereditary succession, into the hands of a certain Gottfried, famed for his haughty temper and dauntless bravery. The baron, like all barons real or imaginary that ever I heard of, had one beautiful daughter, sole heiress of his castle and estates, whom (indulging in another baron-like custom) he left alone at Luig, whilst he went to the Crusades. There were, nevertheless, some passages in the young lady's life which should have taught him to pause before he thus abandoned her. The prince of a neighbouring tiny state, between whose ancestors and the Luigers there had ever been a most deadly feud, had

chanced to see the young baroness when hunting, and was so much struck with her beauty, that he determined to marry her. He expected the Lord of Luig to be delighted at the idea, as he was a reigning prince, and, moreover, nephew to the emperor; but the proud baron would, at any time have received a proposal, made with so much contemptuous condescension, as an insult, even if his determination never to give up the hereditary warfare had not prompted him to an indignant refusal. The prince waited till his intended father-in-law had departed for the Holy Land, and then going straight to Luig, he entered the castle by surprise, and insisted on being married to the young lady within the very walls! It was in vain that the baron's retainers resisted: he threatened to strangle the refractory chaplain, who refused to officiate, and actually made him perform the ceremony with the rope round his neck! As soon as it was over, he departed with his prize. These terrible tidings were conveyed to the baron by one of his faithful people before he had even reached the Holy Land, and so powerful a motive for a deed of dire revenge soon quenched all his pious zeal. He abandoned the Crusade, and speedily returned to his own country; but, without going near his castle, he proceeded at once to the city of Vienna, where he knew his enemy was to be found at the court of the emperor. There was a great festival, and the emperor sat on his throne amongst his noble knights and ladies, with the prince his nephew seated at his right hand. Suddenly a strange confusion arose in the lower part of the hall, and the Baron Gottfried, his head bare, and his armour all stained with dust, broke through the crowd, and daringly mounting on the very steps of the throne, plunged his dagger right into the heart of the prince, who sunk back and instantly expired. So great was the surprise and consternation of those who witnessed this terrible deed, that the assassin had left the hall, mounted his horse, and ridden off at full gallop, before any one dreamt of arresting his flight. When at last they rushed out to secure him, he was far on his way to his good castle of Luig, where he intrenched himself in all safety. Thither the emperor instantly sent a force, with orders to attack him in his retreat, and take him dead or alive. But the soldiers attempted in vain what was really an impenetrable fortress, and returned discomfited to announce their failure. There remained but one remedy—which was to besiege the castle, and subdue the haughty baron by famine; and the emperor, exasperated at his resistance, sent down an army of ten thousand men to carry on the blockade. They had calculated that the siege could not last beyond a certain time, even if the impregnable castle were full of provisions, as they had secured all the avenues to it; but, to their astonishment, twice that period passed in skirmishing, without there being the slightest appearance on the part of the besieged of a disposition to surrender. Week after week rolled away—every possible means of access was guarded by the emperor's troops, and yet not a symptom of famine appeared within the walls! They began to think that there was some great mystery in this, and they wondered all the more, that they themselves were beginning to suffer from want of food; the resources of the country round proving at last inadequate to the support of so large a body of men. Still, when already half-starved themselves, they could distinguish the soldiers on the ramparts of Luig looking fat and comfortable as usual; and the baron himself was often to be seen taking his morning walk with all the air of a man who had just had breakfast, and confidently expected to dine. Finally, the distress of the camp became extreme, for, after having made quite a havoc in the country, the supplies failed them altogether. At this juncture a flag of truce was seen to wave from Luig, and the baron, appearing on the drawbridge, harangued them with ironical politeness; and stating that he had heard of their sufferings, begged leave to supply them with provisions so long as they should

think proper to remain under the walls of Luig. He then retired, and huge baskets were lowered from the battlements, containing fat deer, evidently only just killed, and game of all sorts. The amazement of the besiegers may be imagined; and when (having devoured the miraculous provisions with great relish) they found that, for many days, they continued to receive a regular and abundant supply of meat, always perfectly fresh, they fairly concluded that their enemy was aided in some supernatural manner. Panic-struck at the idea, the whole army refused simultaneously to wage war any longer with such mysterious powers; and the siege was in consequence raised, leaving the dauntless baron in peaceful possession of his magic castle.

The solution of the mystery is very simple. The cave leading into the mountains which we had seen did actually communicate with the valley on the other side, which formed a part of the baron's domains, and whence his peasants brought him fresh game and provisions daily through the cavern passage.

GOSSAMER MITTS.

Blessed are the efforts of honest labour, wherever and whenever these efforts are fairly made and courageously persevered in. What interesting tales have not been told of the successful efforts of the inhabitants of a Swiss valley in making watches, of the dwellers in another valley in that country in making toys, and of the natives of the Black Forest in making clocks! In our own country, efforts of this kind, in the most disadvantageous circumstances, are also not unknown. The fame of the Shetland-knit hose and shawls is now widely spread. So, in the sister country, Ireland, are there some remarkably specimens of ingenuity in the manual arts, particularly those which are practised by women. In a late number we presented an account of an unobtrusive but interesting manufacture of an imitation of point lace, at Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick. From the following paper, put into our hands, purporting to be a communication to the *Talketh Hall Mercury*, we are gratified to find that a somewhat similar manufacture has been established at Stradbally in Queen's County.

There is a pretty little village in Ireland, which lies in a secluded valley, embosomed in trees, and encompassed by beautiful commons. A river passes through it, trees grow in the very street, and the church, with its venerable tower and simple graveyard, adds grace and dignity to its aspect. Enter from what point you will, you are struck with the quiet beauty and richness of the scenery. Hills rising behind hills, some thickly wooded—some bare, and dotted with sheep—appear to shut in this sweet and sheltered spot from the coarser and wilder country beyond.

Large well-cultivated fields—fine high-bred cattle—flocks of carefully-tended sheep, with their pens and feeding-cribs—agricultural implements of the newest and best description in familiar use—denote that the fine houses and noble domains are inhabited by a resident gentry, and give an idea of stability to the general appearance of comfort, which is elsewhere rarely seen in Ireland. All looks lovely and peaceful in nature, and would almost remind an English traveller of his own happy and highly-favoured land, except for one sad and striking contrast—the wretched cabins, and the dirty and careless habits and dress of their inmates. Dirt, which cannot enter into the imagination of a tidy English housewife, is absolutely unnoticed by many among the poorer class of Irishwomen. The pigs and the children share in the meal of potatoes, and appear equally to thrive in the surrounding filth; and the most hopeless feature of the case is, that the people are quite contented with their degraded condition, and have no ambition to rise beyond it.

One lady saw, with the discerning eye of practical benevolence, that the want of regular employment for the females partly generated this carelessness of domes-

tic comfort, this contentment with deplorable poverty; and she set about remedying the evil by procuring remunerative employment for them. Needlework was not to be had in this remote place; spinning does not pay for the time, and is exhausting and injurious to the frame. Knitting might succeed: knitting was all the fashion. To set up a knitting manufacture was, therefore, her endeavour. She learned the art herself, that she might be able to teach it. First she began with shawls, and now her manufacture is of the finest possible silk, thread, and cotton gloves, mittens, and stockings—so fine and delicate in their texture, that they seem wrought by the hands of fairies alone; and they have obtained in England and Ireland the name of "Cobweb Mitts," and in America "Impalpable Mitts." I shall now conclude by giving this lady's own report of her undertaking and progress, written for the Duchess of Kent, and by saying that this village is "Stradbally," in the Queen's County; and that the lady is "Mrs Leadbeater," daughter-in-law of that Mrs Leadbeater who strove to raise her country in the scale of nations by her useful and benevolent works, "The Cottage Dialogues," "Landlord's Friend," &c. &c. The younger lady, substituting the needle for the pen, endeavours also to improve her countrywomen in their domestic and moral habits, and is worthy of bearing that honoured and distinguished name.

Here follows Mrs Leadbeater's account of her most interesting and creditable attempt:—

"It is now nearly six years since I first made the attempt of teaching fancy knitting, to assist one miserable family, consisting of a mother constantly confined to bed, and her daughters. From this small beginning the number employed has now increased to over two hundred.

"You may not be aware that, in the south and middle counties of Ireland, the chief means of earning for young females is by out-of-door employment, such as binding corn after the reapers, making hay, planting, and afterwards digging the potatoes. This custom is very unsafe for young girls, exposing their bodily and moral health to much danger, besides inducing slovenly habits at home. They are wearied when they come in from work, and are satisfied to sit down to a wretched meal of potatoes, sometimes with milk, but more frequently without, in an uncleaned "cabin," for we cannot call the Irish peasant's home a "cottage"—that word breathing of comfort and cleanliness.

"In England you have no conception of the filth as well as misery of an Irish cabin. Finding my experiment to succeed beyond my expectation, and many others most anxious to learn, I determined to extend it further; being impressed with the importance of providing some remunerative employment for the females, which would create a love of order and cleanliness in their dwellings, besides giving them the means of subsistence; for even the out-of-door occupation is not sufficient for that purpose. I began on coarser and common materials, gradually improving until the manufacture has attained its present degree of perfection. Those who have acquired the art now teach the beginners; and as the learners are unable to pay, the first money earned by them is given to the teacher as her perquisite. Some work one pattern, some another—no one of them knows all the stitches. Any new pattern that I obtain, I learn first myself, and then teach it to one of the best knitters. Most of them being unable to read or comprehend the theory, must learn it in this mechanical way, and their knowledge then becomes an additional source of profit to them. Many have found it difficult to believe that such fine texture has been manufactured with knitting needles, by some of the Irish country, with hands rough, coarse, and hard! If the good English lady could see the miserable abodes in which this delicate fabric is wrought, she would feel a

double pleasure in wearing the cobweb mitts: aware that in so doing, she is bestowing blessings of various kinds upon many a wretched fireside—food, fuel, clothing, plenty, and good habits!"

The communication which brought us the above enclosed a pair of the mitts. They are of black silk, almost as fine as a gossamer web; and we should think that, on becoming known, they will be the object of universal request among ladies. We need hardly add, that we wish all the blessings which usually attend honest industry may visit the homes of the ingenious knitters.

Column for Young People.

THE BOYS' SUMMER BOOK.

THE 'Boys' Summer Book' is a pleasing companion for boys, whether in summer or winter: indeed it is perhaps more suitable for the latter season, when boys find more time to read, and when they busy themselves more in recalling past exploits and preparing for new ones. The author, Thomas Miller, is a poet, but not one of those poets who grow melancholy over the recollections of their boyhood, and turn the most gay and stirring period of life into a subject for lamentation. His poetry gives fire to his feelings and energy to his descriptions; and his young readers, while they like him better for it as an author, do not like him worse as a playfellow.

The following anecdote of the black ant is striking; but we give it here because it appears to us to be new. "Did you ever before see the nest of the large black ant? Here's a pile, looking as if the earth all about had been rolled into little round balls. Just thrust in the end of your stick, and hundreds will rush out in a moment. Beware of their bite; it is awful! I once threw a dead mole on this very nest, and the next day it was picked so clean, that you might have buried the bones had been polished with some instrument. I know of no method by which you could obtain such clean and perfect skeletons of heads of small animals, as leaving them for a day or so on the nest of the black ant. Look at the one here which I have touched; how he spurs at me with his legs, seeming to sit down to it. I would not place my hand for a minute on that nest for a trifle.

"I was once walking by here, when something came with a loud bang against my hat. I uncovered myself to see what it was, and beheld a large wasp carving off a black ant. I shook them off into the middle of the road, oh, what a struggle there was between them! The ant had got hold of one of the wasp's wings, and he could not rise. You should have seen what a fast hold he kept: it was like two boys pulling at a rope, as in the game of French and English: the wasp struggled to get his wing free; then the ant pulled as if he would have dragged the wing off; and so they kept at it for several seconds, till at length the wasp began to try other means to conquer his rebellious captive. For a dozen times did he then endeavour to get the ant under him, but in vain; the ant pulled with all his strength at the end of the wing he had seized upon, and so prevented the wasp from rising. If the latter, by the aid of the one wing which was free, managed to rise a few inches, he was quickly brought down to the ground again by the strength and weight of the ant. The struggle lasted for several minutes, and neither seemed to obtain any advantage. You would have been astonished had you but seen into what attitudes the wasp wriggled his elastic body; still the ant kept a firm hold on the right wing, and escape seemed impossible. At last the wasp made a desperate effort, and, expanding its one wing, rose from the ground several times in rapid succession, each time bending its body into an arch, and endeavouring to get the ant undermost. The last fall seemed to have stunned its opponent. It was scarcely the work of a moment, and the ant was seen beneath the wasp, and was carried away over the low hedge in the direction of the nest, which we attempted in vain to destroy. I never before nor since saw another battle between a black ant and a wasp."

The adventure of a weasel is a good parallel to this. "What think you of a great sharp-beaked hawk pouncing upon a weasel, and flying up with him into the sky to carry

Daughter of Joseph Fisher, one of the most influential merchants of the city of Limerick.

* By Thomas Miller. Chapman and Hall, London.

him off to his net, trusting to himself no doubt. "I've caught you at last, my young gentleman, you've eaten none o' bird in your day, but I'll eat you now." Then he took another, and the work of the hook was very comfortably, between the claws of the hawk; "Two can play at that game, Mr Hawk; and if you mean feasting on me, I don't see why I shouldn't have a taste of you," so he twisted round his elastic neck, poked up his pointed nose, and he went with his sharp teeth, right under the wings of the hawk, making such a hole in an instant, that you might have thrust your finger in it. The hawk tried to peck at him with his hooked beak, but it was no use; the more I kept eating away, and licking his lips as if he enjoyed himself, and the hawk soon came whirling down to the ground, which he no sooner touched, than away ran the wretch, with his belly full, and not a bit the worse for the rub; while Mr Hawk lay there as dead as a nail. Wasn't the bird nicely bit! And what I've told you is quite true, and was witnessed by a gentleman at Bleweth in Dorsetshire. Only let a dog come in at its nest, and see what the vessel will do if it's got your ones. Out it will rush, and fasten on the dog's nose in an instant, and there it will hang, although it is such a little thing, not above seven or eight inches long."

The volume is filled chiefly with gleanings in natural history, and notices of the sports of boys; but having room for one more extract, we prefer this account of a sturdy, honest, industrious, persevering little fellow, who attained to the very top of his trade by the funniest little steps in the world. "After his father and mother died, he got a situation under a fishmonger, where he was employed to carry home the fish purchased by customers. But this was only for a short time, until the boy whom he had succeeded in overrode from illness. He had, however, given such satisfaction to his employer by his industry and attention, that the fishmonger lent him a basket, and allowing him a profit of a penny or two on each pair of fish, or whatever fish he might sell, this gave him a chance of doing the best he could for himself. By great care and perseverance he soon became master of a few shillings, and then began to speculate, buying at times a whole fish of his employer, and running the risk of selling it. And now you might see him sometimes set off in a morning with a whole codfish, or a whole salmon, in his basket, together with his knife and scales, and as ready to cut his customers as a pound, to accommodate his customers; and thus he would come and go several times in a day, sometimes getting rid of two or three large fish. By degrees his customers began to tell him one night what they would like for the next day; and as he found his old master occasionally supplying him with very indifferent fish, he began to think whether he could not find a better market, and so deal at the first hand. This he named to several of his friends, and at last it reached the ears of a captain belonging to one of the steamers, who told him that he would give him a run and back to Hull for nothing when he liked; and that, when there, he might purchase at the best market; and more than this, he lent little Bob a sovereign. "Poor lad!" said he, "he never ate a crust but what he earned since his parents died, and he ought to be encouraged." The next day saw Bob a regular fishmonger. One neighbour lent him an old white deal table to place his stock upon; another, a wash-tub in which to keep his clean water; and there, at the end of the court in which he was born, in the wide open street, along which scores of passengers passed every hour, did Bob open his new establishment. A proud day was it for him, I can tell you! Oh! you should have seen him with his little blue apron on, and his cold red hands, wielding his long sharp knife, and scraping some fresh silver-looking fish with the edge of it, or wiping another down gently with his clean cloth, as he pointed out to his customers the freshness of this, the plumpness of that, the bright eyes of a third, the red gills of a fourth; then adding with pride, "I bought them out of the fishing-boat myself, just as they came in, an hour or two after they'd been caught!" Before night he sold every fish. Not an ounce was left; and his customers declared that what they had purchased was much fresher and sweeter than they had ever had of his old master. After a few more trips to Hull, he attracted the attention of a fisherman whom he had several times dealt with, and who, having a large family of his own, said, "There becometh a little man to begin for thyself; and, between thee and me and the captain, I think I might manage to look thee out a little lot every morning, and send thee

down to the first steamer, so that thou'd have 'em fresh and nice, and so save the half-pence and traps, sing up and down, which I set no manner of use in; and it would do thee a deal o' good, lad, and me no harm. Captain would be good enough to bring the money back;" and so it was arranged; and every morning, regularly at the day came, there was little Bob to be seen in the steam-packet wharf, with the truck he had borrowed, and plenty of good natured sailors ready to help him ashore with his hamper of fish; for he was such a little one, and had neither father nor mother, that almost anybody would assist him without being asked. And now the deal wash-tub was found too little, and he had to borrow another. Then a joiner, who had given up standing in the market, said, "He had got an old stall he could sell him cheap; true, one of the tressels wanted a leg, and the front pole was no sing, but old Black, the joiner, would put that to rights for a shilling, and the price of the stall would be—why—some more 'n when he happened to have in a stock of fish, he might send him a 'looming' for dinner." So Bob agreed; and the captain of the steamer had an old stall, which he said "was about worn out. True, there was a hole or two in it, but he might give old Betty Buttery a bit of fish to set a patch or two on, and it would make a capital tilt for his stall, to keep the sun off his fish." And so Bob got on, bit by bit, step by step, from a stall to a shop; from hawking a truck to keeping a cart, a horse, and a man, until at last he became the first fishmonger in the town, and had to supply his old master at the wholesale prices.

D'ISRAELI ON THE CONSTITUTION.

"The cause for which Hampden died in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold," said Comingsby, "was the cause of the Venetian republic. I repeat it: the great object of the Whig leaders in England, from the first movement under Hampden to the last most successful one in 1688, was to establish in England a high aristocratic republic on the model of the Venetian, then the study and admiration of all speculative politicians. Read Harrington; turn over Algernon Sydney; and you will see how the minds of the English leaders in the seventeenth century were saturated with the Venetian type. And they at length succeeded. William III. found them out in an instant. He told the Whig leaders, 'I will not be a doge.' He balanced parties; he baffled them as the Puritans baffled them fifty years before. The reign of Anne was a struggle between the Venetian and English systems. Two great Whig robes, Argyle and Somers, worthy of seats in the Council of Ten, forced their sovereign on her death-bed to change the ministry. They accomplished their object. They brought in a new family on their own terms. George I. was a doge; George II. was a doge; they were what William III. a great man, would not be. George III. tried not to be a doge; but it was impossible materially to resist the deep-bid combinations. He might get rid of the Whig magnificence, but he could not rid himself of the Venetian constitution. And a Venetian constitution did govern England, on the accession of the house of Hanover till 1832. Now, I do not ask you, Vere, to relinquish the political tenets, which, in ordinary times, would have been your inheritance. All I say is, the constitution introduced by your ancestors having been subverted by their descendants, your contemporaries, beware of still holding Venetian principles of government when you have not a Venetian constitution to govern with. Do what I am doing, what other men are doing, hold yourself aloof from political parties, which, from the necessity of things, have ceased to have distinctive principles, and are therefore practically only factions; and wait, and see whether with patience, energy, honour, and Christian faith, and a desire to look to the national welfare, and not to sectional and limited interests; whether, I say, we may not discover some great principles to guide us, to which we may adhere, and which then, if true, will ultimately guide and control others."—*Novel of Comingsby.*

HINT AS TO SCHOOLING.

A common error, into which many parents fall, is to send their children to an inferior school first, and afterwards place them in an establishment where they may, as it is termed, "finish" their education. Now, not only is the pupil a severe loser by this method, but the master to whose care he is at length confided experiences much additional

trouble. He has not only now to lead the youth into a right path, but to lead him back from many a wrong one; not merely to urge him to the further acquisition of good habits, but to endeavour to root out many that are faulty. It is related by Quintilian that those who went to learn music of Timotheus, paid double price if they had received any previous instruction—a safeguard I would recommend to general adoption by good teachers. But there are other evils connected with such a system, not to mention those which result from change of plans to the student himself. It is obvious that no tutor can be expected to take much interest in the progress of children who are placed with him only as a *temporary* thing. Whereas, if it is understood that they are to continue with him so long as his treatment of them is what it ought to be, he has an incentive to diligence in the highest degree effective. He already looks upon them as the future ornaments of his school; and they immediately come under the influence of those well-regulated stimuli which urge them on to fill up the ranks of those who are about to finish their scholastic course. A well-directed establishment, where the morals, intellectual improvement, and health of the pupils are carefully and assiduously attended to, presents advantages which ought to be appreciated by parents, although they are seldom valued by the pupils.—*Monthly Prize Essay.* [We quite agree in the foregoing remarks. It is poor economy to send children to inferior schools at any time of their career, and least of all at commencement. It is best to begin with a good system, and continue with it. The fewer the changes, the better for the pupil.]

PURITAN DISLIKE OF LONG HAIR.

A writer in the 'Universal Magazine' for 1779, speaking of the dislike the more rigid Puritans had to long hair, which 'was frequently declaimed against from the pulpit, and in the days of Cromwell was considered as a subject of disgrace,' adds, 'the gloomy emigrants who fled from England and other parts, about that period, to seek in the wilds of America a retreat where they might worship God according to their consciences, among other whimsical tenets carried to their new settlements an antipathy against long hair; and when they became strong enough to publish a code of laws, we find the following curious article as a part of it:—"It is a circumstance, universally acknowledged, that the custom of wearing long hair, after the manner of innuerial persons and of the savage Indians, can only have been introduced into England but in spiteful contempt of the express command of God, who declares that it is a shameful practice for any man who has the least care for his soul to wear long hair. As this abomination excites the indignation of all pious persons, we, the magistrates, in our zeal for the purity of the faith, do expressly and authentically declare, that we condemn the impious custom of letting the hair grow—a custom which we look upon to be very indecent and dishonest, which horribly disguises men, and is offensive to modest and sober persons, inasmuch as it corrupts good manners. We, therefore, being justly incensed against this scandalous custom, do desire, advise, and earnestly request all the elders of our continent, zealously to show their aversion to this odious practice, to exert all their power to put a stop to it, and especially to take care that the members of their churches be not infected with it; in order that those persons who, notwithstanding these rigorous prohibitions, and the means of correction that shall be used on this account, shall still persist in this custom, shall have both God and man at the same time against them."—*Churchill's Costume in England.* [It is necessary here to explain that the puritan antipathy to long hair depended in a great degree upon association of ideas. The courtiers and cavaliers of Charles I.'s reign, who were free in their modes of life, and did not sympathise in the strong religious spirit of their age, wore long tresses as ornamental. From this cause the Puritans came to dislike abundant tresses, which

they unavoidably associated with scandalous and irreligious lives. In a minor degree, they might be animated by a notion that all personal ornament was conducive to levity of manners. It seems to require these remarks, to make the above statement appear as true to human nature.]

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

We are in our leafless bower,
Where November's breath has come;
Welcome golden-anthered flower,
Ever fair chrysanthemum!
Like an old friend's pleasant face—
Thine, the earth is void of grace,
And the very birds are dumb,
Cheerful, gay chrysanthemum!
Thus may I have round me when
Age's frost my heart's small numb,
Friends as warm and constant then
As thou art, chrysanthemum!
May I find, though youth be past,
Hearts that love me to the last,
Eyes that smile, though winter come,
Bright as thou, chrysanthemum!

D. M. M.

GIVING WINE TO CHILDREN.

Fond papas and mammas, unaware of the havoc they are making with their children's health, may too frequently be seen giving them sips and glasses of wine at dinner. Children with robust constitutions may endure this without serious injury, further than creating in them bad habits; but to those of a weak or inflammatory constitution, the administration of alcohol in wine, or otherwise, is most pernicious. On this subject we extract the following from a medical work, Beddoe's Hyecia: "An ingenious surgeon tried the following experiment: He gave to two of his children, for a week, alternately, after dinner, to the one a full glass of Sherry, and to the other a large China orange. The effects that followed were sufficient to prove the injurious tendency of vinous liquors. In one the pulse was quickened, the heat increased, the secretions morbidly altered; diminished flow of bile. Whilst the other had every appearance that indicated high health. The same effects followed when the experiment was reversed."

AGE OF PLANTS.

Some plants, such as the minute langues, termed mould, only live a few hours, or at most a few days. Mosses for the most part live only one season, as do the garden plants called annuals, which die of old age as soon as they ripen their seeds. Some again, as the box-glove and the holly-hock, live for two years, occasionally prolonged to three, if their flowering be prevented. Trees again, planted in a suitable soil and situation, live for centuries. Thus the olive-tree may live three hundred years; the oak double that number; the chestnut is said to have lasted for nine hundred and fifty years; the dragon's-blood tree of Tegeville may be two thousand years old; and Adamson mentions banians six thousand years old. When the wood of the interior ceases to afford room, by the closeness of its texture, for the passage of sap or pulp, or for the formation of new vessels, it dies, and by all its moisture passing off into the younger wood, the fibres shrink, and are ultimately reduced to dust. The centre of the tree thus becomes dead, while the outer portion continues to live, and in this way trees may exist for many years before they perish.—*Magazine of Botany.*

The present number of the Journal completes the sixth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SIXTH VOLUME.

